

LOWLANDS

(written for writing contest, first price tickets for the Lowlands Festival) (lost ...)

Music triggers the memory and at the first sounds of ' Beck ' his ' Loser ' I'm brought back to The Lowlands Festival 1995. Back to you.

Distorted sounds and smell of the last surviving grass.

I am just outside the Alfa tent, the main stage, not a big enough fan to go inside. You're standing about four meters away from me, a huge fan but too claustrophobic for indoor performances.

Our first meeting.

My gaze starts on your black leather boots, that are planted firmly in the muddy ground, and slowly continues its way upwards, your Red stockings, black skirt and black t-shirt with the simple text: ' LOSER. '

Eccentric or festival-silly.

I sigh at the memory of your eyes. Your eyes ... light blue with white fragments like stripes drawn by a plane on a bright summer day. I love those eyes so much. I know every line in your eyes. Your eyes, almost unaffected. Your cornea is slightly clouded. Getting lost in your eyes is like getting lost in a misty forest. Your eyes would sound like violins accompanied by noisy guitars. Your eyes are like a landscape portrait from Van Gogh, soothing and manic at the same time.

People will think that I'm overreacting.

Most people will be satisfied if they can guess the color of their loved ones eyes. For me there is no guessing; I know that you left eye is slightly rounder than your right, I know that there is a bit more plane traffic in the blue sky of your right eye than in your left and that Van Gogh drank a tad more absinthe creating your left than your right. Your eyes are perfect in their imperfection. I'm sure God used six of his seven creative days working on your eyes. We are his creative leftovers. - Prick.

The outro of Beck's song dies off and I return to the present, for a moment, because already I hear the first guitar sounds of Sonic Youth. I am back at Lowlands 1996. Kim Gordon sings something about a washing machine. The beauty of noise. Your beauty on noise. I see your smile again. The smile that makes the smile of Mona Lisa look as the mouth of a woman who has just discovered that someone shaved off her eyebrows while she was asleep.

I hold up the 'Lowlands95 ' labeled jar, in which you eyes float, up in front of me, let them go around in the formaldehyde, whisper a goodbye and trade them for ' Lowlands96. ' You, a totally different type than ' Lowlands95 ' but with unique lips. I feel them soft against my cheeks just by looking at them.

I feel a warm mix of affection, joy, love when I go through my conserved memories. Seventeen pots with memories in formaldehyde, numbered from 1993 to 2010.

Lowlands1993/Iggy Pop/Yours big toe, painted black, seduce me from your flip flops
Lowlands2001/Mogwai/your beautiful, beautiful nose, with nose ring in the left nostril
Lowlands2002/Blues Explosion/graceful earlobes that beg me to suck them
Lowlands2007/Dinosaur Jr./blink your small, slightly bent pinky. Their touch rising every small hair on my body.

I feel sad when I realize that my collection won't be complete. Lowlands2011 sold out within a few

hours. If there only was another way to get a ticket.