

MY LOYAL AUDIENCE

Ulijona Odišarija

My loyal audience

He caught me smelling my hair. I made a face for my imaginary audience, but he didn't get it and said "what". I said "nothing". I noticed a scratch on my finger and said "look" and I meant – look, now there's this scratch in the world too, another thing existing among other things, like a new flower or steam on the mirror after a hot bath. He said "there's always something wrong with you". I slowly exhaled all the steam out of my chest. He said "what" again. I turned away, facing my imaginary audience, they all could see me so clearly and I was grateful again for this connection we had, my loyal audience and I.

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mum carries me up the hotel stairs, a trail of sunstroke sick behind us
there was no bed for me, so they turned the coffee table upside down and put me there with a pillow and a duvet
we had watermelon for my birthday breakfast
in the airport mum says touch his head, it's your father
feel how curly his hair is like wires
(he does strange things like asks for a bit of chewing gum from my mouth, wants to hold me all the time)
I can't remember if we're saying hello or goodbye

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three women on the train are drinking at the same time in a triangular formation
juice, coffee, water
gulps at three points
dry on a plane

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warm body under a wool blend turtleneck
I don't want to touch you anymore
rising signs don't matter anymore

I'm a bird and you're nobody's dog

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This city is full of people like me. It's full of people who are not like me at all. Some people will look at me and think she's just like me. Some people will look at me and think she's not like me at all. Some people will never look at me.

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list/reminder

moisturizer
detergent
plant fertilizer
fact-check poetry

somewhat love light green shirts

all gone wrong:
blood nose
can't breathe
can't sleep
annoyed
dry mouth
teeth feel hot
walked into a chair again

so much loss and beauty
on repeat

unshakeable sadness

teeth are like roses
rivers get lost

whose eyes and how many are you using to see yourself

Ulijona Odišarija is a Lithuanian Georgian London-based artist who makes video, photography, music, objects and installations. She completed her Masters in Fine Art Media at the Slade School of Fine Art in 2016. Her work has been presented at Toronto International Film Festival (Toronto, Canada), Close Up Cinema, SET and ICA (London, UK), Contemporary Art Centre and National Art Gallery (Vilnius, Lithuania), Import Projects (Berlin, Germany), PAKT (Amsterdam, The Netherlands), Showroom (New York, USA) and was published in a book on young Lithuanian photography *Like there's no tomorrow* (Rupert, 2013) and *Lithuanian Photography: Yesterday and Today* (2016). She is a singer in a band Steve & Samantha and sometimes djs and performs under her alter ego Sweatlana. Alongside her artistic practice, she writes and has published on online platforms like AQNB while contributing to numerous DIY zines.