

**1978**

translated by Grzegorz Czemieli

First, close your eyes.

The beginning could be somewhere there.

One thousand degrees Celsius,

from which you lift a brick.

Or the glacier depositing rock material.

Or a stable temperature of ten degrees Celsius,

to which your body cools off.

A long sleep awaits you.

Or a group of men. Brick arcs beyond them.

The construction is under way.

Or elsewhere.

Or water flowing to the water reservoir.

Gravity makes it happen.

Or you arrive here regularly.

First, you came from a large, safe and dark space.

A place with many corners:

some colder and some warmer.

After food was scarce,

this manifold place ceased to exist.

You swept through the air.

You echolocated signals none can hear.

A long flight.

You've listened closely to the quiver of food moving.

Focusing on sounds none are able to hear.

Falling. Muzzle-catching. Rising. Feeding.

You felt that lack of food has come.

This place attracted with its distinct temperature  
and calm dampness.

It became your place.

Or this is your second winter season.  
Flight. Din. Check it. Others can be heard.  
You dial down the echolocation frequency  
to remain distinct among others.  
This is where you will stay.  
A lot is happening inside your organism.  
A thick layer of fat under the skin.  
Sperm in your reproductive tract.  
Insemination in a few months.  
After the time without food.

Or - bang! A threat? Not anymore.  
Once again you woke up at a time of food scarcity.  
Will you survive?

Or it could also begin at this moment.  
It is 1978. The reservoir no longer  
provides water to you and your kin.  
To a human mammal this feels useless.  
But this uselessness was becoming  
a chance since a long time.  
You will never know who arrived first.  
Greater mouse-eared bat, Natterer's bat,  
pond bat, Daubenton's or brown long-eared.  
Or maybe ones to be later  
called 'indeterminate species'?  
They find our fixation  
on frontrunners to be meaningless.  
This year, the reservoir  
will be finally decommissioned.  
For a time, it will finally  
cease to interest you.

Finally.