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tin cry

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The only sound noticeable is the one I produce myself with each move – a dilemma. No, actually I like it because if one – like any normal person – treads on the heel and then rolls with the bodyweight along the sole, crushing all the stuff underneath, it makes a crunch or crackling noise. Like if you step on limbs, sand or snow.

People who grind their feet on the ground produce chaos. They constantly move the floor surfacing instead of pressing it. I stop short to look around and grind my teeth... also sounds like snow.

I don't know this place at all – fortunately – so there is no particular destination. The eternal hike is almost the best aspect about it. Especially in black Salomon shoes. It is an unusual mixture of forests, fields and steppes. Some parts are quite dense, so one has to bushwhack a way through, whereas others are super extensive. The field-like sites are perfect to become absorbed in thoughts. There are no bigger animals not to speak of other humans. So if I disappear mentally as well, there is absolutely nothing left accept the sheer existence of this place. Its presence is so intense, that the absence of – something or someone – becomes completely irrelevant. At the very front, where the field turns in to a forest again, fog slightly starts to approach.

Apart from the shoes, I'm wearing mainly work clothes, because I left directly from my workplace and for the simple reason that it doesn't matter if they get smudged. Surprisingly spontaneous decision. Practically they used to be my everyday clothes, until the pants got contaminated by a grease stain. The fog is getting denser. Probably one could just walk through, but I begin to think about Stalker and what kind of object would suit to feel the way. Back then Andrei Tarkovsky had chosen a walnut-sized nut and a white cloth. To be exact, it is an almost one meter long white cotton fabric, which is strapped to the threadhole. The protagonists throw it to sense the upcoming area. They keep the track, if nothing unusual happens at the landing spot and retry. The cloth curves in the air like a tail of a comet. In the best case, they get to the point of fulfillment by all means.

Humans submit themselves to a lifeless object, and agree on following it with complete confidence.

Downgraded within an inverted hierarchy to the niveau of an old rusty nut – wonderfull.

A friend's story comes to my mind. He claims that there was no toilette at the residency on Fogo Island, so he became his own dog. One poops in a plastic bag and takes it out oneself.

Although the trip already goes on for hours, I'm neither hungry, nor thirsty – just tired. But it feels good actually. Like after doing sports, when the exhaustion appears to be satisfying. No matter how lazy and unproductive one is, the aching muscles will whitewash the day.

Déjà-vu or not – this spot looks exactly like the one I saw two hours ago, though I walked straight ahead the whole time. A wisp of wind comes up and the new blackberry bush shakes like the old one. I also wobble a bit, so I grab the shrub and pull of five. The twig hooks into both, my finger and my jacket.

I considered to stay anyway, but this bush is creepy – I walk over to a birch tree.

My provisions are gone after two minutes. It is hard to tell which red is the one from the berries and the one from my finger. Usually it is ok for me to sleep without a pillow, but in this case my head shouldn't touch the forest floor – jacket folded. Although the floor feels dry, the sweet smell of damp grass comes into my mind. Small ants carve through huge grass stalks. It's hard to follow a single one, because instantly a new one distracts my focus.

Just as her face back then. After dividing it into segments (nose, eyebrows, cheeks, top lip, bottom lip etc.) I assumed to get tired of it. But as soon as I reached the chin part, everything started all over again, because I had to reconsider her gorgeous eyes again.

On the opposite site the tree crowns are whispering behind my back. Vertical beauty. The sleepy swinging of the limbs and leaves, are as hypnotizing as the ants. My tongue squashes the blackberries against the palate.

“Never Sleep with a Strawberry in Your Mouth“ – a foreign title crosses my mind.

Deep drone increases gradually. Nearly impossible to tell where it comes from since it is so omnipresent. I'm still lying on my back with closed eyes and my left hand on in the ground. Warm sand is covering it. The air is strangely fresh and metallic at once. The drone got already so loud and powerful, that I can't remember whether any other noises ever existed. Stars are overflowing the night sky. So clear and bright, it seems like there is no atmosphere, which could filter the radiation. I want to see more of this uncovered place, so I turn around. Blue sand. The tone is so intensive, that it hurts deep behind my eyes. After my receptors adapted to the intensity, I recognize this color. Ultramarine – even IKB. It's undertow makes it hard for me to raise my self from the ground. Behind me, an ear-shattering noise. A gigantic lava sea drowns my view. Waves are rising and breaking in slow motion. Liquid fire gushes on the Yves Klein beach over and over, fades a little and is carried away again, by a fresh lava-stream. Hypnotized again, I can't stop watching the spectacle. A mighty gust of wind blasts over a sand hill.

