

IMMUNE TO THE SEQUENCE

the heart, organ of fear, works well under the bullets of the ether
Enrique Lihn

According to Blake, from stagnant water you can expect nothing but poison.
Osvaldo Baigorria

It is not easy to accommodate to the present when the materials teach the expectation of change. A need is unpostponable only when it is unique. It happens until it is simply exhausted and its end is the extinction of a perspective. In these terms, the instinct of contradiction is significant. Absent of itself, it recovers the speed of a postponed instant. At the same time, it brings with it as a sign a frontier truth. And the best part: it blurs the laws of the commonplace, untouchable. Excessive by definition, it does not generate answers. It is multiplicity in potential at the limits of matter. The impossible that we will continue to observe from a different place.

But there is a prescribed part for each episode in immediate time, resounding from an inner remoteness. A message as a design on behalf of destiny. The infinite revolving door, there where things end without finding a cause. Only dangerous details: the place where clouds and gorges settle, the shape of the hands next to the skin, all that. It is necessary to trust in nothingness, which is also the light of days and nights. It is the reason that governs the appearances in the gaze. The leaves of metal are terminals of emptiness, exposed as an anticipatory vestige of substitute languages. A swarm delirious the sunset invoking its origin. Meanwhile, our lives get confused.

If there is a reason to suspect, there is an opportunity. So it is with the sound that renews a spring. The metaphor of the universe and its existence should not dissipate accidental routes. Of descent and ascent, nothing tastes more real than metamorphosis. It is understandable that unity and the whole form a frenetic correspondence. In the usual exercise of ultimate freedom, what is conceived as isolation is in reality dissolution of the parts. It happens in the same way with words uttered by an external voice. Suddenly it becomes its own. The vocal cords, the weight, the texture, the touch, are objects without memory. But listen, a remaining incorruptible outline of them will prevail.

Diego Maureira

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