

*Il mio sentire rispetto all'acqua è cambiato,  
è con l'acqua.*

*My feelings about water have changed.*

*Now I am with water.*

*Maybe I have always been.*

*I have so many different stimuli that I don't know where to start from.*

*The sound of water calms me down as the breath of my lover under the blankets.*

*The difference is that a lover is not always under the blankets,*

*but water is always around us, inside us.*

*And I keep being lost in translation*

*- in a perpetual mood-*

*because 水 shui- water in mandarin language-*

*contains in itself the sound- Onomatopoeic wor(L)d*

*It has all started with a poem, as always:*

*from the river to the sea I hear the violence of bombs,*

*from the river to the sea I feel the tenderness of water,*

*from the river to the sea I think everything will flow in the same direction.*

*After the poem, we have been flowing and floating following currents, sometimes converging  
and melting, sometimes distancing ourselves.*

*Different people from*

*different cultures*

*were moving together*

*At the same time*

*in two different islands*

*but immersed in the same ocean*

*they were breathing as if*

*they were one*

*they were moving as if*

*they were one hundred.*

*Is there any difference between ocean, sea, lagoon, lakes, rivers and tears? Maybe there is,  
maybe there is not. It is in the mood of love, in the mood of water, in the dimension and  
intensity of the element itself, as we humans do- we communicate through intensity and  
through different shapes.*

*Then together we followed Lewis Carrol path,*

*creating a map*

*that would not have helped you*

*to reach a certain point*

*but that could have helped you*

*to stare at yourself.*

*This map was indeed a mirror*

*reflecting each individual*

*getting closer to it.*

*We learned to remain in the state of buoyancy*

*- neither rising*

*Nor sinking-*

*We started to confound the binaries of our map,*



*as water moving between people and places.*

*We learned that our job was to listen to the different stories of waters.*

*Finally you are the element- listening is the first step to be with-*

*You are suspended between remembering and forgetting-*

*Because the history of waters is part of your personal memory.*

*Because the stories of water are different from everything you have ever heard before.*

*Someone stole some water from the lagoon and put it in a plastic bag.*

*While our soul was dirty for this stealing act, the water was transparent  
communicating to you the secret of Venice.*

*Water can be limpid,*

*can be cloudy,*

*as communication is.*

*Jakarta's sand reached us.*

*When you hear the sound of sand mixed with water,*

*you realize that you have already heard that sound,*

*but you have never given attention to it.*

*It is a soft sound,*

*the opposite of two hands fighting*

*for obtaining the same object.*

*Jakarta's smell reached us.*

*The mass of waste*

*burning and screaming*

*under a dirty sky*

*can disturb your sleep and dreams.*

*Jakarta's screaming reached us.*

*It was the sound of people and animals.*

*It was the sound of a community that has its own rules.*

*Non-humans can scream too.*

*Non-humans have their own rules too.*

*A monkey can teach us other ways of being.*

*It is difficult to accept that humans are just a small part.*

*Antispecism is a heavy word*

*that makes this world lighter.*

*Jakarta's boat reached us.*

*In the boat that were enough people,*

*but the water got into,*

*and the people had to leave their wooden house.*

*While the boat was sinking down,*

*the people were rising, together.*

*Be naked as the water is.*

*Jump in the space you don't belong to.*

*There is no belonging.*

*The water has no belonging*

*but crosses everything.*