

White flour reminds me of my grandmother. In her kitchen covered with lemon linoleum I would come towards her from the back and find her making a very light dough. Using a mixer that was faded white plastic. Everything was very white. And a bit wrong.

She would hand me one of the mixer paddles - to lick the dough off instead of throwing it into the sink.

My mind wants to go and tell you about the feelings I had about her life, how she passed, what type of sickness it was. But talking about the kitchen seems more appropriate. She had a hole in the wall where she would have drawers of cutlery and hide money. It was covered with a curtain that had a peculiar fleshy heaviness to it, that I didn't want to touch so much as a kid. In hindsight, I think it had to be washed.

There was a garden visible directly through the kitchen window on the left from the curtain. We would look through it in silence while we ate, even though there was nothing to see, really, - the same garden we spent the days in but only from a different angle.

There used to be apples under that tree. You had to watch your step because many of them were caramel brown and had white dots on them and were not pleasant if you stepped on them. I certainly had stepped on them. I can imagine sorting that experience for the first time by myself.

There was another brick building behind the tree which had metal stairs leading into the attic. In winter, we used to jump from the top of the stairs. I remember not understanding why some kids had hesitation. It was a soft snow pile waiting for you when you landed. What was the scare? I wonder whose idea that was.

I don't think it could have been mine.

I was loyal to bravery but would not initiate a challenge like that. It must have been my friend Tomas' idea. I believe we were born the same year. Our dads being

childhood friends and us neighbours made us a pair of millennial toddlers figuring things out pretty much at the same time.

He was kind and pretty. I remember he opened his pants once and showed me his crotch after he's had something done at the doctor. I was touched by the trust he put in me and I think that put us on a new level in our friendship.

It happened next to a metal roof covering the basement, which looked like a slide therefore was used as a slide. And because it had sharp corners one time my brother cut his tiny thigh on it. A scar I believe he still has today.

Another time the older kids from the street were building a "house underground" in the forest area by the train racks. When I arrived on the site and saw everyone digging I begged to have a dig at it as well, and as I did I remember hitting the shovel straight into the forehead of a kid leaning into the hole and splitting it. I remember my father taking him to the hospital and me only later realizing to have even caused it. My father strangely never made me feel bad about such things.

But that same kid that got his forehead split, once had his face grated, as he drove on the back of his brother on a bike and flew onto the pavement under sudden braking. That boy was named Darius but I always confused him with another boy of a similar age and height that lived next door. And I remember how a friend from the city came over and politely said "gera diena" (good day sir) over the fence only to have him grab a piece of soil and throw it into her face as a response. I found out later that the same kid lit up a carpet on the second floor of his parents house and caused the house to burn down. He used to run around with his shirt over his face. Did I mention that his name was also Darius?

As if these moments are right in front of me, I am recalling them and writing them down into my phone. I have to leave in 15 minutes and piles of dishes are surrounding me. Memories and futures are carrying me forward like a flood and I will keep on writing in the subway, if this memory still lingers, but if not, this would forever be lost. For I feel like right now I have this time and place of the past right in my hand and

can I can feel how it smells.

Everything is a challenge. All schedules are imbued with bursts of inspiration, an uncontrollable urge to try something new. The phone is running out of battery, and the nails are too long. There is no time, there is just flow. Which can't be stopped because I always wanted this. What do I lose for being late? Probably I'll get no blanket. So I'll stand there with a phone out of battery, nails that are too long and no blanket. I guess it's ok. You can't be on top of things if you want to be part of things.

What I do starts well, then gradually deteriorates until it flops with an interrobang, wiping all the good that preceded it.

But not this time.

I am learning a curve.

Let me sing you a song.

Guitar.

Apples, 2023