

An action for AIDS

PEPE ESPALIU

Carrying. Borne by others, and flowing like a fountain, like dissolution. A burden shared by all, that from being someone becomes something. That exorcises the real, where you die and rise up. Off the ground, I felt passion, full of doubts, however, as something devastating. Like those lights that in their motion flicker dimly in the horizon. Lying and learning forward like a broken arrow, that all of them transmute into air. A steady course, faith in the infinite, knowing that you can retrace your steps anywhere, like those rivers, that hide from view yet continue to flow underground till they emerge elsewhere. I stare ahead with my eyes open yet feeling them closed, shrouded by that opaque, continuous line, the sentiment of the north. Petrified and consumed by a distance that although fixed dissolves on the surface. You experience it as something hollow, as you move inland, like a well you always knew about, like a godless well. He is above, like a fate that is even more terrible than yourself. You were carried in hungry, longing arms, walking over stony paths, from one letter to the other, in finite infinity. Living a life that wasn't your own, advancing through particles of myriad desires. Carrying may be a world that enables your lungs to keep breathing. But it's not that really. Perhaps it's nothing at all. A great shadow and your body that walks on. Running away from yourself you'll be a fugitive of your self. Food for others, with a little sky in your eye, and the red of the earth in your hands. You live something so brief that only your blood will keep its memory protecting it from loss. I don't want to see wounds in the walls that open as I go forth. I don't want to see doubt in that storm that is unleashed in others. I don't want to be exile. Everything is there as it always was. In the strange pale light of this morning, cries and shadows. Are you all invisible? I can't catch your gaze. You aren't there.

Carrying advances like a footprint on white snow, scattering hellish petals as it passes and pretending that my self is not of this world. My self will never again be near me. I want to be immortal in that shooting star that appears in the black canvas of nothingness. That refuses to be born again only to allow death be born in me once more.

Carrying advances seeing the light behind it in a sudden genesis and beholding the sky I fall into ecstasy as I see the firmament descend in drops, figuring a journey that is my whole life. Like incandescent drops. Like drops of my blood, and so, from one step to another. Carrying is a pulsation, rooted in nobody's skin, repeating man's awakening and sleeping day after day and so for ever. Carrying is my memory, like the paths I never trod, like those lines that somehow got lost yet continue to advance in a unpredictable future. Strange fantastic light that cancels the distance of terror. Perhaps I'll come back myself, and with a warm voice destroy this cold, and speak once more about forgiveness. Perhaps, then, I'll have been reincarnated and I'll no longer feel this trembling of the earth under my feet, and I'll be pure music and walk over stones and cliffs hearing nothing, only myself. Making everything flow in me like this story, in oblivion. And so, with my pockets full of so much misery in the world and afraid of the coming times, don't you forget not to forget.

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