“My eyes don’t discern colours. Only form seems to matter. I ride my bike from this colorless street. I cycle alone on the canal. Everyone cycles alone on the canal. I try to cycle with others but even the slightest of waves drive me off course. A band of inclined slabs serves as beacon in this watery route. Its shapes are particularly discernible this sunny day. They seem to shape a corridor. At its beginning some have stored their hopes and dreams. Someone even dropped their grief there. Something overwhelming stands on top of me. As much intimidating as it might be due to its unbearable weight, so friendly and familiar it is. It tries to speak of an unspoken silence. The wind gets breezy. This forest conveys an almost animistic meaning. Form is language and speech. It starts to snow. I walk the corridor and the weather gets worse. The only thing keeping me forward is the slit of topaz, I read names. Names on the panels that form the narrow corridor. Alone with my thoughts I cry. The blue sky is reassuring. I move on. The canal is still there, open. I want to rest but I have to venture forth. I take my cycle and ride the canal. It doesn’t snow anymore. I have to get up to close the window. My orange curtains wave. If there wasn’t for that thick skin of dreams, the cruel, real world would be intolerable.”