

Where are you?

I changed what I was wearing
six times today before I came to you.
I asked myself:
Am I beautiful enough?

Should I dress in green?
Or is blue better?
Should I wear the red dress
that you like so much?

How silly of me...

Before leaving,
I saw my reflection in the window.
My hair, so messed up,
as if it went to war.
You know, they have a life of their own.

My heart raced
when I arrived at your door.
Was it because I walked fast?
But I had been outside your house for a while,
and my heart was still pounding.

I wished you were there.
But you weren't.

I searched every room in your house,
hoping this time
I could have found you.

I took a deep breath
and thought of those times
when I came looking for you.

I went to your neighbours.
They too weren't there.

Where are you?

I couldn't bear one more minute.
I tried my hardest to keep my mind away,
but I couldn't stop thinking about you.
I never stopped visiting your house,
but I have never found you.

Where are you?

by Ludovica Cassina & Antonio Paoletti, 2024.

Inspired by a letter found among the ruins of a neighborhood under demolition in Addis Ababa.