

This a sad story, because most probably you didn't visit  
Florence & Joseph's exposition at the Clignoteur centre,  
based around the subject of Dante's Purgatory.

This a sad story, because last Sunday, 5th December you have lost  
the last opportunity  
to see Florence's fresco on the wall of that tiny but living  
exposition floor at the centre of Brussels.

This is a sad story, because probably you never heard about  
Florence Cats  
and Joseph Charroy  
and you probably overlook Dante's Purgatory  
because you think that "Inferno" and "Paradiso" "are better"  
because this is what they told you in school  
more or less.

Well, in this case, this is for you.

It is with you that I want to talk to.

Right now.

So drop your phone and read this, just for three minutes.

This would be a sad story, unless you will imagine a place  
where Cy Twombly  
George Harrison  
Fujita  
Arvo Part  
can communicate  
without communicating.

I've posted a few photos of Florence's fresco

about Purgatory  
for you  
so you could see a bit (at least) of the subtle, deep, mysterious  
representation of the Purgatory  
we lived in  
we live  
and we'll live in  
(yes, probably, yes)  
she painted for us.

At the bottom, you'll see a blueish cloud, with hundreds of different shades.  
Shades of words, phrases,  
unwritten letters,  
lyrics you wish you wrote,  
questions you wished to avoid,  
lyrics you will maybe write,  
questions you will have to answer, one day.  
They appear on it,  
not clearly,  
(you knew it already it wasn't going to be so easy)  
but yes, they are all there  
I swear  
because Florence chose them carefully,  
for your uncomfortableness  
because she's a real artist  
she was there before us  
she will be there after us.

Did Dante really mean that the difference from Hell to Paradise  
is a big cloud of broken words

nice statements, little action  
good intentions, lazy excuses?  
Probably, yes.  
But there's more.

Then, look upper to Florence's Purgatory.

A soft wind could transform  
deeds into numbers  
symbols  
imaginaries,  
actions,  
it doesn't take a lot,  
you know, you remember  
the last time  
you felt a better person  
even for some days, hours, minutes.  
"Actions to get the sky"  
not for the money  
not for God  
not for the Paradise  
do you remember?  
those old glorious days.  
What happened meanwhile?

In Florence's fresco there could be no Paradise  
and no Hell either.  
I even think she's not interested in them,  
that would be too easy.

This is a sad story if you look for friendly faces

or answers  
in Florence's fresco,  
you will not see any.

This is a sad story, unless you decide to fill that soft sky  
with braveness  
with one more color  
many more pains  
many more Why.

This is a sad story, unless you, me, us, decide to become that fragile, temporary, sky.

I'm not sure this is the meaning of Dante's Purgatory  
or Florence's fresco  
but this is my take.

So let's go back to 3 minutes ago.  
Let's go back to Florence and Joseph.

This is a sad story, if you don't you realize that besides John and Paul  
there was something deeply good in George and Ringo too.

This would be a sad story, if you think of the stock exchange  
when you hear about Vincent's Starry night  
without remembering the mocking  
the misery,  
the hunger,  
the humiliation,  
til the grave  
after the stars appeared to him.  
He did cut his ear

because he was starving  
he did cut his damn ear  
for you to finally get this.

This can be a sad story, but maybe not  
if you're still broken heart from your first love  
but at a point you stopped analyzing it,  
if instead of forgiving or understanding  
you choose forgetting.

It cannot be a sad story, if "How are you"  
is (still) the hardest question for you to answer.

It will be not a sad story, if instead of waiting  
for your turn to talk  
from now  
you will really start trying to listen.

So yes, this is what I felt in front of Florence's fresco  
and you will have to watch the photos now  
or trust my words  
because since this morning, this fresco was painted over  
to give space to another artist,  
another story  
another imaginary.  
What a beautiful and cruel circumstance.

This could have been a sad story,  
but probably it is not.  
Because Florence and Joseph are well alive and kicking

and not far from you  
and I'm pretty sure they will wander  
again  
through damaged lands  
to transform them for you  
in soft clouds,  
in uneasy but gentle daydreaming  
and then, if you are lucky,  
they might ask you  
"How are you?"