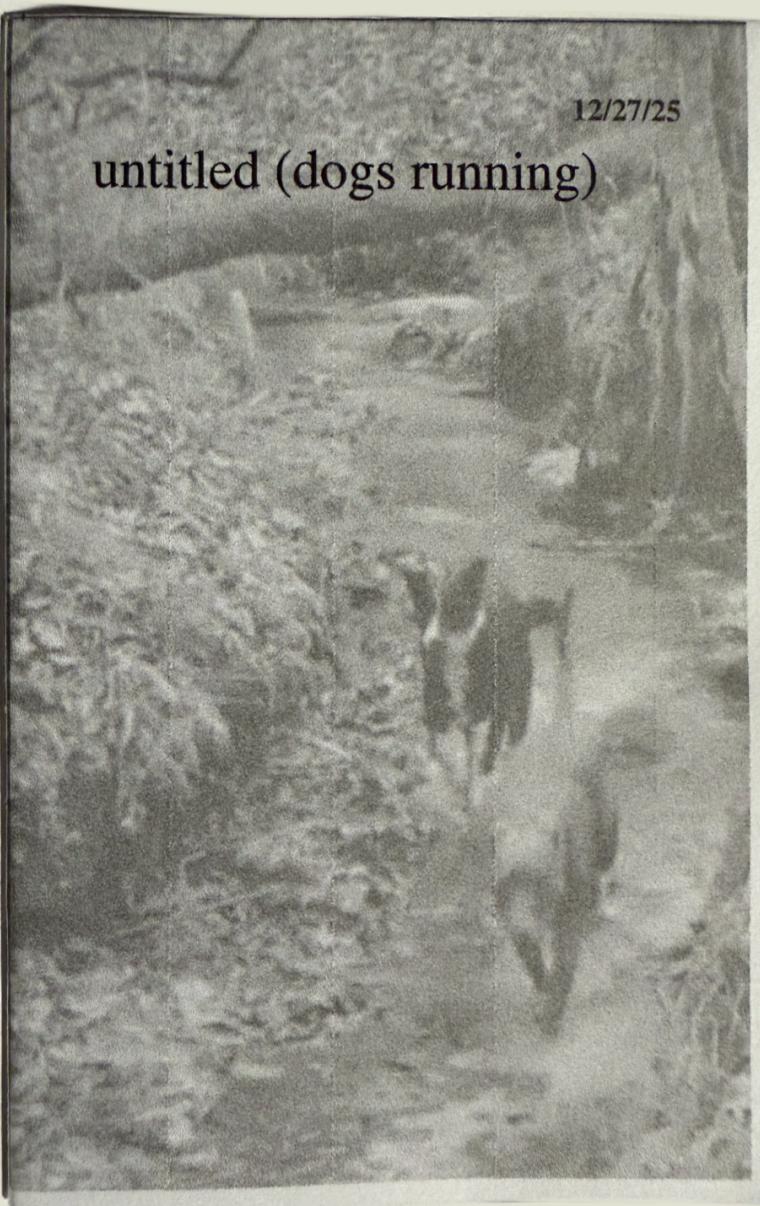


12/27/25

untitled (dogs running)



i need to learn to not be so precious  
company keeps me comforted  
cause i've had nobody but myself

i keep seeing dogs, running, in my vision  
and i yearn for that safeness  
sharing solitude in silence  
aren't you the one ?

if you could go anywhere, let me follow  
take me by the hand, into tomorrow  
something prevails  
serious and slow  
through the unexpected  
into the unknown

making a home

the only reason i got to this point  
is because i stopped giving a fuck.

between the parties and intense  
academic reads, i started building  
a house. what i wanted to prove  
was that no static location could  
define a home, something  
constructed from within. like any  
other creative endeavor, this  
brewed more complications than i  
could think of.

my first problem was the  
expectation that this project would  
become a successful physical  
manifestation of my

disorganized consciousness as a “home.” ironic, isn’t it? the idea of calling it a home, which was my goal, quickly became the central contradiction.

i began analyzing the dog house and its attributing factors, speaking with others about the conceptual and physical integrity of the structure. eventually, i turned to gaston bachelard’s idea of the “oneiric dream house” in *the poetics of space*, where consciousness is imagined as something that lives inside a house. he suggests that every

individual carries an internal house built from dreams and memories, offering a sense or illusion of stability.

in my work, the house is not a secure container for the self, but a metaphor for how we attempt to organize consciousness into a body. while it can hold conscious narratives, it struggles to contain dreams, instincts, and imagination. the dog house became a physical manifestation of this tension.

i made text, a song, based on this experience. in the title, by placing

the noun “dogs” before the verb “running” the subject gains power. the dog becomes a symbol of liberation and movement rather than containment.

wherever this ephemeral piece exists, everyone is a dog, running.

if the house is a body, and you have a body that doesn’t, or may never, know itself, then when do you really have a home? my idea of the non-house opposes enclosure and the emphasis on categorization. unlike bachelard’s house, which stabilizes the self, the non-house fosters creativity

and acknowledges human ephemerality. a home must look toward liberation and fluidity; if a house is only fixed and protective, then that is not what i want.

consciousness does not obey borders or linearity, and i can no longer imagine it as something that manifests only through separation and structure. i have been looking for a place of intimacy and solitude without walls. i yearn for a sense of safety that can be manifested beyond borders.



i am, and have always been,  
perpetually homeless,

even when housed.