

I The Camouflage Forest

The camouflage forest
is the forest of the dead.
We each have an
assigned tree.
The people who die
are introduced inside the trunks
and then the trunk closes
as if absorbing them.
It is a camouflage technique,
it is called *self-decoration*.

I approach the tree,
almost in the water,
where my mother is.
(that's what trees do: absorb)
Everything I know is undone

(about the dead,
this forest
with what they connect and stir)

When I listen through her voice:

Girl, you're going to fall in the river!
At the bottom is a rose
and in the rose another river.
And I myself am in the rose,
at this same moment in the river.

II A Clap of Thunder and a Flash of Lightning. Exit Orpheus.

Before we get into the trunk,
we have to ingest some bouquets of
flowers tied and mixed with cement.

This is repeated and repeated since long ago.

Correctly arranged, it starts like this:
(first a warning, a single note, that
leads to the irrevocable melody)

Orpheus anesthetized the flowers,
the animals, trees forest city village, gods.
With his songs and his lyre
he managed to move, as from the hard
to the soft, those of Hades
to almost get Eurydice out of there.

And they went up the stairs...

Eurydice has the tooth of the snake
in her ankle and Orpheus knives in her eyes.

The metal stuck in the lock, catching the bolt.
The three roots of the bone sank in the mud.

Since then, Hades and Persephone closed the underworld.

They closed the wide chapter that followed death.

III Recipes for Both the Hades and Hell

Stage (*Orfeo ed Euridice*, Gluck's opera): "A dark cave that
forms a tortuous labyrinth, obstructed by boulders
separated by rocks completely covered with brushwood and
wild plants."

Stage (*L'Orfeo*, Monteverdi's opera): "For the representation
of a baroque hell [...] one can proceed as follows: 'two fires
are lit, one is placed in front of the patio's entrance and the
other as far away as possible from the first, in such a way
that the people who have to enter or exit can pass or dance
without receiving any harm. That is why it seemed to the
public that the actors emerged from the flames, as it was
seen that it was real fire, but because of the distance it was
not possible to differentiate how it was produced.'"

IV As if Narrative Were Born from Broken Places

They closed the Hades, and like that,
the wide chapter that followed death.
And the anus too, ears...

are filled with cement are filled with,
so that the soul doesn't escape,
and mingles even more, so that it

implodes among the bubbles
that swell the bodies. Bodies that die in phases.
So that it stays inside the tree, the forest,
with what they connect and stir.

V The Knives

We've looked at each other.
I saw you one day at the door
of an exhibition and you were
wearing a blue coat and there already
then we saw each other again
you saw me on the street
but you didn't say hi
I didn't know that
and you watched how I walked
how I walk with long strides
always on Valencia Street
getting out of the lighted house
(lines of flight)
near the subway
I lost the glasses at the bar
that opens to a forest
to a cave...

VI You Ornament the Earth

Their blue mascara frightened the lady who sells fishing tackle.

"Honey, I'm not camouflaging myself, look at me, that's why I did my makeup."

Camouflage, a rendering of nature. Taking an established pattern and dislocating
it to other connotations.

(now removing the military, war connotations)

You paint flowers on your camouflage jacket,
purple, blue and finely edged with gold foil
mixed with green and brown.
As you do it, everything overflows from the table.
(I have chained myself to this landscape)

And from here, I can't wait to say:
I've never been happier than the last days.
To say I have 10 minutes to wake up from my nap,
5 to remove the dishwasher, insert the tablet and put a new one in.
3 to get out of these clothes, get into others, move around the bath,
go to the door and take the stairs. All chained like the beads of a necklace,
(and the friction between both planes gives way to the user experience)

About the trees and the dead:
They take root, travel like neurons for miles underground, sparks fly when entangled
although it is not narrow, what's below the ground.

Emphasis 1. Orpheus, you ornament the earth. With your song. The strings of
all the puppets hang from your fingers.

Emphasis 2. Eurydice, you ornament the earth. You pull Orpheus by the arm to
make him look at you, to verify that there is no song that still works.

Emphasis 3. Orpheus, you ornament the earth. Your language is song and your
job is to play with a tangle of threads in which you and your friends wrap and
expand. Sometimes it seems that you coordinate with the forest, others, it folds
over you.

"Point and decode, or repeat."

I read it yesterday on some stickers,

sure, unsettling.