

Dear Collaborator,

I hope you are doing well in these uncertain times.

I do not have a set of instructions for you, but I have a proposed feeling. The feeling of incompleteness. To me, incompleteness is a big part of my life. It isn't necessarily bad, sometimes it limits my world view, sometimes it leads me to better experiences.

Often incompleteness is a disease when it comes to completing tasks, be it a minimalistic cake I want to try baking, or a new painting, or even trying to go to sleep. I start out with these things and never complete them due to a flood of emotions within me. Most of them being anxiety and fear of whether the completed product will be good enough. For me, it isn't only limited to these tasks, I struggle to elucidate my opinions, thoughts, and feelings and push it away for later, leaving it hanging by a fine thread, incomplete and almost meaningless. In rare moments, these unfinished ideas and tasks bring out a sense of frustration that guides me to try and compensate for the nervous failings prior. They make me to creating more or understand better, simply because of its incomplete nature.

I thought it would be interesting to try and understand this concept together. So here is a poem I have written about my feelings regarding incompleteness.

unfinished, untamed, undefined  
skin rubbed purple with grief,  
the stench of volatility lingers  
a vile feeling. reaches into my mouth,  
grasping for a drop of stability  
swallowing innumerable lies,  
bare feet stumble out of the rubble  
paint dripping, words falling

I would love if you could complete it and interpret it in your own artistic ways. Although my verses align with the feelings related to leaving things incomplete, you can paint this poem anyway you like.

An effort to try and make ourselves whole again. Complete the verse.

Warm regards,  
Anika Ebby.