

No memory of home. A moment. A moment with a mother. That place remembered. Now infinite anxiety. Cut off as an object or a zombie. Time is no more. A ship full of strangers, exiled and coerced. Each has a placeholder number. No names. Tight packing, in insurance parlance. Each placeholder for a number. Living cargo like cattle. Each number has a place for an algebraic formula, applied to the cargo. Mortal commodities. The numbers calculate for tonnage. At the clap and roar of the hostile Océanique. The blue goddess is fierce. Death a statistical increment. The ocean leads to the swamp on the other side. Harvesting and harvesting until harvesting no more. All statistical. Beginning with the ships. A ship full of property organized for another kind of wealth. Loss counted within the calculation. Shipment of a commodity that has the capacity to self-capitalize, to generate more wealth.

The vessel contains human excrement. Too much shit in this world: you can't turn shit to gold. Gold for the cowrie-white male. Shit for gold, a poor exchange rate. Human waste. Blood. Shit. Dirt. Sweat. Sperm. Hair. The bottom of the oceanic dump in the trench. Shit has no lineage, except shit is kin to human. Shit is generic. There's too much of it to have any value. A month. Maybe longer. How many heads still on the surface of the ocean. How many have gone under. On land. The disembarked salt-water strangers. A past generates myths. An identity beyond the placeholder number for the human vessels. A myth of the salt-water graves, where humanity was born, from the Océanique salt-water. From the abyss of the oceanic trench. From the bowels of the jaguar. The beginning from dust, muck, clay, blood, excrement, ovulation and semen. A birth from the deaf and blind universe. A bull, spreading that semen all over the universe.

The Océanique will devour humans. Cowrie-white males cannibalize the cargo. The commodity of the stranger. Cowrie-white male cannibals, the most feared in this universe. The blood orgies with goo. Babies for barbeque. Young men cooked in boiling cauldrons. Dismembered youth eaten for snacks. Vampires that turn the bodies to zombies. Vampires now suffer constipation after posthuman orgies. Distribute death. War machines made out of plastic to harvest the sun. The living cargo. War machines gather fog over the ocean. A messy slithering blind machine of death. Encountering the snake land that expands. Explores and exploits. A fog of war smells adrenaline. The cargo asks the universe: "Where is my song?" In this sub-humanizing pigsty of production?

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(They sing)

(We're free)

(The sun is broken)

(Long live the darkness)

(But where is)

(the oceanic)

(a feline monster of the sea?)

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Drowning, you hear the voice, a figment of your imagination, where Tariq slithers his words to your ear:

*whither would you flee, behind you is the sea, before you, the enemy
you have left behind only the hope of your courage and you
remember you, the unfortunate one, the orphan, seated at the table of
the avaricious master,
an enemy protected by an innumerable army, in abundance,
but you, as your only aid, only word, only chance for life, a chance
to snatch from the hands of your enemy their souls,
life reduced is prolonged ever so little, if you delay seizing
immediate success,
good fortune will vanish, your enemies will not, but you are only
filled with fear,
from you the disgrace from which you flee in dreams, but attack
this war machine,
defeat him, expose yourself freely to death, and do not believe my words, since
I shall refuse to share eternity with you, but in the attack I myself will be in
the fore,
where the chance of life is always least,
remember you suffer, you will enjoy supreme delight, do not
imagine your fate,
rest assured that your fall will follow the avenging of your demise,
ravishingly beautiful maidens, draped in sumptuous gowns,
gleaming pearls and coral,
this fruit of desires obtained from your bravery is that the word shall be
established,
I place myself in the front of this glorious charge
when the two armies meet, you will see me, never doubt it, seeking out
a tyrant,
challenging him to combat, and I will perish,
redouble your ardour, force yourself, depriving him of life,
when a tyrant is dead, his soldiers will no longer defy you*

But then, the voice of a woman joins this horrible story:

We are not the Amazons from myth or from the court of the King of Dahomey, we are not princesses, not wise men. We are not great architects of war and peace, warriors or assassins. We are mediocre. Cleaners and dishwashers, sweepers and couriers, and at best only witches with questionable records, equipped only with the talent of endurance. A fight is a fight between those who have and those who have not. It is a royal battle, where the stories of the strangers will be abundantly wasted like mortar and soldiers' bodies. Then when the time of peace visits for a moment, these stories of us, the defeated, will be construed to resemble a myth so distant from our bodies, because we're only the shadows of the brawls and revolutions. Against the plague of the cavalrymen, in our final feast we will eat them. We will quilt and stitch new organs, new extremities, in order for us to better understand why all this loss, and bodies that fall apart.

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The Water Lady appears at the door. She has her thick glasses, and she knocks at the doorframe. She asks if our rooms are also flooded with water? If they also cut off the electricity at our place? If we can hear these silent orders that travel on the air without any assistance of technology? We don't argue or disagree but let her trace these patterns on the dry parchment floor with her toenails. She eats sawdust filled with critters, cucumbers and watermelons. Before she leaves, she whispers in my ear that her lover is called pseudo-matter and can be kissed in liquid form. She is adorned with decapitated heads decorated with cowries. These are her trophies.

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I was born in the countryside of Guineau-Bissau over 58 years ago. Because of the revolutionary war in 1969 our family moved to Senegal. I cried, hoping my father would put me in school. I was a year younger than the others in my class. I studied until university. But studying was hard. After each day I had to go back to the farm and work there. I never had a childhood or played like other children. After university I taught languages. The economy in Africa is so bad that those who work can't make a living. I had a family, but it was difficult for us. I arrived here with a visa, for my final destination of France, but I never made it there. I stayed here, in Almería, visiting first my cousins. I arrived in 2001, just before 9/11. After that, the situation got worse. People here work in such horrid conditions that it breaks my heart. But I started to work at the plasticulture. After four years I got my residence permit and in 2007 my family was supposed to be allowed to join me here, but two of my daughters didn't receive visas. In 2010 I went to get them from Senegal. They were stopped at the border, in Morocco. It took a few days for me to get custody of my daughters, and then we could move here. They went on to France after a while. I think they're doing fine in France, but I'm suffering because of it. Immigration is one big scam. We'll never receive what we came here to look for. We just have to keep fighting. I've worked all my life as a syndicalist in Almería, because it's really interesting and important. But I suffer, because I haven't reached what I came here for. And we still live in misery.

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Arrived with *patera*

Arrived through another country

Arrived through the visa of the husband

Arrived with a dinghy without an engine

Stole a dinghy from his father (never paid it back)

Arrived with a fake passport that cost 7000 €

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I worked eighteen years at the plasticulture. They threw me out because of my connections to the union. Now I have seven euros. I'm still waiting for my payment. I can't go on. After my payment I'll return to Morocco. I'll build a house and pray. I sing. Eighteen years loading tomatoes onto trucks that took them somewhere. I got nowhere.