
my body in skin

a::scene

one body out of skins

a feeling in a body,
unwilling to move on.

when i envisioned this installation, it was thought as the result of process. A process yet to be completed, a journey wanted to do for a long time.

how many homes has a body? one at a time.

these skins i managed to renew, to let go and yet the body remains a body without its shield.

i had once a wish.

this *skin* protects us from the invisible. what can we tell from somebody's skin?

would you be able to read your own story in it? let me tell you a bit of mine, well it is not really mine but the one i unconsciously inherited. a heritage i did not hear, i did not choose, i did not see coming and leaning in my deepest layers of my skin.

this skin, i know pulled off, broke into pieces. it is not the first time i manage to rip it off, not at all. it is simply a time you happened to see it. you did not choose it, neither hear it coming, or truth being said, wanted to feel it.

i had once, or twice, a wish i would have a will.

neutral facing front, waiting to see how everyone around will react so you know what it is expected from your person. What are the body responses, are trained responses for these occasions? ~~come on you knew this would happen, you saw the banner, you read about it and yet here you are.~~ awkwardly standing? trying sitting or leave.

let me sing you that voice in my skin::

queridos padres, estoy bien. espero que esta postal os llegue en buen momento, vuestro hijo que os quiere.

how could my skin ever protect me from **this**?

i had once, or perhaps several
times a wish i would have a
will that could allow me.

nevermind now, here *you* are, skin on skin, not choosing to be here, trapped in this wall-less space. Too torned to think clearly, to hear your own thoughts.

it does come from the outside, it is invisible, it does not look threatening.

Yet, it sticks, lasts, drowns. should these skins, now ripped off, keep me afloat? could i use them, would **you** rely on them

i had once, actually, every day, a wish
would have a will that could allow me to move on.

let me tell you how you got here. it is obvious i could only guess how your body, your skin got here. but let me tell you how you got to be here, not wanting to examine my shreaded skins.

i had once, and still now, a wish
i would have a will that could allow
me to move on and be free.

here in pieces, like a never existing coda, you can grasp what is left from my will. i once wanted to become that person i never was. the one before i could actually remember. maybe i thought my skin would tell me about it later.

it was only a matter of minutes, and it was all done. panting and exhausted, utterly mad, i broke out that wall-less prison. Some parts snapped against the wall like a picture of a murder scene. Others piled up on top of each other. and the very last ones felt down like the most delicate feather.

the rests of that will i wish i would have had.

as a will-less body, i choose to hear, to see, to feel freely. however i am also putting on you a piece of myself. a raw portion of your choice i ask you to keep and to think off once, or twice, or perhaps several times. to look at it and feel its weight **on** you, but also leave it, put it away after, and notice that silent lightness growing louder **inside** you.

i had once a wish.

i had once, or twice, a wish i would have a will.

i had once, or perhaps several
times a wish i would have a
will that could allow me.

i had once, actually, every day, a wish
would have a will that could allow me to move on.

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i would have a will