



D.HORRA 2013

*I will tell you that I lived in a city on a certain street called ... that street was jammed with people, shoe shops, liquor stores, department stores filled with rubies. You were not able to come or go, everywhere there were people eating or spitting or breathing, buying or selling clothes. It all seemed to glitter, everything was glowing and everything resounded, enough to blind or deafen. A long time has passed since this street, it's been a long time since I've heard anything, I changed my life, I live among stones and the movement of water. Maybe that street died a natural death.*

*Pablo Neruda*