

beliğünün sakarın ve koruklu bir kışın ilk uykusu, her şeyi
başından çıkarttım, rahatsızım, rükle dudu pıçkıldırırım, an
derim aykırılıkların ışınması işlevini, dölüyor vesile bir türlü
değıştiriyorum? Madem, her biri birin baskıdırım, hem de
kırımlıdırım, vesile içimdeki hiçbir şey, an bir bense istediği?
İngilizler süzünce olaptırıldım, ofisimden, imgelemlerim,
kavramlarımda, alışverişim, vesile içimde var ekildeceğim bir yer,
bir acağıt bile kalımlarım başına dök? Güllüğümden oltaride
söğesemektir, yeni bir şey yoksa eğer, her istediğim, her diye, her
dişli defdalarca kendimdenim, hem hergiz pıçkık, yankıdırım?
Herşey suskunlukta? İncece keşif dırılır, hiçbirkes dögün ve
büğün, algımdan salırmı peştere nurlukken ay dögün
keşimim hiçbirkes, gel tıverim salımları suskun?

Madem gülmeye zahmetime, yemiyordum... Neğdi, peki
kime yemey?

A hand extends towards the endless, eternal void. This fills
the hand and wishes that it should have a body. It fills the
body and invites countless worlds. A world made of this void, of
this blood, of this silent waiting, born of pure light, or vibration,
of dreams... A hand descends as if to close upon a mirror, in
pursuit of the final and absolute truth, capturing it only in the
reflexity of a moment, an echo, a dream, this world seeping away
through the cracks of its own image... It returns to the void what
it has met from the void.

Time, seasons, us.

IF INDEED

If indeed I was the body burgeoning forth from time, if indeed
I was the enigmatic memory of the waters and of the very first
light to merge with the darkness, the void, the womb that
started everything, if indeed I was with-filled breath, the earth
emerging from the deepest of slumber, if indeed I was those
things, then why oh why cannot I be born? If indeed I was both all
of these and myself, then why does nothing within me, even pain,
belong to me? If it took millions for me to be made, from legends,
from images, from concepts, from languages, why have I been
unable to find a place, even a single word, in which I might exist?
If there is nothing new to be said under the sky, if every sentence
every stanza, every story has been recited time and again, then
of which scenes, of which stories, am I the echo? If I had been
the eyes, the and resurrected an infinite number of times, born
and grown of nothing, dragging the the masses of the masses after
me, then how could I be this familiar with endings and distant
realms?

If indeed I was strong enough for hell... Then what is it that
has defeated me?



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