

Silence is the blood whose flesh is singing.

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| <p>I am a vineyard myself. Returning your gaze to you.</p> <p>Stained with blood of lusty grapes, In a thousand lusty shapes, I spread my veins under other people's skin.</p> <p>It is my blood that they kept captive in glass.</p> | <p>Or I am nobody. Your gaze passes through me. I gaze out from behind the mirror. From Nothingness. I snarl. Waiting for an opportunity. Blood jumps in my veins.</p> <p>Or pull them out. Carve my body. Wrap them around my wrist. My life is a bucket of blood which I put on the ground. It brims. Certain drops spill out.</p> <p>Or I donated it happily. As if in an orgy. I would pour it in glass not spill it on the ground. I would take out my knife, cut my carotid artery. In other words, I would break my glass when it was my turn.</p> |
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| <p>Or I would become obsessed with democratizing Dionysus. With being-together. I loved it. To be where the beloved can accompany the lover in a garden. I loved binges. The cries of cheers. It was ok if wine's blood divine poured on the sluggish tide of mine. I loved Rubens. It was as if he visualized my look, my belief that if an angel out of heaven brings me something other than wine to drink, I would thank him for his kind attentions and go and pour it down the sink.</p> | <p>Or my boat would land each time on blood gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs, obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues. I wished to see the city quake, the earth filled with blood, and I, I that love Thee raised Thee on this Rood! Each time I would sail on blood.</p> |
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| <p>Or somebody would come to this conclusion to deprive me of the sight of her face. To convince me to mourn to a point where I had no tears left for weeping, nor my eyelids would close in sleeping.</p> | <p>Or to deprive others of sleep.</p> |
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And each time I was convinced that silence is the blood whose flesh is singing.

And each time it came to the same thing: wine becoming blood in a strange Eucharist. In an uncommon ritual, they would be intoxicated by the victim's blood. Both were unclean. And it remained so for such a long time so as to force I, who write about blood, to leave a part of my flesh in the inkwell each time I touch it with my pen and to force you, who transform the blood of others into wine, to call yourself a vineyard or you, who are looking right now, to see what you see at this moment and read what you read.

Bavand Behpoor