

2002_Shadow Pieces

Untitled

And then it clings to me. As always, it buries itself deeply in my flesh. Stuns my centre of perception which could make an end of those fantasies, which could react to that pain. I come to a standstill, whatever the clinging thing may do with me. Inside me there is no harmony with the outer world left, no ability to react. My emotions, my vitality cannot get up any more. Why do I hesitate in this impossible place? That's not a wall one can climb over but a wall one has to circumvent. Why do I walk around with a wall right in front of my head? Limit. In utter calm, there's nothing left for me but to turn around until I disappear in my own whirlwind.

Time passes. The shadow clock sounds. My shadow-self. My self-shadow? Wandering about in search for the right body. I'm dangling from the sounds which chop up time, in harmony with time.

By the way, today I'm veiled in flesh which has swollen like candy floss. A fragile existence without body sensation. At the touch of saliva I'll dissolve immediately. Down to the bones. If somebody sucks me I'm done for. There, it's begun already, down to the bones. In that moment, an explosion – sudden awakening from a dream. The fragments scattered by the explosion gently fall to the ground. White dust falls gently. Snow.

In that moment, when the explosion pulverises my bones, the shadow being takes their place. Instantly the shadow has transformed into the shape of my bones. It seems as if I've got a filling. This time, the shadow is the filling, but my exterior view doesn't exist anymore. I've taken on a transparent, gaseous state. Somehow this went pretty well!

It's no mistake, this filling consists of shadow. I'm standing there. And I feel the gently falling white powder of my bones incessantly accumulating on my bare, vulnerable surface. Armour congeals on the transparent surface of my body. An armour made of my bones.

And again a shadow forms. What kind of a thing is this?

p.s.: December 2012, between Christmas and New Year's Eve. Once again, I'm wedged in a hole. Not fallen in – wedged.

December 2001