

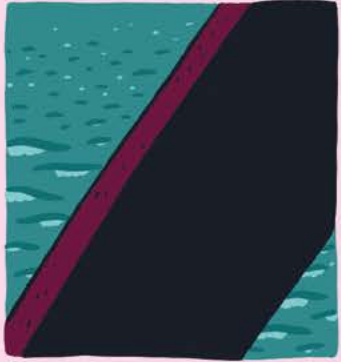


ONE MONTH IN MALMÖ

MARIA STOIAN

THE SMELL OF THE SEA
TRANSPORTS ME,
EVERY TIME.

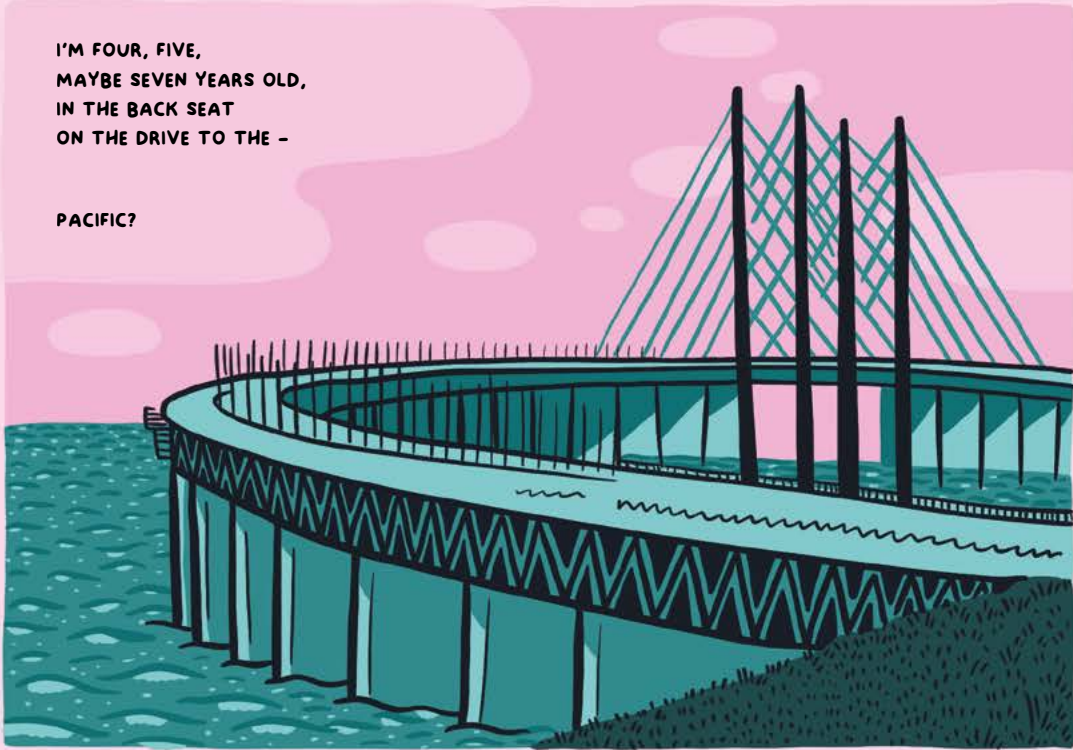




I'M NOT EVEN SURE
WHEN, BUT IT'S
ALWAYS THE SAME.



I'M EXCITED. I'M IMPATIENT.
I GOTTA GET MY FEET IN
THE WATER.



I'M FOUR, FIVE,
MAYBE SEVEN YEARS OLD,
IN THE BACK SEAT
ON THE DRIVE TO THE -

PACIFIC?



BLACK
SEA?



MAYBE
A LAKE?







I REMEMBER JUMPING THROUGH THE SPRINKLER
- AN UNNECESSARY ADDITION, IN THE RAIN -
AND SLIDING DOWN THE BACKYARD.



I'M ONLY A LITTLE BIT SCARED, THEN.



I'M RIDING ALONG THE RIVERBANK
WITH MY PARENTS, BACK WHEN
DAD COULD STILL RIDE A BIKE.



I'M HOME, WHILE IT'S STILL HOME,
WATCHING THE SEAGULL CHICKS GROW
UP ON THE ROOF ACROSS THE STREET.



I'M WATCHING THE CYGNETS FROM THE OFFICE WINDOW, BACK WHEN THE SWANS STILL MADE THEIR NEST THERE.



I'M ON A DOCK ON THE DANUBE, MY MOTHER POINTING OUT THE SWALLOWS IN THEIR NEST.





I'M STILL HERE

BUT I MISS THIS PLACE ALREADY.



I'M NINE, TEN,
ELEVEN YEARS OLD.



I'M WITH MY BEST FRIEND,
PLAYING MERMAIDS.



WE'RE COLLECTING TREASURE
FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE.



I KEEP IT,
TO REMEMBER.







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