

Katalog : SelfPortrait



Familiar Messes

"I found solace in nothing. Because everything was temporary. And days flew by like heavy cigarette smoke floating above the dancing heads in the city's most notorious club, like speech bubbles written in a language you cannot understand, like a dragon's breath you keep chasing, like pills that move from your hand to your red lips." Gratiagusti Chananya Rompas's personal essays are troves of memories she can always t...