

## Theomai

You dreamed the theatre's outlines. Where you see walls, you touch – there is only night. Where you see darkness, wake up, it is whitewash blackened by night. A moth caught in the net of nocturnal illusions. Touch a bit to see, come closer. The wall is you. The screen of possibilities. You are a white canvas where images can be moved. Light can pierce your heart but not your skin, not your bones. Your skin is the screen I project onto.

Can you feel it forming, crystallising in you? You come, move forward, take position. Ready and set in the set-up. Hold your position. A central, essential, osmotic and stiff position. Stay there, let me watch the film in you. Can you feel it prickle, the pixelated, liquid crystals on limpid skin? Can you feel it living, milling on you? On the arch of your back, in the arch of your eyelids, it is coming, quivering. At first you saw nothing. You think there is nothing. You are dizzy.

On your skin the beam of light falls. The silhouettes gather. Adjust the focus. Spectator, watch; spectator, you must watch, or else there will be nothing. A show for nothing. You are the last link, the supporting antenna, a cathode tube with a brain. High responsibilities are vested in you. Without you, nothing can happen. Can you feel this great theatre coagulating within you? The circus of islands projected between your shoulder blades? Dark decorum. Sinuous scenography. The characters of a mysterious script. From room to room, on the gangway, masked protagonists, dialogue and get busy, almost in silence, with soft steps. Your fertile imagination has seen through the secrets of their conversation. Sealed drama of a summer night.

Seeing in the dark you have deciphered their souls. You watch the circus of their gestures and you do not see the opening of the mountains, you do not see the shadows of the lighthouse. You do not see the rocks and the waves. You hear nothing. Freedom, night. You cannot see the summer's prompts. You make out only the ghosts that are ranged around you and make your hair fly up. You can feel it caramelising within you, the images nestle in the hollow of your back, stream over the folds of your shirt, tickle the curl of your ear, they tickle, they meddle, they enter, and it is precipitated like in the theatre, that theatre in your eyes, that playful, wild retinal theatre, that theatre that fools you and drives you up the wall, you invented it. It exists nowhere but in you, under your eyelids, blind man's buff.

Precipitated, within you, living matter, it's sharp, form taking shape, gaining colour, density. The spectator assailed, the spectator is king. The spectator amazed on the boards at having played his role unawares. After the dazzle of the footlights, in the middle of the circus, in the night, you screw up your eyes. The stage surrounding you, its contours have disappeared. Voices fade away in the open space, without an echo. The continuo of the waves, a seagull – do you hear? The show has been erased from the walls of the island, the theatre has closed. The inhabitants here have gone to bed. You alone stay with the circus of the scene tattooed between the shoulder blades. You alone, with the remaining veil of your dilated eyes. Orphaned receptacle of the shadow theatre. Already almost in mourning for a summer night. Night eyes, wake up! The show is over.

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