




[01]

once upon a time...

i found myself
in amsterdam—
a city built on
platforms,
suspended
above the sea.
i never imagined
of living
here, yet
somehow, life
led me to this
place. like
so many others,
i was searching
for a home in one
of europe's most
absurdly
expensive
and tiny cities



[03]



it was my third time
house-hunting. i visited
countless places, sat thro-
ugh endless interviews, yet
luck never seemed
to be on my side



anxiety wrapped around
my
throat,
whispering that
it was
all pointless



all i wanted
was a space
where i could
feel safe,
inspired

a place
that
would
keep
me going



and then, i found it
my dear home in the east
a room facing the streets
trams gliding past

and rows of iconic
dutch red-brick facades

just a minute from the most
beautiful park

(at least in my humble and
completely biased opinion)

[09]

i wander through
its streets
gazing up
at rooftops sharp
as crowns,
as if princesses
once lived there

i stumble upon
countless cozy cafés
and funky bars, each
one an invitation to
become an extension
of my living room

i pass faces —each
unique, each lost in
their own rhythm—
some rushing, others
simply sunbathing in
quiet contentment



there is so much life
in this small island

[11]

of east that i could
explore it for years
i hope i will...

in a world
where everything is
uncertain
i feel like i have
found
at least one truth:
i'm crazy about you
dear east





2025

amsterdam, oost