

To the better side of my body:

You were treating your environment with adorable grace. Contracting muscles in repetitive alternations. Explicit motions in high tonicity: unleashing unacquainted energies; strong – sensible and charmingly brave. Movements up and down your spinal cord. Shoulder – elbows – wrists and fingers: Smooth in tension, tender touches. The weight of your body pushes in gentle surrender. As a mental surfaces extending towards the cloudy sky, shimmering in the wavy patterns of the glancing sea. Scattered contrasts start dividing into sensory formations. Lines reviving from the grain: memory – fiction – desire. A landscape occupied by countless previous experiences. Mental motions and fragmented trajectories, when slowly starting to move my lower extremities: pelvis – hip – knees and ankles.

*Come on Baby light my fire lyrics*

The party is over.

Cutting stomach, heart and guts: Digestive thoughts along the lines. Ripping flesh, direct and discreet. Contingencies oscillating between endurance and collapse; arranging a fetishistic glimpse on a flirting scheme. Balancing on a knife's edge. No mistakes to revisit the pain. Trained postures by strategic stamina, numb memories of previous pasts.

*Come on Baby light my fire lyrics*

Someone called my name.

The scream against the wall produced deep reverberations. Vocal cords emitting powerful examples of their organic possibilities. While piercing through the air it was reflected and modulated, finally culminating in a characteristic ambience. The echo of the sound was even stronger within me. First touching the core of my guts, it started incisively meandering around my belly. Some of my muscles started cramping, constricting my lungs just a little later. The situation triggered an animalistic drive slowly traveling up my throat, where it suddenly overturned form the lower section of my body into my head, leaving a humming sound behind. There is only one expression of vocal cords that lacks any preliminary conscious control.

*Come on Baby light my fire lyrics*

Kicking off & breaking apart.

It was clear that this was more than simple symptoms of exhaustion. Some deeply hidden machinery was slowly degrading your emotional life. Joy can never fully disappear: We want to love and be loved. We want to eat, breath, shit and fuck. Our organs are demanding. I can't stop revisiting you in my thoughts, like a slow dance produces unlimited joy. Sharing in extending. Body expressions. Making difference within the possibilities of surprise. This is a surprise. And this is disintegrating as well. Disparate. The loose yet intrinsic connection marks a quality of your body. Once the music started your spinal cord, your hips, your knees, your wrists and arms were rhythmically bending. This was celebration. This was joy. This was modulating a continuous stream of energy moving up and down your body. Basic expressions of having fun. Symptoms are reappearing with accumulating tension. This symptom is not only your symptom.