

**In June 2012, I was sitting at my window  
my childhood, about things that I could,  
I focused closely, without lies, and felt  
my parents, mocked by the mates, or  
I focused on the good things as well.**

After that week, wherever I go, the clouds follow. I always been here, but I forgot. Now I remember: a red portable TV, black and white, with buttons on wires, bad TV signal. Milk kettle, burned milk on courtyard from the balcony. Their eyes: two pairs whiskers, and teeth. Planting the beans on that same in the flowerpot next to me, my hands on the fence, my anticorrosive color stuck to my palms. Blue burned the well. Eyes of a kitten hidden in the bushes and Eyes of my mother: deeply sad, angry, enquiring. Eyes crunchy, crispy skin of cherries. The veins can be seen large round cherries on a healthy green stem. Or, white background, the blue sea touches the sky. The fabric between the knits, where one stitch touches another. a wardrobe, your skin, the father's fingers that smell my sister under the kitchen table playing; animals in good luck. The smell of monkeys and tiger cages, the The first lilac spring saffron, the tricolored flag with and a tasteless chocolate cake, the day when Tito died anxiousness and the fear of becoming hungry, jobless, Watching one thing for hours, like a leaf of grass taken sliding down the window, or a spider making his net. work: ants, worms that pass from one point to another, Or finding a minuscule spider and playing with it, a yo-yo, shaking him down and watching him climb

him, or placing a ladybug on the index finger and then only with two dots, walking, tickling, opening those green from the pest that lives on the stems, or other, walk very, very fast and we called them the wall bugs one caressed them or the butterflies: never touch a wings then stays on your fingers and they stay colorless beautiful, with legs and hooks by which one could take stay there like brooches. Princes, princesses and their and the sun shining through the manes. Their skirts, almost with eyes closed, as if before falling asleep or all the animals, everyone, everyone came to great them

**And the silent fog was falling  
rainbow colors. In a wardrobe,  
In dark, hidden places, far from**

**And the rest, I don't want, I do, I don't remember.**

and filming this view for seven days. I thought about  
wanted, or did not want to remember.  
again in my body how it was to be beaten by  
ashamed of nakedness.

raise my head and here they are, floating. They have  
top. Self-made antennas, a fork instead of the antenna,  
its bottom, then soaked in water. Watching rats in the  
of small, dark, lively eyes, their noses, ugly tails, long  
balcony, waiting for them to sprout. While it gets warm  
head through the fence, small bites of red, protective  
plastic moving in the wind. Eyes of an eagle saved from  
hissing. Eyes of a dog that loved me and it was a puppy.  
of my father. Images before falling asleep. The tight,  
through their skinny surface and my face on it. Two  
sheets in the wind, sun on a piece of old rope and, in the  
of those sheets, tiny little white hairs of cotton and holes  
White sheets in the wind and the blue, blue sky, smell of  
of cigarettes, Sunday football matches on TV, me and  
the zoo, an alligator on which everyone threw coins for  
small space in which the lion was constrained to live.  
a red star in the centre: “Danas kada postajem pionir”

and when my father cried for the first and last time,  
the second tears of my father, which I barely remember.  
by the stream of water thrown in the river, or a raindrop  
There is some security in watching small animals at  
curving, stretching, their whole bodies living like that.  
taking it by its spit net and playing with him like with  
over and over again towards the two fingers holding  
she walks and walks really fast, tickling and sometimes  
brown wings underneath. Fingers becoming  
very, very tiny red minuscule wall bugs that  
and they would leave an orange trace when  
butterfly's wings because the color of its  
and are no longer able to fly. Or the green scarabs, so  
them and put them on one's pullover and they would  
horses and their hairs, tails of their horses in the wind  
muslin and shoes and delicate feet, everything thought  
just waking up. And the birds, the squirrels in woods,  
and say hello, even the butterflies, they all came.

on them and the golden dust, and a rainbow; the skies over the clouds were all in  
down there, far from everyone, under the hanging clothes and coats, closing the door.  
everyone, secrets, magic words, places of enchantment and undisturbed peace.



**EPHEMERALS (2013.)**

Petra Zanki

trajanje / duration: 40'

koreografija, tekst i film / choreography, text & movie: Petra Zanki; glazba / music: Adam Semijalac; koncept svjetla / light concept: Petra Zanki; dizajn svjetla / light design: Hanne Dick, Marino Frankola, Duško Richtermoc; tehnička podrška / technical support: Marino Frankola; kostimografija / costume design: Juliette Bogers; obrada videa / video editing: Nives Sertić; grafički dizajn / graphic design: Damir Gamulin; fotografija / photography: Damir Žižić; prijevodi / translations: Marina Miladinov; administracija / administration: Višnja Neufeld Fosin; produkcija i organizacija / production and organization: Banana Gerila, 2013.; koprodukcija / co-production: HIPPI, PERFORACIJE festival ; rezidencijalna i istraživačka podrška / residencies and research support: Zagrebački plesni centar, Monty-Antwerpen, SPAZIO, pa-f St.Erme; financijska podrška / financial support: Ministarstvo kulture RH, Gradski ured za kulturu grada Zagreba

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