





foto/photo: Gert Jan van Rooij

— melotron writings —

#28  
The last few days I've been moving abandoned objects, books, blankets. I found a small statue of a lion and I found a gramophone. I carried all this stuff to the attic, the highest place in the empty city.

#23  
I found a small rowing skiff abandoned outside my apartment after everyone had left. At high tide I could just fit through the broken windows of the flooded Cathedral into the magical world inside. I was hovering over graves and pews undisturbed by the murky water above them. The light from the stained glass windows shimmered on the surface of the lake that was created inside the giant space. The massive columns extended up out of the water.

I heard footsteps from up above me on the ceiling. I stopped rowing. Silently the boat moves through the huge space. Now, I hear them again distinctly. Furniture being moved around above me. I can see down through the water to the stone floor below to the engraved words and the names on the graves.

#52  
I woke this morning and heard my mother brushing her teeth in the bathroom down the hall and my little sister talking to our dog. They had disappeared so quickly when the soldiers came. Yea mom see you later, love you, kiss on the cheek... do the dishes before you go to work ok? I never saw them again. I close my eyes and turn my face into her pillow. I can still smell her hair.

#16  
She hears howling animal sounds at night. Cats fighting, torturous wailing. Some nights she hears the barking of a dog but it may be just a log scraping a window. Some nights she wakes thinking she's heard the market and traffic sounds outside but it's just the sound of the seagulls and the shifting debris hitting against the stone walls.

#33  
She found a telescope in an abandoned antique store. That was before the lower levels of the buildings had become completely submerged. She used it to scan the horizon from the bell tower. One day she spotted a huge barge floating through the streets of the flooded city. On it's deck was a Ferris wheel and a circus tent. She imagined she heard the sound of a carnival organ echoing over the water.

#45  
She hid behind a secret panel in the wall. When the police came they searched through the whole house. She could hear their loud voices and footsteps. Staying hidden for days, slowly drinking her supply of water, and eating her decaying fruit and bread. A tiny crack in the wall let the light, in moving slowly around in the dark space.

#57  
Too many people crowded together, the boat's toilet was filled by the second day. Water was running short. Day after day the people grew fewer and the looks more fearful. The wailing and mourning grew weaker. There's a storm coming was the last whisper that she heard as she watched the sky turn a deeper shade of black.

#64  
On Sunday I used to walk to the Kerk in the snow. The services seemed so old fashioned. Nothing has really changed very much in there. The old etchings show the same woodwork and chandeliers. I thought of Sweelinck sitting up in the organist loft, 300 years ago and all the amazing music he had written and performed.

#71  
She made her way down the circular stairway that led to the lower decks of the barge. Dank cold air hit her in the face as she descended into the darkness. Her small flashlight beam lit up the metal steps covered with debris. She entered a dimly lit space filled with decaying machinery. The walls were covered with gauges and control panels. She followed an iron catwalk that went up and over the machines and then down between pipes and an electrical conduit. She stopped. Caught her breath. A bare electric light was burning over an old office desk covered in papers. She doused her light and stood silently in the shadows listening intently.



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