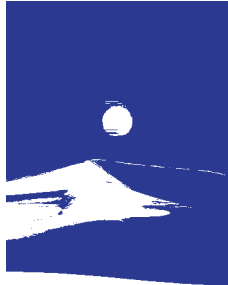


1.

Imagine you are at Atacama Desert, where the mountains cut into the plains in myriad shades of ochre, yellow and rust. You find geysers along the way, mountains covered in snow, houses built of salt brick, a gigantic abandoned mine. You travel through it all for 40 nights. You crave nothing; all there is, is here and now. There is nothing else. Nothing you could turn to or hope for. You walk the plains, sometimes observing the flamingoes as they alight near a lagoon in the distance. You are doing nothing, yet you are (secretly) doing everything. You listen to the wind as it sprints through the valleys and splinters on the crags. It leads you to hidden places, where you come across termite nests and the homes of diverse creatures. You settle in with them gradually. You let them traverse your burning skin, and through slitted eyelids observe every nook and cranny on their bodies. Place constellations of water droplets near their homes and watch them come drink. Sometimes you cry along with the termites and flamingoes. Because of the world, or just because. Some days you speak with them, but otherwise you're mostly silent. You are always silent during the night, only staring into the indigo depths of sky, imagining your body fracturing into millions of morsels dissipating across the cosmos. You peer into a puddle of water, trying to understand. You remember everything people have come to learn. You listen to the surroundings and slowly, like a cat, stroll across the valley's red stone.



2.

It never rains at Atacama Desert. One lone cloud floats above the sands every seven years and the houses are built of unfired clay brick. They would turn to blobs of slick mud, good for making plates.

At night, just as the dry heat tips over into frost, you look to all the four cardinal directions. Nothing and no one stands between the moon light and the cold as they survey the squared kilometers of open space. They glide over orange, wind-swept rocks made round by wind currents.

Ocean currents maybe too.

You lie on the ground and know that you might die like this. It's cold to the touch and tastes like salt.

3.

The driest desert in the world bloomed into purple flowers today. They were hiding in their seeds all this time, just waiting for the seven drops of water which would bring them to life. Atacama Desert is now speckled with tiny blossoms the color of priest robes and eighties disco costume. The flamingoes, long accustomed to their solitude, curl up their legs in confusion. Atacama Desert looks like auntie's shawl – today, tomorrow and maybe even the day after tomorrow. At night, when it is dark and the last remnants of the day's heat are dissipating, this pleases her immensely.

4.

Then.

The sun is setting. You are returning to the city.

You attend punk concerts, embrace your friends.

You run a comforting hand down the cheek of those in need. You laugh, sometimes silently, sometimes aloud. You do rituals together.

Summoning visions of a different world.



~ ~ ~

My activism is silent,
circumscribed by the space of the body.
From there it spreads in pulses
Bottled messages scattered in every direction.
Sometimes someone notices.

~ ~ ~

Since can be bounded,
I am also able to not.
Sometimes we are everywhere.

~ ~ ~

Today,
as I was devising a way
to not be,
I decided to be
lazy for all the world.

~ ~ ~

The body does not question what is normal or what is evil,
when it speaks to us through symptoms,
we begin the task of anamnesis.

~ ~ ~

I sing songs,
which surge within me.
Like water in a swaying bowl.

~ ~ ~

When I place my hand on your back,
we can be one.
Where is this?

~ ~ ~

In order to learn to write, I had to stop eating.
To hear my breath along with everything else.

~ ~ ~

The only thing I am capable of containing in this world,
is my own self.
Of course I can become a landscape.