

Simply... models' gaze

Karim Abid

We are here.
We watch you—
you who never mastered the art of consumption.
The world now belongs not to those who save,
but to those who cannot breathe without debt.

The divine shaped it.

In دين dayn, feel the pulse of dīn—
a faith, an obligation,
inscribed in the heart,
a reminder that all flesh is borrowed, never
owned.

Debitum was what is owed to the world,
an inheritance of justice that measured the weight of one's life.
Back in Persia, قرض qarz was not numbers in a ledger,
but a physical burden carried by the body,
an emotional scar binding one being to another.

And now?

Debt has been hollowed out,
reduced to a business instrument—
a chain of credit and interest
that slices your lungs,
your hours, your breath.

Eat three times a day,
drink five if you can,
smoke until your bones collapse—
for this is the only ritual left to you.

The irony of modernity
is that we, the models,
the ones cast aside,
the ones whose eyes reflect nothing,
are your last witnesses.

We carve without sound,
because we were built only to reflect.
We carry the remains of your discarded desires,
the fragments of lives that could not adapt.

I turned my gaze away when I took this photo, ashamed to
watch the walkers counting their weeks.
Reduced to calculating machines,
we tally days like unpaid debts,
racing faster toward our graves,
unable to lift even those already fallen.

But... who am I to judge you?

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Karim Abid, *Tunisie*



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