
MYTHICAL FLOOD

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In your dream you are wrecked on a rock in the middle of the Mediterranean. Your skin turns pink; your hands, which are already small, shrink even more. The rock is also pink, and on it are lifeless plants and remains of other things. You are so wrecked that when you extend a foot, it reaches the Red Sea. You are so far from everything, especially, from me. You see a woman walking towards you, blue cloth swaddling her head, carrying something you can't quite make out. Both you and the woman succumb—in the slightest of ways—to waves, not of water or coming at all from any of the two seas, but something more like tremors in the picture. The tremors mean any step she takes towards you is also a step away. The sea comes closer to you than I could—it is braver maybe, or has fewer reasons to fabricate loss, and contemplate its ease. At the end of your dream you are less wrecked, and I nowhere in sight.

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Telling the dream, you wave your arms forwards and back, your legs forwards and back, displaying an activeness (and a panic) that is entirely missing from the image we have created here.

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Of course, because I am reporting on an art exhibition of which the subject is water, I choose blue paper to write on, no matter that the writing will not show, especially that the only pen I have is also blue. It's good the words I note down are mostly useless—like: “political” / “water submerges even itself” / “strong relationship between form and subject.” Is writing a flat medium? I think, to waves of panic. On the way to the gallery I notice: the whole sky is white. A row of bodies bends slightly over the green fence of a bridge I am crossing, gazes down with calm curiosity. Men park their vehicles, and women like black masses float towards the edge. Over the spot in the water they all stare into, a bird that had changed course hovers. “work in progress” / “conceptual rigor” / “how to extract and translate stories from bodies of water.”

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