

## **Cat Steps / Matan Ben-Tolila**

### **In another place / Yonatan Ullman**

Far away from here lies an endless, wonderful, enchanted, mysterious, dark space.

I am drawn there every time anew.

It's addictive.

When I am there, here does not exist.

When I am here, I think about returning there.

There is freedom there.

Freedom to wander.

Tigers roam free.

A cave.

A vortex.

A portal.

A passage.

I peek through the gap in my camouflage net.

On the other side an unmanned plane is revealed.

Sometimes I imagine I was it.

Drifting.

Somewhere.

Above and beyond.

Cruising.

Absolute silence.

I'm upside-down.

The canopy is like coordinates.

Directing.

Centering.

Orienting.

Anything is possible.

I send a signal to my home base - can anyone hear me?

Where to now?

Deeper.

Further.

Surprising, thrilling, stunning.

Beyond knowledge or understanding.

Careful!

Not too far.

You may never return.

But, the temptation is so great.

How much beauty lies here.

Then... I am back here.

At night, I gaze beyond the window.

I can hear our world - full of life, vitality, motion.

Banal althea flowers, which I passed by thousands of times while driving,  
become a phenomena.

Dancing with the moon that drifts through the dark skies.

Growing slowly.

Ever closer to each other.

Striving for contact.

How much beauty is in them.