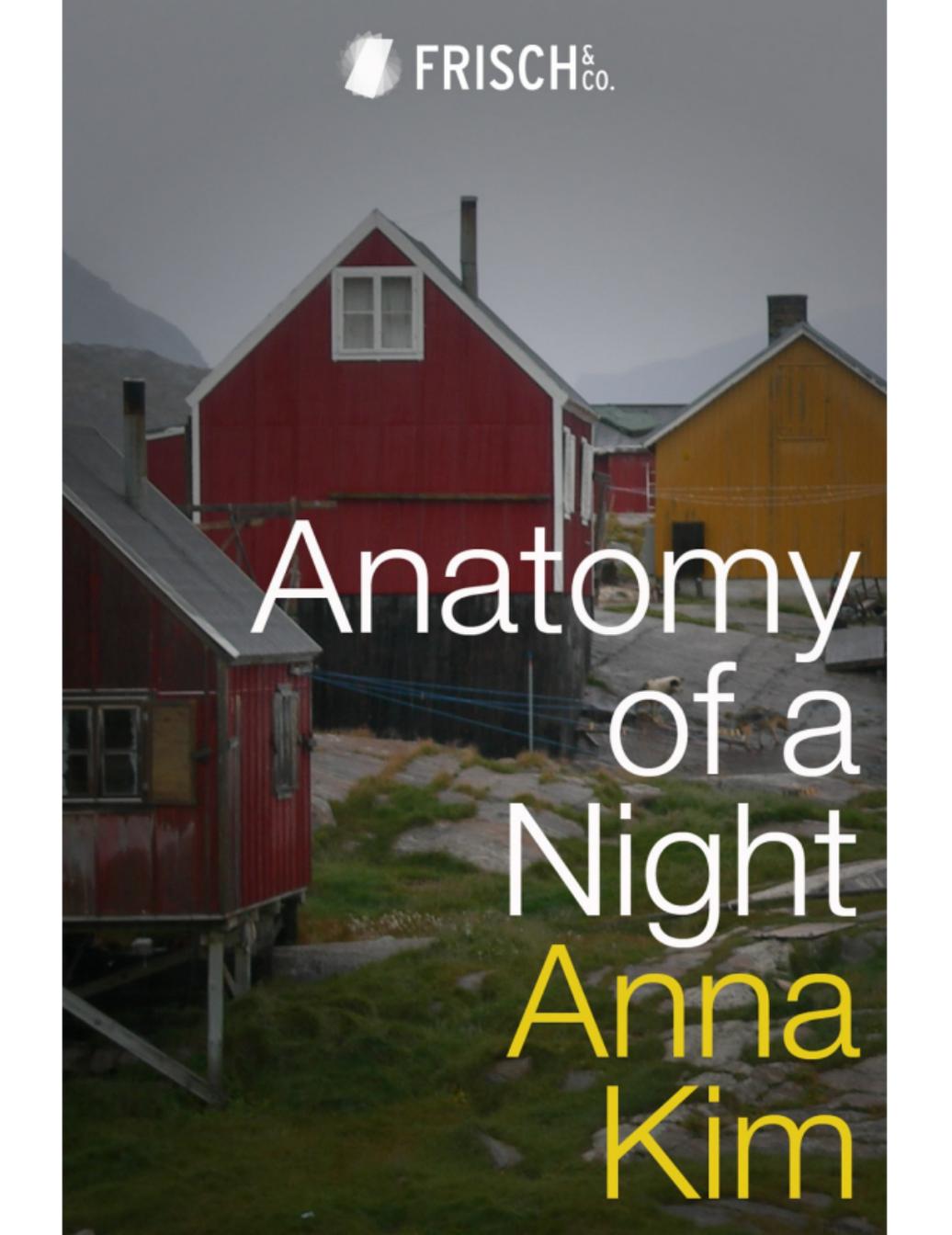




FRISCH<sup>&</sup>CO.



Anatomy  
of a  
Night  
Anna  
Kim

Move over Keyi, move to the side a little, and filled the machine, the detergent slot, and coin slot, and had started a conversation with him, just to kill the time, which he had ignored until they poked him in the ribs.

Get out of here, what are you still doing here?

He goes into the kitchen, fills the kettle with water, and presses the start button. Takes a bag of black tea from the can, looks on the shelves for something to eat—food is often left behind. No bread, no cake, but he does find a bag of rusk, a package of old butter cookies, and a jar of orange marmalade. He spreads marmalade on the cookies and waits for the tea to cool—

while he is munching on the cookies, the silence from the Valley of the Flowers blows in through one of the tilted windows—a small group of mummified flies had gathered on

the sill after they dropped dead at the end of the summer, just like that—the silence which is the opposite of loneliness and has the ability to turn off the world, if only for a few seconds. The silence chiefly lives in the nights in Amarâq, and when Keyi senses it, it seems as if he has finally come home.

## 2

At night Amarâq is coated with a darkness as viscous as unmixed colors, neither the fjord nor the mountains, valleys, lakes, or the river exist, there is only a black mass, a void that spreads across the landscape sporadically, pressing what's left but leaving holes that it fills with abstract elements, moving pictures, waves of light in a sea of light.

At night Amarâq becomes a broad plain that melts the two dimensions into the third, the earth with the sky—suddenly everything is sky. On clear nights the stars sparkle like the illuminated windows of a distant place; on overcast days the darkness is joined by an impenetrable fog, as though someone had

spread a white sheet over the town, the fog dilutes the darkness but in return it miniaturizes Amarâq: the parts beneath the sheet no longer exist—until the next wind. On nights without moonlight, this darkness spreads further, the earth is marked by silvery, iridescent icebergs that float through the dimensions like images from the past, hazy, unapproachable, you can lose yourself in a desire to grasp them, replicate their contours, their forms, however bizarre, however extraterrestrial they may be. One is reminded of a yearning one didn't know one possessed.

Sivke drinks from the glass that Jens had given her. She stands before the window, next to the three violets that persistently grow in their pots, so completely out of place, so extremely strange at the end of the world. They are just as bleary-eyed as the

conversation Jens is pursuing—it dies at the end of every sentence, the sober white apartment, which allows only for the necessities, sterilizes the mood—at the same time Sivke doesn't want to let the words wilt, she likes Jens, she believes she likes Jens, but the deafness of the room drives her to cling to the view: it is warmer here, full of life, a girl paces back and forth under the streetlight.

Julie stood at one of the windows, it's as wide and as high as the wall, with a view of the fjord. She was tempted to believe she was standing in front of an aquarium, without fish or sea mammals, but brown-gray mountains, light blue water, smooth under sunshine, wavy when overcast, and pyramids of ice whose tips float isolated through the bay in summer: