

*Surface*, 2012  
by Vandy Rattana

I'm blind and I know myself, I am indeed blind. My camera, my eight euro, thirty-six exposure film, my fifty millimeter lens are all blind, too. I don't know if there are plenty of colors outside and inside, or perhaps I see the transparency. I was once on the street with my blind camera. I saw two women, each with their blind Loulou de Poméranies, waiting for their new boyfriends. A car came, a blind car, and parked on the vast blind land. Altogether, friends, and they were blind like me, like my camera too. The wealthy diplomatic elites stood listening to an unknown person talking blind about photographs. The words were empty and his voice was blind, me too, I'm blind, like my camera and film. The red robe of the blonde woman is blind. She couldn't see the color of herself, like the other adorable Parisian ladies waiting for trains in dark tunnels. The sounds of their high-heeled shoes became mute, frozen, unmoving, blind. I don't know who pissed in the Paris metro of Malesherbes station at 17e arrondissement. Someone stepped in it, perhaps the same man who pissed, so he must be blind. A blind happy couple seemed to love making love in the dark tunnels. Maybe it was them who pissed there where death is not true to them and they are not true to death because they are both blind. In Bersonçon, it was freezing cold, I could feel it, not see it - I'm blind. The trees, the river, the houses were all freezing and blind. Even the cigognes were fixing and they're all blind. They can fly, like pigeons, in a blind space through the wind of France, and the wind is blind. They can't see each other, they feel each other. The bicycle was found dead in a ditch of Alsace. The driver must've been blind, he couldn't see the road during peak sunlight. The sun is blind, and me too. No one remembered the colour of the light of the crêperie. Me too, I still can't remember it, even though its on. Someone dropped the flowers on the ground. They are still fine-looking that way. Cushion, blanket, dead trees. A lady who is waiting for her puppies will probably be blind when the morning arrives from the death of darkness. The black of the night is blind, too blind. An Arab man was smoking, hiding his face in the space of blindness, he couldn't see the world around him. He tasted and felt his drink. His cigarette was hot and blind. The man is dead. His body is in the museum. He's blind. Perhaps my death would be blind too with no reason, like the death of a long-neck bird who pretended to be alive at the same museum, in glass, surrounded by blindness and silence. The silence is blind, me too. Tarton does not know when the world began. He was born and he is now getting old and waiting for death. He doesn't see his death, he's blind. Death too is blind. His proprietor asked him if he would like to see the tree at place de la Sorbonne where he usually urinates at ten o'clock in the evening while people are eating and talking blind, but he refused, because he could feel the fluorescent light in the bathtub at a small white apartment of 5e arrondissement where he was born and waiting for his death or, he might not die there because death is blind. A young couple ran from all blind religions, on a blue motorbike, a gift from a girl's parents for her eighteenth birthday. She doesn't drive, she was blinded right after her eighteenth birthday. Her boyfriend will become blind in the next few hours, that's why he opened his eyes and drove fast with his girl behind him along the tiny winding road. They rode to nowhere, feeling only the cold and the heat, the heat and the cold, where blind freedom accommodates no convention.