

about a fear

in the beginning everything was as planned, i would swim until the island, which was about 1km from the coast. it looked more like a piece of stone or an old ship wreck than a proper island. the plan was simple: to stay 3 days in this island, castaway; writing my memories on papers, searching a sort of personal cosmos where the confrontation would happen against myself, to forget the bravura of the out there, and to deal with my own past in real time, in this rock without exit or scape, the forgettable would not be avoidable and the letters, words and phrases would become part of the island, on the third day i would dissolve the papers over the rock, enveloping the whole surface of the stone with the material where i wrote my past, transforming it in memory and space. such a project had been for some time developed with my friend gabriel and beyond that, it had the symbolic weight of the vivid years, of the fascination of christ, and of the questions and answers encountered.

i spent the hot day of yesterday writing, without wind or shadow, paper after memory after paper, organizing the past in present, i saw the sun descent the sea and felt alive.

With the arrival of the night i fell asleep and was later on woken by a strong wind. i moved towards a more protected area. some time after that i was once more, now for good, woken up.

it had started the long 8 hours in which the stone denied the sea, yet attached, without float or curb, a man-crab was dragged with the spume;

i held myself on the stone as one holds a dripping egg against the fingers. the waves and rain were progressively growing. in the beginning i lost the plastic used to avoid the cold, followed by the shirt, the pants, the sandals and later on the bag containing my written memories. everything i had was dragged to the vastness and not brought back by the waves

the rain was strong and i could now know the size of the wave by the noise it made when it hit the rock, before hitting my skin. i moved to a higher place where the wind was stronger. the cold was now a company, as the thirst provoked by the drunk salty sea water. i tried to remember the tv shows where the militaries showed how to control the cold. i asked myself whether i should try to confront the waves and swim to the main island. i thought about turner tying himself on the boat to feel the force of he would later paint. i thought of bas jan ader, slocum, eddie aikau lost in the middle of the sea, in the middle of the nowhere without path or shore, i thought of my mom, on the young unborn kids that i would like to help, i saw all this becoming going away with the next wave. bum... a big wave came and dragged me over the rock, i had now, beside the cold, a cut on my arm, fear fear fear please disappear, i felt that if i couldn't control it -he-juts as the waves would take me away.

i stare at the sea and the island which was next to me was no longer there, the storm had cut the electricity, i remembered the myth of hero and leander, when the light of her candle goes away and he swims to the open water.

i thought that they might take a long time to find my body lost in the vastness of the sea, i thought about the loves that i haven't had "could they miss something imagined"? i thought of the constant being i was becoming, the missing explanation of the things.

the morning came and with her the bigger waves (had I thought the contrary), i can now see what hits and traverses me, i don't know if for better or worse (once you don't see but survive what hits you, we tend to imagine something smaller). they were as great mountains, all of them, dazzled and afraid by the size of the waves i release one my hands from the stone and grab the little camera, trying to suspend that moment; with the force of the wind we crossed, me and this rock-boat, towards the endless, the vast, wave after wave, without sail or mast, leaving behind the land, the objects and the memories, i had finally become another, a kind of a man-crab who was participating, living and surviving all of that, for a brief moment the hostile was transformed in a home, the time began to calm and the things looked like as if they had arrived to a strange answer, immerse and calm i contemplate.

bummm i am thrown against the rocks losing the sharpness and the glasses, i have now the hand/shoulder/breast and leg open from a cut, i couldn't handle it anymore, in a final act i jump on the open water with a little bag containing a broken phone, a waterproof camera (which later would give me the audio of this moment) and the symbolic fountain pen used to write my memories, by first wave i lose the fountain pen, immersed in this endless cycle wash machine i drink a lot of water and perceive how small i was, after a long time i reach the shore, with the burning open body from the cuts and the salt. i walked for two hours to get home, the locals told me that it was a big storm with earthquakes. i took a shower, drunk some water and wrote this text about the memory of a nearly-piece which spoke about the memories.

on the next day i've listen to the audio captured by accident,  
of the sea that saves and kills, of the island, stone or shipwreck, of the life or nearly death