

Something not Grey

PARIS
COLLECTIVE

“

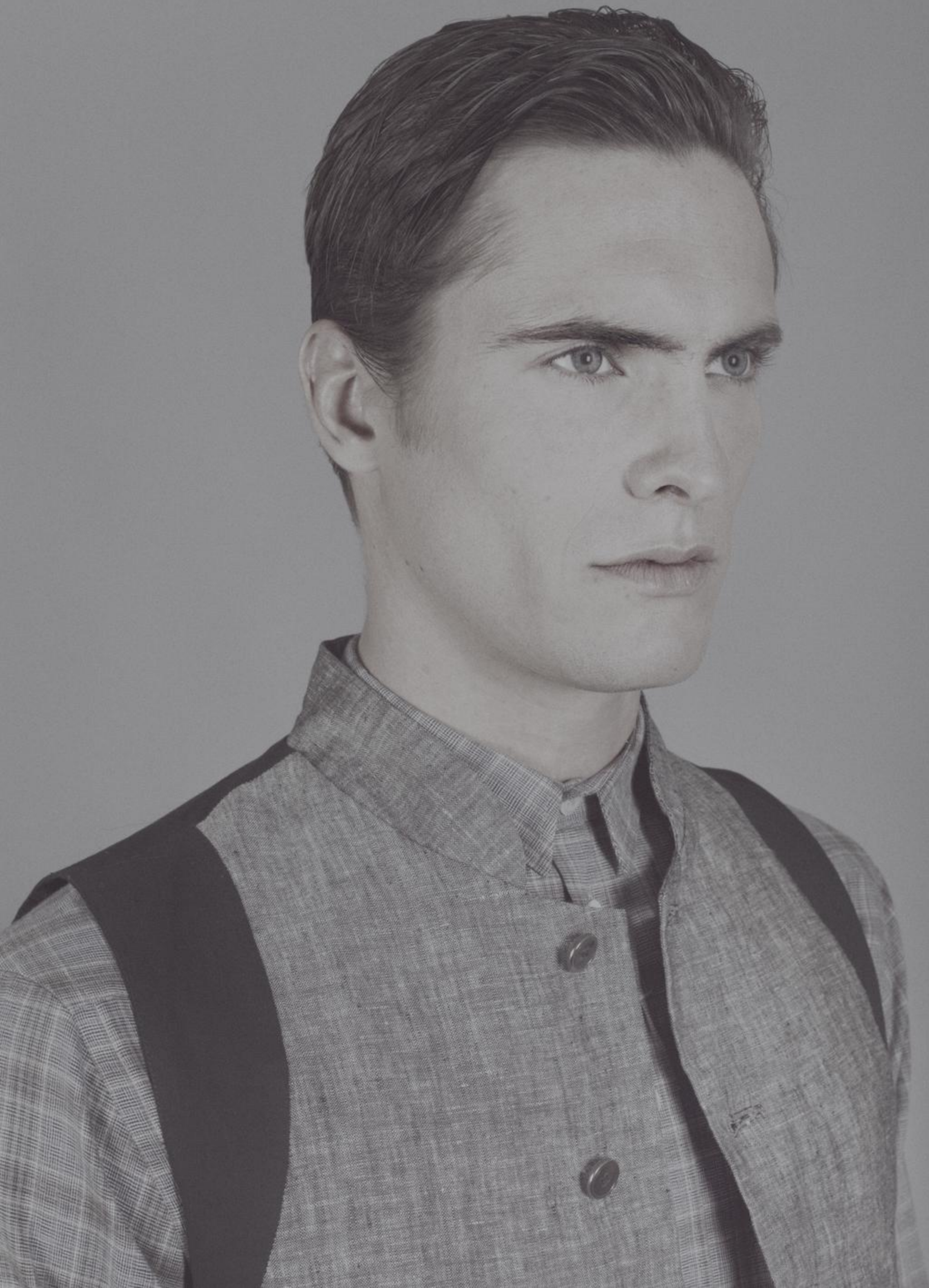
Checked.

Erect and slowly slouching down into a huddled silhouette.

Nothing was worth examination; it would inevitably be grey, so slumped over, he sank into that painful space between rest and distraction. He had not slept in days so he was now getting used to the

feeling.

”



“

When one wakes up and discovers that everything had been created by someone other than oneself, what does one do?

Can it be undone?

”







“

...mindlessly meandering, stopping
at neglected city benches.

”

“

A *rustling* behind him again, so

wearily he gazed to the side, only a flick of the eyes...

”





“

...this could be something new, for
once,

Something that was not **grey**.

”







“

He put his eyes close enough to where he could breathe into the pores of her back. Perhaps his breath could darken it? After a half hour of breathing heavily over her right shoulder blade without results he knew what had to be done.

”

“

Slowly he took out a **fire red ant** – one that he knew would be enraged enough to bite...

”

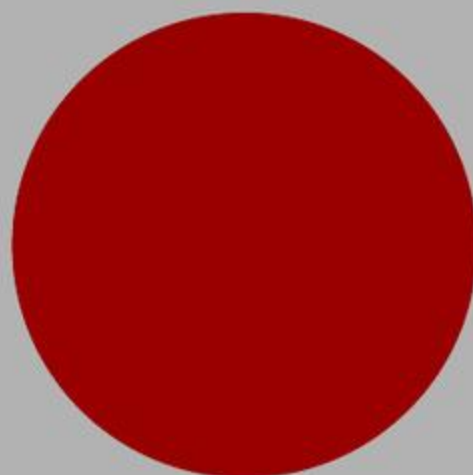
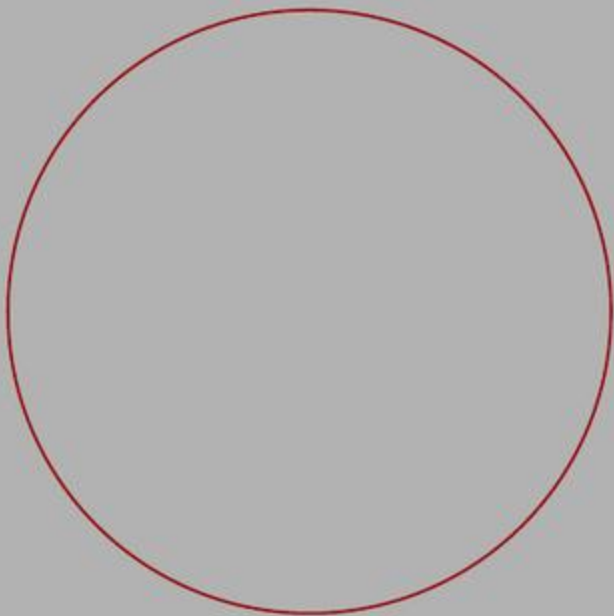




“

... creating undulating spirals of


red, swollen angry bumps. ”



“

... each one filled with exactly
the same puss and venom that
was certainly running through
his veins...

”



“They were beautiful,
these gradient forms.”



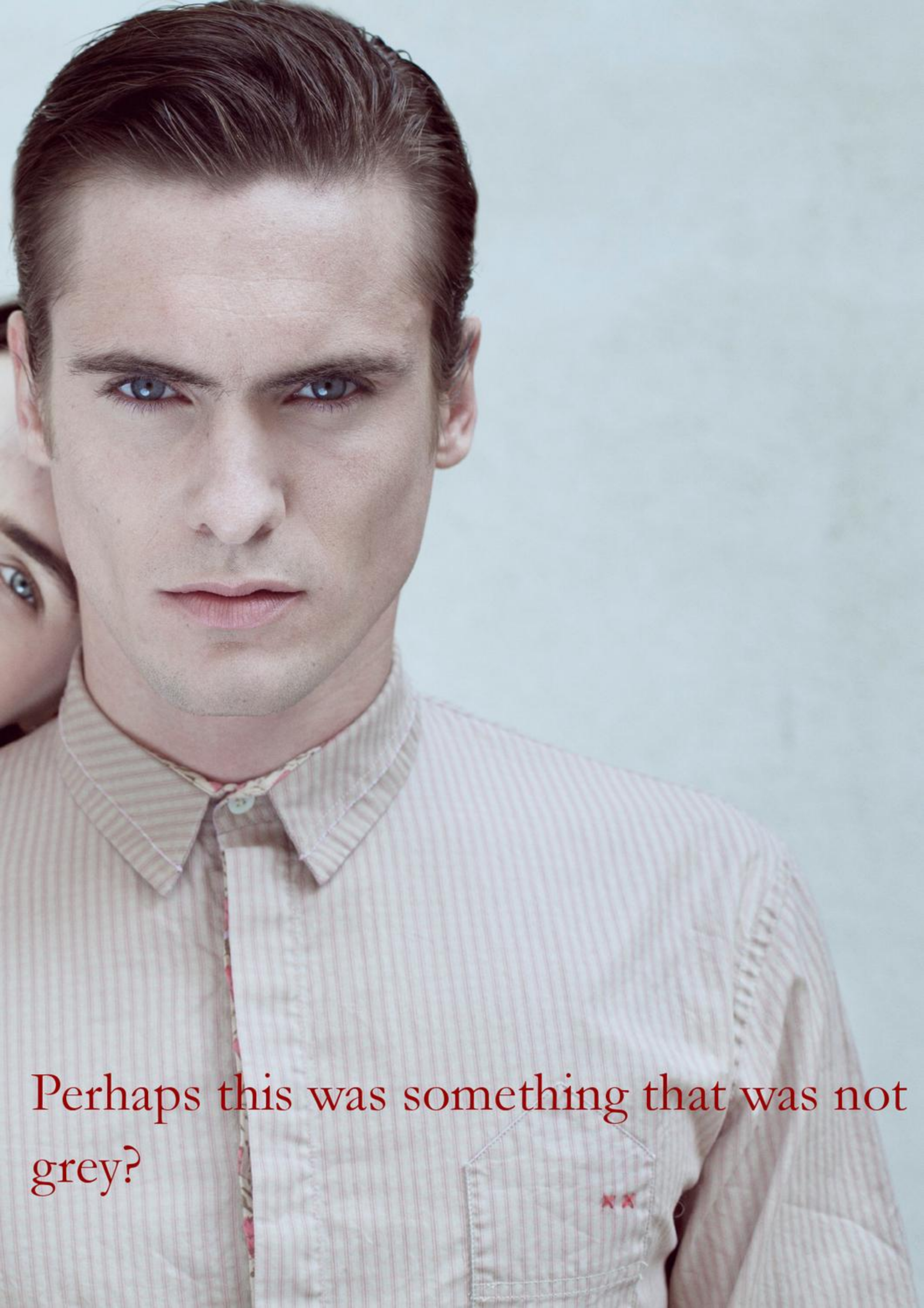


“

Her wince was the first change in expression and perhaps the first time she permitted herself to blink.

”





Perhaps this was something that was not
grey?

Styling Concept- Kat Rutherford

Photography- Olga Logvina

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