

## YÖN

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Everyone wakes up in a panic sometimes.  
There's nothing original about it.

I don't think my suffering is original.  
That helps somewhat.

My suffering is copied,  
adopted from elsewhere.

There is still no one coming to get me.  
Maybe I will never be found.

The rooms grow, change constantly.  
The roof isn't a roof anymore, it's a sky.

I should be on my guard all the time,  
but I can't do it.

The night streets are enormous.  
They spread, split, expand.

There is no limit to the heat.  
It will keep on endlessly growing until it swallows everything.

There is actually no me.  
There is just my name and the person who belongs to that name.

Every day I find that I'm closer to myself.

I have to keep moving.  
Try to keep ahead of myself.

So I can foresee my misfortunes.

The sweat connects people, the heavy sweat.

Blood flows on the street, inside the people.

Every night the same trip through unconsciousness.

The hardest battle is between the street and sleep.

I simulate an emergency.

Try to fight, but the fight goes on and on.

Making my way through the landscape,  
squeezing myself through it, is a war.

War is the disappearance of distance.  
It is constantly alive around us and in us.

The war continues, changes form,  
hides itself, but never disappears.

There is no such thing as competition.  
There is only war.

I have no objection.  
I can't afford principles.

Over and over everything burns.

Over and over the crisis passes.

—The trees are hot. I'm getting a little sweaty.

—Of course. They have embers inside them.

—The sweat's no bother at all.

—It's no bother at all.

—It's no bother.  
No problem at all.

—Are you dangerous?"

—Probably not.

—You're probably not going to do anything to me?

—No.

—Is that what you say to everybody?

—Yes. But I'm still not going to do anything to you.

—You promise?

—I promise.

—Do you ever keep your promises?

—Sometimes I do.

—Is this one of those times?

—Could be. It seems like it.

—We'll see how it goes.

—We'll see.

It was bright on my eyes,  
but my shoulders where in deep shadow.

The darkness was growing outward from within me.  
It spread from my ears to my neck and down my ribs.

The quick darkness, flowing past.  
The moving darkness, expanding.

The wind had stopped again.  
The heat and the silence were stifling.

Not only the people but the animals, too, were gone.

Nothing to hear, to see.  
Nothing changing, happening.

Somewhere on the horizon a storm, not yet heard,  
built up into thunder.

All that is left is light.