

It is always good to see that you're not alone

-Yearbook 2008, Malmö Art Academy by Stine Ofelia K.

She looks at me.

Every morning when I turn my head toward the window my eyes stop looking to make sure that I am still here. Some mornings I feel that I need to see myself to be assured of my existence.

Some mornings I don't want to see. The other day I closed my eyes whenever I turned my head and looked out the window. I am not sure what exactly makes those days different from other days when I keep my eyes wide open. Not to talk about the days I find myself spending more than one moment looking. Most mornings I feel good to see that I haven't abandoned myself.

Some mornings when I sit in the kitchen, drinking my coffee, I wonder what my different actions—open eyes, closed eyes—are based on. My state of mind forms differently on some days compared with other days. I don't know why. The question keeps circulating in my mind, while I finish my coffee and make my toast.

I turn my head toward the window and look right into it; she's still there.

I look at the surface; I'm looking for the surface—a surface I can't see! I'm being pushed into it. Sometimes against my own will.

“You could have done it better.” The sentence is dominating my mind and no matter what I try to think instead, it wins my attention. It fills my mind. I look with great concentration until I feel the transformation: from child to adult. From tense to relaxed.

Last night I was told that I looked wonderful. I went to the mirror straight away but I couldn't see the wonderfulness and asked myself; where is it?

She keeps looking at me as I start eating my second piece of toast.

I am looking out of the window until I turn my eyes back to the mirror where they rest. After a while I realize that I'm not looking but thinking about the absurdity of my seeing myself within a frame when I never frame the photographs I compose.

What if I bought another mirror with another frame—would that change my image, too? Images change according to their framings, I say.

It's getting late and I'd better start going. For the last time this morning, I turn my head toward the window and smile; she's still there.