

hunger

I stretch my facial muscles. I stretch MY TONGUE. I think of and I desire food. I AM HUNGRY. I would like to see something else but I only see food. I hear tons and tons of food falling. I smell meat on its carcass. I can feel the roots of wheat growing under my feet. I could eat my nails until they bleed. I would like to feel something else but I FEEL ONLY HUNGER. I am hungry therefore I am. I am hungry to the bone. I hear noises where once there was my stomach and now there is only emptiness. There, deep inside there is a big black hole. There, deep inside I can feel a big bang. There deep inside something is happening, a universe of hunger is developing, is emerging from the chaos. Very soon it will take over. Very soon this universe will be bigger than me. Very soon it won't be me who feels hungry it will be hunger who feels me. I am so hungry that I could eat my own fingers. I AM SO HUNGRY I could eat my own teeth with my own TEETH. I could eat the air that I breathe. I swallow it and try to taste it just in case but I still feel hungry. I was hungry, I am hungry, I will always feel hungry. I am so hungry that I COULD EAT MY OWN THOUGHTS. I cannot remember a time in which I was not hungry. I can not even imagine a time in which I will not be hungry. I follow the pain in my stomach that takes me FROM HUNGER TO HUNGER. I could sit down on the top of a mountain searching for the horizon and I would only see an empty sky needing to be fulfilled like an empty stomach. I stretch my facial muscles. I stretch MY TONGUE. I think of and I desire food. I AM HUNGRY. I would like to see something else but I am only see food. I hear tons and tons of...

lonely

I am so LONELY I could talk to my SHADOW if it had not already left me. But my shadow is not there, it is probably searching for another body, another body who could give her better COMPANY. When the sun rises it also reminds me of how lonely I am. I WATCH the world pass so I have something to say when I talk to myself in front of the mirror. Mirror, is me. Yes, it is me again. I talk slowly just to make the WORDS LAST. I need somebody to tell them that I NEED somebody. I pick up the telephone and ring the INFINITE number to increase the possibilities of somebody picking up the telephone at the other end. WHO is that? Who is that? THAT? That It's me. With the PASSING of time and as loneliness takes hold of me I am learning a few tricks: I often throw my watch onto the tracks in train stations so I can ASK a fellow passenger the time. Have you got the time? Where are you going? I am so lonely I could talk to my own hand. I WISH I could hear a different tone of voice than mine. Different ways of using words, a different language. WHO? WHAT? WHERE? HOW? WHY? So many questions and NOBODY to answer them. I did not leave these plates on the table. I did not do that. Somebody must have been here, eaten my food and then they left without doing the dishes. To be lonely is to be WITHOUT. To be lonely is to be constantly out. To be lonely it is to be constantly ME. I always dream of an ear, a giant ear that is able to listen to all the words one can deliver, it is not only a giant ear, it is also a giant ear made out of sponge. It soaks all the words. But then I realise that is not what I am LOOKING FOR, what I need is a giant mouth, a mouth that never stops talking about herself so I can forget about me

and I can think about her. A mouth who can TELL me things about herself so I can forget about myself and how lonely I am. They would tell me what food they like, which are their favourite films, do you have brothers and sisters? Strange, I hear noises downstairs. Sssshuss. There must be SOMEBODY downstairs. I often go under bridges to hear the ECHO of my own steps on the ground and I shout very loud: "I want to talk to you" so this way I can hear the echo telling me "I WANT TO TALK TO YOU". I walk in circles so I can follow my own FOOTPRINTS and feel that I am getting close to someone. Who let the lights on? Sometimes I can feel a breath behind my back. I am so lonely that I swallowed a radio so I can hear a CONSTANT VOICE inside my belly talking to me. Somebody is talking, talk to me, listen to me, talk to me, listen to me... who is that? WHO IS LISTENING TO THIS?

lost

I have been WALKING for a long time and originally I must have had a DIRECTION, or at least an attempt at direction but that is so long ago, probably when I initiated my walk, with my first step. I am walking indeed but DON'T KNOW WHERE TO. I have never been twice in the same place. It just cannot be me. I walk and walk and don't know where to. I have known that some people use planets to guide them on the right direction but that means they know where they want to go, they have a destiny, an end to their walking. I am not one of these. In fact sometimes I wonder if I have already arrived at THE PLACE I was heading. To be HOMESICK would be a luxury, that would mean I know where home is. The whole idea of coming or going to a place is alien to me. My home is walking, ROAMING endlessly, being nowhere, walking in NO PLACES, to be TRANSIENT between sites. That way or that way. Both, either, it is all the same to me. I don't know where North is, it must be a place where something COMES FROM or something GOES TO. North must be a beautiful place, you just have to listen to the word North to realise that it must be a beautiful place, North. N o r t h, and it must be somewhere, somewhere far, where nobody lost could reach. North must be SOMEWHERE ELSE. Unless of course I am North, a MOVING direction trying to find exactly where I am heading. I am LOST and I don't know where I am going but I am going and maybe I am also coming back. I just know I am walking because I have never seen the same thing twice. Something must be calling me or something must be asking me to LEAVE. My eyes have developed nervous tics as if they all the time on the look out for SIGNS, indications of hidden PATHS... as if there was an underlying suspicion that underneath each step there was a forgotten ROUTE ready to be taken. The more directions the more possibilities to get lost. That way... is better. Sometimes I am struck by the thought that I have already reached the place, yes I mean the place. A place that must have a special meaning to me. That all the WANDERING is in vain. I just don't know how to do anything else. One step first, another step later. If I could just send the two legs in two directions, opposite directions I would be even more me because I could be lost in two DIFFERENT places at the same time.

Texts used in the performance Os cachorros by Boca2mouth