

i walk the outline along the square edges of cartesian rationale looking for a route to escape. i am consumed by its construction. i enter this dream to cross the threshold of logic, to question the social order that i am performing. my heart pulses in search of freedom, a release, a transformation. i prod at my muscles highly aware of its potentials. yet i am held by the wound of limitations and the othering that defines me. i call upon my shadows to enter the unknown, to take my body elsewhere, to the wild dreaming force that resides within me.

i will start here. here soon become elsewhere. a foreigner in search of a destination, i move along the border of departure with my fragile and vulnerable body. tip-toeing, balancing, drawing from my body as resource, following the limits of my physical weaknesses and strengths to set things in motion. a movement incites another, flutter, stir, tense, release, rise, collapse. a dynamic rippling, breaking rationality down. time passing with an urgent intensity.

but soon the rhythm of failure takes over. directed by a desire to give myself over to the limits, i push on, hanging on, sometimes letting go and then to draw myself into another position. i depart from forms, from things, a field of force bringing me over the edge. my teeth get numb. my tongue liberates, my blood starts running, my eyes starts sparkling, my brain lifts, my finger tips get sensitive, my toes start tickling, my breath gets lost, my ears can focus now. my thigh muscles contract, my back of the knees get sensitive, my back of the head starts rolling.

then i thought in the horizon i located a thing. i hear it. it is incoherent. it's voice is fragmented and are of many. it is a lonely thing, this thing. it invites me to enter a relationship with it. it desires a dwelling in my limbs, my spine, my organs, my skin. it desire to make a world with me. a thing suddenly alive, emerging and giving way, a tearing gaping wound, giving way to the ugly. a monstrosity. a thing that i cannot hold back, an outpouring babble of loss, pain, agony and madness. shall i run away or into it? i desire it. yet it is too terrifying, oozing gushing horrific. i cannot understand its language, too disorderly, too unstable, illegible. do i dare look? with a mix of empathy and terror, i see it is coming towards me. suddenly outside and now inside. a thing made from wounds, it takes up residence in wounds. It is violently alive, scar by scar i give myself over, offering my body as a form of worship, as medium of exchange, to go mad. madness as a zone of rupture, possession, to become thing. i am monster.