

„What is now black was once brown. It moved, guided by many smaller movements. Each one a vibration of its own. And all together a hum that ran through the great brown and made it alive. A humming and moving in an eternal cycle. But the brown is dead, it is only black.

What is now brown was once blue. The brown is opaque and sticky. The blue cheerful and fast, sparkling while dancing. It was transparent - both in its colour and in its origin. The blue was everywhere, clustered in the big and singular in all the little things. The blue fell on the brown in spurts and moved it and drove it, it activated the green, which was waiting in the brown. But the blue stopped moving, it is only brown and the brown only black.

Something that was once invisible now is. It is blue. Or grey. Hard to tell. It is dark. It was once colourless and tasteless. And it transported a feeling of lightness or the fresh smell of the blue falling on the green in the morning. It touched you sometimes faster, sometimes slower. An invisible hug, an invisible embrace. But this embrace is now sticky, it is thick. It sticks to you and is hard to bear. What was everywhere and chased around the heads, refreshed and woke one up while inhaling the embrace, that now lies heavy on us. The blue from time to time jumped on the transparent and rode on the quick embrace, got up high, fall on the brown and moved everything. But now that movement is dead. The transparent does not move blue. The blue became brown and the transparent is now blue grey.

The lightness of the transparent is gone because yellow has attached itself to it through heat. It makes it immobile and transport a hint of decay. The yellow had always been there in some times, but it had grown. Now it was touching everything everywhere. Yellow slowed the cycle of brown, yellow changed the blue, yellow paralysed the transparent. A little yellow activates, puts a warming cloak caringly around us and drives the brown and blue and transparent. But too much yellow kills it, it makes dizzy. Yellow has multiplied. And what was once transparent is now grey blue, blue now brown and brown now black. And everything is motionless.

Grey did not change - it has always been grey. Sometimes shiny, sometimes matt, but always freezing grey. But the grey had also increased. The grey was ingenious and cunning. It was good in its individuality, but evil in its mass. The grey was synthesised, sucked out from the others and multiplied and displaced and changed with the yellow - which it stimulated to grow-, and also the brown and blue and transparent. But the grey was also dependent on the brown and the blue and the transparent, just taking not giving, and through its growth it cut its own flesh, which was not flesh. The grey had always been grey, but now its growth had ended because everything was dead. And it died with them, leaving behind its infinite artificial corpse.

There was only black, brown, grey blue, lots of dirty yellow and lots of grey. And the only, colourful thing I see in my surroundings is us. We embody the brown and green and blue and transparent and a little yellow as they moved on our body. My and our surface is the shelter, is the home. We shine, we are movement. And as I look down at myself, I have hope. Now let us choose wisely a colour for the new.”