ROOM TO BREATHE

A room can hold more than it has space for.

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Basel, 2026

This room is too small.

I can stand here. I can sit here.

But every movement asks me to make myself smaller.



The day comes in with me.

answer
carry
remember
finish
return
begin

I close the door.
The day has already crossed the threshold.

Even the pause has a list.

one more message
one more tab
one more task
one more reply

rest

one more tab
one more task
one more reply
one more message

one more tab
one more task
one more reply
one more message
one more tab
one more task
one more reply
one more message
one more tab
one more task
one more reply
one more message
one more tab

I keep a place for stopping.
Then I put another task inside it.

I keep saying



yes

before I have heard myself.

A body is not an empty margin.

fit
hurry
answer
finish
carry
begin



fit
hurry
answer
finish
carry
begin

There is someone between all these things.

The walls have not moved.

But each new thought takes up space. I keep finding ways to fit another one inside.

another thought
another thought
another thought
another thought
another thought
another thought
another thought

There is always
something after

this

this

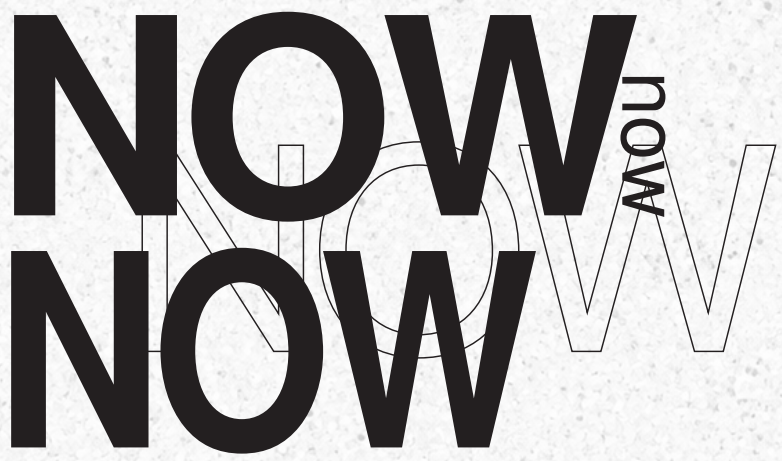
this

this

and

A sentence that never quite reaches its end.

Everything asks to be first.



My attention cannot stand
in four places at once.

I keep the next thing too close.

this next



There is hardly an interval
in which to notice where I am.

I call it a break.

(but I am still
holding
everything)

Nothing has been put down.

one more word

one more thought

one more demand



The room is full of things I have not finished saying.

Enough



I can stop before the page runs out.

I do not have to
finish everything
to

stop.

The unfinished can remain unfinished
for a while.

Some things can

w a i t .

Their urgency does not have to become my rhythm.

I put one thing down.

weight

w e i g h t

w e i g h t

There is still a day around me.

I need

MORE

r o o m .

Not just a place to stand. Enough space to turn around without asking what I might disturb.

Room for a thought to end.

I do not need to keep adding



A full stop can be a place to rest.

The space between
is part of the sentence.

one

b e t w e e n

another

I do not have to bridge every interval.

I loosen
my grip.

hold
hold
h o l d
h o l d

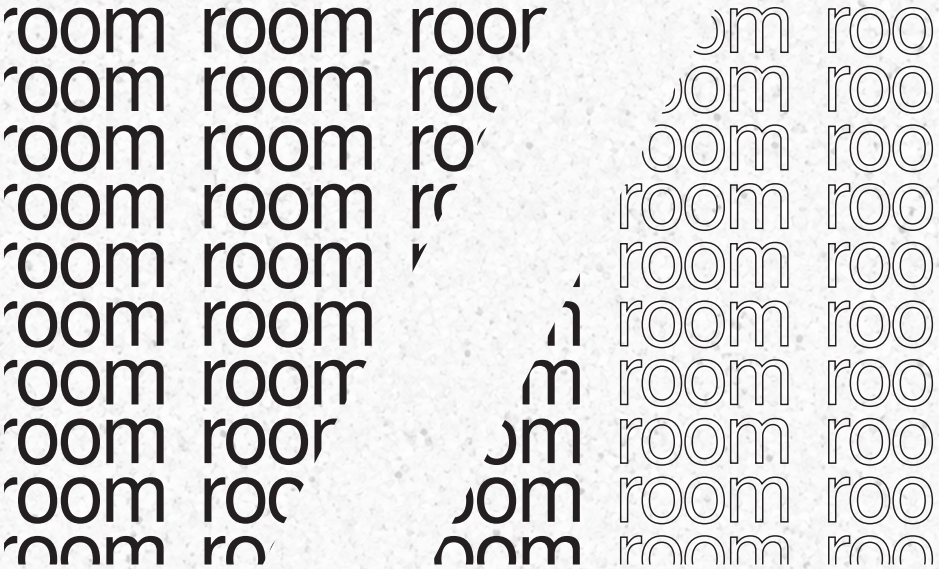
Nothing has to fall apart
for me to let go.

There may be another way through.

through through through through through through
through through through through through through through
through through through through through through
through through through through through through
through through through through through through
through through through through through through
through through through through through through
through through through through through through
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through through through through through through through

I do not need to force
the whole wall open.

I make an opening.



First, I leave a gap between two words. It is small, but it is somewhere to begin.

For a moment,

(I stay here.)

Nothing needs to follow immediately.

I let the air arrive.

in

in

in

in

No need to hurry the next breath.

I let it leave.

out

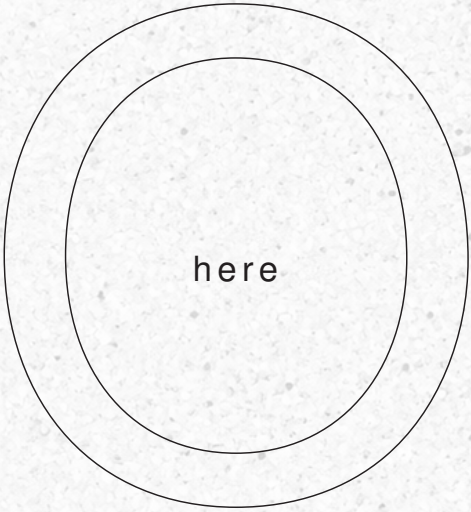
out

out

out

There is space after this one.

I leave a place
for nothing in particular.



Empty does not mean missing.

a little

r o o m

I leave it empty.

Nothing has to arrive immediately.

A pause does not need
to explain itself.

because

because

b e c a u s e

I can stop without making a case.

I let the line
lie down.



The page will hold it.

The room holds what I set down.



w e i g h t

For once, I do not have to.

My shoulders find
their own level.

s h o u l d e r s

s h o u l d e r s

I notice the floor beneath my feet.

I can

stand

turn

At first, I only move a little.

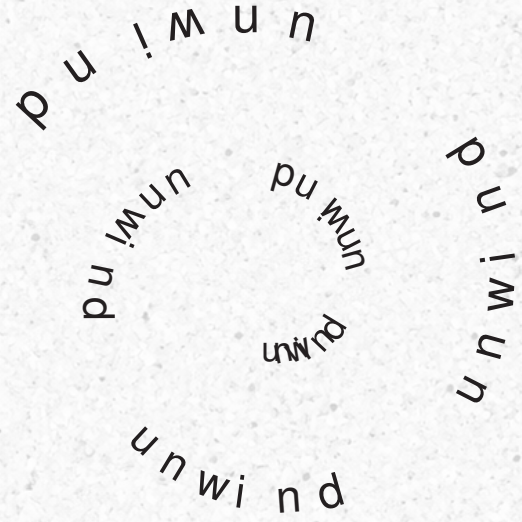
stretch.

I move at
the speed of

enough.

There is no one to catch up with
on this page.

I let the thought unwind.



It does not have to become a straight line.

A slower pace is still a pace.

slow

s l o w

s l o w

s l o w

The interval belongs to the walk.

Rest has more
than one shape.

rest rest

r e s t

rest

Some days, stillness.
Some days, a small movement.

I no longer
have to fill
every corner.

one thing

in between

the next

Some space can stay unclaimed.

I can leave
this open.



No answer needs to close the space.

Nothing

to prove.

This hour does not need
to become evidence.

The blank part
is doing something.

resting.

It lets the rest be seen.

I can be here without

more.

Enough is not always the same as full.

I can finally

breathe.

The air was already here.

Now there is room for me.

I do not have to
make rest useful.

rest.

It can simply be time I have lived.

A quiet page still has a pulse.

here here here here here

There is movement inside stillness.

I can return
without rushing.

begin

a g a i n

The next thing can meet me
at my own pace.

I take this space with me.

room

r o o m

r o o m

It does not end at the edge of the page.

I do not need to become

smaller.

I wanted a place where a pause could remain a pause. Where standing still would not mean being in the way.

Room to Breathe

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There is room.