

**Gideon Koppel: B O R T H**

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Chapter Studio

**We'll be charged, although our faces may appear tired**

By Alexander Norton

We are walking sideways, never deterring our sight from the buildings, as we hear the sea's vocal performance, as subtle as background noise in a lift. Birds make their cry, metal clashes as boats rattle by the wind's action. We move slowly, slightly, grandly as music sweeps us up like the sea may attempt. Each house the same as the next. Leisure patios, facing the sea, the kind of place you can close your eyes, and imagine the ripple of waves, our consciousness entirely sparse, with nothing entering the space. Wind becomes turmoil, as blue quivers from nature's action. No sign of anyone, not anyone, no one, just the remnants of day-to-day life. We judder through, smoothly but haphazardly, repeating the same mistakes as we venture left. Objects continuously dancing in the wind, always, always. Nature's inhabitants surround the desertion, scattng around like the jumble of clothes pegs waiting to carry out their purpose, but nothing appears to need their services here.

Dogs bark, continuously as the sea looks to drown out its call, where is everyone, where have we all gone?

Wind mimics the actions of humans on a chair on the porch, willing action along when nothing inhabits. Every house the same, every house the same, spiraling around in a continuous venture left, never stopping like the constant memories playing around in loop, like an area stuck in a continuous moment of calm panic. It's lovely. Cars continue along the road, people do live here; they are entering if not directly inhabiting it. The quietest part of the day, where no one sleeps, but the day is resting.

As a house I sit here for hours, with no interruption as I close my eyes, listening to the sea. This is my rest, as I reflect on my worn lives. We are sleeping until we are needed, until our inhabitants come home to use us, and we'll be charged, although our faces may appear tired. As the weather may tear us down, our spirit will live on in the preservation of memory, from our inhabitants and their actions within our walls. We have bared witness and protected, and our bodies can no longer shelter others.

Our song will play, as the sunrises making us look dashing, making us beautiful relics. Deconstructing as the clouds make their advancements. Our days are not glorious, but treacherous, our existence not always pleasant. Our bodies will eventually perish and collapse, to be replaced. As threatening sunshine makes us fear the worst, knowing our days are few, our years are minimal, our existence is not permanent.

The sprit will live on through the fresh paint and new builds; we will share with them our memories, to inform them of their role and duty as the town will continue its life with them, and not us.

They have returned, for our use, to repair us, to rebuild us, powerless we are, reliant on their actions to freshen our faces, for they made us, maintain us, and can destroy us.