



Tripping so as not to crawl

«We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return – sending back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms»

Henry David Thoreau

Stubborn is the one who keeps sticking his head into the infinite darkness of the world. Full of wounds, he is very often not able to bear the desolation of life, the suffering that surrounds us, the pain that digs deeper and deeper into us. Not at all easy to turn on a small light in the world where there are few eyes able to catch sight of it. Sometimes when walking in broad daylight, everything goes dark. It's not easy to retrace the same roads, like red Indians, who follow the same paths trying to stop time.

When some stubborn person tries to lose herself completely, even in the night, she often doesn't notice the changed brightness of the travelled and well-trod road. It is difficult to walk alone in the darkness, difficult to disappear with all the artificial reflectors that nestle in the streets, which are reminders of certain movie scenes in which a prisoner who has escaped from a cage is sought out and dazzled by a spotlight activated from a watchtower.

The world seen at night, if you didn't remain barricaded in front of an aseptic screen – if you were only able to get away from the usual binaries and give yourself over to the enchantment of another universe – has something seductive and captivating about it. Then you stop, rethink, reformulate what you are trying to embody and ask yourself why are you still trying to get beyond boundaries through the needle's eye of poetry? What use is it? People are a thing, they are the *function of a thing*. And so, why go on considering it right to destroy the simulacra of the world?

People seem to have given up, seeking to navigate their dead life. They don't look each in the face, they just look for their place in this gigantic world, so realistic and wretched. When you ask for more, the malleable individuals think that it's just bedtime stories or faded dreams.

People need to be numb, so their finger swipes endlessly across a small screen. People need to be there so as not to be totally other. Words are only infinitesimal quantities that jolt desperately through the waves of darkness. Every drop of joy engulfs you in a sea of torment. And the space is getting smaller and smaller ...

Why live in such a world? Why?

What happens when a human biped wanders? It happens that he remains with one foot on the ground and another in the air, that he continually goes out of balance with the risk of tripping. It happens that she must correct a stumble with another stumble, as if in order for her not to fall, she has to put herself in a position to tumble again. But it could also happen that he might reinvent a continual fall into a move to another place. Not going from one point to another on a single horizontal



segment of road, not going around in circles waiting for the disastrous fall, where the start can only coincide with the end, but launching oneself into a move previously unthinkable, a swerve, a leap of levels. Inventing yourself so as to bring out the world that is generated from within and to break with existences imprisoned in a mournful disturbance.

Only those who have the nightmares of one who dreams can be enraptured by this temptation.