

?

Może ten zwolniony czas i wstrzymany ruch z miejsca do miejsca zaowocują mocniejszymi korzeniami, większą siłą ciężenia?

⚡ Maybe this slowed down time and suspended movement between places will result in stronger roots, in greater gravity?

Kinga Jaczewska

zewnątrzna linia zagięcia 1

02.

From the series "Yes Poems"

My name is Squirrel, I never left.
An Invitation expired but the world leaped, and

from an exclusive guest,
I became an acquainted other.
Spaces opened,
Deserted,
Ecosystems with bugs, spiders and moths. She only had to clean the floor,
Every hour,
Announced.

Here she is,
practicing daily,
in the middle of the sixth extinction, it isn't too late to relearn living.

Maria Zimpel

zewnątrzna linia zagięcia 2

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Numer 2
Czerwiec 2020

| Nów w Raku |
| Zaćmienie Słońca |
| Przesilenie Letnie |

Tom is sitting in a distance.
 He is in the other corner of the bed. His eyes look wet. Now, both of us are looking into his face.
 Tom's dog, a white Jack Russel Terrier, wakes up. He faces his owner, he is growling, barking and hitting Tom's leg with a black wet nose.
 Tom does nothing.
 We don't do anything neither. None of us is saying anything.
 We stay as we are.

1. To read the text sit or lie down on your bed.
 Take 5 deep breaths.
 Start reading. The numbers will indicate the order.
 Each time you are reading a sentence take as much time as you need to imagine the situation.

7. - The dog needs to pee - says Tom.

5. We just look at each other from time to time. Although we are strangers, the situation is comfortable. 'Neutral' in a good sense.

As time slows down we start to hear some noise coming from the right side of the tent.

At first it's very quiet, then louder.

It seems like somebody, or something, is approaching.

The curtains spread out and a horsehead appears.

The horse stops. Her brown head hangs above our bodies. We feel the greatness of the animal.

She starts to neigh. She is louder and louder. She tries to get up. But when you finally settle she calms down as well and everything back to where it was before.

The horse turns towards you.

You start to wiggle, you make sounds, you change your positions. I'm guessing you are looking for a comfortable one.

She does nothing more.

And then, the horse is making a move forward.
 Her one, lifted leg enters the tent.
 She puts it on the mattress, the mattress bends as it is pressed.
 The leg rests, the horse crawls in between us. I have to move to the side to make some space. Her legs are bent, she sits between us.

The dog stops barking, he is immobilized, but calm.

6. I'm not sure if she is looking at us.

3. The fabric walls of the tent are moving slightly. Maybe, it is windy outside of it. These movements are irregular.

Sometimes, the wall on the left side moves in a more dynamic manner, in a significantly stronger way.

You are slowly turning to your back.

You are looking at the moving fabric behind you for a few seconds and then, coming back to the previous position.

I am sitting next to you.

My legs are under my bottom. My body is slightly touching yours.

Your body is warm, my body is colder.

I am looking at you.

I am smiling hesitantly.

The horse with delicacy slightly opens the curtains using her nose and lets the dog out.
 I am tired, I lie down ready to fall asleep.

A heavy, velvet limb lies on my back.

I feel the warmth but also the sharp edges of a horseshoe. I don't know if this is a hug or a control gesture.

I open my eyes and see both of you guys looking at that picture of a body in this embrace of the unknown meaning.

Thick blue curtains, made of jeans surround the bed. You are basically in a tent, a tipi. Its top, the tip is above the middle of the bed.

2. The bed you are lying on is very big. 10 people could easily sleep on it.