

Experiential romanticism

Monday, 5 April 2021

Existential love

I had a dream last night that Kiesza was a flying tiger. That her intent was personal and romantic and flying through space and time like a very big cat. Like a tiger. Her world order was a cosmology. And it meant that she could fly.

When she came to me we met by landing on a stage. Her face was like Tove. And then we flew apart before her show. Each time a bit more messy. With swinging light bars, draping ropes, increasingly threatening or challenging my performance of her cosmology.

Not that that makes any sense. When I reflect on the scene wakefully I wonder why I would be on that stage. It does make wonderful sense as an amalgam, however, of so many stories and their entanglements.

Last night I saw Maggie. The sight of her was too brief. But she arrived in my world like another flying tiger.

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