

an exploration of that space between home and "out there"

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inspired by the lKHO podcast episode
"The Beautiful Simplicity of Nearby
Nature" with Alastair Humphreys, by my
geography professor Serin Houston, and
by the GEOZONe collection

almost immediately
after I completed
my bachelor's
degree, I moved
across the world to
a city I had never
been to, a city
where I knew no one



I was preoccupied with a question I'd never had to face before



Where is my home now?



I found some solace in maintaining a routine I'd had for the past 4 years: morning runs.

I choose to take the stairs on my way down for extra warm-up.





Hello, sun in

my face!
(thinking of
Mary Oliver)





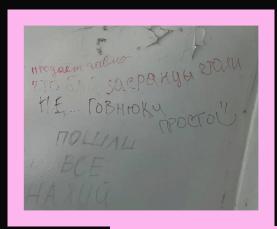
the big 9 tells me I can stop climbing on my way back up







would a staircase be complete without curse words, pessimism about politics, and offers for sex?





humans live here, after all

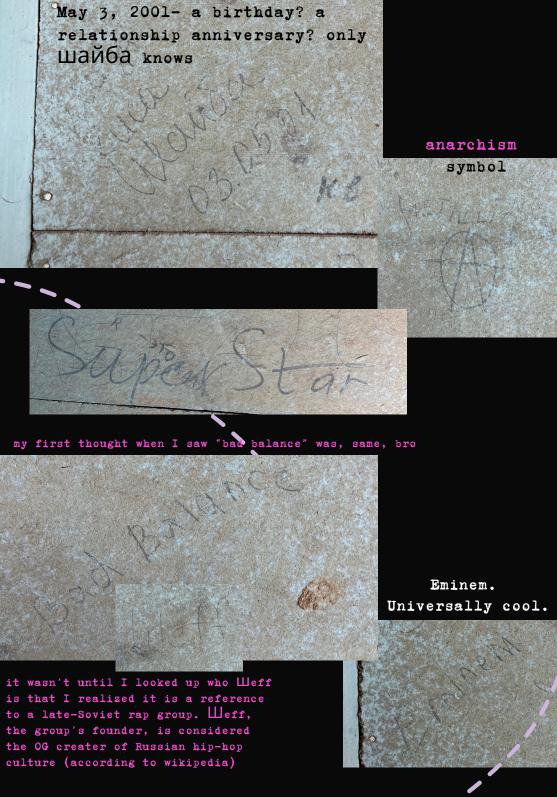


humans live here, after all!









I've met people who have lived here for their whole lives, like their parents and grandparents before them. They - both ethnic and non-ethnic Kazakhs - have seen the country's demographics transition from Kazakhs being a minority in their titular Soviet republic to being a majority in their country 30 years later.

I've met people who came from Russia 2 years ago and have been living here in a state of dislocation ever since.

I've met those who are pained by the still-present labeling of Kazakh as a "useless" language, and those who feel excluded from certain jobs because they are not ethnically Kazakh.

And after all of these conversations, I think this quote from The Boy, the Mole, the Fox, and the Horse by Charlie Mackasey sums it up quite nicely.

'I think everyone is just ', trying to get home"