

Some impressions stroked me back then in such a fashion that when they splash into mind I strongly pressure the eyes against the head. What comes into sight is an image that came from the world we know but now belongs to somewhere else. Maybe the same nature, but now under another will. It is a second coming.

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As light gave them form, my retina was burned in a very singular manner, and so were my senses:

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These memories exist only in a blue scale, in an austere — and yet so much elegant and fanciful — version of their triggering events. Also, every object that once stood in front of me is now capable of jumping from its place, as if they are ruled by a kind gravity. And not only objects.... Actions too won't linger on the ground. The furor of the matter lusters with intensity.

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I see many sparkling maneuvers. I see their juice flowing out of their bodies, leaving their original veins. I see them dancing, and I say that because what I see moves and moves me with grace and dexterity.

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I hear no sound. But I can imagine what tune is on. Smooth timbres; white noises; loud silences. Luscious rhythms and rhymes. The water runs indiscriminately. Some leaves take flight after a small wind passes by; others are made to ashes after the end of the season. Seeds are cracking.

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The primal feeling of familiarity bounces to become an ebullient and sensual phantasy. The material experiences are reprogramed into an oneiric liquid bluish compound. Any notion of time is dissolved. Anything that has ever seen the sunlight spawns now a new, dynamic and vivacious possibility.

– Germano Dushà