

## **This is how we make the world our own**

**By Mimi Newman**

The gentle shushing noise that the can makes as I press down on the white nozzle is calming in the way a tattoo gun is. Behind me my friends are huddled together hoodies pulled over their heads, hand in hand. One day this easy tactile affection will evaporate as maturity boils and societal rules become our spirits dictator. Now though, now we are the republic and we are invisible, nothing can touch us except the burn of clear liquor and the kisses of strangers. This bricked nook, meters away from where the lions lay guarding us, is our home. The bustle and laughter of the merrily intoxicated adults who are interns or receptionists or some kind of working person who are far separated from us and we believe we will never be them, we will. The lights of the bars and restaurants mingle with the comforting orange of the street lights to create a light show that my friends Alice and Jess are dancing beneath, our phones not quite loud enough to drown out the background noise but enough to give them an imaginary platform. I take no notice of them, my canvas is where my attention lays and the red brick turning silver, black and white. I don't need more than this wall and some cans, it'll become something I'm proud of. Something that in the morning a man will be paid to scrub off. For now, this is how we make the world our own.

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