

And so, we begin again. We exchange the product for the voice of human residue. On opposite sides of the Atlantic, we create a language beyond defeat; it starts: Can you hear me?

And we learn to fight, to give ourselves permission and to continue. We permit ourselves to understand, to make, to remake ourselves—and the cities expand with our making.

And so, we are new with our praxis that narrates a collective crisis. In our warehouse of memory, we reveal our tendency to monumentalize. We collected impermanence, point zeroes and uncertain situations to create a semblance of understanding.

We do not understand.

In a series of posts, abstract timelines, economic changes and growing tension, we ask: Is conclusion the right word?

And we carry this dialogue into our streets, our cities, our homes and we listen. We listen to the sounds of voices on the other end with different accents on e's and i's—that speak our own words back to us—and we ask what has changed? Arizona. A zone of air. What has changed? (impulsively added).

In the midst, how do we? How do we?

The question and the request have been paused. Can you? We hesitate. Can you? And the two rally toward an extension of conversations.

What is impossible? We wait for translation.

Heat is gold returning as water to a system of roots. We understand.

Everything is yellow. It becomes.

And, we prepare. The process is fruitful.