

Blind Sun Rests In Desire — ASMA

16 September — 15 October 2023

Do you still remember: falling stars,
how they leapt slantwise through the sky
like horses over suddenly held-out hurdles
of our wishes—did we have so many?—
or stars, innumerable, leapt everywhere;
almost every gaze upward became
wedded to the swift hazard of their play,
and our heart felt like a single thing
beneath that vast disintegration of their brilliance—
and was whole, as if it would survive them!

I wonder what you're doing at this moment, right now as I write, and I also wonder where you'll be when you read this, how much time will have passed, where your mind will be, and most importantly, how you'll be feeling. I'm just a few hours away from heading to the airport to catch my flight. It's 2 am. I'm lying on a couch in the darkness, on the one hand with impatience for destiny and on the other with irritable apathy.

On the flight, they played a movie with Ryan Gosling, and it made me think of you. I don't know the name of the movie, but it kept playing against my will, and I felt like it lasted the 5 hours of my flight. I was listening to a music album called *Playing with Time*.

At times, I've felt lost in this city, not just on the terrestrial plane but lost inside, with an overwhelming little despair. My system gets anxious, but then everything becomes just beautiful and devoid. Flowers bloom abundantly and pompous on any sidewalk, and everything seems placed at the will of God.

I find myself sitting on a park bench near my new home. In front of me is a kiosk, I'm surrounded by lush and perfect trees. "I'm happy to be here (orange)" An orange glazed ceramic piece, has a flat base and stands in the center towards what appears to be a flower head. The sun has just set, and the trees are mere shadows contrasting with the white sky. At least his relief from pain comforts me. A shooting star in the sky. I haven't been able to imagine the shape of their pain, and I'm not sure why I'm trying.

My favorite part of the storyboard is in the *ideas* section: "*You will never be a woman! You are a caricature of a woman. Nothing that comes out from you will have my respect and approval. The only thing you can engender is shame, the degradation of my flesh. You're just an old faggot with unattainable expectations.*" So many ideas! Especially this last paragraph, which oozes honesty. It feels forbidden, too close to the core of femininity in terms of shame, something I can identify with. It gives me a double shame, a triple.

I like that the misery of the soul is the same wherever you are, rather than flagellate myself about it, I find a maternal comfort in it. Maybe it has to do with finding the famous 'essence', the immovable part, your world anchor, I don't know.

I'm embarrassed of my own words, I feel like crying just thinking about sharing them, even if it was with someone who already loves me unconditionally, I am sorry to exist and sometimes also the simplicity of my thoughts, of my existence. My tyranny. I'm trying to write without constantly editing myself, which I see as a symptom of my fear of abandonment and a deep fear of contempt. I cling to a non-existent logic; I want my words to be perfectly placed and make sense together, but my mind is very taken by my gut and in that sense words almost fail me. I keep trying.

People don't look at each other much, but I can't avoid doing it. They don't even notice the needle of my constant gaze, like when you "feel someone's gaze" and you actually turn around and find the eyes, the consciousness. It's pleasant to spend minutes observing people's details without them realizing it. I can almost feel my pupils turning into hands and reaching out to touch the face of the blonde man in front of me, stoic. I seem like just another cushion on this couch; it's ridiculous. I could stay here forever until they take me away to be washed.

It fell to the ground
a stone that survived

a woman broke the window of her room at the Holiday Inn on Reforma and jumped out. I was at the movies, and when I came out, they had already taken the body away. I could only see the hole in the glass, which looked so small from a distance that I wondered how she managed to jump through it without slicing herself like a piece of ham.

I got bitten by a spider in the castle. Well, she said it was a mansion, but to me, it was a castle. It was actually in the garden, shortly after I saw the piece in front of the swamp. It looked like it was made with the mud from there itself, a mud placed in a form that left it numb, but not dry, its 'moistness' shimmered blue with the remaining daylight. She was red, the spider. First, I felt a light presence on the index finger of my right hand, and I threw it away as soon as I saw it. I could barely make out a red color in its circular and stuffed body, then it started to sting. I felt like a kind of Peter Parker of avant garde cinema. In my wildest dreams, I thought I might die; I had two beers before, and shortly after the sting, I started to feel dizzy. I felt an unusual sense of peace; the garden was beautifully green, and the castle was over there, and my index finger felt like a heart beating stronger and stronger, like E.T.'s finger. If blood were light.

I usually think about the past, and he thinks about the future, me about what I've done, him about what he'll do. These are some of the few phrases I rescued from our conversations yesterday...

*A symbol so full and yet so empty.
There's a lot of fear in the air.
Self-knowledge is confused with vanity.
The idea is the 'no idea,' which is a strange idea.
It's the ghost that haunts us.
Much invisible work.
An invisible victory.
We built security.
Who has the star?
You can only see it from the outside.*

*Seeing the star in others is a beautiful thing to do.
Growing against the will of the world between a crack of time.*

I like you in a very imaginary way, in a way that my mind expands the few good moments we shared and it is very nurturing to me, I'm squeezing every minute. I'm finally having less and less though.

It's not that easy
one light trying to reach another
through the uncomfortable existence.
a lot of stones
absorbing stone dust,
a lot of stars
snorting dust from themselves,
a lot of people
precipitating.

"16th September" is the title of that Magritte painting I saw at the museum. I found it difficult to observe, I tried, I succeeded. Today is September 16th, the same day as the Scream of Pains celebration. The original event took place in Pains Nobleman, the land where Thing grew up. It is a painting of blues and greens, Blue is the name of the town where Miracles was born. Pains, Thing, Blue, Miracles. Miracles, Pains, Thing, Blue. There's a myth that Magritte titled this painting because it's the date Marc Bolan died in a car accident. I would have named it "Blue Pains", but it would be a different painting in a 'nonexistent' world.

I'm having a harder time writing, I think I've lost the gift I never had.

He told me that the real estate company put a poison for mice that turns their blood into water so they don't rot when they die. He probably lied to me, then I told the same thing to a guy who probably ignored me.

Every day the peace is more intense around me, but inside I try not to let you kill my heart with your stupidity that feels like a paid murderer.

I'll think of it like bees think of mussels. 'We're trying to make unprocessed food', he said.

I'm always battling against insignificance, delving into the thoughts of my thoughts. If I didn't I would be irrelevant to myself, or who knows, anyway I don't know how to live any other way.

My dad sent me a message, 'Very funny book. Send me photos of your European adventures. Be careful. I heard there was a bomb threat in the bowels of Paris a few days ago. I love you, hijita du maiz.' He has always called me 'hijita du maiz' which is like corn daughter and at the same time daughter of your mother, which can mean a tender son-of-a-bitch.

I am ashamed of the life I live no matter what life I live.

I bought a notebook that I wanted to give to my dad the last time I saw him, but he made me so angry that I even forgot my own name, let alone handing him the notebook. I've always wanted to use it; it's Italian and small. It sat in my room for months, collecting dust. I put it back in my bag before coming here, and I've been carrying it for a week, but I can't bring myself to use it. I even imagined what I would write first. I carry a pen that can be erased in case I regret using it and decide to finally give it to him. I know I'll never do it; he would never appreciate it, not in the way I need, not in front of me. I'm afraid I won't be able to put a single word but I can neither never give it to anyone else.

"The fact that I made noise would not be more perceptible in you, if you did not feel me because I am. Light up, light up! Make me more contemplated among the stars. For I fade away."

I've always believed that I can be different people whenever I want. I have a talent for mimicry; I give back what I receive, to the point where it doesn't matter if you never get to know me. You'll always know the version of me that best suits you. Now I'm starting to believe that maybe that's my true self. I've never been able to be different people; being different people is what I am, and I'm not sure if I can stop being a reflection of you. That's how the world seems to me, reflections at all times, all directions, in abysmal quantities. It doesn't bring any peace to my heart.

Should we laugh?

She has the charm of the sphere.

I had never considered the slug. But she had audacious skin; she moved slowly and at the same time she ran, leaving her shimmering and watery trail under the lanterns. She shone without a home on the concrete.

I'm living a life like this: I wake up, shower, eat, and prepare lunch. I come on my bike at 4, work, eat, work until 3:30, clean, already dizzy from alcohol, I hop on my bike, 20 minutes, I arrive at 4, I fall asleep at 5. I wake up at 11. But now it's 4 am, and I'm still here. Returning by bike with my nose frozen and disconcerted, closing my eyes a little against the torrents of wind has been like getting high, it is the most relevant and stressful moment of the day. My bike has no lights; going through the darkest parts of the path is like the eerie landscape of a nightmare. However, when I see a park with trees whose crowns are so lush that they cover their foundations, immersed in the darkness of the dawn mist, I want to sink in, to crash into a tree trunk and fall off my bike, get covered in dirt, and feel fear.

I had never considered myself a slug before. When I saw the slug I felt like someone was watching me from space, just as I was watching her who didn't want to be seen but also didn't want to be unseen and be killed by accident. Who knows what she would really want.

- Rainer Maria Rilke