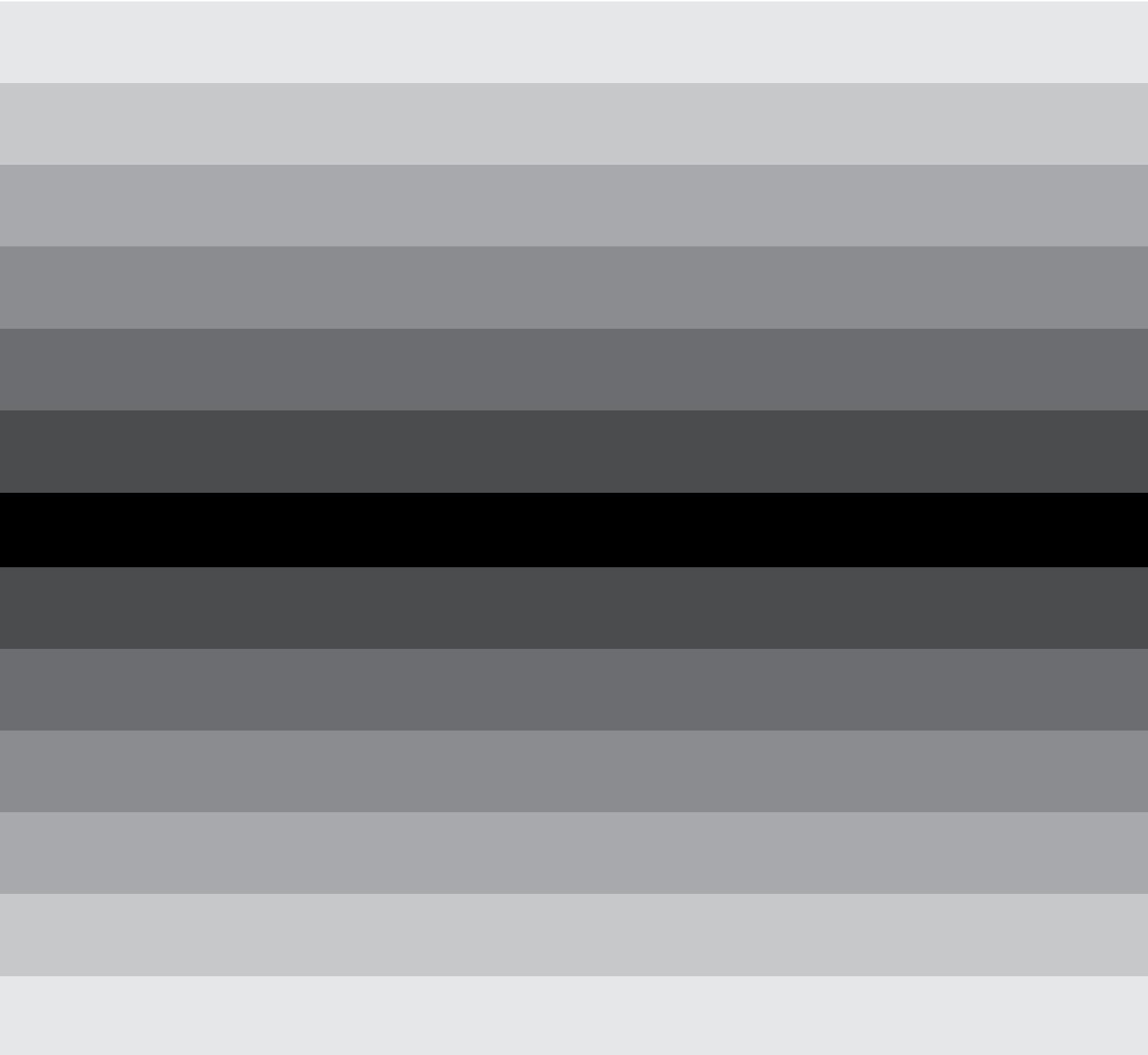


leo
let's call the whole thing off



with their big eyes, round cheeks and matching patterned clothes, their existence scream. facing one another, they share the loot resulted from an errand ran for one of their mothers but, only with each other. under the sign of an intruder: they cancel the trade, try to walk a little fast, try to flee from this no-man's-land, where every little bite of sweetness is to be shared with the most unknown and unwanted one. selfishness is learned at such a young age... for one's satisfaction, it appears to be okay to deny others the least. *The first time I came home was on a sweaty salty day - I still remember how bright the sky seemed to be outside, even though the curtains were completely closed. Throughout the brightening darkness that heated my body, I felt that familiar water spring running down my cheeks and stopping at my neck: I had forgotten, the seas also need a source.* You and me have been surrounded for such long time by you's and me's that it is even hard to say or to understand what does we mean. You shout this or the other, but for me it is only a matter of this and that. Weren't there enough conversations about how it was, what was and who was talking about it? **Benjamin sounded so sure that the most objective eyes were already embed in a sort of subjectivity that even history came clear as being always only about stories.** What a silly play. *The second time I came home it was underneath a purple-pink-orange like sky that merged itself with a kinda Blues that comes from unspoken parts of the earth: there were many words to be said, but none of them came to mouth, besides joy.* either, either, neither, neither. eadher, either, needher, neither. eadher, idher, needher, nydher, heedher, idare, neadear, nightare. Maybe you and I have been from the start on already completely wrong, seeing things through lenses that were given, capturing it, forcing it into a frame. Perhaps time knows better... no, I am not talking about that one invented by minds to draw a better line, but that... that, which has already forgotten its own name only to be an extension so sweet that melts into nothing. This is silly, this is really silly. *The third time I came home, alarms were triggering all over the place, a voice-over was trying to make up my mind: words that aren't mine, that will never be mine... that salty fountain appeared one more time to be active: to let its last drop fall.* **Brother to Brother I must revive in your memory the fact that some people are just like a Beam of strength and darkness that pierces all these folders created inside of brains.** What I mean by 'people are' is more like a statement of uncertainty... they are because they manifest in themselves a combination of things, it is never poghteightto, poghtaghtoe - toemateo, tomhawtow - but more like same difference or better, same differeance. *The last time I came home, I came to stay. Dark was the sky, so deep and dark that the stars might have stopped shining for an instant just to be able to shine again, but in reverse. This time home was more or even as lonely as it has always been... but this time, this time we came all together, we*

Brother to Brother, New Writings by Black Gay Men. Edited by Essex Hemphill, conceived by Joseph Beam. Published by Alyson Publications. 1991.

On the Concept of History. Walter Benjamin. in Walter Benjamin, Selected Writings. Vol. 04, 1938-1940. Translated by Edmund Jepcott, edited by Howard Eiland and Michael W. Jennings. Published by The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press.

The Sound of Poetry: a brief guide. Robert Pinsky. Published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 1998.