

the first thing that hits you is how warm it is when you are walking in the afternoon is how much sweat you are producing how much of it that does not evaporate you are walking you never really think about water until you are losing it you see a vending machine you fumble for coins you have none luckily the machine takes two dollar notes you insert one you select a can of isotonic it is cold you drink it you walk more the endless summer the rain begins to drizzle a drizzle you get when you are walking near to the equator a drizzle that is hard to describe in words the kind of drizzle your mother warned you about the kind of drizzle that give you the flu you are walking the drizzle thickens into rain it is now far from what it was before it is now coming at you with a certain vindictiveness you are walking and a bus passes you on the right and there is now water everywhere everything is wet there are times that you might or might not understand about why you are walking but it does not stop you from continuing you realise that the walk is not pleasant and you are walking you tend to capitalise on everything you are learning not to extract things from around you while you are walking your need to photograph diminishes you are walking you are left to your thoughts you refrain from immersing yourself in memories of things past for the next few hours you do not have to think about your past it is impossible not to immerse yourself in a dull numb pain you are walking your walk takes you round and round an island you feel trapped you consider all possibilities there is no exit you are walking it is night you are walking the darkness envelopes you it is difficult to see you fumble you trip you look up you are exhausted you spend an hour looking at stars you walk more you reach in you pull you pull at nothing your phone rings the number is unfamiliar you want to ignore it you ignore it you are walking you walk onto another island an island that has become a part of this island everything here falls towards the center a deep and endless crater happiness and prosperity and progress for everyone even if it means living in this darkness you are walking you descend the ground is soft the ground shifts the heat is unbearable this afternoon sweat is escaping from every pore of your skin your clothes are soaked the stretch of road is endless there is nothing here but sand you are walking trucks zoom past with nothing but sand and gravel and rocks hundreds of trucks you pull your mind away from this road you escape into a hole in your mind you are walking you want to turn back but turning back means walking just as much walking is not for everyone you are not everyone you are alone the island speaks to you it speaks a language you do not quite understand but is familiar the more you walk the more you learn what speaking this language entails you begin to see that you might never agree with the island that this island this place you call home you are walking things are often not what they seem you are walking your sweat is everywhere you are drowning the drops fall like large marbles hitting your face it is raining your shoes are soaked you are walking you can feel your toes wrinkle your fingers prune the rain stops it gets worse the sun is out everything is evaporating you are walking a steam bath you want to stop your body is breaking down your mind says stop this is stupid the light pierces your eyes you are walking you get a call on your phone you let it ring you do not pick up the sea stares at you you let the cool breeze brush your hair the sound of waves wash into your ears you are walking the park is long a straight line you are walking there is sand in your shoes sand goes everywhere you get a blister on your little toe on your left foot you smell you are walking you smell terrible you need a shower you are walking you enter a dream in that dream you walk cross the causeway into malaysia into nothingness there is no reason to stop there is always a reason to turn back you hit a dead end there are so many dead ends at the edge of the island you backtrack retrace your steps and walk you are walking a branch falls near you nearly crushing you a tree fell and killed a young woman the other day the police are investigating the tree and the park and the country and the leaves and the rain and the people and the sky and the sea your mind is moving racing real fast your heart is beating be still your beating heart you enter a dream a waking dream in that dream you are walking the road seems desolate discomfoting unbelievable there is no one else in that dream no one else on the road you feel lonely a loneliness found on the edge of time and space you are sleepwalking you feel the intensity of the sun the light glaring over your eyes you resist resistance is uncommon you cannot read when you are walking a book comes to mind a book you've read many times in this book a group of people go in search of an elusive author there is a suggestion that they will never find him his books are in their minds you are guessing which author this might be the writer of the book or the writer in the book you are walking you try and explain this to your body to no avail there are things that you find difficult to say this island is small although it is not tiny it is almost the size of berlin germany on paper the coast measures 193 kilometers but when you walk it it is a completely different story you are walking the coast is dominated by mines and fences and factories and shipyards and military complexes and prisons and golf courses and casinos the roads along the coast do not exactly connect so there are many dead ends and restricted areas and equatorial jungle you wish to stop looking at your phone you look at your phone now you are alone straight ahead an endless park the beautiful park east coast you are walking the sun beats down on the pavement the smooth perfect asphalt slowly moving across the island you try to think of a way out of this you have no way out of this you are always trapped you are walking you decide to descend lower lower into yourself your mind as you know you know you try not to look down you should not panic you find yourself back in a familiar place you are walking you are lost you raise your hand you ask for help nothing helps you are walking you will be able to make it you think to yourself you have done this before you will find your way out of this you drag yourself away from the edge you are walking you are exhausted the walk is exhausting the heat is exhausting this island is exhausting the sky you walk you walk away you are walking you are following a path an unknown path it winds rewinds skips slips you see the sea you are at a clearing the police is watching they have been watching you walk the birds are watching you walk you are walking there is a beginning and there will be an end you are looking forward to the end you do not want this to end everything is a result of your choice you have no choice you are walking the next day and the next the sun is strident you are walking you step out into the sun you wish for clouds in your eyes you move you were walking you are easily spooked by dead animals you move one step at a time you know it is too late to turn back there is no turning turns revolutions now you notice a door doors out of nowhere leading nowhere you are again lost you are walking it is impossible you say you say you say a thunderstorm is coming you are walking you walk into the storm or did the storm come to you there is water everywhere you look at your watch you stop at a bus stop it is impossible to walk you stop but you want to walk you are walking everything is wet you are soaked in the equatorial downpour it looks so beautiful from a distance but up close and personal it is a disaster you are walking and you are looking for an exit you continue you are walking you continue without much thought one step after another the sky is clearing up the clouds shift from grey to white the weather changes so quickly near the equator this endless summer you are walking this island one degree north of the equatorial where it is always boiling hot your shirt is soaked with your sweat you are walking you have a choice turn left or turn right you are walking distant thoughts you wait till morning the mornings here are strange you are walking you walk out into the damp silence you are walking it suddenly hits you that you are going in circles you are trapped you are walking you need the day to be brighter it is hours from any available light there is only darkness you are walking the abyss you are in a volcano the volcano is about to erupt you climb out of the volcano and you are walking you are walking away you do not really know where you are going you do not have a single plan in your head you are walking you are walking east you are walking across a void deck a lift lobby some laborers are asleep on the cold grey concrete floor you are walking it is noon the sun is overhead it is warm you are sweating the sweat does not evaporate sweat never evaporates on this island the garden city it is discombobulating not to have a plan the city a master plan a renaissance city a city overflowing capital a city abundant you are walking you press a metal button you cross a street you hear beep beep it is turning red eight seven six five four three two beep beep you are walking trees clean the air trees provide oxygen trees cool the city and the streets trees provide habitat for wildlife trees provide food trees heal trees help prevent soil erosion trees combat climate change trees shield us from ultraviolet rays trees create jobs trees beautify rain tree samanea saman angsana pterocarpus indicus yellow flame peltophorum pterocarpum senegal mahogany khaya senegalensis broad-leaved mahogany swietenia macrophylla tembusu tagraea fragrans sea apple syzygium grande saga adenanthera pavonina trumpet tree tabebuia rosea sea almond terminalia catappa chengal pasir hopea odorata batoko plum flacourtia inermis handkerchief tree maniltoa browneoides gelam melaleuca cajuputi leopard tree libidibia ferrea red lip syzygium myrtifolium umbrella tree terminalia mantaly casuarina casuarina equisetifolia sea gutta planchonella obovata you are crossing an overhead bridge every overhead bridge on this island is numbered you are walking over an four lane highway there is a constant hum of cars and vans and trucks and motorbikes you are walking you do not really know where you are going you only know that you are walking and that is what matters you walk towards a building that used to be a library you remember being sad when the library shut for good on the last day you walk into the library and walk as close to the shelves as possible you attempt to remember everything about this library before they take it away from you why are they always taking things away from you you see old men reading newspapers where will they go you wonder once this library shuts for good you are walking you are walking you are walking you walk into a lift the lift takes you forty seven floors up into the sky forty seven floors up you are lifted you exit the lift onto a garden another garden it is quiet there is no one here you look at the island the sea of buildings and roads and cars and buses and trees and anxieties and peoples and emotions and movements and sadness and exhaustion and routines and banalities and hopes and dreams and aspirations and desires and cultures and memories and you think to yourself what is walking what role can it play in today's world you look back you see your feet you enter the lift you have no idea where you are going you are walking you exit the lift you follow a path you follow another path you are walking you are walking on a road with many big houses these houses must be extremely expensive on this island you are walking you are humming you are singing you are singing parts of a song you remember from ninety eighty four city pop the boom in capital on the island big hair shoulder pads buildings built unbuilt rebuilt the island the city changing you are walking you are singing plastic love by mariya takuchi from her album variety do not mess up the program of love with your sudden kiss and fiery stare i cleverly plan every hello and goodbye because everything comes to an end do not hurry ever since the day love hurt me my days and nights have been reversed at the flashy discotheque dancing the night away it is the trick i learned i am sorry never take loving someone like me seriously love is just a game i just want to have fun i dressed up my closed heart in fancy dresses and shoes they were my friends in loneliness every guy that asks me out ironically looks just like him for some reason my memories run wild every if i drop my glass and suddenly cry do not ask me the reason why when i fall asleep on the highway only the halogen lights shine mysteriously even if a voice whispers out that i am a woman cold as ice do not worry you are walking you are singing you have no idea what you are doing you have no idea where you are going you are walking you enter a garden a garden within a garden within an idea of a garden this garden is the gardens of all gardens on this island of gardens the garden city kindness is the key to greatness you read you are walking you are surrounded by lush trees old trees you are in their embrace you are walking you are sweating you are drowning in this humidity there is no escape from this sometimes there is so much water around you you cannot even breathe