

The Passage of the Horses

There is always the time for the passage of the horses. Despite your refusal, it arrives. It's like feeling God. An impetuous and unexpected desire, which traverses and delineates the body's topography. A scent of dust, a distant but captive sound. Until, suddenly, it disappears.

To live confined in a body that sometimes hears the silence, and other times has the mouth full of words. A condition that creates an obsessive need to write everything – the work of a genetic determinism that precedes – creating a never-ending tale, as Clarice Lispector would say.

Living the unbearable sadness of life is an arduous task. The rest of the world and myself have the compulsion to destroy everything we love the most.

In my case, I think the genetic residue helps (I come from a family of failed writers, but successful engineers and doctors). For that reason, I managed, up to now, to effectively reconstruct my debris with applied dexterity, making this practice an injunction to enjoy. Spectres of a self that, when illuminated like so, bring shame, strangeness.

What proves how words, instead, are my solid foundation, helping me to rethink the vigorous complexion of the horses, their overwhelming presence. Such realization makes me fearful of the tormenting hunger: deeply, essential to the crossing.