

YVES BERGER
Our Length

I lie on my back, arms stretched, floating. The water flows and I am slowly carried away. Clouds pass by above me as I drift. I think of my parents and smile. I feel close to them, wherever they might be.

I touch your foot as I pass.

I see walls everywhere, even between you and me. Was it you or I who placed the first stone? One can't recall now. But maybe, at the beginning it all started with the hope you would become me and I would become you.

I come here to forget everything. Just to be and forget everything.

Under water all is mute but it's not silence. If I say space turned into a surrounding sound, do we get closer?

Far away, as far as one can see, the blue above merges into the blue below and you can't tell anymore if there is a limit between

water and air. Where does the sky begin? Like any other kid I used to ask that question often.

Drop the heavy luggage you've been carrying. Hold your breath. Stay there below. As long as you can. Then slowly break through the surface again.

He used to dive in headfirst, without any hesitation. She would enter gradually, measuring each of her movements. After they would join.

Life draws lines. Some say we can read them in the palms of our hands. Some search for them amongst the stars at night. Artists follow them endlessly, until they have no more paper.

Behind the walking man his trail vibrates long after he has gone.

Father and son are playing together. Higher! Higher! says the little one. And up he goes. Again! Again! And both smile. Exactly the way we did.

One passes one another smiling. And carries on.

Once our lungs were filled with water. Then we screamed for the first time.

Solitude is what we share the most.

My hand stays above you, catch it if you need.

Maybe there is a place where injustice shrinks until it becomes like a familiar silhouette vanishing in the distance. Or if there is no such place maybe there is a time for it?

I knew better the taste of fresh bread when I had to eat it stale most of the time.

Those who have lost all still have something we miss.

It was a celebration. Presents were offered and happiness was shared. Later in her life she might not remember that moment but it is now part of her until she dies.

Life would be too tough to bear if there wasn't a mutual recognition that it is so.

It is said to be the oldest city in the world. There are mountains of rubble on its outskirts. Downtown, on summer nights, streets are filled with people and cars driving around. All the shops are open and invite you to buy whatever you wish for your seaside holidays. Plastic boats, buckets and rakes. Cheap sunglasses, balloons and buoys. But there is no sea there and around no road extends beyond the next day.

History is a tragedy, ongoing with its redemptions.

A family waits in a car for the father to bring back ice-creams. A boy sticks his head out of the open roof of a pick-up driving up and down the street. He smiles and raises his arms as high as he can. Music is playing.

On the side of the pool, a young man in his swimming trunks. Standing there he looked like a young god. Kouros !

After such heat, to bathe in water seemed like a kind of miracle. Not so different from the flock of swallows seen above the burning rocks in the worn down desert mountains.

I said light will dissolve us into dust and you smiled at our shadows below.

Before there was water.

Mountains under water.

Clouds drifting.