

# CROOKED MIRROR



Outer Core, 2019 aluminium af Cecilie Skov fra udstillingen Whileaway i Fremtidsskoven.

Foto: Det Kosmiske Hierarki

**M**y friend Magdalena now live on Karl Liebknecht Straße. I will go to the graves of Karl and Rosa tomorrow, leaving flowers. I really like Berlin now. I walked down shopping at Alexanderplatz and felt like I should get pregnant and live here. Before I didn't like myself here, I always feel like a disturbance, some young danish disturbance with money more worthy from home. I don't like to exploit. Now something is different, I feel more vulnerable and I got friends here that I really care of.

Magdalena is elegant, she's an actress of elegance. I meet up with her on the train station, where I last slip her eyes in the spring. She's having a fever, but she's happy and smiling. She has a lot of nice shoes, her handbag look like it's made for a flute. She take the elevator up, she live at 9 floor just opposite the mayor, every morning there will be a new protest, she tells me. Everything but the television tower looks small, miniature people, I'm waiting for something special to happen. The windows is the same size of a cinema screen. Theres two big curtains to open the show, is exactly as a theatre. Either the miniature landscape as the play or the one floor apartment. Whether I'm backstage or on stage I'm not sure of. Every evening the crows fly by the windows. They fly to sleep in the same tree as a flock. I'm waiting for Ana to pick up her shoes. I will wash my clothes while I'm out, the machine is old and will make a lot of noice. I need to learn German, I think there is a difference between Art and Kunst.

Herzlichst,

Eure Mira



illustration: Asta Plum

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