

I am here, closed down, and who will come to say the contrary, who, if I am we, and we intensify through pure loss.

A pain throughout the body. A sad pain, not like others understand it, but that which rises and enters and settles in and presses my will until it's undone, all of it, nothing remains.

I chose to be here, I didn't choose solitude, but it was implicit. And being is all that's left to me.

Now that they've left, now that they're closed mouths, and they've swallowed me with their words that never said what they said they said, there are no more nights, nor days with sunshine, nor years to come, nothing, all of it is elsewhere, taken, and I, here, in a dry square, speak, form speech, a sweetness, an 'other', a you who won't vanish.

I breathes, survives on this voice that is you, and the rest are afraid. It's alright. It's the way it should be.

I dreamt they caressed me, I had a body and they caressed it, somebody drank and gave me to drink, and recognised that in my eyes one can be, remain, and the trees from that park returned to shelter me amongst my fingers, I dreamt there was a shadow and it didn't scare me, I dreamt the body kept a song, and it sang, and all came and went, and from today's nights there was no trace.

I distrust time, it conceals you beneath its days with sunshine, tangled in the voices of those who steal my voice from you. I don't understand why there are others who look at you and don't see my gaze written in your eyes. And I understand still less those who speak to you, ignoring that for you my words are all the words. Somebody will say I love you. Perhaps it isn't true, perhaps this recognition and this terror are the luxurious suits of my next neglect.

Your entrance on this stage is simple like the knife driven into the intruder's stomach, every night, before sleep. A drawing in black with a background of diverse colours. I colours it. She feels it, 'I don't disappear' she tells her. And thus prepares the terrifying ordeal.

Being bound, to the one who arrives, to the other who flees; inside, I is an interior awaiting them, lying in wait for them to better say them. To say them. I is going to love them. To remember them. Those who were then 'us two', those three who are no longer I.

Love comes into being when one caresses a texture, when one retells with the hands, or the mouth. The mouth caresses with tales, provokes textures here and there. And in the textures one can read. But very few know how to.

Whoever feels the passions love arouses, begins to retell. Third parties listen later to distort what they have heard with their forgetfulness. Third parties are fatally important on the stage where love is made. Far from making a fabric with words that would later become a dress of wounds and worries, they turn them into rags nobody could ever wear. A shame. These times are embroidered in rags, believed to be jewels. But the little girls won't forgive. The little girls see, and couldn't forgive what they see. This Sunday there won't be an amber ring the colour of saffron for their fingers.

Third parties are addicts to gossip. All is filthy from gossiping. There's so much noise. And I can't hear you.

The passions love arouses are believed only by those who feel them.

Who are you waiting for, dressed like that in the hall of your eyes? Surrounded by your most intimate objects, and the most useless, too: the white suit for farewells, and that blue one for arrivals; this diamond skilfully cut to reflect your memories, set at the bottom of the glass that evokes your thirst.

You're alone and nobody looks at you. You're the queen, beautiful as the moon wrapped up in the silk of her night. You're alone and you're going to die.

There's something in the eyes of the beloved that's still, held up, waiting. From this wait a brilliance comes off, a brightness that blurs the vision. When the beloved opens her eyes, she hollows them, like a hand cupped to gather water from a well, and holds in them the gaze that protects her whole past. Who loves her knows she'll always be absent from that region. That she has not been invited, nor will she ever be.

It's that space, precisely, she's fallen in love with.

*Your eyes. Your body in your eyes. I touch it when I look at you, when you are not here. I saw you, in another time; I see you, now. In your eyes all the gazes you've ever stopped to look take shelter. And I distrust myself.*

Whoever loves has wounded eyes. The arrow has torn the pupils. And has forgotten, at the start of the journey, to store in the saddlebags the sandalwood leaves that would heal them. The desert has no end, she thinks. The night summons the devils, seductively they point to the always equivocal roads, the promising landscapes that in the morning will be sand and stones, and stones and sand.

There'll be no piety for these eyes. Condemned to look always at what's not there, they should have been pulled out by their roots, and like two drops of water, been offered as mirror to the stones.

Love opens. Forces to display. A hand, a gesture, stored in the eyes, reserved, cared for. Love extracts from the eyes the gesture of adherence. Opens the night to dawn, puts she who loves in the space that is, always and for all — the others — no space because it can't be seen. Though not for her: it is.

What about her, what is she when she's inside love? What sounds does she feed on? What speaking is she a witness to?

When love opens, she distils 'herself'. She is urgency. Pure movement. Gushes of her incapable of coagulating either night or day. 'She' disseminated, scattered, spilt. 'Herself' touched, handled, by the hands of precise time.

Inside love, she is the preparation for the lack of her. A preview of the season of her whole presence *alone*.

But it isn't the time yet. First we have to describe love, her being inside love fiercely 'herself'.

A year ago. There's much oblivion remembered during one year. Oblivion of what's fixed. Of what's nailed in a zone of light enemy to illumination. And throughout the year the arks of the body were exhausted. In them happiness was stored, the wound of days that didn't hurt or bleed then.

To think of a year ago matters. After a year she who's alone will come, who escaped so as to err and control on behalf of she who forgets.