

... Everything is really wet! So clothes never dry.
And it's so cold in the living room...

Today we made the bed with terry towelling sheets. She told me that they dry faster and warm you up immediately. They dry, they tire, they draw all the water out of themselves, from within. They dry when they dry, and they even smell.

The salt, the soup, the snake that watches us^{ss}, sleep, armpit, sargassum, loneliness.

The soup, sleep and fogged windows. I draw the figure of an owl on them and erase it quickly before anyone sees it. I fill in the traces of my drawing with the mist of my onion-smelling breath. Yes, this is what I do this before anyone sees me.

To see visions, viscera, butterflies and volcanoes. Volcanoes deeper than all the fables you have already heard about enchanted *mouras*, the *gatipetro*, the *bandua*, the bogeyman and Maria Gancha.

^{ss}The snake that is not watching now..., sea salt, jumping into the void, the river Sil de Rosalia, broken fogged windows, places for nutters. Locomotives. Engine of meaningless sounds, syllables, silos. Flint... stones. Silent rocks, and equally, filled with rumours:

Tssss!

Whaaa!

foooooo!

bzzz!

Demons, dilemmas, deaf ears, foggy days and a few dioptries for not being able to define very well the contours of thought. Extremely small droplets of water. North Atlantic.

I dropped my glasses in the seawater and would have lost them if a few more seconds had passed. I will recall this salty eyesight a few years later.

I will recall this eyesight a few years later, but I will only recall the grouse's feathers because of the dance of a female friend, who every Mardi Gras uses cowbell spasms to scare the boys who play the village sleaze.

Wi-figures of kittens, bright-eyed in the dark of the forest, stick out their tongues at us with a mocking and ultimately hungry gesture. They frighten us, makes us feel pity and pain; golden, Douro river, gold, reflection, genuflection. Tiled floor in the garage door followed by American oak floor in the living room and bedrooms. Matter, object, structure and imagination. Freedom, licentiousness, labyrinthitis, low-fi audio equipment.

It is raining sideways... but it is neither hot nor cold because that is the way things are here... the shop windows being remodelled, electronic cigarettes on the bar counter.

It has suddenly cooled down,
and the friction of the wind combs my eyelashes.
Everything is included in the set-price meal, even a tub of meringue milk with whipped cream.
What a treat! What a flop!

From the most remote place of a mountainous hole echoes the laughter of a voice that murmurs, with bad breath, between the surface and subsoil of the earth, secrets that have never been revealed with certainty but that slip through time, building circles and constellations of delirious imagination.....
..... this is how it is, "porque que las hay, las hay".