

The Moon looks sick tonight. The edges soft. Stains in her pale face, and abandoned by stars and clouds to die all by herself. The last thing she will capture is the bare ass we see far below her. It is a naked middle-aged man who frantically tries to cling himself atop of a concrete wall. He breath comes in short violent punches like he just broke free from the grip of his assailant.

Now he lies here, alone. This is all that we know about him. This is all that he knows about himself. His body remains silent. It does not speak, not even to the imagination. It tells no history. Shows us no origin.

We would call him Storm. Not that he looks like a Storm. Nonsense however often comes closest to the truth.

Storm is awake, as in between two fever dreams. Confused. Frightened.

Desperately grabbing his fingers in concrete, looking for grip. Concrete dust mixes with the sweat on the hardening cushions of his fingers. Soon the lines on his hands will be worn away. His life gone.

Storm doesn't dare to open his eyes. Not as long as his identity is nothing more than a ghost. The bass on his heart rate vibrates every reminder and conclusion to pieces. A cool breeze hammers every drop of cold sweat that runs along his backbone into his body as a rusty nail. He doesn't scream, but bites his lip and the inside of his cheek until he taste those nails: liquid and warm.

We see him lie there. For Hours. Hours in which he torments his brain to get some some information about himself and the situation he's in. Hours in which he tells himself to calm down. Hours in which he keeps his eyes shut to avoid prove of his hunches. Hours in which every heart rate seems loaded with anxiety, electricity and a small layer of water. Many shocking heartbeats later his eyelids inevitably lose their grip, as the last yellow brown leaf in December. There is not much to see. The moon lits only a fraction of the wall. Around it, it is all dark. Black as his memory. Even the soil – if it still exists – is not visible.

Somewhere he feels that at another time this situation would have been funny – how his ass and the moon are staring at each other as twin brothers reunited after many years. Not at this moment. Not now the the concrete edge causes burn marks around his groin, his manhood hangs there like public work and shrivels to a balloon of a months passed party, and possible answers back down for an angry mob of questions.

Time creeps further. Answers stay out. The moon does not die, but only changes duty. An orange glow introduces what Storm's eyes had already met: sand and dust. He wants to rub it out of his eyes but won't take the risk, shaky as he is, now he sees that the ground is easily three meters away from him. Not yet. If the fall breaks his back or neck he will be swallowed up by desert sand. The funeral of an unknown.

*Here he lies.
Possibly Storm.
We will never remember.*

The soft orange glow lights up to a stinging white that burns into the skull. No problem for

us, it is for Storm who now sees his sweat gushing down, leaving wet craters in the burning sand below. Every sweat drop on his body acts as a magnifying glass. Think: magnifying glass, think: scorching sun, think: testicles, and you know only half how Storm must feel.

Storm has stopped thinking, it only made him sad, confused, powerless. He licks his dry, cracked lips that taste salt and feel like rough sandpaper.

Nothing happens.

Then, as dust on his retina, small dots appear on the horizon. The dots become small people. As if he is looking for confirmation from someone on what he sees he turns his face to the right. His Chin abrades the concrete. What he sees is the same. Stereo Image. As if the madness surrounds him.

We are more perceptive than Storm and notice that there is some difference between the approaching men on his left and right. Let's say that on the left side of Storm the share of yarmulkes is larger, while on his right the keffiyeh scarf – best known checkered in black and white– is more prominent.

A novice smile tears his lips at the thought of help. The corners of mouth drop when he sees where both groups are waving with. We see that the guns are: long barrels, wooden flasks. Storm doesn't remember where those things are for or how they are called, he only knows that they give him the creeps. The small people become men, the dust trail behind them a curtain that pollute heaven.

Storm doesn't not know where to look. His gaze keeps going back and forth. The concrete burns a red track under his chin. We smell the burning meat. The men on his left and right o react identically. They point with the course of their rifle to the heavens and stare with a cocktail of surprise, anger and love in the eyes to Storm.

They seem uncertain whether they are dealing with a friend or an enemy. With wild arm movements, they ask him to come down. Their arms form a catching gesture. On his left and right. Left or right?

Storm is naked, blank minded. As a new-born baby in a rapid spinning world. For the first time we see tears form in his eyes.

He will have to make a choice. We won't wait for that