

Endlessness of text, like signs, footsteps, and sounds in the air. Between two snows, a birthday, friend or foe, an identification system of an airplane. An identification system with codes and ciphers. A system of cunning. A mention of Cyrano de Bergerac, the film. It seems like it was yesterday evening. Right there on those pillows. And then on the road across the ice.

Weightlessness and sanctity of authors, their authority and copyright, sovereignty, freedom of choice along the way. Their path. Bodies like manuscripts with light hands (palms), inflamed eyelids. Eyes, yesterday's phone calls. Their snow, my soul, my head, my inner state, ice or wax. Air, water. One of the elements to choose from.

The Road to U.
Alexander Ilyanen