

The *Painting*  
OF The *Wind*



ETHAN MOSCOSO

*The*  
*Painting*  
*of*  
*The Wind*

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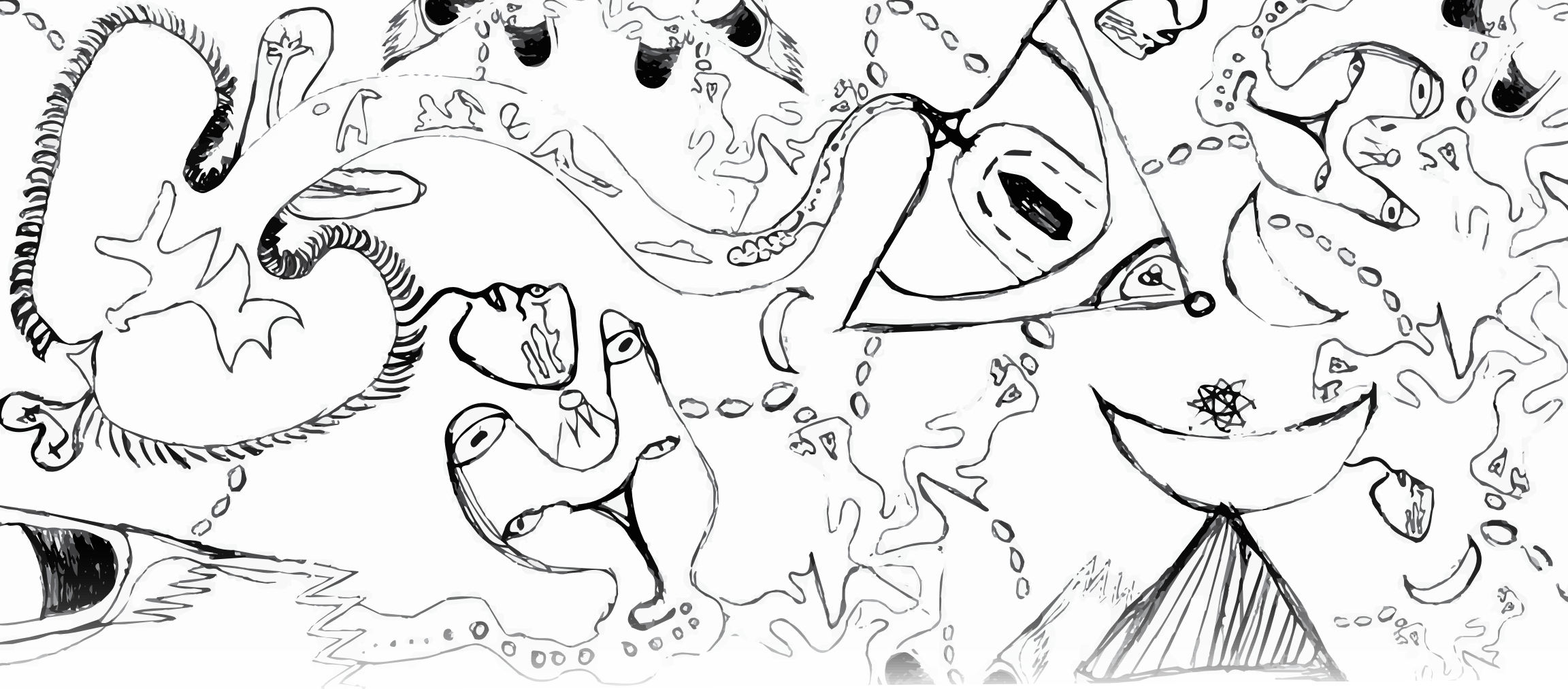
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*El lobo andino reposó en sus lomos sobre la helada lengua glacial colgada de su espalda. El clima estaba bien. El sol había permanecido en el cielo desde el amanecer y esas alturas azules quedaron despejadas, dejando los rayos caer sobre el pelaje del contento animal. En la oreja tendida en la nieve, la criatura oyó abajo un susurro que venía e iba de vez en cuando. A pesar de las condiciones tranquilas, este sonido rompió la homeostasis que había sentido ahí como resultado de ese ambiente pacífico. Decidió levantarse y moverse para callar ese sonido amenazante...tal vez pensó que sería mejor oír un sonido que fuese controlable por su misma mente - es decir, el sonido de su andar y las huellas que hacía en la nieve - en vez de uno que fuera condición de la naturaleza incontrolable. Y así siguió, perdiendo el sonido del ritmo que había creado dentro de su mente a sus entrañas craneales, y de nuevo encontró la homeostasis con su ambiente tranquilo. Y todo esto iba bien hasta que debajo de sus pies el hielo se agrietó y la fuente de ese sonido amenazante*

*mostró su cara. El arroyo que quedaba debajo era de color azul casi igual al color del cielo, pero en el momento que cayó en sus olas no sintió la calma que le había dado el mar infinito de arriba. En unos segundos, se había ahogado, y su cuerpo estaba listo para entregarse a un lago que nunca conocería. Su intuición de amenaza le había servido bien en el momento para conservar su placer y gozo homeostático, pero un espectador no podría olvidar de pensar en lo que habría pasado si es que hubiese perseguido la amenaza. En lo que habría pasado si hubiera perforado el glaciar con sus patas y sus labios hasta llegar, ver y apreciar a donde iría su ser si es que dejara caer su sangre de frustración y dolor y pasión en la nieve y el arroyo que hubiese encontrado y estudiado debajo. Pero ya había dejado esa opción, y en un momento se había muerto no solamente su cuerpo ni la pasión infinita del gozo, pero la oportunidad de encontrarla de nuevo después de navegar ese arroyo avalanchera al lago o mar pacífico que un día se hubiera presentado en el horizonte.*

# ***Part One***

The house stood near the top of one of the many small hills that formed the northern lip of the canyon below. Though quite shallow in this section, the canyon was deep towards the west, and as it moved in this direction its diameter steadily increased until it gave way to a low, fertile valley. To the east it culminated in a small grouping of medium-sized mountains that were just large enough to take on any weather that might approach from the west, leaving the section the house lied in free from frequent bouts of strong weather. From the valley to the east, moisture would sometimes move in towards the canyon and tend to the primeval shrubs and forests which covered its sides and the faint river that moved below.

The result of these processes was the creation of a land that was quite temperate and controlled, though far enough away from any human influence that it could not be easily accessed. The faint track that worked its way from the valley to the canyon had not been used in nearly two years, marking the last time the owner had left the house. The driveway that parted from this road, however, was well kept. Its black tar pavement, though at first glance out of place, seemed to

pay homage to the volcanic past of the land and its peaks. It served as a modern reminder of the strangely organized way the earth tends to exert its forces of disaster: the perfectly flowing driveway snaked towards the top of the house, slashing mercilessly yet elegantly through the verdant hillsides and back around to the summit of that hill to the entrance of the house. From afar, it might have seemed as though the owner lived right under the lip of an extinct volcano whose lava flows remained partially intact.

While this was not the case, the house was still inspired by nature, having been modeled after a cave. As it moved down from the top of the hill it opened up on either side until it stopped about an eighth of the way to the bottom, giving way to the main floor of the house.

This level was quite open and was where the owner spent the majority of her days. Despite the great wealth that was required to build the house, it was relatively empty, and what stood out in it were different clusters where various activities took place. Towards the center stood her office space, which consisted of a series of neatly organized desks, cabinets, and power outlets. The space was divided symmetrically, with the left half consisting of all the materials needed to ensure proper contact and payment to the outside world to maintain her land and house utilities and the right side consisting of a series of novels and extensive notes and journals.

The notes she took on the novels were well organized in different categories that corresponded to different years, literary movements, themes and regions. The point of this project was simply to keep track of what she was analyzing and moving through as her days passed by and to populate the small cluster within the open space so that it felt occupied. About fifteen feet across the marble floor to the right lay the cluster where the kitchen sprung out. Its appliances were chic and modern, and it was cleaned thoroughly after every use so as to give the opposite impression of the last space. To her, eating was just another sensual necessity that she would indulge when necessary and leave out of her daily routine when it was not.

The third and final cluster extended towards the left end of the base level. The area served as her creative space, and it was here where she completed artwork that was of her own making. This was the place that felt most lived, as multiple art pieces could be seen strewn on the floor at any time. Nonetheless, with each work, her process and intention had always remained the same. She would take fossils of ancient sea creatures she had found from the canyon below, copy their shapes on a sheet of paper and ground the petrified remains. The shapes she copied would typically be studied, sketched, and measured so that a discrete understanding of the organisms could be prepared. From here, she would attempt to invert the

natural structures of the animals by intentionally mismatching certain sections of one animal with certain sections of another, or by changing the proportions of parts of an animal in calculated ways that would result in the production of a series of sketches that reflected varying emotions of estrangement. The last step of her creative process was typically to bring these animals to life by taking the ground remains of the fossils and mixing them with clay to sculpt depictions of the animals she could place around the house.

The project was personally fulfilling, as it allowed her the chance to become an architect of her own reality by envisioning a new series of elemental animals whose origin could not be traced to any previous cultural value, but who could still, by virtue of their proportions and the way they appeared to her, express sentiments that had caused her to enjoy this misanthropic existence in the first place. In this new setting, those sentiments thus no longer served to connote the products of factors such as isolation, estrangement and delusion. Instead they were self-affirmative, meaning it was those sentiments themselves and the way they appeared to her through this world, embodied in her art, that she could argue caused her to abandon the world as opposed to vice versa.

These works of art adorned the majority of the house and comprised all the necessary light fixtures, bathroom paintings, and murals that would be hung across the complex. The only area that stood free of them was the vast glass wall that laid at the edge of the basement level and led to the porch outside which overlooked the canyon below. She thought it fitting that the outside area be constructed so as to allow precedence to the natural environment itself, and not her co-opting of it. This was a space where she could enjoy part of the world from afar every now and again. Frequently she would come down at night, open the doors, and smoke cannabis outside where she could relax in the almost always windless conditions and let her mind wander and imagine the animals she had constructed inhabiting the surrounding area in some future time. It was always the perfect scene, as each time she would do this she held within her three important things: the joyful taste for marijuana she had adopted from the society she left, the great expanse of nature before her that she allowed be itself and her mind that salivated at the thought of imagining its own contents taking dominion of the surrounding hills.

In great contrast to the hyper-natural outside area, towards the back of the base level the great marble floor came to an end and was met by a rather steep curving structure that sloped upwards in a wall of concrete towards the top level. In the center of the great curving structure she had erected a staircase whose railings were adorned with the clay animals she had designed and gave the appearance of leading to the apex of a shrine. While the woman was not in the slightest religious and had little use for any metaphysical hopes of self-extension beyond

death, the bedroom that comprised the upper level was the only space in the house that both contained her own creations and images of family members she would sometimes stop to look at. In this sense, the entrance to the bedroom that was her own utopic playground was guarded by those things that had made the life she had abandoned meaningful at one point; while every once in a while a memory might jump out at her that allowed these photos to become nostalgic, for the most part they served as a reminder of the fact that the world she was about to enter was far greater and more sacred than the one she had left.

The bedroom itself was small and had a low ceiling. There were few lights in it, but because she never did work or even read for anything more than pleasure in this space due to the fear of contaminating it with her obsessive thoughts, this was not of grave importance. Instead, each side of the bed contained a series of candles that when lit could warmly illuminate the room and the different works of art she had placed around her. The central focus of the space was to induce good sleep. The walls behind the backboard of the bed were the natural ones of the cave, and made her feel warm and safe at night. The nature here was distinct to the one that her patio overlooked, as in this incarnation it was completely controlled by herself and shaped in relation to the surrounding space. But it still served a crucial role, as by including in her space a derivative of the natural environment she felt more easily able to fall asleep. Commonly when she would finish smoking, the long walk up the stairs would wear her out, and leave her ready to collapse onto the bed, drift off into a restorative state and wake up when she pleased to begin work on her new projects.

Nonetheless, she was not immune to the effects of cannabis overindulgence. Over time the drug had completed the slashing of the dichotomy between the state of alert wakefulness and the state of the elusive dream world. In the case of the latter, her REM sleep had become severely endangered, making her overall sleep less restorative and less sheathed in a world of its own. In the case of the former, the waking world had begun to take on strange and somnolent qualities. The relative equality in fancifulness between the two states was something she considered key to her genius as an artist. She believed that in order to be a great artist, one must be exhausted and beat down to the extent that the dreams that are envisioned by them are not dreams of the maker's volition, but mere fleeting perceptions brought on by sleepy hallucination. Nonetheless, the house that she had created told more the story of a fearful woman who desired order in her own strange way than a fearless beast who was eager to slash down the dichotomies of life and the self. The bedroom was no exception to this rule, and its focal point was always neatly made with an exquisite satin blue comforter covering its apex.

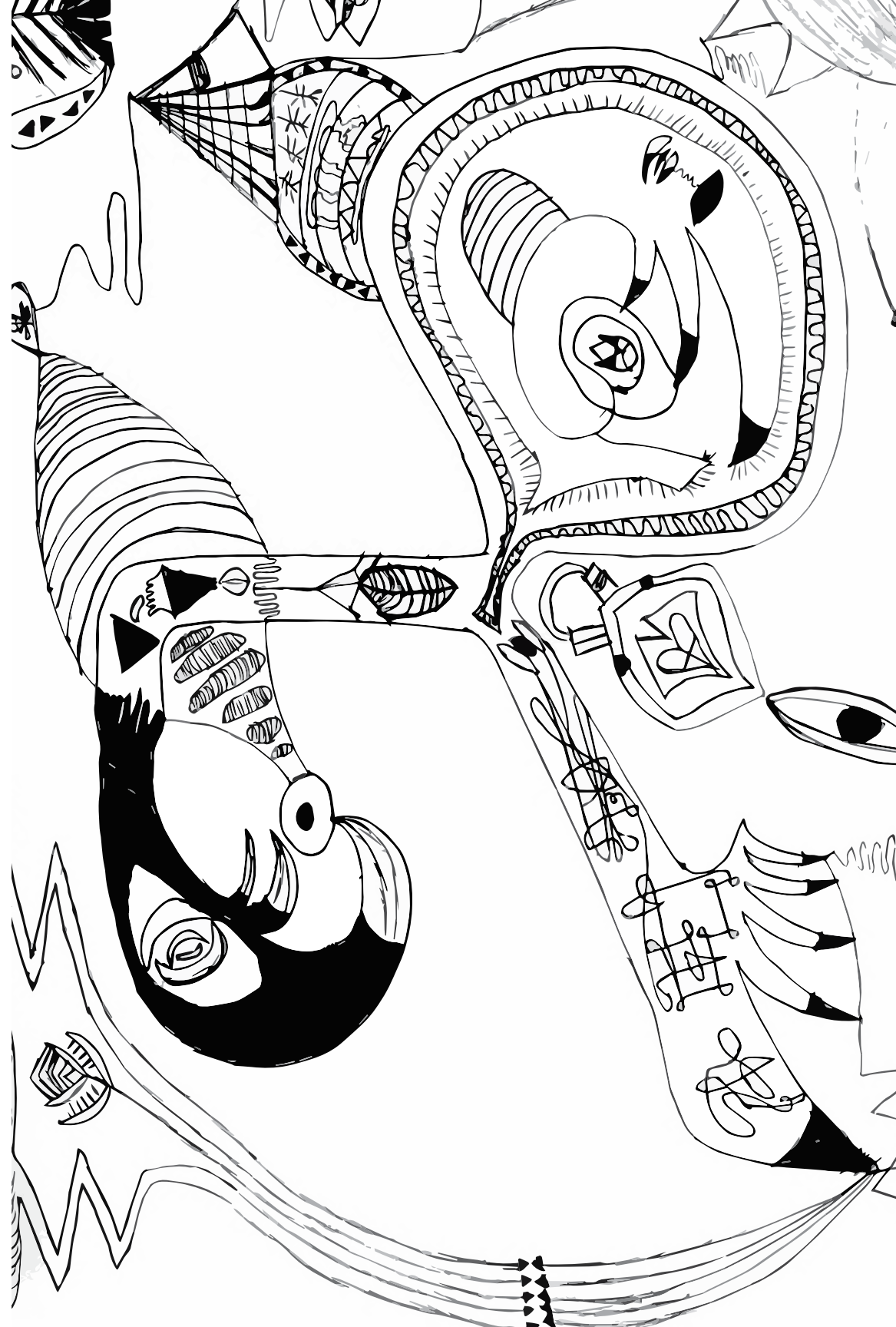
The bed itself was quite small and could accommodate only room for one

person. This made sense, as of all the photographs that she had placed around the entrance to her room, the one that tended to get the least rise out of her was that of her husband. It had only been two years since they parted, making this photo the one indicative of the most recent personal event in her life, but this nonetheless had no influence on her perception of it. The years she had spent loving him had proved to be quite fictitious to her when she confessed to him she did not care if he were to return to live in the city they had left. To him, this was a capital offense, as he had viewed their relationship as the way many do in the grip of society's embrace: as an attempt to extend that eternity-inducing passion of being in love into a truth consecrated in the fabric of time. Once he became aware this was of no importance to her, he left without even caring to ask what it was that she did in fact care about. Her truth was that she had always embraced the notion that one day she would die, and the process of aging with him, whether that be from up close or from afar, might give her someone to empathetically lean on and love the path of as the years reared them a similar fate. She did in fact love both him and his path in life after the forty years they had spent together, but she had given up on indulging these passions after his departure, as they seemed of no use to her. His stubborn belief that her love did not extend to him because she could live without him was actually a testament to his own lack of love her in her opinion, and the way he had imbued a personal telos onto her existence that was the desire to take those initial passions she had made him feel and weave them into the sky. Having been unable to see the importance for her to exist in this space and create a world for herself, he turned the suffering of his perceived aborted mission of theirs outwards by storming off to live in the city and burning all records of the years they had spent together. It was likely that his hope in all this was that after recovering from the great sadness he had forced on himself, he could find another older woman to feast his lust for eternity onto. But if he had in fact ended up successful, the woman who would have taken his hand surely would not have been as intelligent or unique as she had been.

And so the bed for her had primarily converted into a place for sleep. At this age and with love for the man and his path still locked somewhere within her mind, she saw no need to return to the drawing board and attempt to find a new lover. As far as she was concerned, her cunt had a mind of its own, and masturbating from time to time was sufficient to satisfy its mental needs. The soul buried within it sought only to be filled and left, as if to purge itself of the memory of what had entered it. Had she been the sort of soul to care more about her ability to transcend the power of any foreign object, she thus would have been a slave to this lower mind, who when worshipped could successfully steer her towards and over increasingly powerful natural objects: the touch of her own finger, the grace



of a friends' and even a man's penis. But at one point in life she had been convinced there was a different fruit that might result from the exposition of her own vulnerability, the sort that shines brightest and most deliciously in the light of that which promises to kill it by heralding in such a great force of its own that when the two beings of desire meet, they are forced to submit to the overarching fusion they have inadvertently given birth to. And dwarfed by this shared passion, their mentally regressive and laughable sexual organs become beautiful instruments of that other force whose bellowing melody asks each one in its intoxicating flood to ask whether or not they are truly better off alone when a life of travelling similar metaphysical rivers has led each individual to similarly depressive, solitary marshes whose restriction of new water has culminated in the birth of a consecrated self. For the woman it could be said that the love she kept for her husband from afar was something of a weak and old stream that sometimes reinvigorated her marsh, whereas the husband of course had always been too focused on the sublime images of the river that would come about when their two marshes would be unified to begin the process of coming close enough to her own mind and self in the first place to begin to flow towards that Godly vision.



# Part Two

*In a haze I have encountered  
The misty outlines of many figures  
Who before in my clear vision  
I had been sure I knew well*

*But through delirious goggles  
I gaze at their outlines  
As I might so do  
Starting at fish in the sea*

*One looks so far away  
But then it brushes right by me  
And I find whole myself  
In this rapid darting away*

*But then this too seems to collapse  
As my swimming hands before me  
Take on a shadowy outline  
In whose contemplation I lose myself*

*And the world ceases to contain  
For a moment nothing more than symbol  
Nothing more than shadows too vague  
To not force my mind to chase their source*

*But as I contemplate these pictures  
And the pure images which gave  
A truth to what lurked in the shadows  
These too do ultimately fade*

*Into an undulating contour  
Between light and dark  
Where the once aquatic sensation  
No longer diverges from my visions*

*In this great descent  
From the panorama of the mountains  
Where my view was so assured  
It could have charted the topography*

*To this lowest of oceanic caves  
Who hides even imagination's clarity  
I have buried this burdensome self  
And its need to find accuracy*

*Until the day when my body  
Fossilized by my compatriot the sand  
Is pushed up to a new range  
In the song of the molten land*

One evening, as the woman stood in her house finishing up a painting of a new creature, she began to feel something frigid move swiftly down her spine. Her initial reaction to the response was that a chill had traveled through her body. At this age, it was not uncommon for a nerve to mistakenly assign a sensation to an event that was a figment of her imagination. But a few moments later, the same chill shivered downwards and she began to investigate what the external factor influencing this event might be.

The door to her patio showed itself to be open, which surprised the outwardly cautious woman. She was confident she had closed the window the night before after smoking, but thought perhaps she had neglected to do so due to the intensity of the high she had experienced. Recently it seemed her tolerance to marijuana had been subsiding with her age, a fact that she enjoyed, as the drug allowed her to blur the physical outlines of the space she inhabited. Sometimes she would imagine the creatures moving ever so slightly within their neatly placed glass outfits, making it feel as though day by day they were becoming conscious parts of the universe. Like God staring at the fall of lighting on the beaches of Earth that would give way to the first development of life, she felt during these moments she was witnessing the beginning of a new era whose definition couldn't even be mustered by the sounds of its inhabitants, but instead could be crafted only by her own ability to watch them squirm and then abruptly pause this movement so that she could categorize their novel, pacific and primitive vibrations.

But in this moment she had little patience for such perceptual indul-

gences. The open door had already let in a rare light breeze and cooled down the house to a level that exposed its comfort as fragile and more ephemeral than her body liked. Though she hadn't mistaken the chill earlier, her old bones now ached in the cold, prompting her to close the door, make a pot of tea and lie on the couch in her office space. It seemed that even if her brain were more agile than she imagined, her body still faced a fortune she could not pretend to ignore. She pulled a warm blanket over herself and within a few minutes, comforted by the shawl in that cool weather, fell into a two hour nap.

When she opened her eyes, she was startled to hear what sounded to be the tea kettle still hissing on the stove. The lengthy nap had done enough to distort her peace of mind, and the fall of night did not ease her coming back to reality until she had to submit herself to it because of that horrendous sound. It turned out, however, to be the wind once again. The door was blown open just enough that its whirring entrance into the house was what had created the shrill frequency that entered her ears. This confirmed her earlier suspicions that despite her increasingly irregular highs, she was not to blame for this natural phenomenon befalling the house.

At this moment she most of all longed to see the wind. Having already heard and felt it, and had her day begin to revolve around it, it seemed only just she be able to stare it in the face. But for this task she was only left to her imagination, as this great herald of power, like so many others, was eternally faceless. This fact compelled her to quit ignoring the wind and move outside with her coat and blanket to in the least stare at its effects. The quite rare rustle of branches and leaves in the trees that inhabited the canyon was elegant and raised the hairs on her body in unison with the rhythmic sway of the trees. Though she was shielded from it under her blankets, it still seemed to stare at her beneath her skin and bring her to its alter with all the objects around it swaying in the ceremony just as her hairs did involuntarily.

To her the wind was interesting to sense in this way. As a child she had only experienced its force when a thunderstorm coursed through, and as such its own grandiosity had always existed subordinately to that of the rain whose soaking weight could never be ignored in the moment. Even as she knew wind to be the more dangerous force in most all storms, it was not until this moment that she was truly able to match her knowledge to her experience of the wind. It was quite an extraordinary sensation to her, but not because she understood her knowledge and experience to be matching. In fact it almost seemed the two were no longer matching, as once she recognized the wind to be the most relevant force around her it took on the quality of an intimate persecutor. While logic would

have lent itself to the idea that the wind would have purged her of her own confidence as it metastasized from a once-perceived as background sensation to a primary threat, she quite embraced its persecution of her, and as the only being around her who could understand she herself was perceiving it perceiving her, she felt wanted and desired for the first time since she and her husband had lost their romantic spark years ago. This lust no doubt was added to by the woman's own understanding of herself as ancient and in a state of decay. While death stared her around the corner, she was, at least in the eyes of the brutal wind, a force worth mining to the death, and as such invigorated with the perception of the knowledge that she was worth something palpable and carnal within life itself for that moment.

But this most beautiful of human states of contemplation proved to be short lived and rather insignificant. The tall, thin plants that sparsely dotted the sides of the canyon were the first to succumb to the force of the wind, and while they hadn't necessarily enjoyed the ability to contemplate their deathly suitor, the state they soon entered was a far cry from the rhythmic chant they had recently been purged from by its own conductor. The woman was not haunted by this event, and if the plants cried she did not hear them, but as they whirled up towards her she decided this was a sign that she ought to counter the pesky invaders from below with her own preferred variety of the plant kingdom. As she moved off the patio and back upstairs to retrieve her marijuana, for the first time in this state of ephemeral ecstasy she neglected to close the door behind her, and in the lapse of time before she reemerged to the balcony, a few of the decapitated plants blew into her house and settled swiftly in the corner by the fossils she was working on.

By the time she had gotten around to taking the first few hits of the drug only a few of the trees in the distance had fallen in the canyon below. As she held the bowl to her mouth she took a deep breath in, allowing the air of the wind to channel through the bud and bring the smoke into her lungs. Perhaps it was allowing that air hell-bent on deforestation into her lungs that compelled her to finish five whole bowls that night...or perhaps it was her own way of shouting from the shadow of a redwood after hearing someone else yell timber, but within a few minutes she was higher than she had ever been.

Realizing the implications of her actions, she took what little time she had left with a clear mind and sought cover from the wind inside her house while making sure to close the door behind her. Once inside she fell promptly to her knees and coughed out the air she had choked on. Unfortunately the rest had been swallowed, a fact that would quickly become noticed by the immense pressure of air bubbling within her. As she moved over towards her current project and sat down by it, her eyes met the decapitated stems of the plants that had entered the house

earlier. She picked them up with her right hand and marveled at how similarly nude they were to the marijuana stems she had in her left. Though the plants were quite different, she placed them next to each other and realized they shared a similar story from the vantage point of both their beginnings and their ends. By unifying the two and distorting them like the fossils, she believed she could make an image that was representative of her own interpretation of what life they might share and how their similar origin and destiny could justify intimately grouping them together.

But this project would have to wait, as she realized her eyes were beginning to succumb to the vision drug because her own thumb began to turn green in her field as it neatly secured the stems lying on her palm. While this seemed to be a clear positive psychological omen to her ability to grow this project in the garden of her mind, her insightful perceptual alterations erected a fence between her and the fulfilling of her own utopic vision. Accordingly, she moved on from her lightning-flash idea as a hiker does from one of many alters she seeks to visit on her path, like a maniac gone amnesiac. And thus it was that her excitement for the idea soon subsided and with the sensations of the marble floor sending many new impulses to her brain, she braced herself for the next eruption of an idea to become possessed by and bow to.

But this consensual religious view towards the drug could only be maintained by a rational sober mind, for the act of bowing was much less graceful and chosen in her current state that saw her prostrating on the marble floor and shivering as she made her way towards the steps in front of her. While she had not yet realized it and would surely not do so until it was too late, the wind had once more cracked the door open ever so slightly to the house. It should have been known that this wind was stubborn and would require the barrackading of a door to be kept out, but the pristine conditions of the house which included of course the expansive patio outside and her faculty of memory in which no storm had mounted a threat against this sanctity before led her to complete the bare minimum in protecting herself from its force. And so she became the meat with its warm and blood-filled center sandwiched by the cold in two disparate self-revealings: the whistling zephyr above her and the cool and constant marble floor below her. Receiving the same dominant sensation from either side which threatened the warmth of her body, she picked up her pace as she became the *cantus firmus* in this tritone of temperatures.

As she was here, she was in the days in which sex with her husband had cooled to the fulfilling of his penile lust on her bottom and over her head the lust of God for another couple sewn towards eternity to be welcomed into the kingdom of heaven. And in both these moments she would close her eyes and dissociate from

the mental images of each tone that sought to blow her off course were they to drown her out and instead imagine the sensations, whether chilling in this case, or orgasmic in the other to be organic products of herself, leaving in both cases her wrestling with these different forces from the will of a husband to the exertions of the floor as a peace of art in which her effortless struggle was the visual melody that all would-be spectators would find it impossible to not empathize with and sway to.

But like all great works of art, the symphony would have to come to an end with the disappearance of one of these forces locked in tandem. As she finally placed her hand onto the first stair above her, the endlessness expressed in her crawl departed from her maneuverings as quickly as it had come and she found herself in the cradle of an asymphonic and arduous rise towards the heavens of her own creation. With just her body and the silent wind moving over her left from the tritone, her rise became more irregular and dire. And the sad truth of persecution thus reverberated over her in this moment, for when two equally egotistical forces attempt to upend a being it cannot be seen as personal, but when one does it is undeniably so. Within her mind a doom began to exert itself for her now numb back sent the message to her frontside that the organism's homeostasis was in a process of being compromised, giving rise to the sensation of a splintering within her as each cell towards the front side screamed to make itself known and fight for its own life. It is amazing how quickly the siege of a capital can give way to anarchy in the distant countryside, but even of course in the case of decay of the nation, the elevation of the memory of subordination in the minds of the dominated subjects can find its last legacy in an attempt to assert its individuating desires across the kingdom.

And so it was in the midst of all this great physical pain that the sight of a picture of her husband as she crested at last into her bedroom began to affect her in a way that she had been able to avoid for years. A part of her that longed for his touch and the very eternity that he had allowed him to become enthralled by was awoken within her, and she began to regret the decision her unified self had taken to abandon him. The desire would have been impossible to ignore, were it not for the other memories built upon desires she had repressed forcing this one out and attempting to fight for their own autonomy within her. She was now whirling through memory so quickly that the pictures and varied emotions they carried could only leave her feeling overwhelmed in this peak of her high. It would not be until she allowed herself to fully fall into one of these images that she could allow herself to find calm in full contemplation of what stood before her.

The various images before her made it impossible to discern whether or not they were memories or simply instantaneous creations of her mind. She had thus

found herself in a place in which memory no longer was different from dream or desire or any sort of mental projection into the future or present. Each time she would see a face from her past come into view the emotion it would awake within her would represent itself in a series of images who looked back unto her as if to say that somewhere within her mind they had always stood, attached to specific depictions so primordial she would never be able to run away from them. In the face of all new creations and relationships, explorations and repopulations of places, these would always stand within her, fighting for her attention from time to time without the knowledge that they themselves were not victims of time. And thus it was that she had finally found those internal Gods who she knew could only be awakened by the destruction of her own autonomous self.

Those Gods who secretly presided over all her creations and gave shape to her waking life through the simple term "fear." Those same Gods who throughout all the dreams of her life had been heralded as demons and monsters who had written the plotlines to her nightmares. Those same Gods, who when pushed away to the back of her mind had only gotten stronger and more adamant about their need to reacquire her one day with the importance of their message. And those too, who when finally for a moment transcended by a dreamy image of utopia or desire fulfilled, left her feeling relieved and eternal herself.

Now living in anarchy amongst themselves, these images were in need of something to order them...they too were in need of a deity who could allow them to feel validated and eternal in the scenes in which they presented themselves. As the woman peered out at these, just barely conscious of anything more than her experience of them, she began to realize within her was the power to bring some of them forward. Quickly before her appeared the image of her husband's eyes as he contemplated her iciness and lack of concern for what she was leaving behind. His glare, though something she had not allowed herself to realize in the moment, had frightened her, for it carried genuine concern that the woman was ill and unable to feel things as a normal human would. His stare had indicated what so many others had suggested to her: that something about her was alien and untamable and that this something should be cast off as sick, for if it were not, the love that flowed within these very souls could be nothing more than a weakness or illness that the isolated woman would have overcome by her own nature.

Unsurprisingly, the vision of his eyes gave way to a vision of the canyon house, for it was this very end of life project of hers that was an elaborate attempt to prove those who had called her ill wrong and demonstrate their folly to be in the need to show and receive emotion from others to the point of requiring a degree of metaphysical life intertwining. But now of course, as she saw the eyes of her husband penetrate through this world of her dreams, the dream was compro-

mised by the reality that the only reason it came to be in the first place was this fear that she had been deeply wrong about the illness basking within her. Yet by this same token what she had taken to be her own reality had been compromised by this great dream of hers, a fact that would become more clear as the fear that had propelled her to the canyon was purified by the beauty she deeply felt and appreciated in the aesthetic environment surrounding her.

The great location of her present experience quickly eroded the barriers between the greatest of fears of yesteryear that had pushed her to it and the utopic dreamland that she had envisioned only becoming possible in her tomorrow. As she took in the mental image of the canyon she was released into a state of bliss. She couldn't help but marvel at the beauty of the green hillsides and imagined herself rising above them and unifying in the gust of wind that rustled through them. She travelled towards the place where this wind would knock down the trees only after continuous forceful thrusts as if to honor the many years that they had grown before elegantly relieving them of their individual lives. She travelled towards the bank of the river, where the wind gave a forceful kiss to the water and pushed it out of the trough and into the graveyard of trees and plants as if to say that as it destroyed the settlement and left the trees of yesterday dead, it would spread that aquatic life force over the decaying land for the seeds it blew in from across the canyon to chart their own life in the ruins. She followed the wind up to the pavement that she had laid down to make her road and began to feel its nostalgia as it remembered the sweet days it had spent with the volcanos that had once populated this land. In these times the wind had been accompanied by another force as great as it who checked its destructive powers and presented it a partner in whom it could connect and empathize with. She felt the wind realize that as it reigned down chaos to allow for beauty to reemerge one day from the rubble in an even grander way than before, that it was haunted by the notion that today the only threat to its reign was the human, whose mind and power left its traces in sculptures made of its own design, but divorced from its body.

Kissing the pavement was not enough for the wind, and as the woman had earlier wished to see this gust who she felt looked out towards her, the wind had longed to see her too, and began to pursue the one who had put down that asphalt from which its great force could only dislodge a singular pebble. And now she saw the wind move towards the house, relentlessly pursuing the door that she kept closing to protect herself from the outside world. To protect herself from the alienation that she felt was all to real in externally and to allow herself to focus on creating those objects that would help her to live freely in this space. But the wind was adamant. She could sense that it appreciated her beauty and wanted to touch it. She could sense that it was interested in interacting with the products of her

creation as beings themselves, and not simple embodied representations of years of alienated emotions.

And so she saw the wind finally enter the house and knock down the hanging works of art, liberating the fossils from the cages she had put them in to demonstrate that to reverse the alienation that had brought them into being, a force other than their creator had to appreciate them. And as the wind ascended the stairs and made its way towards her body that she knew lay there on top of the bed, fear crept its way back into her mind in the way that had previously caused her to dissociate. Yet in this instance no dissociation would be necessary, for the image stood right before her in the bedroom itself. It would not be that of a grandiose death scene whose fear needed to be purged in order for her to appreciate the aesthetics of the situation. This acceptance had already been forged in the mind of the woman as she appreciated the beauty in the way the wind had ravaged the hillsides and mixed the colors on life's canvas. But instead it was the image of her creations squirming about and moving towards her. Their awkward propulsions seemed to express the very alienation she had programmed them to embody, but animated by the wind they seemed to not be conscious of this fact in the slightest. Like a teardrop that settled into a pool of water and forgot where it came from and simply proudly existed in its seemingly untamable pacificity, these creatures were pleased to roam about the Earth. Having received encouragement from the blow of the wind, they began to crawl onto the bed and inch towards her with sweet gazes that expressed their longing to be comforted by the life com-patriot who had brought them into the world.

But the fear of the need to accept these creatures into her arms lovingly was but the first obstacle of the frightful storm that would result in the encounter between herself and the wind. How could she look in the eye of someone who had dared to understand her most foreign creations? How could she face someone who had gazed into the alienated parts of herself that had allowed her to feel unique and Godlike within her own world and who selfishly erased these emotions with a simple understanding touch? Such a facing would be a form of suicide, for it would represent a necessary death of the spirit of defiance within her. The utopic land it promised was a land in which she could not hide from her intimate partner.

But was this not the land she had desired all along? She had told herself for years that she held full love from afar for her husband, but if this lover had been unable to see into her need to leave a world that made her feel foreign and only increased such feelings within it, could he really be loved by her? Was he not but a point of intersection on arc that she had been travelling all along? An arc that had pushed her further and further into herself so that one day she might have

the opportunity to emerge from it when a soul who could truly understand and would fight to do so presented itself? Was this most icy of movements of hers out to the isolated canyon not simply a form of esconding the hope that a force as ebullient as the wind might come to drink at the streams which melted from the bottom of this glacier of hers and send the parts of herself that she had been able to excommunicate under the light of the sun hurling into the green pastures to fertilize the hillsides that preserved the song of the life in the dampening ground? And had this great act of concealing not been brought on in equal parts by a world which sought not to understand her and herself too, who sensed that in the presence of one who could understand her, nothing of a unique self was any longer guaranteed to exist and there would be no place to hide with her fears comprehended and exposed? And had this concealing not made her immune to the beauty in life's flow, waiting forever for this ultimate lover who could liberate her and return her to appreciate the bellowing song of the world and all its creations who flowed in it as she did?

And had this immunity not in turn esconded and sublimated this ultimate affirming life passion in her critical analyses and plots of differentiation, allowing it to take on a growing and more dangerous quality whose ultimate return from below could emit nothing but a sheer joy that would condemn her to death?

All along she had tempted nature when the world had rejected her. She had cut into the wells of life to make her creations. She had forced the land into a mold that mirrored the reality that had carved herself. And all of this was her form of spreading her crumbs onto the forest floor to allow a version of herself from another time or place to find these from far off. But this strategy could not be accepted as anything other than fatal. For she had allowed the tragic melody of her existence to spin on too long before encountering a movement or a dance or a squirming in her images she could affirm, and so by the time she found a matching force it was something too great in its own nature for her. She had strayed too far from the coming and going engineered within folk songs that never lose sight of their hope and the beauty in objects around them as they reverberated healthily through extremities.

But as she realized this, it became clear that with this force that she had been unknowingly matching herself for over the years now in sight, she could reinvigorate those lower appreciations of hers. The lover that sought her out would kill her, of this she was sure. But before it did, she could appreciate its strength of understanding by picking up the crawling creatures she had engineered and cradling them in her arms as if to offer them out to the force before her who could understand them and why they had come into existence. And in this great moment she found the world begin to sparkle in her own tragedy and allowed

the wind to animate her as it had the parts of herself which she had previously considered impenetrable. In this great swing of life, she once more found herself as part of the melody, and as the wind finally hit she found herself dancing in her Godly hall in the song of life with everything before she held so close finally liberated from herself.

*“Escogió mi corazón este amor apasionado  
Escogió mi corazón este amor apasionado  
Y las leyes del amor me obligaron a olvidar  
Y las leyes del amor me obligaron a olvidar  
Libre queda tu camino otro amor tu encontrarás  
Libre queda tu camino otro amor tu encontrarás  
Otro amor quien te comprenda y que te ame de verdad  
Escogió mi corazón este amor equivocado  
Escogió mi corazón este amor equivocado”*



The night air was silent in the high mountains. If there were Gods up in this world, they would have been sleeping. The moon was in its new phase and the only light above came from distant stars whose slow burn was more concerned with illuminating other parts of the universe than the solitary peaks. In the years since the volcanoes had gone extinct, these high altitudes had become accustomed to complete quiet at night. While birds populated the trees that stood in this area, few other animals lived in these heights, and it wouldn't be for a few hours until the sun rose and they would begin their welcome song for it. But the quiet that seemed to be as much a theme of the night as darkness was for this land was soon disrupted by their premature song. The fluting melody they gave rise to slashed through the years of silence that had characterized the night, leaving the darkness once more alone in its commitment to the night.

Their prophetic song was a testament to life's self-authoring that always suggests the most powerful crashes be preceded by a beautiful countering welcome. When the medium-sized earthquake produced by a movement between the plates that had given rise to those volcanoes before finally broke out, these two songs

were unified with the loud roar of the land below allowing the alpine birdsong to rise into its high spirits of distinguishment from the land as the birds fluttered out of their destroyed home and into the sky. In all this commotion and with the divergence of the birds from the ground and the divergence of the ground from its high base, a zone of relative quiet in the space where the birds and the land had once slept together emerged out of the everything. As clouds rolled into this space, for the first time obfuscating the ground from the view of the birds, a low whisper began to populate the vacant zone. This was the whisper of the wind, that since the creation of the volcanic range years before had never been able to cross from east to west in this section. Though some stray birds confusingly continued to call towards the boulders that dislodged far below the clouds, most had already accepted the life of before was nothing more than the hazy dream it appeared to be, and moved on, allowing the wind to take on the full contour of the song.

It began to pick up as it hugged the rocks that had just been overturned, and found itself propelled forward into the large canyon that extended for miles to the west. As it buffered against the rocks, it initially beat out with an irregular and harsh rhythm, but gradually gained enough force of its own beyond this point to smooth out into a comfortable arc that charged across the canyon at night. It travelled for many hours through the lush hillsides, now hugging the river and sending parts of itself off into the sides of the canyon to play with its vegetative inhabitants, both young and old. The parts of it that moved out towards the north and south to explore never lost sight of the fundamental rhythm of the current into and out of which they would move. The melancholic nature of the force existed in the fact that though it would move outwards to know the lands through which it traveled, it would always have to push on forward and reunite with the westward current. So with the coming and going of the rustle of the wind in the far out sides of the canyon in the form of the falling trees, the adornments to the rhythm made its lurch forward both hopeful and melancholic, never allowing either of these emotions to take full predominance over the flow, but existing inseparably in its beautiful folk song. And though like these human creations it would start and end, reiterating itself in new gusts that would live and die just as new songs would start and end in an infinite cycle, the wind was a song greater than any such human song could ever be. Its strength needed no language other than its dance to express itself and its aspirations never took it to a place where it might extinguish itself by travelling too far into the sky or low into the ground. Its steady lurch forward sought only to destroy and create and continue without any creation or destruction cementing its identity in the way a human's might, for its identity forever existed in its celebratory current.

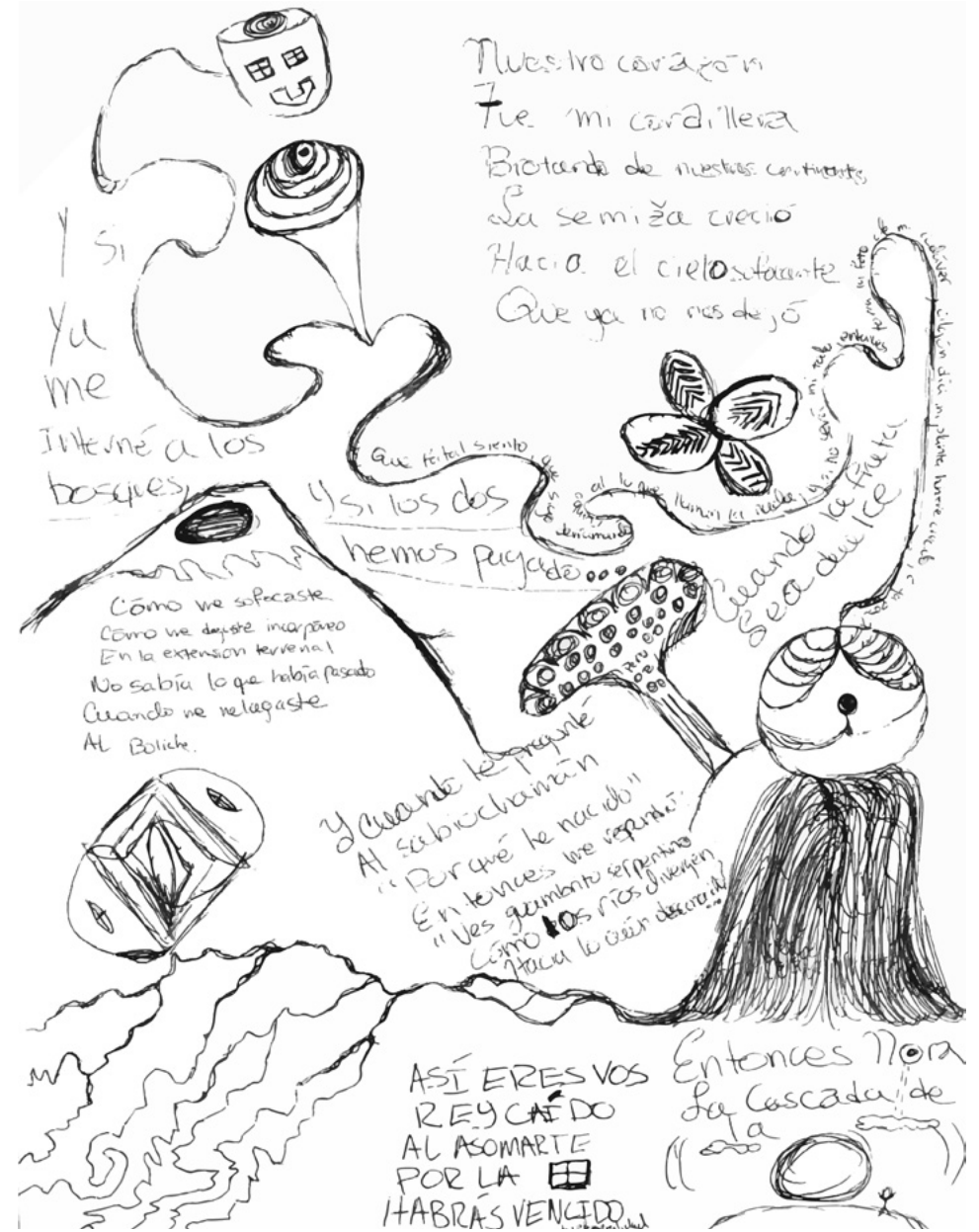
Its destructive creations therefore took on a quality of lacking uniqueness, for

nothing in its way would be able to exist with such a strong force as to tempt it into a situation that could erase it of its hurl forward. Therefore, its wanting and desire to know the forces surrounding it always existed under the context of play, for these interactions would be but moments of tension in an otherwise continuous song. However it was exactly this fact that allowed the wind to appreciate the forces it consumed and played with for what they were. Its vicious hurdle into things did not come from a desire to consume to add to its own identity, for its ever same melody would hurdle on past these lands owing to its infinite motion, leaving what it destroyed and created behind in solace. Its playful nature could then be nothing other than a force that took seriously what it saw in its victims and exposed them for both who they thought themselves to be and what broiled within them in their interior chambers. And its playful song was therefore a song of pure love, for life and all its contortions and the strange forms that it spurns in its predictable unpredictability. Its great force and the pleasure it took in exerting it were nothing other than a commitment to this love that saw equally into all that it passed by and in the process allowed these constituents to sing within its song and be left beautifully exposed in the image of its powerful deconstruction of them.

When the wind finally entered the house, prying relentlessly at the door and then charging up the stairs, it came with the least care but the greatest emotion as it reached the bedroom. As it made love to the woman, it rocked her high head back and forth, bashing it into the cave wall that had comforted her for years for its representation of an unbridled peace of nature within her home. The cave's propensity to help her sleep had now converted into an ability, with the help of the wind, to allow her to rest dreamlessly forever.

The wind quickly moved on, but having had to travel so far to make it to the innermost nook of her house, the playful section it had sent out found itself momentarily trapped. As its current continued to move forward, the peaceful breeze that was left in the cave gently rocked her back and forth, using her hair to paint the blood that had spilled out of her into the rock walls of the canyon. The temple she had created had finally culminated in a work of art that would outlive her soon to rot body. As the wind blew out the cave, the painting dried and would finish this process before the next wind from the east could sweep back in. Gradually, the great wind descended throughout the rest of the canyon over the next day before marching into the sea, where it once more found the call of birds, this time seagulls, waiting for it to announce its dissipation into the ocean. The squawking call of these birds was now louder than the hushing chorus that had seen into so many great beings of the Earth and exposed them with its smoothing forward consistency, but so long as it remained

in this direction, its power and penchant for bringing about truth to its surroundings was appreciated. And the seagulls, hearing this wind that made its last mark by chopping up the waves off the coast celebrated this quiet song as they amassed a posse to plunge into the ocean and catch whatever fish might be trying to escape the currents that had been created with the whisper. And so this chorus, though now inaudible to most due to the squawking that filled the air, continued on in spirit.



Nuestro corazón

Fue mi cardillera

Brotando de nuestros sentimientos

La semilla creció

Hacia el cielo

Que ya no nos dejó

Y si  
me

Interné a los  
bosques

Y si los dos

hemos pagado

Como ve sofocaste  
Como ve después incorporo  
En la extensión terrenal  
No sabía lo que había pasado  
Cuando me relajaste  
Al Boliche

Y cuando le pregunté  
Al sabio chaimán  
"Por qué le nacido"  
En tantas brechas  
"Ves gemidos serpentes"  
Como los ríos que se van  
Hacia la gran cascada

ASÍ ERES VOS  
REY CAÍDO  
AL ASOMARTE  
POR LA  
HABRÁS VENIDO

Entonces Nora  
la cascada de

la

*We're all just waiting to die  
 With love locked in our hearts  
 Whether from up close or afar  
 The song of life hides*

*In all the movements we make  
 Towards lovers near and far  
 There is a desire for repulsion  
 To find yet truer understanding*

*But in all individuating paths  
 There hides a repressing force  
 Who turns the pastures of life vicious  
 In the eyes but not the hands*

*And the struggle to define  
 All contours in the sand  
 And knock tunnels into the land's pass  
 Exerts itself through depressed visioanrism*

*Who has forgotten the song in the play  
 Of the children of their yesterday*

*And the way they took great forces  
 To celebrate their unavoidable decay*

*Into the song of life  
 Who has lurked with a force  
 So great it never had to abandon  
 The contours of dialectic folk*

*In esconding from these heights  
 Alienation can be confirmed  
 But at the price of losing the beauty  
 In the silent vision of the nonvisionary*

*And the simple delights of life  
 Who allow all true lovers to fall  
 Into comfort with compatriot suitors  
 Is necessarily repressed*

*For the overwhelming love of God  
 That is anticipated at the end  
 Of a life that has yearned to reach  
 His heights through the mind*





