
ISADORA





You find yourself alone in the lobby of the Poppy Fields Hotel. You realize that everything looks new. Like you imagined that it used to look in the golden days



You want to go to your room, you have an uncanny sense that something is amiss



As the lift makes its way through the core of the hotel, it unexpectedly halts. You realize that this is not your floor ...



There is no reason for panic, you go deeper into a state of relaxation.



There is no sense in pushing the alarm button. No one will come ...

As the doors finally slide open, all you are able to discern is darkness ...



Surely there must be an explanation. You enter the darkness and for a while you cease to exist

Deeper and deeper ...

This might be what you were looking for.



A song from another life seems to lure you ...

She'll come (...) she'll go

She'll lay belief on you (...)

On quicksilver legs you are compelled to enter ...

You recognize the basic layout of the room and yet it bears little resemblance to your own.

Someone quite different from you clearly resides here ...

There is no need for alarm so why do you keep thinking that this is a trap? Something better left alone ...

But there is no turning back, there never was. What you are about to learn is inevitable ...

Skin sweet with musky odor. Lady from another ...

