



ONJES-SUR-JOULT  
MATHILDE GANANCIA  
12/09/20 - 25/10/20

A drop that falls into a bucket, it leaves a round sound in the ear; on the tongue a taste of metal, silver color, then copper, green rust. Tonight it woke me up.

I dreamed that someone was following me, that someone was watching me from behind a wall, my head hidden by a hood.

The pillow soaked, I turned it over. My neck is hot, my body is burning. I take off the blanket, I tell myself that I'm feeling better, then I'm cold, I'm freezing, I'm shivering. Each hair follicle stands up along my spine: my back is round, my hair stands up.

The drop again. It's as if my lips had surrounded the refrigerated cannon with a gun for a few moments. My eyes closed, my mouth forming a perfectly curved "O". A brick-red after-taste of dried blood.

I left my white blouse on the chair, it is petrified but dry. I cover myself. I don't sleep, I turn on my bedside lamp. I forgot a scratch-off ticket next to the ashtray. A €1 coin between my sweaty fingers, I scratch. The matte film comes off, an emerald green rectangle is revealed: minimal monochrome. A personal, intimate monochrome, like underwear that you learn to unhook in a single gesture. As simple as snapping your fingers.

G... N... C... Ah! Ghost letters appear in transparency. A secret and diaphanous message on the paper, then a face. I didn't get it. Did I win, or did I lose?

A third drop. It's probably the state of drowsiness I'm in, but the sound seems closer, as if it was threatening to creep into my hearing system. A snail stripping from its shell, leaving behind the viscous pattern of its passage, to reach my hearing.

My gums hurt. My teeth hurt. The night comes and in my sleep I do bruxism. That kind of squeaking noise that makes you bury the nails in the skin of your hand, contracting the muscles of the phalanges: half-moons that mark your palm.

Smiling means showing off your canines and incisors, and I'd rather have a thick beard devour my face. I would like to disguise myself.

The other, she looks at me with her green eye. She is staring at me with her purple eye with her stupid costume, this bright red suit. Who are you wearing it for?

It makes me want violence, murderous impulses. Me bull, I'd trample on your costume.



Are we laughing? I have the impression that someone's watching me, that someone's laughing at me. In this empty room, I hear laughter, I feel alone and ridiculous. I hide, I get dressed. I am the naked king who is laughed at. I am the naked king who is humiliated, humiliated, humiliated, humiliated, humiliated, humiliated, humiliated, humiliated, humiliated. My cheeks are scarlet, I stop. I've done too much comedy.

I will leave behind me, directly on the ground, the shadow of my crossing. You will be able to retrace the contours of my grandiose epic with a pen and a brush. The most beautiful feathers of my plumage: I leave you the blue, the green, and the gold of my peacock tail.

Ana Mendoza Aldana