

ALLIGATOR HUNT

MINNA-KAISA
KALLINEN

When one looks from the window of a subway, two landscapes become as one. The first one is the one, where one is: inside the subway. The other one is the one that no one knows anything about, but can imagine everything. The cave-complex. The subway moves so fast that the eyes and especially the mind can't keep up. I move so fast that my eyes and especially my mind can't keep up. The subway moves so fast and I move with it. The time is 22.58 and the time is 16.56. One should have a flashlight when walking in those caves. Otherwise one couldn't see anything neither would know where to go.

*But
It happened
I got
Lost in the tunnels*

You
Are so good
4
Each other
You
Are the same
Height
You
Are the same
Height
You
Are good
4
Each other

*I'm hunting for an alligator
I want to have a big one
I do not fear anything
Ahead there is a sewer
One cannot go over
One cannot go under
One cannot go around
One has to go through*

The subway tunnels and the sewer system are linked together

The two parallel

They operate in the same space

Variation

They are moving in the same space

Near stars

But what does one *really* know of them?

I saw a film. It was made in 1973.
A man told about the alligators.
He told me all this:

*New York
side-by-side
climbing
horrified
hunt*

They live in the sewer system of New York, he said.
There they eat, sleep and grow.

*Plumber's candle
Rainhat
Rope
Hamburger*

Sometimes a little alligator baby can climb up from the sewer
into the toilet, and then some horrified citizen flushes it back

under the ground.

This is how the alligators continue their lives in those caves.
At least until the alligator hunters lift them up again.

*I'm hunting for an alligator
I want to have a big one
I do not fear anything
Ahead there is a sewer
One cannot go over
One cannot go under
One cannot go around
One has to go through*

I feel blue. You look at me with your small eyes. Actually your eyes aren't small, it's the glasses that make them seem like it. You say: I always thought that you are so good for each other. You are the same. Height and all.

We share the same space and still we don't.

You mean well.

You lift your hands in the air. You put your fingers together and look at them for a while. They make a zigzag-figure. Then you separate your hands and move the left one further from the right. I look at this operation and I don't understand anything. We are in one space. But our spaces aren't the same.

Because

*I got lost in the tunnels.
I forgot how to get out.*

*The moist concrete is cold and it glows the coldness around.
The moist concrete smells mouldy. The moist concrete is.*

It is dark, but not that dark as black is dark. After a while the eyes adjust to the darkness and seeing is possible again.

Marble, gold and glitter separates everything from ordinary.

I put my hand to the moist concrete wall and start to walk slowly towards something. My mind keeps going around. I feel anxious. I think about things that I used to.

I used to sing in the super market

I used to cry less

I used to buy records

I used to smoke

I used to wear jeans

I used to drink more

I used to run

I'm walking. The soil consists small fragments of rocks, gravel. The gravel is used for laying on the beds of roads and rail-roads, and as ballast. The size range.

Your gaze becomes a touch.

The small fragments of rocks - the gravel - makes a sound. It is loud, I think. It echoes in the moist concrete tunnel.

I wish you would look at me.

The moist concrete is cold. The moist concrete is.
The cave complex is made of concrete. It is dark and I am lost.

Marble, gold and glitter separates everything from ordinary.

Marble, gold and glitter.

Festive feeling.

Alligator hunter should have proper equipment

One falls asleep everyday

A plumber's candle for the light

Two fall in love everyday

A rain hat for the water drops

Tree falls everyday

A rope for tiding the mouth

To fall into error everyday

A hamburger for the bate

For every tear he falls

Tunnels, they all look the same. They are the same.
Greyish, moist, rough.
Don't they?

It is

marble, gold and glitter that separates everything from ordinary

14th of October: You walked by me with a friend. You didn't notice me or just didn't pay attention. After all we haven't yet been even introduced. Just after this encounter I wondered if it was you or someone just like you.

15th of October: I haven't seen you today.

The air had changed to freezing cold over night. The wind blew through my skirt and even though I tried to walk quicker, it didn't help.

16th of October: Nothing.

20th of October: You walked into a same room. You looked so fragile and a bit frightened. I looked your narrow arms. I thought if it was you or the one just like you. I tried to remember the shape of your face, your hair and facial expressions. At the end I wasn't sure about anything.

29th of October: You took coffee. Your eyes wandered around the space. A baseball cap made a little shadow to your face. The conversation felt finished and still it continued.

30th of October: You! I wasn't expecting to see you here. You ate an apple, drank coffee and wrote to your notebook. I have a headache and I am sad. What do you think?

Boys

*Everybody summertime love
You'll remember me
Everybody summertime love
Be my lover, be my baby
Boys, boys, boys
I'm looking for a good time
Boys, boys, boys
Get ready for my love*

B o y s
Boys shovelling snow. Alligator found in uptown sewer. Boys
shovelling snow into a hole to access the sewer - the manhole.
Boys shovelling snow.
Boys shovelling snow and seeing something under the water.
Alligator stuck in the manhole. Boys using a rope to pull it to
the surface.

B o y s
Upon reaching safety, the ungrateful reptile snaps to the boys.
The boys respond by beating the animal to death with their
shovels.

*Everybody summertime love
You'll remember me
Everybody summertime love
Be my lover, be my baby*

You look me in the eyes

Sleeping is ordinary

I feel exposed

Love is ordinary

Peppermint candy in my mouth gives a fresh start

Trees are ordinary

But it is dark almost black dark

Error is ordinary

And so we stay still

Tears are ordinary

When one looks from the window of a subway, two landscapes become as one. But they aren't the same. One separates the other. Inside the subway everything is familiar: yellow light, warmth, people. Outside the subway, in the cave-complex, it is not. If one focuses its eyes on the other world, that is unknown, one might see some flashing lights and moist concrete. The subway moves so fast that the eyes and especially the mind can't keep up. My eyes move fast; my mind tries to keep up. When I think about the tunnels I can feel how water runs to my mouth, the same way when I put or think of putting a sour fruit candy in it. One should have a flashlight when walking in those caves. Otherwise one couldn't see anything neither would know where to go.

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