

(note:

I've been invited to inhabit the memories of a body I've never met,

to be the guest of an invisible someone

and let her be the host

-call it a hopeless task or call it murder-

*ich bin wieder heim* in her ghost-life

- or many broken states left behind in a house of ecstasy -

I write but only

in an illusion

For I remember and I don't)

Roadtrip 372 o 1.

a static composition:

a shape in movement

and its various positions.

the silhouette of a body

individual parts but not the whole.

blank

a shape that passes through

time

space

the mirror, a reflection

a line;

atrocious terrible solitude.

there must be a mistake somewhere

a long silence followed.

Roadtrip 272 o 2.

we might be heading toward a catastrophe  
(continuous dialogue inside the car)

this was real.  
stars were planes  
all and none. yours (  
there was no doubt about it  
all they could be)

blind windows, a blank.  
invisible lights outside.

superimposed: another picture/  
superimposed: this scene,  
this cage,  
this blank.  
-a sort of nihilism:  
eyes filled with nonsense pictures,  
forever.-

Roadtrip 172 o 3.

she was afraid to call it love  
(she called it swimming.)

-arms relaxed abruptly,  
abruptly relaxed and rested,  
equal and symmetrically  
opposite hands.  
take her to the limits of intelligibility.-

blank

always the same day  
wherever she looked  
black clouds, drenched summer  
(eternally distracted.)

always the same shift  
same centre of gravity,  
conditional liberty, pure energy of dissent,  
(marvellously compensated.)

blank

a reflection in the mirror  
never completed man or woman  
never in one side nor another  
and she ties her shoes for her feet to hurt  
(you think you deserve this pain but you don't)

she will be shot combing her hair, (she is a native of this island.  
on the underside of the satin leaf, where she used to be lonely.)  
lower her voice.  
then nothing else.