

The border

It's evident that I have no control over my body. Useless to suffer for what is no longer: I can't go back. I close my eyes and I understand the aversion: my crucifixion in your image, held (nailed at opposite ends) by the death of the body. Sacrifice my desire for yours.

At first the stakes bordering my gaze seem to work: wanting within limits. The uncanny happens with the entrance of love, disrupting my frontiers, invading an alleged territoriality.

Unbearable vulnerability to know myself other than in you: useless attempts to fixate place and anchor empty gazes. Holes without stakes revealing the ancestral memory of phantasmatic borders – vain attempts to defend oneself of trespassers.

Savagery of unbelonging: shoulders supporting airborne barriers, images without jurisdiction.