

Patricia Borges

Presents:

The Cake

An Investigation of Mere Existence

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In the beginning it was dark.



And there was a comforting warmth.



The certainty of being part of a whole.





Desired.



Fresh and new.



Possessor of all qualities.



Soft. And scented.



Sweet.



Contemplating the joy of living.



**However, whilst cooling down,
melancholy slowly took hold.**





Also, secretly
there was the fear of drying out.





At first it didn't seem relevant.

The discomfort kept growing.



And the cake, feeling challenged.

Decreased.



**Realizing it was completely
alone.**





Isolated.





And...

**The emptiness
increased more and more.**





**The cake started to question
its own identity.**





Often imagined its tragic end.



Going deeper in self-reflection.



**Pondering that there ought to be something
beyond mere existence.**





Continuing the introspection.



Almost falling apart.



More than that, feeling low.





Sometimes even wishing to disappear.





Didn't want to live like that any longer.



It was a burden.



**There was a constant fear that the spoon
got closer.**





Always picturing the end.





Simply, waiting for its time.







Sometimes it watched life.



Hoping there were more.





Something.

Beyond the spoon. And an imaginary mouth.





Someone.

Who cared.





Albeit feeling forever ignored.





Misunderstood.





**Suddenly,
running away became an option.**





Go outside.



To see the world.



Be free.



Be light.



Feel adequate.



Fit in.



Wanting to interact more.





Make new friends.





Experiment.





To walk in someone else's shoes.







**It was then that
something surprising
happened**





**The cake noticed
there was a human approaching.**





Allowing itself to be carefully observed.



Feeling the joy of being seen.



Examined.



**And again experiencing that wonderful
warm feeling.**



**Being rewarded with the sudden pleasure
of being loved.**





**Next came the inner peace
of understanding its place.**



**Enlightened by the sole reason
of its own existence.**



Noticing how gentle the so feared spoon was.



And, how perfect.



New and pleasant sensations followed.





Everything finally made sense at once.





Including the plate.

That had always been there.





Images and Text: Patricia Borges

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photographed with Blackberry B10

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