

frutiplanismo

If the soil functioned as soil, the fruits would have to fall.

I'm not very sure how I got here. Something in the air causes me a strange discomfort, a decomposition running through my muscles. Yes, it seems that the ground has spoiled.

The soles of my feet contract; I feel as though each one is held in a different place. I can't move gracefully, and breathing takes a tremendous effort. As I gain familiarity with this space, my legs' strength fades—like two ropes that are no longer tense, thus loosening the lines supporting me. The volume of the fruit persists, though it's not stable either.

I feel the weight of my organs: primitive fruits that I gulped down without using my hands. I feel the weight of my blood, whose flow has slowed down. I feel the weight of my eyes, concentrated on those fruits that do not fall. And the more they look at them, the more they weigh me down.

I see the loose ones wobble, silently recomposing their alignment. The hanging ones sway with suspicious caution. I would like for one of them to fall into my hand. Before they would fall from branches, I suppose. Now none of them fall.

I listen to the throbbing of that shy pear. Its flesh wants to break away, giving in to the force of depletion. A flesh that is moist and vulnerable, macerated in its own questions. Its thin skin barely conceals the clash of forces within it. Those bananas sway uncomfortably, extremely afraid that their curves will be a vessel and a cooing for creatures that consume them from within. The apples rotate and shift in exasperation, failing to draw a front. Blackberries and strawberries tremble nervously, drowning in their acidity the silence that so disconcerts them. They tend to group together but they distrust each other. They all produce tired colors.

It seems that these fruits suffer from some conflict. They yearn to expand, to reconfigure their shape and color. May a different light envelope their bowels. But, altered as gravity is, there are no bursts that affect them; they do not fall. They remain adrift in anguished contentment.

In this inhospitable plane my apricot body will linger suspended, in the company of fruit. My sense of direction comes from my tongue, eagerly awaiting notes of sweetness. In the center of this plane lies my eye and in the center of my eye lies a seed. If anyone bites into any of these fruits which do not fall, they will have to spit out the morsel. And from that bolus of saliva, glucose, exhausted skin, and liberated flesh, another time will be born, one in which everything will look different.

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