

For the last few months, I've been making an effort to change my vocabulary.

When I talk about myself and my friends I use the

word woman instead of girl.

the coat

feels too big at first.

(Loves of a → blonde, Milos Forman)





When
you use
the word,
you can feel
something take
root inside
you.



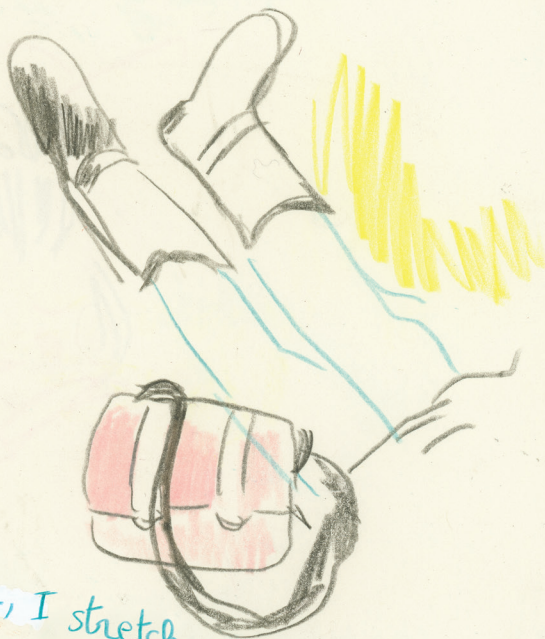
But lately the word
"man" sticks in my throat.
I date "boys."

at
the launch
for "Liberty"
magazine,
I wore
high
heels



and I was taller
than all the men.





2
New York, I stretch out on the
floor and a cacophonous
Ravel washes over me.
(an Anri Sala video)

and I don't know how
to stop thinking
about My's death.

on the bus last night,
Daphnē googled "heart
attack,"
worried
about
a pain
in her
left
hand.



* My Altengrim, an illustrator killed at the age of thirty
in the March 2016 terrorist attacks in Brussels.

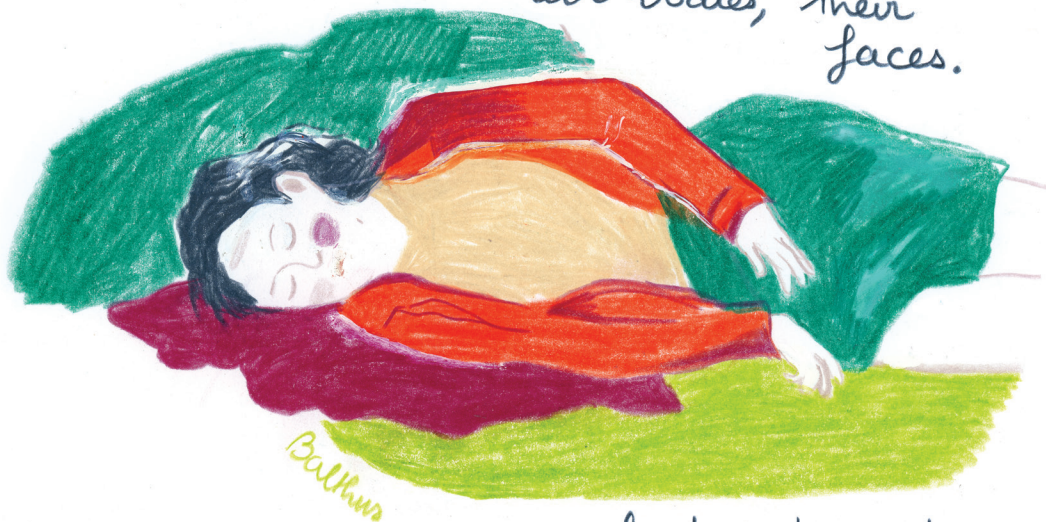


I sit for
hours looking
at Cy Twombly
paintings.

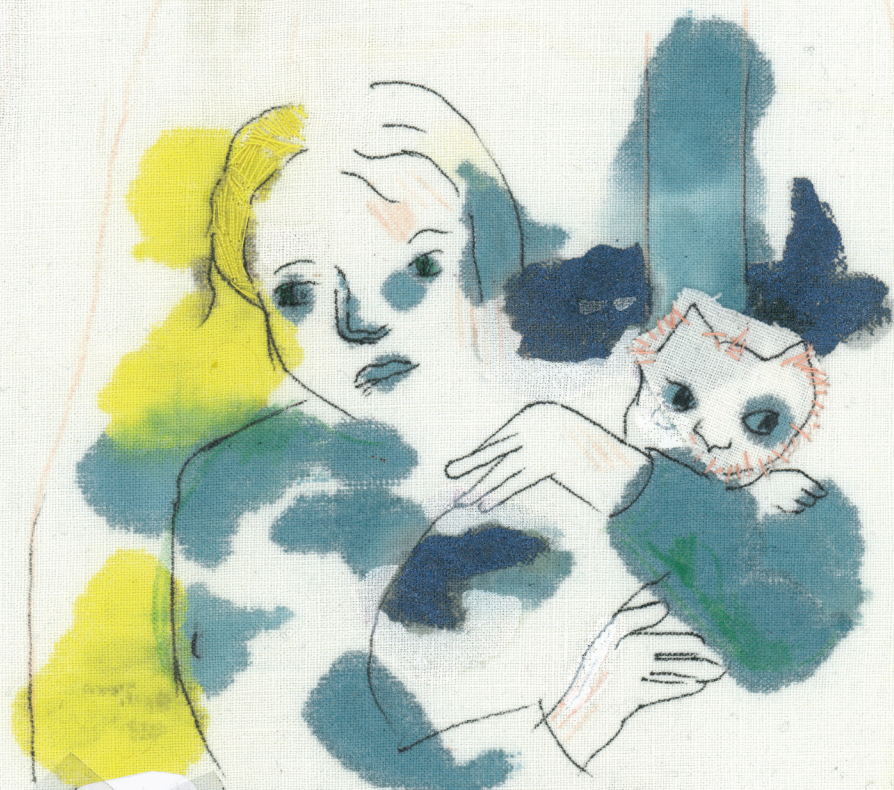
Later, I look for the names
of women among the painters.
I don't find any.



Yet they're everywhere:
their bodies, their
faces.

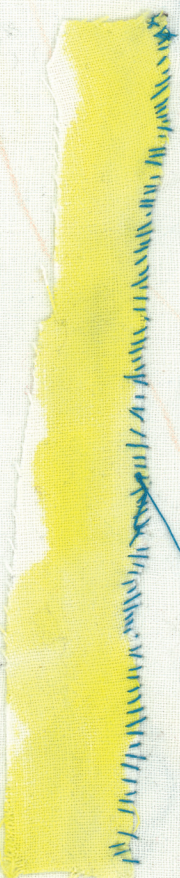


naked or draped.
Omnipresent.



after

Paula M. Becker



Si je m'ai pas de
tendresse pour mes
dessins
qui en aura ?

if I don't love my drawings
who will ?