

± 18m Jota and Tere buried

after that, we leave the road with the fabric
and place the fabric strips in the area

→ first reading taken place (when I jumped, in
company)

We then get back to the road to unearth the
2 small sculptures (I take the 2-piece one)

after that we go together to the big one
near the mic -

→ once we find the shape, I go read

"What is coming for us is only down"

→ while I read, Tere unearths the sculpture,
and when I finish we go together to the
other one (the spiral)

→ when we find the shape of the spiral,

Tere goes to read "nothing could be"

→ Tere reads on repeat, till I finish her

→ when we both end, we leave.

sinking could be

an elevation

thinking about you. in the sand
dry and fluid - the wind blowing
you shape-shifting

are we these images?

like the smog of
a storm

the shore is you
standing peacefully
as the city breaks

the tired imaging and
you, the witness -
no longer unattended

too many voices this time
how come?

set the seven winds
to face the reconnection
the breeze of possibility
fleeting, unstable, unbearable
like the ocean who becomes a mountain
like the mountain dancing with erosion

the dust unsettled
allegory of displacement
deserts know better
than to reassure naive illusions of belonging
you are lost
and that's detail

sand will never cease to surround you
as sound within the particles (voices)
claim it wouldn't be possible not to surrender
but defeat without conversion is still a promise
where would you live
if not everywhere?

what is coming for you is only dawn

see:

a migrant travels alone at every bus,
the question of being pending
indefinitely

trap, tantrum, trauma

the planet's foreigner exits the gate of return
as every sunken ship carries its own sense of abandonment
no crying rivers in the Water Control System
and this is the last time

the metaphysics of the commodity, its enclosure
leaves no space for any equation of value to redeem the shattering of a body into
this form

after damage, still

exhaustion cease in possibility

strange is the voice of the planet's foreigner,
always a mishap out of compass,
too far from home (from audibility)

it is the fifth time wind whispers your name
against the water

you, the drowned
the striking beauty of a wreckage and you,
you, the dweller. grieving time

see:

the sunken is no longer
tied to its own puzzle
no longer weary

decomposition is a bless -
abolition of progress and order

holy is the unbecoming of the planet's foreigner

the promising cloth that
has sunken deep across the surface of the unknown

they came back saying they had lost the fear of velocity
for sound goes where the migrant drama cannot

underneath the skin there are plenty
mysterious bodies of water waiting
deep into the earth till the moment

untimed, the planet's foreigner has no seat in an universe of names
and numbers
no moments to mourn or celebrate
just the bass line, the improper, the under -
frequencies that refuse to be caught

see:
in the absence of place
the planet's foreigner exits any sense of geography
locality is lost, not here -
nor there. stuck in movement (in the tide)

wait till the alarm sounds and try to call them again
screaming against the water

everybody runs so suddenly,
the drive to be saved as their own lost cause -
cars crashing,
sinking ships,
the rise of empires

nothing more than the world ending again

as for the planet's foreigner, the witness:
a sound that remain.

when I jumped from my senses my body was yet afloat

the skin overloaded

each cell having to find a way to repurpose itself
as a sensor, a reading infrastructure,
never isolated from perception

too much consciousness
to be held
by such a vulnerable entity

the inevitability of exhaustion and
the radicality of sinking

nobody could stand the improbable gravity that makes one to fall so slowly,
in this blurred rhythm, in the tired watering

I heard you calling when I was no longer

I heard you screaming and throbbing as if I was becoming a corpse and not water

although no amount of words can articulate that properly,
water will, in its undoing,
hide some words and codes and sounds in its inconstancy
water will always contain
the undone qualities
of the sunken,
their diluted memory. water will

not on purpose

(no, this is not another tale of repetition,
another stupid dance

the intensity of this gesture is calling for a ritual without choreography)

drowning is not a poem but it's not not a poem either

impossible to undo a distance once it's set

no amount of time spent with goodbyes can make up to the hours lost
so many things unsaid, but that is never the point -
the final instant is always shorter than it should
the last breath before breathlessness and then

life continues
regardless
matter transforms
in spite of
your attempt to withhold the fatality of a nevermore within that instant

that mean I was wrong from the very beginning
for when I jumped out of my senses my body was yet afloat

not the mother at that gate, either paralyzed or collapsed, waiting
not the child's trauma, re-enacted and once again unwritten, growing
maybe the distance set is as illusory as these figurations

life continues as rivers run

crying is
other than human -
elemental possession