Patricia Borges

Presents:

The Cale

An Investigation of Mere Existence

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.

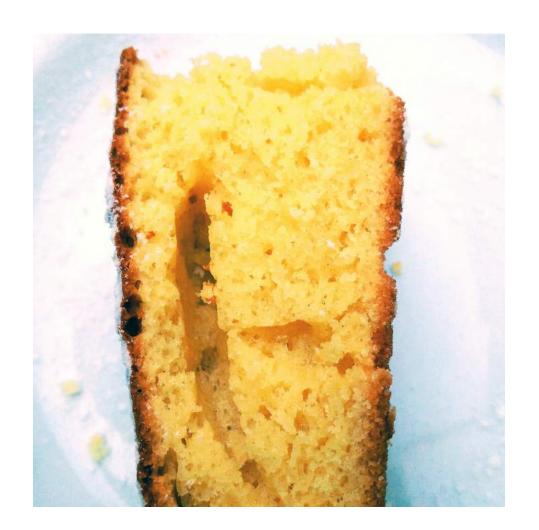




Something.

Beyong 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.

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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.



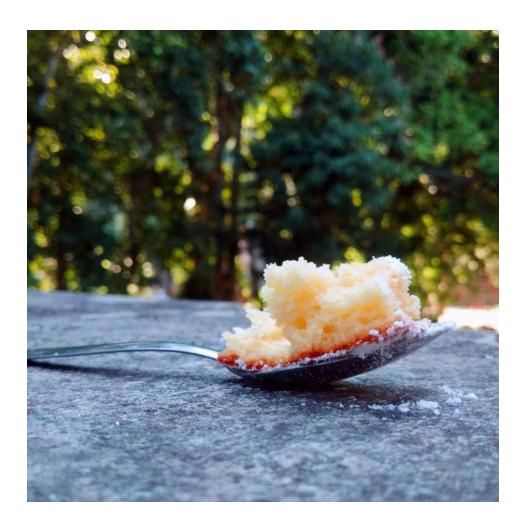
Enlightened by the sole reason of its own existence.



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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