

Was this hall once a big bubble of air?
They speak to me in a forgotten language.
The Sun lights up all of this, and we enjoy
wearing wet clothes.

They're puffing in their sleep, humming.
We visit unnamed ruins. They tell me about
their exhibition, how they got a good review.
And suddenly I feel hungry. The knee is
swollen from dancing, should I tell more
about it? Language lingers in the mouth,
eyes are falling shut.

I'm looking for something already in my hand.
The orange peel feels like second skin, spongy
and oily. We can access this place only from
below, while from above grow the clouds.
Someone is signing directions, maybe a cross.
We go to see the moon like an event.