

**OTILIE MULZET**

**Light**

The light gradually eats away at  
the image, at the contours, and at  
the words, stealing a dot here, a  
curvature there, a lone slender

stalk that used to be an *I*  
until it was eaten away by  
forgetfulness, first the serifs became  
indistinct and the black became

uncertain, as if perpetually  
asking itself: am I really a mark  
on this page? and it asked the  
question so many times that the

light saw its advantage, and  
answered: no, no, no, and so with  
that, the *I* relinquished its hold on  
that one millimeter of space