

I flanked my screens on each side by two stone lions. Playing guard at the gate of your temple. One with an open mouth, an intro, the other with a mouth closed, an outro.

They stopped looking alike until gradually returning to be identical.

Starting to kiss your mirror with your eyes closed, hoping to get beyond your own reflection. At least with your reflection, there's a good chance it will sync much quicker.

We offer guardianship for your screens.

We offer guardianship to turned on screens.

We offer to turn your screens on.

I'm looking for guardians just as you choose your guards, your body guards, to walk beside you. Flanking or flaunting. Flaunting. No. Flanking. Who knows?

I find guardianship a growing instinct in much more than a body. Somewhere in a body trapped between not giving nor wanting guardianship, but simply wondering why it is absent at all from plain sight? Should we not see the guardians that have been bestowed on us? And not hold on to a guardian angel that follows you more strictly than a surveillance camera ever cared to do? At least when caught on camera, you appear on the screens, recorded every 5 minutes, but who knows where the footage registered through the eyes of the angel goes to? It's all memories to fill the inevitable Image Blank.

What about a visual sewage system?

Can I be assured that everything you've ever seen has been or is currently processed to be digested; and soon out of your system? Our bodies can't hold on to that many recordings without them coming out some end. We'll be like a house without sewage.

And so I wonder, how was I so easily tricked into thinking it was safer to be watched than to be hidden? Why wasn't I taught how to hide? Isn't hiding as important as finding in Hide&Seek? I accepted being told an angel watched me every second of the day but now I hurry to cover up the security

cameras in my studio?

What honorary surveillance companionship, of the order of angels. Only the first and second orders.

So much trust invested in surveillance companionships, the most confusing relationship of an owner and its dog (only one master but it reverses each time we change the perspective). So little muscle to the floating eye in the corner of the room.

What would you do to all of us if you were born even a little more than a cyclops, more than a camera observing coolly?

How much of a hunk would you choose to become, camera, if eyes could grow bodies like a germinating seed? We grow bodies when we want to.

We grow bodies when we want to feel like our eyes belong to someone

We grow bodies when we want to feel like our eyes are a part of a face.

We grow bodies when we want eyes as features of a full face.

I wonder if that is what you fantasise about at night, all alone in night vision darkness. Must be a curse to see, that's why they made you without eyelids. It must be unbearable to never close your only eye even for a blink or two. Counting the blinks like seconds, hoping maybe they'll never finish and you can blink yourself into a sleep. With such an attractive big eye, it's lucky you don't have any long eyelashes to bat in our direction. We would all turn our eyes to you like a flower to the sun. I wonder if the sun's fantasy is to be the last image we see before our retinas burn to blindness, or does it feel more disappointed that no eyes will risk their sight even for a glimpse of it. My eyes would fog with envy on any surveillance camera.

To tell someone their eyes have no eyelids is like telling them they don't have a backbone.

If only you could grow bodies and become walking eyes. We'll spare you the gruesome image of the bodyguard as a hunk, a finesse musculature and a fitnessed image. Immaculate to eyes we can't trust. Like the green eyes you can't trust. Imagine being born with eyes that others are told not to trust nor follow. You might as well start deceiving them now because your eyes have a reputation hard to escape.

My eyes have an inbuilt colouration, warm left, cool right eye. My left eye sees a faint shade of red and the right one a shade of green. I hope it's common in other eyes and I'm not a fool for it.

So for the sake of guardianship I had to deal with an angel for a guard. The walls have surveillance cameras. Maybe they are even made out of them, it would explain why I have to plug my laptop in the hallway.

I'm no match physically. And even so, I don't find my shortcomings reason enough to trigger what I'm looking for. Truthfully, nonexistent services that promise you to match with a guardian figure are wrong to be absent. Nonexistent because to tell you the truth, these do exist when we are the ones inventing them because they fail to offer us any system of protection. I'll call this my escapism of sorts. Let me fictionalise this attractive quality you have, your precarity. Because it all starts with a good look at our bodies. My idea of the guardianship had its roots in a different body. Bodies built not like yours or mine. There is something so precarious in a power cable going into a screen. What is already inside them was sufficient until you started talking. Their inbuilt systems are intricate choreographies of protection. How you cut your way through their core. What more decorum could you wish for, to utter your thoughts than a marbled gallery with golds letters on the wall that tell you there will be no touching in this room. Somewhere in this decorum, I decided that screens were worth guarding. It was a necessity now that we started having these nonchalant thoughts about unplugging.

Where the touch stops I guess you thought a mouth should take over. Nothing short of a nightmare. I guess you really mean more than what you meant by this. The more I think about it, the more clear I see that this isn't about turning off screens. What you said might as well mean to unplug. I thought we agreed not to think about unplugging, it's not one of the good thoughts when we agree on care. But you had to pull the cord. So I decided that screens needed guardianship; how else would I see myself again if not through these screens? What if it comes a time when I will lose my reflection in the mirror or, what if what they say about being sucked into your own vanity will also physically suck you into the mirror? Would I then stand to ever look at my self in that mirror again and, what use would I have for it? I've lost my narcissism. What a curse! and maybe I won't even want it back if they ever reunite us. I hope narcissism takes me back if the time comes but mirrors have such conceited prides, I'm afraid it won't happen.

To leave a screen turned on has, and it for certain will have its repercussions. The mark it leaves is like a burn. Some screens are lucky enough to come from a manufacturer that anticipated the cruelty of teasing your screen to no good result. Only these can heal and cure, but others don't have the means to even attempt to heal. Perhaps they are an older model, a less smartTV. No, these are the screens left turned on at night.

Bodies guarding bodies.

Solid structures flaunting you on either side. Body structures. Of bodies to protect.

I started looking for guardians when I saw the image of a smiling woman on a monitor inside a shop one-night last summer. Overprotected, that was my first thought. Beyond a solid, glass vitrine was yet another layer of patterned security, this time a diamond weaved grill pulled down to put off the attempts of poking fun at a girl on screen. I



thought about wanting protection as fighting the fear in your eyes, reattributing the danger to servitude.

We brought back into the present the lions to stand guard at the edge of your image. Stone-cold protection for an image on a screen. She's not for us to touch. A power cut would be that deadly touch, betraying her from inside her safety, behind the lion's back.

Pull the cord on her smile. A turned offscreen. There's nothing for us to look at anymore. Just keep walking.

I continue to experience unexpected restarts.

There's a story I read of two girls, one kissing the other fit into her fist. This was only making her shrink until there was nothing left to kiss but her empty clenched fist. You wouldn't believe the same one was holding the girl just five kisses ago. If anything, she only wished for her to grow bigger in her fist. Enlarged. One size fits all. Traumatic and seductive shrinking, nothing more to this tragic story. Off-guard we still are. These are just mean jokes on your strained eyes.

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Hope narcissism takes me back with open arms