

On the go. Words hang from me like dirty old rags, plastered to my body by the grease of filthy hands. I bring, carry, come across, I confuse where I'm going, where I've come from; from here to there like a train. I am searching for an intermediary space, a stale mate, a meeting point, a vanishing point, a cross-roads. I bring, carry, transport, I am a dealer of words engraved into skin. I scratch, claw, tear, wound myself. Living on the platform. Transferring, treating, trafficking. Tragic? No, No, train-texts. The sound of legs and trains running in all directions of the Terminal. I open my hand to count out the money. Eyes stare from the carriage windows; mums, dads, couples, siblings, friends, lovers of travelling, enemies of space. Eyes and mouths are stuck fast to the glass, the train's mystery, its flight. Now I'm here, now there, I turn around, it makes me giddy, my eyes turn back into my head. Tripping. I'm barefoot in the Terminal, freight falls at my feet, I have my hand outstretched, counting my pennies and kilometres, someone passes by and drops me a few coins.

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Wandering. I'm sitting in a slimy hole. I see strange figures moving about, most of them wander by. Some stop in front of the light so I can see their images like X-rays. The racquet of machinery, laughing, shots. I know those laughs well; yes, I know those sounds. They call out to those who don't want to depart, those who hide in the terminal and take refuge there. They search you out, then shoot you. When dawn breaks their bodies will be seen lying by the tracks. They serve as an example. I touch myself. I'm still in one piece. I'm here in my hole. That's not for me. I've found a microphone installed behind my ear. I have no idea why it's there. Neither do I know who on earth can be interested in me, in investigating me. Perhaps it sprouted there like a mushroom, you never know in such darkness. I shout out, someone could be plugged in, someone might be on duty. Here I am laughing and shouting out loud so they can analyse my thoughts. So someone can work out something from my shouts. Shots ring out again. I wish someone would hear these shots so that they'd pray to the Lord to help us, and to damn the culprits.

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There are circles of suspension points surrounding me. I turn around and they follow. I am rotating on an imaginary axis. Planets come with me and I go with them. I don't know why we're moving. There are constellations of mouths trying to bite my tongue, yank it out and spit it into black holes. I rotate around parallel tracks. I've lost all sense of planetary, alphabetical equilibrium. I'm scared that disaster will strike. Hydrangea hurricanes are going to come and spit me into the winds. So, if that happens, yep, you shall grab onto a burning rail track before allowing yourself to fall into the abyss of infinite lines that cross, cut and rotate around each other and lead to nowhere; you shall grab onto a burning rail track while stuck fast to it, smelling your own flesh burn while a train with no heart crosses yours.

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I felt its growl beneath me like a metallic beast. I stared furiously and repeated word for word, shouting out everything I saw. I repeated the words until my lips bled and my tongue lolled in a dozy drool. Focusing on the images I stretched out to follow the circles with my finger tips. I repeated myself to my repeated self, and called out to myself by name. I tried to remain conscious and alert. I tried desperately to know where I was all the time. When I saw unrecognisable things I gave them names I knew, made mends, did repairs, I filled gaps and took note of the changes in the journey and the transformations.

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I happened to stop at this table of soliloquies, this whirlpool where words pour in and I said to myself I should stop and sit down to hear what has to be said. Sometimes I catch what they're saying. They have caps on, and moustaches, and tattoos on their arms of animals which have come from strange worlds to touch down on these muscles and terrify me. They move their heads about as they talk and get another round of drinks. I'm treated like an equal. Every now and then I return to my seat. I don't hear their words and their stories; I just see a puppet show of dolls heads wagging to and fro, and they want me to join in, but my tongue doesn't have this chatting virus. I hear but I don't register, I'm miles away playing games with their words; vertigo goes to my tongue, terror goes to my eyes. I see a world in transit and I'm on stilts going from one side to the other. I hear cocks crowing at all hours. I hear the sound of trains moving silently in my guts.

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I have no control over the speed or changes in direction; sometimes I think I'll get dizzy and throw up. I clutch my stomach and rub it; I think days have passed since I last ate, but that's got nothing to do with the speed. Sometimes I hallucinate. This intimate experience sends shivers down my spine, circulation is intense, and blood takes control of my throat; my veins explode; the lack of food makes me bite into thin air; I have nothing against the air; I'm not mean to what is left over screaming its farewell. Images pass by the window, images duplicated in the perspectives of eyes. The view becomes cloudy, the windows steam up, everything's going too fast. I try hard to recognise the objects, my eyes fight against the speed, grasping the profiles of objects with the sheer intensity of their gaze until my eyes' capillaries explode, splattering blood over the window pane. My iris sticks to things in sight, detaching itself from my retina. Among the sounds of the engines my blind shriek rings out. I grab my stomach to stop my guts escaping through my mouth which bites out in no particular direction. Blind mouths, stubborn eyes, metallic sounds of the unknown setting out new tracks.

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A thought-choo-choo-train of straight lines that cross on different routes and in opposite directions with tunnels, precipices and ends. Point changes. Station guards, accidents from the past and future, skeletal irons, a return from principles and from signals of velocity and from sound. Shadow in movement, profile and wheel, running slowly, stopped in one's tracks. Breathing deeply in the com-motion.

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The train rocks me as if it were a cradle in motion, there's no hand to push it, nor bed-time stories, but I still manage to sleep. A dark eye opens ahead of me, the lights go out. We're in a tunnel. Noise without light, I create images. No, its not a tunnel, its my own eyes that have fallen to the ground from so much staring. The voice of the tunnel is heard; dark, dense and droning. And in its lightness voice other voices are heard. The voice of the mouthless tunnel is heard. All the voices are confused and your voice without voice merges with others; and your words are not your own; the ones that come from your throat belong to others. I open my mouth and feel alien tongues articulating words from inside me.

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Words zoom by. Unintelligible. Shadows of letters running and then stopping suddenly. Empty space. I am but I'm not. Rubbing my temples I look for the sense. I search for the wind's direction so I can follow it with my eyes. I think I want something. No, no. It was a mirage. It was a memory of an impossible word. I was standing up, sitting down, reading a photo-story, I was in a lift, I had a carpenter's pencil in my hand, I like its texture, shape and colour. I take out a piece of paper covered in notes, there's not much space left to write on, a few scribbles would do, straight or curved; a small scratch, but there's not much space left to write on. I could write over the other scrawl and continue until there would be nothing but words upon words. I head towards every direction, I write in every sense, I move my head imprisoned in madness, and when I tire I take refuge in the silence trying to listen to how the words zoom by.

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Inside and outside at once. Thinking of both you and me. Living in different places at the same time. Constructing and destroying a story. Unfinished jobs. An escape that never gets away. Writing many things at the same time. I slowly get used to the new practice. It's slow. Physical writing. Corporal movement. The drawing of letters. Disparate writing. Stopped wherever; enjoy the new sensation. I return to the beginning. The writing merges with other steps which take it to different places. I squeeze the pencil in my hand, I bang the typewriter's key with all my might, my eyes stick fast to the computer's screen.

Translations from texts published in the book Terminal and used in the eponymous

performance