**Frames**

Buildings are human made caves, and we can only be either inside or outside. I am outside the gallery, and somehow, I am still in it. I am inside and the outside is infinite. So, as I walk inside each room, I take a break to enjoy it from the outside. Standing in the threshold.

Inside, time goes slowly and still. Outside it goes fast, you move with the forces of nature, unprotected, vulnerable. It has always been like that.

How many caves exist within us and inside of our cells, inside of atoms. How many outsides and insides can you name?

Is time an outside/inside, as we walk into the present we look back at the past standing outside the cave.

Frames within frames, windows to different realities, people walking in and out, if you close your eyes, you go back inside.

We keep on changing places, outside, inside, outside, inside, inside, inside, outside. Again and again, until we die. Until all there’s left of us is our hollow body. Just another frame.

Take this text with you, and look through the frames, to different existences.