

Parataxis 2.0

Let's speak ... Time for changes ... After two hours stuck at the checkpoint ... Whose language? ... Life is nice, why are you angry with me? ... So many bodies, so few gods ... Smile please ... I like poetry ... You are an idiot ... Dance is action, poetry is action ... They fall down, my words, and I don't know why they become objects, shouldn't they become affections? ... I don't want to die today ... Is he fasting? ... I can't speak ... It will be so nice, when the time arrive, the time for a revolution ... Let's invite all the other gods and organize a big party ... We, the artists ... I brought my city to your city ... Here is my debris, here is my future ... How old is this city? ... How old are you? ... A book cannot talk, a book has no body, she is a liar ... I and the language, I and the culture, I and the arts ... In the prison they were not allowed ... What are you looking at? ... Beat him ... They don't have a body ... Such a big man scared of a cat ... Songs without body ... Music without body ... Love without body ... They didn't want to loose their language ... Speaking tongues ... Babbling ... Translating ... I can't hear you, I cannot hear your voice ... Mar-haba... Are you laughing at me? ... Palestine doesn't exist, Israel doesn't exist ... Can you Arabic? ... Picasso was a great lover ... That's all about ... Shout! ... Shout and translate ... Translate and shout ... This is about reality ... They are watching... We are walking ... Who are we? ... In the middle of the dessert there was a barbed wire and she took pictures of it ... We are many ... Then write, write whatever you want, write until you are exhausted, write and read, read and write ... The children are singing an old song ... Made in Taiwan ... May I say something? ... Babahihi aaaaauai prrrrrrrrr och shshshsh eeeela hahahaha rrrri rrrri uh! ... A few people died today in Gaza, more people died yesterday in México, many more died last month in Somalia ... They are demonstrating ... What about our rights? ... I'm just writing ... Once upon a time, there was a line ... I know you ... I don't understand you ... I love you ... I miss you ... God has no face ... I like your eyes ... That's a silly story ... Is this my city? ... It is an old city ... It is an old story ... It is the same story ... It is the same city ... This is my city ... Who are you? ... So many gods ... May I say something? ... No, no, no, no, no, no, no ... The weather is so nice now ... Once upon a time, there was a resolution ... Show me your passport ... Palestine is a word ... Palestine tine tine tine tine tine tine ... Let's go for a walk ... Wrap me, beat me, kiss me, press me, tie me,

listen to me ... How can they dance if they have no body? ... Our cultures are different, you know ... I'm just looking for some true spirituality ... Babahihi aaaaauai prrrrrrrrr och shshshsh eeeela hahahaha rrrri rrrri uh! ... They decided to close the checkpoint today ... She is so nice... I don't want to smile... Speak now or forever hold your piece... This is about language... On language ... Off language ... Where are the artists? Where is the people? ... Inside the books The stories are not written ... Are you a tourist? ... We found a nice spot in the dessert, do you want to come with us? ... I'm dead... Where do they hide their bodies? ... You must respect my believes... Intrascendence ... Step by step... Parataxis... They are like devils... He was crazy ... He was poor ... He was in love ... He smashed the cat ... Let's dare to be intolerant ... This is just a show ... Welcome to Palestine ...

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