

Take a deep breath and keep walking.

Left, right. Inhale, exhale.

You're walking down the street.

Your foot passes your leg, you're not in a hurry, but you're walking with determination. You could say you're on a trip. Your feet are safely hidden in your socks and your shoes. Maybe your heel or your little toe is a little tight, maybe not. But walking feels good. You're breathing easy. Your breathing and your walking support each other.

You're breathing calmly. Your arms are hanging loosely along your body, maybe they're in your pockets, and maybe you're holding something in one of your hands, like a phone. Your arms gently help you walk, balancing your slow but straight stride. Your torso is solid; your chest and shoulders rise when you inhale and then fall slightly when you exhale. The middle of your body is the centre, the centre of gravity that connects your swinging arms and walking legs into one. You're walking down the street, looking forward, and sometimes you look under your feet to make sure you don't trip.

Inhale

Exhale

It's autumn, it's very humid. You're walking down the sidewalk, you're in no hurry. Your left foot alternates with your right foot, and an almost imperceptible tremor spreads through your body from your feet. Your arms hang loosely along your body, helping you walk, and they tingle gently. The surface of your body is very sensitive, the tingling and uneasiness spreading. Your arms and legs tingle, your stomach tingles, your back tingles, your neck itches a little, your hair scratches. It's not unpleasant. You're walking steadily, the surface of your body is expanding. A few hairs from your forearm drift down to the ground.

You take a deep breath.

You walk along the pavement, feeling the air rush through your body, and slowly you begin to disintegrate. The molecules are separating. A wind blows on the shore of your body. The air flowing in and over the surface of your body mixes with the wind gust. Your skin mixes with the air, and you get all mixed up with it. Clothes flutter and loosen from the form of your body.

Exhale.

A long, relaxing exhale.

You exhale everywhere, only your left leg remains pinned to the ground, the wind somehow completely in. Tiny bumps form in a thousand places, starting at the calf, a bit like goose bumps, but these little bumps fill with oozing sap. As the sap gradually fills the thin space between skin and flesh, the leg gains volume; it gets heavier and heavier.

The upper part of your body, on the other hand, weighs almost nothing. It permeates the molecules of the fence you walked around a moment ago, packing on the moisture of the air, letting the air gusts carry it away.

Your leg hasn't walked in a while, it's heavy, full of water. There's no reason to walk anymore. It falls to the ground and splashes all over when it hits the concrete pavement. The drops seep into your now empty pants, a few stick to the weeds in the cracks between the tiles, and the rest fill your left shoe, which then slowly leaks out, absorbed into the concrete, and most of it runs down the drain and then on, out of the city.

You don't need to breathe anymore. You are air and you are soil.

You look around you.

There's nothing you're not.

There's nothing that's around you.

You are you.

You are together