

...and watched them leave the room. As soon as they were out of sight, my eyes returned to the Amber Boule resting on the concrete floor. That round, heavy-appearing form. It was originally designed for sterilization. It had no scent. The perfuming function was added only later, from which artistic versions emerged. Now, I saw it simply placed there, in the middle of the space, with its elegantly round form.

I was looking at it as if it were a ball that had somehow broken the window and was just left in this apartment—just taking up its space and the surrounding ones, confidently still. Its position, the sunlight covering it and enhancing its texture and weight—the old wooden color.

It began by erasing the rest of the furniture around it—the items, the things I noticed in the space—everything except the surrounding walls. Floor and the walls would merge into one milky grey color and the Amber Boule began to take all this space for itself. Then, just in case they returned, I erased them too—along with myself—imagining the Amber Boule completely alone. No one could notice it.