

In the yellow and purple desert lives Mauve.
Not here nor far, Mauve, whose green horizon touches the sky, seems to have no end.

Other places are born of her rains; the kind of places we seek to discover when the world closes up. Jim discovered the water first, then the ground. In the darkness John made out the physical limits of Mauve.

Her time, her rhythm.

His eyes look towards her peak. A summit not so high. Perhaps, others too came to pay her a visit.

He thinks of him.

Jim lands, John falls. There, Mauve sweeps in between them. Mauve admires them from a distance. Nobody has yet reached this point. And there, between them, the cosmos seems to no longer know gravity: and then, the yellow days of the desert hover.

The mauve hour makes the shadows dance along the surface of the sand. From the top its dunes, the sense of everything shifts, turning it liquid or steam. Before the yellow expanse everything is made to live as breath, growing longer and longer.

Mauve only has eyes for those who avoid the light.

Mauve is elsewhere – there – where sight can do nothing: when the horizon blurs under the effect of the damp, seeking the sky with the tip of her tongue.

In Mauve, time is beautiful.

In the darkness, the gazes lower. It announces the evils of the night to come. Night falls on Mauve, and with it the sky.

Jim, John seek to know why; they reason, they argue, they lose themselves. Mauve knows neither sense nor direction. Time becomes meaningless. Then, stretching before them, a horizon with no other purpose than the one they gave to it. In Mauve distances shatter.

I don't know anymore why I wanted so much to point my fingers to a line in the landscape. It will give me nothing else but the illusion of arriving somewhere. John tells me things from the past. The only things that still seem tangible to him. He told me that he had turned to air, that he had no substance, no centre. His body was no more. Mauve: a cannibal.

Jim tells Mauve that where he is from, shadows reveal presence. He says that what indicates presence also foretells the arrival of another. Mauve makes him dizzy. There, where Mauve starts living, Jim and John suddenly fall apart. Their flesh no longer remembers the wounds they had invited on themselves. Their gazes unfold in front of Mauve. Opening up to them the darkest night; a landscape with no perspective. What is to be made of this, they ask each other.

John comes forward. He seeks to discover the flipside of the world. He persists

in restoring the mirror-image of his world, the familiarity of which he has left behind. But in this environment that seems suddenly to come alive, confusion takes precedence, he loses his head.

In this haze that burns their lungs he said to him: "I am breathing with you. Mauve is in us." At a time when everything is in its infancy and duplicating, Jim takes John at his word and without knowing why breathes with him.

Mauve, within them, inhales and propels their bodies into the air thickened by heat. Like the breath of a whale she splinters them into thousands of droplets over the sand peaks. Jim and John; the rain of Mauve.

"We were two and now a thousand." Jim is moved.

As if in suspension above the sand, live their thousand bodies. Scattered, dispersed, carried by the winds of Mauve. Yellow and purple in turn, they become the dunes. But also, the rain and the horizon.

"Jim, Mauve is made of us, and from us we give birth to other skies."