

## A TRAVELER IN THE STREETS OF RIO III

*The city trembles feverishly in a raging fire. Like a huge beached whale it struggles to breathe, buried beneath the clouds of steam rising from the hot asphalt. Not a single breeze has blown in from the beach for days now; the heat rises as it drifts inland, hitting forty-five in center city. Street dogs foam at the mouth; the street children's lips are cracked from dehydration; the ocean's feeble waves lick at the city's wounds. Only a downpour of light washes the dusty avenues that reek of humans. The raw, sharp, painfully dazzling tropical sunshine protracts colors in a trail of haze. Barely bearable afternoons... Time flying blindly by... The hours squirm, wail, writhe. All bodies are exhausted, sticky, sated to the very last cell. In a slumber that beckons her to death, she tries to gather strength for the night. The day has been abandoned to rot, like a piece of fruit that's had its savory sections consumed.*

*A Turkish woman wandering aimlessly about the streets of Rio, having taken refuge in her own self, like a snail retreats into its shell; fearing the imminent pistol at her temple; her mouth like sandpaper; taking tremulous steps; large rings of sweat at her armpits... There is nothing she can trust except for her own eyes; the horizon is limited to her gaze. She struggles to drag her pale existence towards the future, which has been repealed here on these savage lands.*

*She is constantly hungry, but disgusted by food. She is constantly tired, but afraid of nightmares. She is constantly thirsty, but knows not what for. She smokes one cigarette after the other and cannot stop her lips from trembling.*



*She wants to slip her arm into that of a random passer-by and beg for a word. Not for love, or romance, or friendship; just one word. That single word that will give meaning to all sounds. The weary shadow of her back, entirely incapable of cruelty, brushes past the street people.*