

*THE  
MAGIC  
CLOAK*

I spend my days filling my bathtub  
I dream of future high-rise buildings

I no longer know how to take things apart  
I promise very few things nowadays

Future begins with expectation  
Adding layers to reality

Entering a new era, filled with great beliefs  
This is the time dreams are made of

Like making pearls

We swallowed the attempt of harm and made it a part of us

To forget is to care  
A piece of gum that split open  
Stretched so far that it dissolves

To swim across deep water  
Trying to remember what's below

Any faithful reader  
adds to the future  
Breathing dreams and expectations,  
touching the unreal

I have always had a special bond to  
buildings and places and spaces  
It is how my memory works

Trees, bushes and grass  
New light makes them different

On the foundation of something magic  
a link between movement  
in time and space and hopes and dreams

What difference does it make  
to care for the better future?

Searching through the imaginary  
for an old building in the perfect city

To spend a night with a view  
Enjoying the glory of a restored treasure



Treating the building like a mirror,  
melting, moving  
Consuming reality

The reader is a city  
Contemporary make believe,  
fundamental for magic

Time to decide, to be homes or bricks  
Bending the basics for everyday life

Neat lawns and new lights, you can not hide them  
Money passing by in canals and tunnels

An underpass into nothingness  
the underneath is quiet, all you need is trust

Reality is not separated from fiction  
Fiction is a part of reality  
The finishing point is the starting point for the next phase

Reading is private, secret and uncontrollable  
The carrying is an economic process

The reader is either a prison or a prism

A bridge between having and not having,  
between now and then

Longing for the belonging  
Attracted by the inbetween

The expectation never includes completion  
in temporary alchemy

Two story streets of large villas, the elevated high-way  
Homes on top of homes, anything can flourish here  
What happens when we run out of space?

The essence of failure creates understanding,  
flattens the stairs  
The inbetween is fluent  
Holds the keys to the maze

The driver is an actor  
Scrolling professional identity,  
a possibility of shifting roles

Future is constant, it will always be there

I want to expand and explore  
I want to redraw the lines of my map

It's strange how your mood changes so fast  
Travel on and beyond



The ample voice whispers:  
It shall not be kept, it shall be used  
The unsustainable, never meant to be eternal

The magic cloak, the control of the surface  
the reaction or assumed creation

To have something without using it  
Space and use adds to a goldmine  
The magic cloak is still on the ground

Mark your dreams and your belongings  
To let go of the past demands commitment  
Failing the past, reinventing the future

Operating with retelling or fiction  
The allegory of failure

Reality takes a short cut towards the valuable  
But short cuts often fail

Knowledge changes too fast, the nomadic can't keep up,  
so we turn to the narrative  
All we have left is alchemy

Tools can be obstacles, obstacles can be tools  
Alchemy offers the unknown: magic

Your vague side will grow you stronger  
Alchemy can also be empathy

Alchemy is language in temporary shoes,  
disintegrating into nothingness  
Expanding the empire

Time and distance are constants taken for granted  
Hope lacks logic and is not predictable  
but still carries a promise of magic

What comes first, fiction or truth?  
Parallel systems running simultaneously  
Memories settle  
In case of error, restart the metronome



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