**BITAKORA KAIERA**

Ingurubilean barrena abiatu da bidaztia
noiz eta non sartu den oroitzen ez duen arren.
Bidea ingurubila bat dela suposatzen du, gauza berrietan
iragandakoen isladak somatzen dituelakotz.
Baina iraganaren isladak ez dira atseginak, izugarriak dira
zentrorantz amiltzen dela erakusten deraukotelakotz.
Baina ba dea zentrorik?
Ala zabalalderantz amiltzen ote da?
Orduan pentsatzen du gordelekua behar duela eta zokoetan
gordetzen du aldizka bere burua. Baina izuak ere
bergordelekuetan ezkutatzen dira.
Orduan pentsatzen du noraezean galduko dela eta hari bat
behar duela labyrinthoan. Baina zer lokarritan
eutsi haria?
Orduan pentsatzen du oroitzapena bederen sostengatu behar duela
eta bitakora kaier bat eskribatzen du, ilunabarrero.
Hauxe da noraezaren bitakora kaiera, bidaztiak
haizerik gabeko itsasoan galerako ekaitza geroago eta
gertuago somatzen duen lemazainaren antzera idazten du.
Etsipenez eskribatzen du:
ez prophetaren antzera, eroaren antzera baizik;
ez Jainkoentzat, marionetentzat baizik;
marionetak marionetentzat bezala eskribatzen du.
Eta bidaztiak badaki batzutan, baina bertzetan ez daki deusere:
nor den, bere burua nortzu diren ere.
Batzutan pentsatzen du Europan barrena dabilela
eulia emakume bilutsiaren gorputzean bezala.
Bertzetan bitakora kaiereko orrialde hutsei begira geratzen da,
deus ere pentsatu gabe, edo ingurubilak marrazten.



**NAUTICAL LOGBOOK**

The traveller is deep in the spiral
though he can't remember when or where he entered.
He assumes the road is a spiral, because he detects
vestiges of the past in things.
But the vestiges of the past aren't nice, they're terrifying,
they indicate he is plunging towards the core.
But is there a core?
Or is he plunging outwards?
And so it occurs to him he needs a hiding place and crawls
into little nooks here and there. But
fear creeps in with him.
And so it occurs to him he is directionless and will get lost, and
he could do with a thread in this labyrinth. But what
will he tie the thread to?
And so it occurs to him he must at least secure his memories,
so he fills in his nautical logbook, nightly, come dusk.
This is the nautical logbook of aimlessness, the traveller
writes, like a helmsman who foresees
the storm on the windless sea.
He writes about despair:
not like a prophet, but like a madman;
not for the gods, but for the marionettes;
he writes the way marionettes write for each other.
And sometimes the traveller knows, other times he hasn't a clue
who he is, who all the people inside him are.
Sometimes he thinks he is trawling through Europe
the way a fly draws circles around a naked woman's body.
Other times he looks at the blank pages of his nautical logbook
and thinks nothing, and doodles a spiral.