

PILGRIM

“For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.” (1 Cor 13:12)

The underground. Moles work their way through the mysterious darkness of earth. Myriads of aisles, their movement makes the earth shake. We are pushed from darkness, up and over the earth's surface with dazzling light. Landscapes flash by. Trees, houses, lamp posts bend, fly and stumble over each other. Wuthering bridges and heights. The universe moves in spirals of underground and sky. Station after station, stop after stop, and our speed slows down and increases. The mechanical voice over the speakers announce our arrival. Mind the gap, mind the gap. WATCH OUT FOR THE ABYSS. The train of death departs in five minutes. HURRY, HURRY ON BOARD.

Through the mirror of the subway window I watch your naked, closed face. You move through inland waters, walking along beaches I can never reach. The sun is raining over you. Engulfed in that dreamy gaze where consciousness floats freely. Through a seashell I hear the sounds of your secret. Like a distant star, it flashes through the mirror of your eyes. Your sea echoes lost, far away, and so weak. Time has carved its tracks in the lines of your face. The fragile contours of reality rattles like the breath of time.

Drops of rain across windows. First small, concentrated. They congregate, they flow, eventually becoming streams of braids across the window. It streams and streams. The world's tears like a thin surface. I see and do not see. Secret messages drawn in water. Stations and again stations. Doors open and close. We pass through. Through tears connected to each other.

The stations' noise and clatter, the terminal's echoing turmoil. The sounds of rising and sinking sound waves, nervous laughter, restless children, drunk bickering echoes through my body. Everything blends into noise. Letters detach from language, and hover freely over our ferry terminal's sky, made up of metal ventilation pipes and piercing fluorescent lights. The alphabet now soars in different tones, close to a collapse, similar to an uncontrolled orchestra. To be broken down by sound, or only hearing a different song.

Enclosed in the cabin's monotonous darkness covered in wool, covered in blankets. A numb bundle. Socks, mittens, sweaters. Wool underpants. Feathered down. Nothing insulates against the cold. Slowly it chews its way through my body. It wanders from nose, toes and fingers, and finds it way straight to my stomach. Cup after cup of hot coffee without thawing. The ice ripples and thunder against the ship's hull. I rest at the waterline. As an insistent excavator we plow forward. All that is free flowing struggles against solidification, crystallization, captivity. Through force everything is set in motion; flakes are broken, torn, and swirls down into the depths. Sharp ice spikes lie in thick layers, indecisive, will they turn into ice or water when the waves have stopped. Wrapped in my wool cocoon, so breathtakingly close, I'm almost an ice floe.

Dust hut, body. Blood pulsates on my beach. Eternal and bold as the sea itself. Fast breath swells through blood and veins saturated to its bursting limits with oxygen. Pulse in ear. Pulse around mouth and lips. Time is running through. My pores permeability as I fall through time. Fragile membrane. Everything is slowly filled with water. The big clock chimes into a mute roar, slipping through your shadow. Ashes to ashes. Wind you shall become.

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