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A Recipe (Found Upon Falling Asleep, Remixed)

It was a lone tree burning on the dessert. A heraldic tree that the passing storm had left afire. The solitary pilgrim drawn up before it had traveled far to be here and he knelt in the hot sand and held his numbed hands out while all about in that circle attended companies of lesser auxiliaries routed forth into the inordinate day, small owls that crouched silently and stood from foot to foot and tarantulas and solpugas and vinegarroons and the vicious mygale spiders and bearded lizards with mouths black as a chowdog's, deadly to man, and the little desert basilisks that jet blood from their eyes and the small sandvipers like seemly gods, silent and the same, in Jeda, in Babylon. A constellation of ignited eyes that edged the ring of light all bound in a precarious truce before this torch whose brightness had set back the stars in their sockets.

Tina lives in Berlin. Her voice so seldom on my machine, is here tonight. And I'm on the market and when I'm on the market words move faster. Wire and clouds move thin between us like a skin. Like a salty skin of a seed. A fat circle. A smiling, smiling, her voice so intentionally smiling and a cloud between us. And these are my intentions:

Always the same unchanging upon waking up with someone I still love in my bed. I proceed to the pantry for whatever meager victuals are at hand. The recipe is a variation of one two or three eggs beaten strongly with a sore hand some dijon mustard salt and pepper perhaps a dash of water or cream and a grate or two of parmesan and then some lardons fried on a smidge of butter and into the worn skillet with it all. Some slices of emmenthal and a destitute salad with olive oil and balsamic and basil leaves to cover all. This is what you get and what speaks from the dessert of sleep to nudge you awake.

Our love we share. I may be your everything. Yeah I still care, our love we share, you may be mine. It seems that it may get worse: I thought that I would remain the same. It gets worse again and again.

When the sun rose he was asleep under the smoldering skeleton of a blackened scrog.