

bianca

I bike 45 minutes to get to Bianca's house. She greets me with a leg brace, a long dress, and cold risotto (I am late). She has hurt her knee while skiing, is in the middle of a breakup, a housing hunt, and dinner with two friends who I've never met. I warm up the risotto and we collectively counsel friend A on her recent withdrawal from work and explain to friend B how everyone always falls in love with Bianca. He seems surprised, but also not particularly socially astute. When I was in Berlin last fall Bianca was in the middle of a collaborator crisis (she runs a company that produces high-end blankets inspired by origami), a storage space nightmare, and an imminent move-in with her now ex-boyfriend. She feels the most at home in her grandparent's house in Sao Paulo, where huge picture windows face out onto incredible polluted sunsets that seem to last forever, engulfing everything in red red red light. That house is haunted now, her grandparents gone. Bianca has a way of getting wrapped in her stories, seeming to literally breathe air into them, surfacing eventually to smile in glowing wonder at just how magical the world can be. We all drink red wine over candles and Bianca tell us that her most decadent item of clothing is a strapless black velvet Armani dress with a silk panel in the front, a surprise chiffon pocket hidden inside on one of the hips. It was her mother's, and maybe it's still in Sao Paulo. Bianca feels she lacks presence right now, the feeling of this being the texture of a thick plant-heavy piece of linen. The least appealing flavor is a breadfruit: a gecko under your tongue. Home, hypothetically, is a clean round leaf cracking kinetic and fresh. At home her father used to make sea urchin pasta with cherry tomatoes, the sea urchins still in their shells, soft inside and tasting of deep ocean. So rich! So sparkling! She drifts and tell us about falling in love one night in Rome, walking around the city talking endlessly on different hills under blooming jasmine, the air heavy with them, flowers dropping everywhere.



Bianca!

Here's a soup for finding a home
and allowing yourself to wait for
things that are better than good enough.

There is a red red red smoky sunset in
your bowl with hidden pockets of chignon

There's a small hint (memory?) of sea
urchin pasta. Next door is a slice of

fibrous linen sitting (holding?) the

clean, round, leaf cracking fresh, ~~sp~~

kinetic greeny blue of something good
happening and almost there. Hopefully

a little sparkling simulation to get you the

last few yards to a ~~vest~~ vest


+ Sea urchins

Kim