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Youth is so much more than you thought it would be. So much more intense and so absolutely imbalanced. As if one would pour a bucket of madness over you, throw you through a window into a filthy backyard, burning down the house while racing down the street in your fucked up car, listening to deafeningly loud music blasting out of broken speakers. The outside is blurry and in the mirror flashes the first glance, the first steps, the first path, the first love, the first happiness, the first hurt, the first change, the first time, a first time. Another time.

Then stop.

Welcome to our world—a voice is speaking—you have now reached your destination. You are a grown up now.

Please step out of the car and throw the keys into this lake of acid so it dissolves immediately and can never be retrieved. Don't worry, you are stuck here miserably. And if you do not comply, you have no choice—we are older than you, have lived on this rock much longer than you.

Is it really like this?

And you, still staring into the sunset with dreamy eyes. Still believing in hope and in the next day, the next night, the next spring, the next kiss and the next chance for a better life. Are you stuck and dumb?

A stinging smell in my nose, my shoes sink into the swampy, wet earth.

But still, I can walk.

I grip the lighter and let it flip playfully between my fingers.

Sometimes I dream about letting it fall.

I poured enough fuel to burn our world down to the ground.

But still, there might be something more.

I guess.

I turn around, keep the keys and continue on my way.

Do you want to accompany me

for a while? I don't care who you are,

but maybe we are not that different

after all.

Youth is so much more than

I ever thought it would be.

So much more

intense.

So absolutely

imbalanced.

But that's

ok.

Anna, Joël, Sara, Turi

