

## Mass MOCA



My favorite room in MASS MOCA was focused on memories. The entire room was black, with light projected on a straw-filled basin that bathed the room in a shallow glow. On the walls, there were stories about the distortion of memory, and how our minds will forget things in an attempt to shield us. All around the room there were books with pages flipping by themselves and paraphrased bible verses on the wall.

I spent a long time in that room, Just sitting and taking it all in. Weirdly it put me in a headspace where I remembered things I wish I hadn't. Hurtful things people had told me throughout my life, my tendencies to lock myself in my closet as a child whenever things didn't go my way. On the other hand, I remembered lovely things that I had forgotten, Random compliments people had given me, Dancing in the aisles of my church when the choir sang something I liked, and quiet moments with my grandfather. All of these things came rushing back. That art exhibit impacted me the most because it made me sit and contemplate where I was and where I would go.