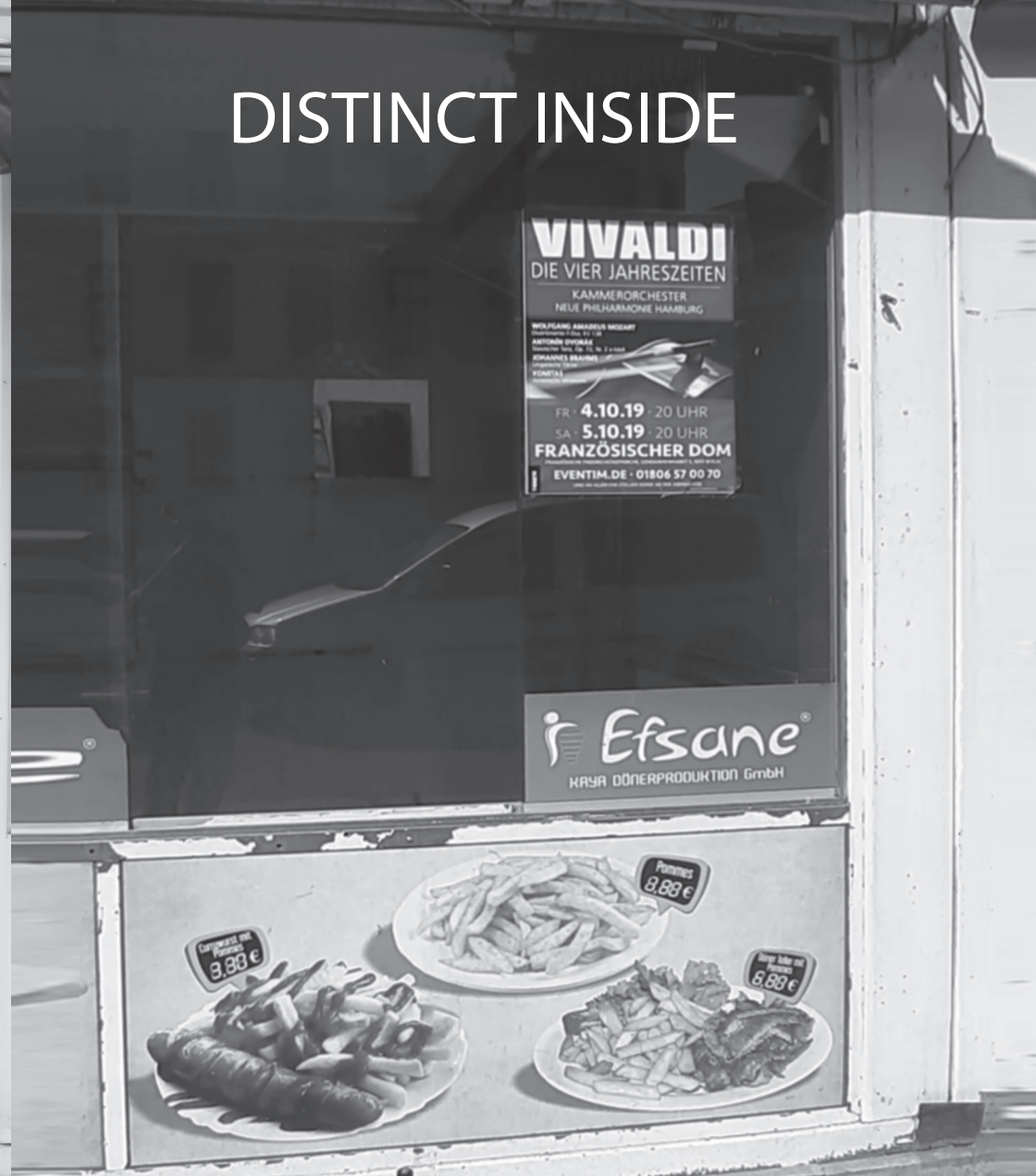


AYASOFYA MOSCHEE



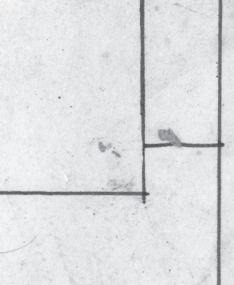
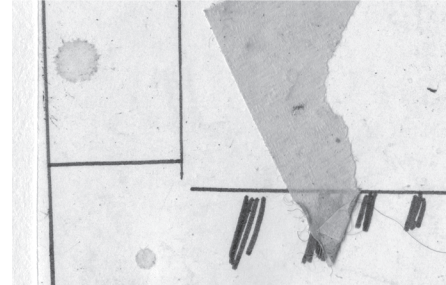
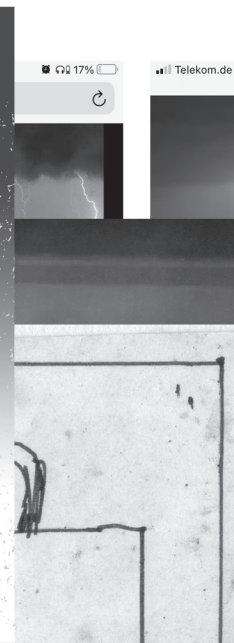
DISTINCT INSIDE

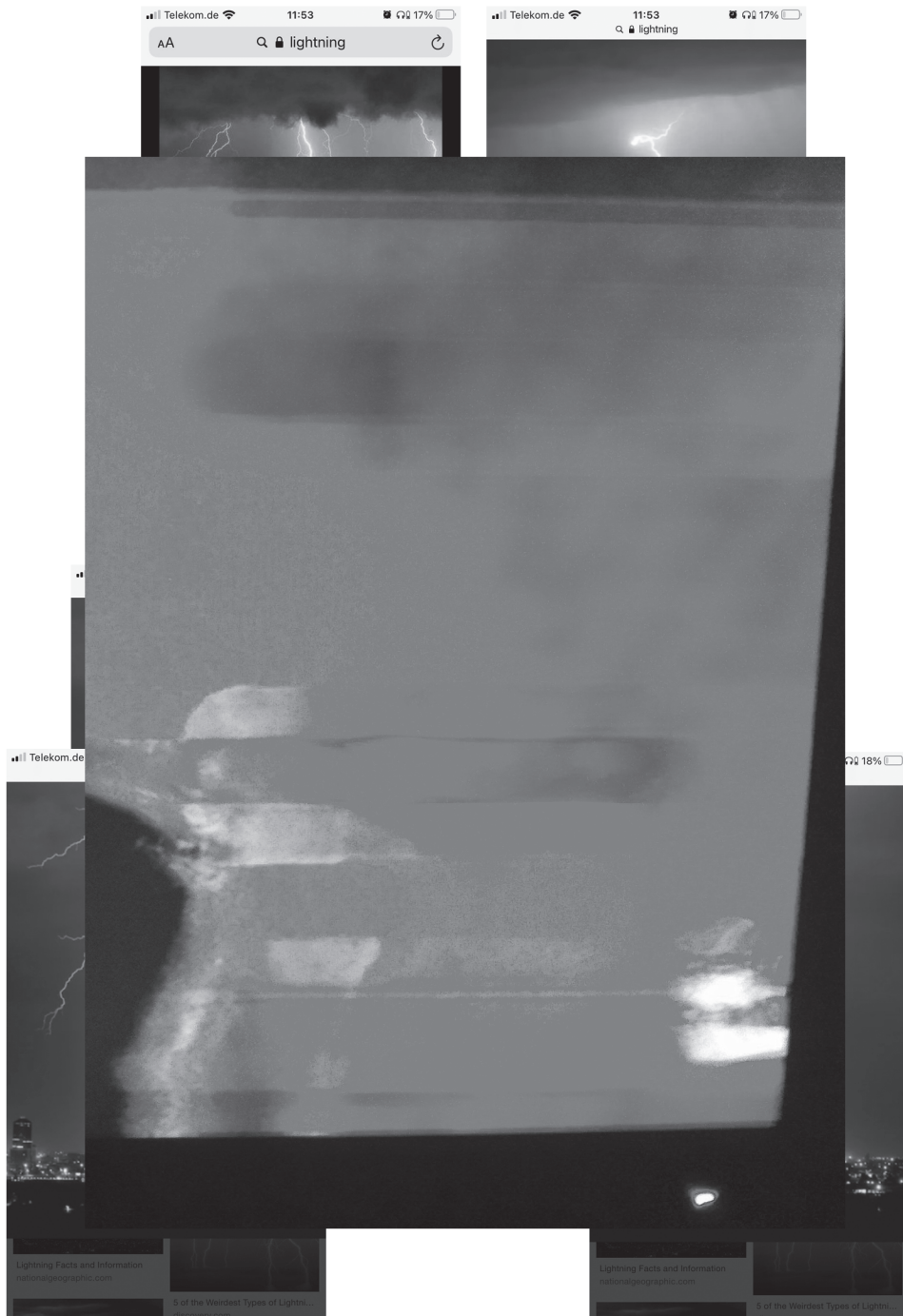


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HOME789





The sun is silent. It sticks to the façade like a swarm of white ants, busying themselves with a candy underneath.

This candy, on the other hand, is like a rejected doll. A thing of the past, lying in a pool of water, boiling in the heat of the early noon. And the mud is surely growing – to engulf – one day – perhaps – the toy’s physique. Even so, its eyes, blue and glassy, would always remain upturned. Feeding on the light, binding vision with a vision. And with the vision that fills me up right now.

I see a wasteful, honeyed giving. The sun pours out heavily. I can smell, I can almost hear, how they roast, the pavements.

But here, inside, there’s a bit of shade. The shade is good for me, somehow. As the larval state is good for dragonflies. And hence, mud would please them too. The flight could be short-lived – the spring, the summer months, at most – and maybe that is why they do not exactly rush the maturation. Their nymphs spend years under water. Among shadows and light leaks, among the plankton. Nurturing their splendid arrival, however hypothetical, with one hazy speculation after another, with conjectures and mosquito larvae. They dream dangerously, living for a different time. So unlikely, it might seem, for what they seem.

I’m sitting on the floor, on the tiles. The chill tingles, poisons my thighs. They have grown too heavy now and fixed me to the floor. My knees are filled with lead. And the ankles must have separated from the rest. Yet, it all absorbs me.

Absorbs me – what? exactly? – Tiny stirrings. All the tiny little stirrings. My limbs, however stagnant, convey some motion, nonetheless. As if keeping on with walking – when a walk is done. A second run, so to speak. My legs, the rusty rods, they turn into an echo. The echo of an object in the emptiness of this apartment. They pierce its void, they punctuate it. Like a fine pipette sampling from a teardrop. And this perforation is causing turbulence. Which translates into my constant alienation – mine and that of my extremities. A little turbulence, thus far. Far from general upswings. A whiff, merely, spinning light. Raising dust in the patch of sun before me. Fissures. Emanation. From my pins and needles. My legs’ quite modest to-date function is of no real interest here. But I cannot reject them. I can’t cast them off, ignore. Nor should I. Because there is something tingling through their strings. I could imagine how they suddenly shoot forth, like the nympean killer lip.

Like a naiad’s arms, piercing through a narcissistic image. – I still project one, way ahead.

But my vision cracks, crumps, and slides. And my body parts are either out of touch with one another, or I have gained a body that surpasses them, and rearranges.

The sky. At its most clear. It stirs as well. Today, I’ve seen it twice already. I saw stains that ate away at the azure. Right there – following my arm, outstretched – and my index finger – through the window, and far into the blue. A shifting form. Then, a change of substance. Like a dream. Overlooking my apartment-chrysalis. Like the Nazi blindness in “The Night Porter”. Like a TV set.

Such stirrings. And the words, which is pretty weird, pretty weird, words can bear it too. I’m here alone, I don’t say much. My voice sticks to my throat these days. But sometimes it insinuates itself, inflates a word that suddenly starts to advertise. Like the first page of a newspaper. And then it overflows with pus – and pops – and I’m forced to spit it out. It falls down. Monosyllabically. And mounts phrases while dropping on the floor. Empty thuds, as if dead. But some of them do twitch.

It is effortless, that’s the whole point. The sweet spot of absorption. And the whiteness of it – it speaks volumes, the whole treatises of nothing. Never mind the mud, the larvae. Never mind the dolls and naiads, never mind the dragonflies. Daylight has it all, it has it all. It’s the only theme that really grows in here. The patches on the floor – expand. The blind spots, the walls, the gloss. The cornea rolling up and backwards, and then falling, as if through a rabbit hole. The feeling of a hammered nail, through the wrist, through the hand, wide outstretched. The youth, and life, now crucified, nails becoming fingers, becoming steel, becoming signs. Becoming relics. A taste of tears, the salt that pinched your cheek, fell off, and left a wrinkle. And what the emptiness has soaked.

The sun becomes ironic. It outlines the beauty that is still alive in me. And then tangles it with time. To be sure, the fever is delightful. And if coupled with a swelter, like the one outside, it becomes a source of visions. I might be a king right now. Oedipus, whose reign consists in holding up this wall behind, with his much-numbed backbone. Casting quite a shadow at his desert state.

But I have my moments of sobriety. They don't last. For they are just calls. From people that are not in here. Not anymore. Or never. They appear and then collapse into the indiscernible again, back to what is gnawing at that sizzling town.

I'm overexposed. And hence I am on call. I've let some light inside. The building is encouraging, standardized. Maybe not new, I don't know that, but sort of Mediterranean. Like a hotel. And thus, somehow, *nagelneu*. And whatever. Copied/pasted and then dragged-and-dropped by a smile. A perfume. A real-estate, and sun, developer. By a droning standing wave. Machinic clicks. Senses muddled, processed, securing the outcome. A pop-up window on the ready. Growing from the middle – and in all directions – like a passage of soap operas – led by channel-skipping through the never-heard-of places – abstract meals prepared form wealth, and the air it breathes.

My sobriety seems to have this dream at its receiving end.

If it's spacious, this apartment, it's because it is unfurnished. Nude. My vantage point got fixed, so that I can binge watch my hallucinations now, and fall victim to the porn of it. I let it roll.

This surrender is so effortless. Then, it is also welcomed, whatever ensues. My entire body changes, I believe, to accommodate the feeling. Which is a bit monstrous, granted, though not very apparent, not at first sight. But I lack a mirror here, so how could I tell. I am sitting here half-naked, no socks, no pants, no knickers. Just my houndstooth jacket, a fair blue shirt, and cufflinks, and an off-green tie, with a chocolate grainy pattern, ugly. The flat is nude, yes. Nudity is at the crux of it.

And my TV visions sip their juices from my memories. There's not much alternative.

But desire shifts. There's a slow release of forces that would fold, then crack the phantasm, to collage it all anew. I recall a time when I found nudity in public to be unsavoury. It seduced me by repulsion – with its utter *Dummheit*, in my view, flooding all the German channels. And they have, eventually, suffused my childhood, the prolonging afterhours that would stuff my shell. With ProSieben, RTL, LSD derivatives. All that sleazy *Kulturkampf* taking over the post-Soviet. They would reach for me, back then, to display their silent work today. The leggy weeds around the nipples, all the blonde of the moustache and the golden chains; hair, chests; I am walked like a dog these days. And the leash is continental, from a saturated leather. It smells of sweat from beneath the jewellery. Rings, cigars, wrist watches. It gazes from behind horn-rimmed thick eyeglasses. And from beneath the costumes of the wrinkled femmes, of course. That burnt note of too long a dream, one solarium past the limit. Nina Hagen reggae shriek delivery. Stewed in housewife sauce. Brewing in the suburbs of some Düsseldorf. – Such stirrings. Now in grains of minutes all around, my FKK expanse, of vision.

I'm a coil of something primitive. Stacked-up on the floor. And I act on some prolonged an impulse, a passive memory of a reptile kind, that's absorptive, and knows of no remorse, nor persecutions. And lays it out, the old assumptions on why the fugitives wear snakeskins.

I don't chew on explanations. It simply gets dissolved in me, the factual, and then I soak it in. Hence the empty shells of words, a stash of dust surrounding me. This kit of mutual estrangements.

And in such subdermal way, the street is also penetrating here. I do go out at times. There, I find some nudity as well. Like today. When that golden silence overtook the junction I was staring at while sitting in a diner. 10 a.m. – a time when such power shortages might, indeed, happen. This one was poignant, all the same. First, I heard those bells, ringing somewhere. I was taken by it. And then, people, cars, just vanished, as if they never existed. And the sun only intensified, melting the tarmac. Suddenly, a woman with crutches appeared on the scene. A handsome mature blonde in a sleeveless green top, and white shorts. And a shapely leg. That's right. Because in lieu of her left thigh, there protruded an ultra-thin metal prosthesis. Which she moved, in her initial step, to enter the crossing.

