

UP FOR LOST

A DIALOGUE WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF BAR FAR, ROME, DECEMBER 2025
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I

WHAT IS NEW IS THAT

scene: In a room limbs stand proud of the structures they've become a part of *like dates which are given occasion to stand momentarily proud of the surface of the calendar.*

One: *Was I in the land of the living? Were they in mine?*

Two: Time feels different in your space in my space. Light falls different in my place in your place. In my time in your time. Does your house or does my house? Does the day feel long in your house? Does the day feel short in your house? Is yours a big house? Does the day feel long in your big house and short in your small house? Does the day feel big in your big house and compressed in your small house? Does time reach outwards in your big body? Does it reach inwards? Does it stop you? Does your house stop you? Does the day feel consumed by your big house and wanting in your small house?

One: *The geometry of loss continues to be unreliable, still I count.*

Two: Let's wake up early because we want to live the most life.

One: *I have become middling bone, slightly bone, unwilling, ditto.*

Two: I've gone under the deck after an eternity of sitting down, what next? What is the mathematics of death? Its cross-section. Age is a tricky situation, kicked & I lost a shoe, kicked and I lost 2 shoes!

One: Was I in the land of the living? Were they in mine?

II

TO GO ON DESPITE NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE WHAT'S AHEAD OF YOU: REGARDLESS

scene: Unstuck

Two: To go on regardless anyway despite to carry me forward.

One: Some people have a forward facing memory, some people have a backward facing memory. Was it almost 12? Was the head turned back or forward?

Two: Regardless, never, we live & circumstance defines it!

III

UNSCULPTED

scene: It was nighttime, it was nighttime in a crypt, it was nighttime under crust, it was nighttime over copping stones & a crawcus, debile, dumpbuck, tetnth, rukcus, think-up drama unfolded in amounts of different sizes everywhere. Someone woke up.

Two: Was it me?

One: And then I got old & tried to think of who or what I was but failed & failed to recognise anything before me in the mirror my reflection even though I knew as surely as I could know most anything that what I saw was me and my face and it bore resemblances to others I knew and previous times I'd caught eyes with myself but what I did see - despite and if nothing else - coming towards me & receding away from me - was my own responsibility, overstay of misgivings & the infinite recess of my goodwill. To go on despite not being able to see what's ahead of you - regardless.

Two: I belong wherever people such thing as love me, where I am responsible.

One: No one loves me here, despite, regardless, let's wake up early to live the most life.

Two: I belong where I can serve my own sentences in amounts of different sizes, me my responsible limbs. Am I in the land of the living? Are they in mine?

**All italicized lines are direct quotations. In order of appearance: Robyn Skyrme, Samuel Beckett, Supriya Kaur Dhaliwal, Nell Perry*