

ON THAT BORDER

The background is a dark, almost black, space filled with vibrant, glowing lines and a central light flare. A prominent, thick, reddish-orange line curves from the top left towards the center. Below it, several thinner, wavy lines in shades of yellow, green, and blue sweep across the frame. In the center-right, a bright, multi-colored flare transitions from red at the top to yellow and white at the bottom, creating a sense of depth and light.

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ART-ARC

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« On m'a enlevé les miroirs, mais il y a les vitres qui me reflètent,
quand la fenêtre est ouverte... Il y a tout ce qui brille ; la lame des
couteaux, le bois vernis.

Ma tête me fait peur... »

-Les yeux sans visage de George Franju, 1960

IN THE DARK
WHITE BED
NO LIGHTS
SOUNDS OF THE STREET

PARIS OUTSIDE
MOON
THROUGH WHITE CURTAINS
I FEEL SO LOST
IN MY LIFE
AND MY MIND
I FEEL SO
LONELY
WHEN I'M NEAR
OF OTHER PEOPLE.

WENT OUT FOR
A COFFEE BREAK
MARLBORO LIGHT
AND SESAM CAKE
TOO MANY IMAGES
IN MY HEAD
TOO MANY MEMORIES
IN MY MIND
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING
MY SENSES
AND FEELINGS
ARE BLURRED
SWIMMING IN COTTON
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO
LAUGH.

LAST NIGHT AT BERLIN
I'M UGLY
WHO KILLED BAMBI?
PROBABLY
WHITE ORANGE PINK
DUNKIN DONUTS
HOOVER
STAIRS,
BOX
HAIRDRYER
AND BEER, BEER
B-EE-EE-EE-E-EER
GLASS
BEER BOTTLES
EVERYWHERE
AND THOSE LITTLE PLAYCARDS
MAKE ME SO SAD
ALONE ON THE FLOOR
WE CAN'T PLAY
WE DON'T REMEMBER HOW.

I 'VE BEEN SITTING ON
THE SAME BLACK PLASTIC
IKEA CHAIR
MORE THAN 6 HOURS
LISTENING
THE SAME SOUND OF SILENCE
MORE THAN 6 HOURS

S T U C K

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING
BUT WISH
THE SONG TO GO ON
FOREVER
NEON LIGHTS
IN SILENCE.

I FEEL LIKE
I'M UNDER WATER
I DON'T REALLY
HEAR ANYTHING
JUST NOISES
FAR AWAY
I FEEL SLOW
I HOLD MY BREATH
AND TIME TO TIME
I PASS OUT
WHEN I WAKE UP
I'M STILL
UNDERWATER
I CAN'T BREATH!



FRIDGE
CLOSET
TABLE

WHY DO I HAVE
ALL THIS
FOOD
IN MY HOME?
IT MAKES ME SICK

IF I START
I CAN'T STOP
THROW UP
EAT
KEEP DOING IT
CRY CRY **CRY**
YOUR HEAD OUT
SCREAM
INSIDE

ECHO IN MY
EMPTY BODY
IT COMES **OUT**
ONLY WITH
VOMIT.

HILJAI SUUS
HILJAI SUUS
HILJAI SUUS

MY WASHING MACHINE
IS WASTING IT

GLASS OF WINE
BIENTÔT EN AFRIQUE

L'IMAGE DE
LA NEIGE
LOURDE
EN TÊTE

AIVONI JYRSIVÄT
ITSEÄÄN

THE SUOMI BLUES
AGAIN.

I WANT TO HAVE
HUGE MUSCLES
ONLY IN ORDER TO

SMASH

SOMETHING
(MYSELF)
INTO PIECES

I WANT TO
DESTROY SOMETHING
BEFORE
I'LL BE
TOTALLY ROTTEN
INSIDE.

I'VE LOST CONTROL

AGAIN

IN MY FRIDGE
THERE IS

A TOMATO

AND BOTTLES

OF

WHITE WINE.

I'LL TAKE

THE **RED** ONE

WHICH IS

NEXT TO

MY FRIDGE.



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Selected Poems 2010- 2011
Photos 2010 - 2011

WHEN EXACTLY
CAN
I
START
CRYING

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