

The Traveler

by Papo Colo, 1998

1. The Sphere

Perhaps universal history is the history of a few metaphors.
Six centuries before the Christian era, Xenophanes he proposed to the Greeks
was a single God: an eternal sphere.

In Plato, we read that the sphere is the most perfect and most uniform shape,
God was spheroid, because that form was the best, or the least bad
Being is like the mass of a well-rounded sphere,

The Sicilian Empedocles plotted a laborious cosmogony, in which earth, air,
fire and water compose an endless sphere,

Hermes Trimesgitus discovers that God is an intelligible sphere, whose center
is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere.

The Pre-Socratics spoke of an endless sphere.

That intellectual sphere, whose center is everywhere and whose circumference
is nowhere, which we call God".

We can state with certainty that the Universe is all center, or that the
center of the Universe is everywhere and the circumference nowhere.

No one exists on a certain day, in a certain place

Pascal hated the universe, and yearned to adore God. But God was less real
to him than the hated universe.

Nature is an infinite sphere, the center of which is everywhere, the
circumference nowhere.

Frightful sphere, the center of which is everywhere, the circumference
nowhere.

Perhaps universal history is the history of the diverse intonation of a few
metaphors.

** 1 The Sphere - adapted from a text by Jorge Luis Borges*

2. Airport

Returning from his voyage that was far, more than far, infinite

Yes and with known ways and unknown intentions

This person keeps looking, searching for the inside space in the other side
of words

Language comes crashing, causing an immediate run away,

an escape, that empty box keeps filling up,

before your eyes, returning each time

to the point of departure

As in the airport, arrivals, exits and entrances

So there he goes

as a butterfly with a stick

wondering inside the outside once more

3. Time

Must be
 That this distance covers
 unknown territories. unknown territories. unknown territories
 And these winds embrace solitude of memories,
 Oh. My thoughts! My thoughts!
 Could it be that these stones mark the initiation
 of a missing missing
 vanishing vanishing
 disappearing disappearing
 time!

4. Catastrophe

The verb was running.
 The verb was murmuring a secret
 repeatedly in an ancient code
 So understanding was foggy
 The word flew between the ears, something fell,
 a human tongue? an eyelash drumming the full lips of our objectives
 Smile, you are relaxed, looking different tonight?
 Behavior is possible
 your head is in your place and your sex is ready
 Sex! Catastrophe!
 Joy is the drug of happiness
 and you are about to see it.
 It, if, in, I, you, and usssssssssss

5. Water rots

Could be
 that water rots
 returning / giving back / overflowing.....
 Vi - bra - ting ... Death
 Wide mouthed in-di-vi-du-als
 Drowning with abandon
 Expecting happiness
 Everywhere / forever
 everywhere, happiness, forever
 Runaway spirits of
 trees inside mountains that breathe - smoke!
 Could it be - contaminated worlds
 contaminated words
 that flow in its currents and
 multiply as disease
 through the transparency
 of rains Drop by drop, drop by drop, drop by drop.
 which emerge reflected
 Could it be - on sounds made by insects. ssssssss

6. Words

His solitude was becoming alive
 the movements of his fingers were slow, his legs were fast, still,
 but traveling takes its toll.
 Better now than then, he says, it is far
 too far for this voyage, he says as he tries to listen to a distant song.
 Only yesterday he was complaining
 about too many words
 too many compartments,
 too many units, and so much sharing.
 Hee hee hee hee hee
 The transparency of letters, the comas,
 the exclamations points, the question marks
 how many words are in a poem?

7. The day ends in sleep
 Could it be the day ends in sleep?
 Murmurs sing and are sung in the mouths of sexes.
 Every day / at all times / in every single year.
 In lunar nights
 which appear momentarily,
 suddenly,
 guarded by clouds?
 Ha ha ha ha...

8. The body

And now before your eyes,
 a body, that doubles light and dark
 inside another body,
 soft, reflecting light, outside an explanatory corpse
 staring at you.
 This body is bare and smart, is sweet, is dropping liquids, in skin, in
 flesh, oh his hair.
 The body is an arm with sounds
 a mountain in an earthquake, this voice rumbles,
 gestures of language, is yours
 for an instant, yours, for now,
 is a body
 before your eyes
 before you
 closer than to another body.

9. Raising your eyes

Could it be?
 that by raising your eyes
 you see the dark, you capture
 the distance, up this close
 microscopic details, invisible actions
 faceless, formless mass
 of raw emotions

that change truth into lies.

10. Sleep and wake up

His view was more clear this time
 the symbol was seen miles around the territory,
 the best was about to happen.
 He woke up and out into the space.
 There is the trick!
 You sleep and wake up, sleep and wake up
 you sleep and wake up.
 With this process you can travel into what you want
 which is almost everything

11. Touching a virginal abyss

Must be the illusion
 of touching a virginal abyss
 a significant phrase / a feeling, this close, again
 of encountering an old dream
 Do you know the mechanism?
 How to forget memories?
 Memories forgotten. memories eaten
 Digested time that never recovers
 Must be that the past
 reactivates you, recycles your
 daring darling thoughts
 With your body reborn,
 and your instinct intact
 You try again and fail.
 You try again and fall
 You try again and fly.

12. Space is almost God

With an insistent look he occupies the circumferences
 placing himself into the middle of the room
 and says between his teeth
 space is almost god as he tries to fall asleep
 to continue traveling.

13. Light and Shade

Only yesterday....
 his thoughts were as his desires
 transparent and firm,
 indicating
 a convincing relationship between two points
 black and white, shade and light, flatness and volume
 combining fiction with more fiction
 inventing as he go along
 seeing.

14. Oxygen

Must be the precise moment for
 grabbing a circumstantial instant
 conspiratorial looks
 What are your wishes?
 more events? more moments?
 extra insinuations?
 with history that drowns us.
 Better ridicule than impotence
 better the gesture of a smile
 than sad, melancholic intelligence
 Oxygen - clean air / Oxygen - I drown.

15. Phenomenon of love

Must be that the phenomenon of love
 is defined through hate?
 Who designed my feet
 and gave fingers to my hands?
 In the heart begins the beating
 in the lungs. the push,
 in the stomach, the source
 in the mouth, the gesture
 and in the body, circulating
 in proximity disembarking, dislocating, dismembering
 fragments
 more fragments,
 Forget and remember what I feel and you understand
 What you understand and I feel.
 Resonance
 Resonancia
 You appear / reappear
 and you multiply.
 Apparition! Definitely.
 That begins with thunder.

16. Trance

Right now, from my chair
 I warm my hands, I send you signs, scriptures, hieroglyphics
 trances
 that are
 moving / slipping
 through my fingers
 and falling
 into the warmth
 of my language
 into a scream of my silence, and my tongue
 quietly into your ears.

17. Around and Around

And every time that you experience
the sensation of travel
you will find an emotion of sex.
And every place that you stay
will absorb your smell forever.
And after awhile while,
you will give up in a flash
to the material of the flesh
immersing
your saliva in acrobatic thoughts
of permanence.
Inviting
you and you
to travel
around and around....