Pop-Up Charity Exhibition

ACO CHARITY

memories and nostalgia

Samstag, 18.07.2026
16-22 Uhr

Sonntag, 19.07.2026
11-17 Uhr

Albert-Schweitzer-Straße 62/ 1.OG
81735 München

Natalia Lomaia

Die in Tiflis geborene und in Berlin lebende Autorin Natalia Lomaia veröffentlicht Prosa und Essays unter anderem in der New York Times und World Literature Today. In ihren Arbeiten verbindet sie Literatur und Psychoanalyse und untersucht, wie Macht, Sprache, Begehren und gesellschaftliche Systeme Identität und Wahrnehmung prägen. Ihre Texte bewegen sich zwischen Traum, Erinnerung und dem Unsagbaren und suchen nach Erfahrungen, die sich eindeutigen Kategorien und festen Bedeutungen entziehen.

natalialomaia.com

ACO CHARITY

ACO Charity e.V.
Postfach 34 01 13
Breisacher Straße 12
81667 München
kontakt@aco.charity

29th July 2026

To whom it may concern,

We are pleased to confirm that Natalia Lomaia's visual prose poem, *My winter days are spent forgetting you*, has been selected for inclusion in the Charity Pop-Up Art Exhibition by ACO Charity e.V., themed "Memory and Nostalgia."

The exhibition took place at Kulturhaus Neuperlach – KulturBunt, Albert-Schweitzer-Straße 62, 81735 München, Germany, on the following dates:

Saturday, 18 July 2026, 16:00–22:00 and Sunday, 19 July 2026, 11:00–17:00

Natalia Lomaia participated as a selected exhibiting artist. Her work was selected as one of 25 artists chosen from more than a 100 submissions received through the open call for the exhibition.

Sincerely,

QTNguyen

Sisi Nguyen (Project Lead), ACO Charity e.V.

My Winter Days Are Spent Forgetting You
by Natalia Lomaia

Hello, dear friend—or perhaps, not quite a friend anymore. Doesn't really matter who exactly. My winter days are spent forgetting you. November. I don't go out much, *but you know that*. It's strange to think you once lay in this bed; I wonder who, now, finds your snoring irksome, or maybe you breathe softer these days.

Years and years you slept beside me, which, for brief and tender creatures like humans, is eternity. Time carved deep wound-like wrinkles into our skin, like an indifferent, callous doctor would. Time does not care if it hurts you with needles. *And they're even deeper now*.

Hello, dear friend, if I'm honest, I'm not well. My room festers with sadness, melancholy, despair—like different breeds of cockroaches. I hate bugs, *but you know that*. I made you kill them; you laughed and pretended you had, *but did not*. Don't worry, books keep me company. They fill the bed. I gather them close, where you once lay.

Hello, dear friend—*you've reached the winter of my discontent*. Don't fret, I'm only sickened by the sun; bright days depress me, but you know that. I read a dozen books, all at once, and listen to Chopin's nocturnes, like some kind of psychopath, but it quiets the mind. Lately, my mind's been buzzing, painfully. I drink tea from the cups you left, one etched with a G. *How strange*. No one with that letter lives here.

Snow fell last week, enormous flakes, unheard of for November, in Berlin. I wanted to show you. Instead, I showed your ghost and our dog—he loves the snow, but you know that. It made him glad.

Snow felt warm with you in bed. I'd brush the snowflakes from your long woolen coat when you'd come home, black tea in hand—the one I asked to buy. Others are not as strong, *but you know that*. And they taste fake. I only believe in tea that smells as strong as coffee would. You don't like honey but brought it for me. Lemons in a transparent supermarket bag—violently bright against amber-blue winter twilight, against snowfall.

Now, I imagine you come home to someone else, your shoulders filled —to the brim—with snowflakes. A bag full of tea and lemons—no honey. I still cut them into squares, the way you liked. *Do you still? Or circles*? I read books filled with magic, Borges and such, while you drift between lovers.

You don't see time passing like you would see the snow falling, *but it does*; it layers the city in its own cold veil, its invisible snowflakes. You carry the droplets on your long woolen coat—on your shoulders, *but you don't notice*—walking briskly, neurotically, to meet yet another date—somewhere in Kreuzberg, maybe. You're late, as always. The memory of your presence slowly morphs into dust—nothing.

At times, I wonder if I only imagined our life together—read about it in a silly book full of magic and believed, naively—while you came home to someone else, laughing, telling her, "*Remember that girl? She's at it again; she's crazy—dreaming us into love*." Then you kiss, make dinner, and forget my palace of delusion. I guess I have our dog as proof. And cups with the letter G on them. Yes, I do need proof. Memory wavers; it's hard to hold.

I am so tired. Hello, dear friend. I will forget you—my winter days are spent forgetting you, after all. Your winter days are spent forgetting me as well, I'm guessing. Be well. May someone who holds you dear shield you softly from the ruthless cold, pick snowflakes from your woolen coat, and warm you with some lemon tea.

You're late, as always, but you know that

Snow felt warm with you in bed

palace of delusion

I wanted to show you

you come home to someone else, while you drift between lovers