

**Cosmopolitan**  
**/**  
**ΚοσμοΠόληταν**

# + εργείο



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## Credits and more

This collection of writings stems from Kosmopolitan, an experimental literature project where emerging Cyprus-based writers explored walking as a practice for (re)writing the urban environment. While Limassol served as a common backdrop, each writer's unique background and experiences shaped distinct perspectives on both the city and their inner landscapes. To better illustrate the different approaches, we present each writer's texts through the condition they set-the unique perspective or intention guiding their work.

This project embraces experimentation in creative writing and self-publishing while focusing on accessibility and diversity. Though no format can be fully accessible to all, the publication is designed with inclusivity in mind. Texts are presented in both English and Greek using a bold sans-serif typeface and ample spacing. All this, together with the chosen layout aim to serve a dyslexia-friendly and comfortable readability. High contrast replaces color and images to support a shared experience for blind and sighted readers alike. While the content of each publication remains the same, multiple printed versions are designed differently in an attempt to meet diverse accessibility needs and aesthetic sensitivities. The most simplified version is the digital one, as it's main purpose is providing compatibility with screen readers and the choice of readjusting the size of the text.

- \* The texts have been intentionally left unedited,  
and any syntactic or grammatical variations are legitimate
- \*\* The translation of the texts is literal.

## Instead of Introduction

**This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city.  
This is not a book about love.  
This is not a book about poetry on the roads.  
This is not a book about collective creation.  
This is not a book about how different works of literature may be.  
This book doesn't question the term of literature.  
This is not a book dedicated to my teacher that has gone so early.  
This is not a book about how we can reimagine the world.  
This is not a book about Limassol.**

**This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city  
This is not even a book.  
This is an attempt to use words to create a common ground  
between individuals.**

**This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city.  
This is not even about the city.  
This is an attempt to challenge lines on the maps that claim to define  
spaces as cities and countries.**

**This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city.  
This is not about sex and the city, even though sexualisation  
of the body is a common practice in this city.**

**This is not a book about creative writing.  
This is not a book about conversations at the airplane.  
This is not a book about my poor English.  
This is not a book about how sweet is my home called 'synergeio'.  
This is not a book about how I love writing.  
This is not a book about writing.  
This is not a book about how we can create together  
and not losing our 'self'.  
This is not a book about disability.  
This is not a book about poetry.  
This is not a book about my relationship with my grandma and a table.  
This is not a book about how we can embrace  
the Cypriot Greek language.**

**This is not a book that questions what is language.  
This is not a book about the realization that I can write  
in the colonizers language.  
This is not a book about how colonizers language is also mine.  
This is not a book about an alternative history of the city.  
This is not an answer to the question “Can the subaltern speak”?  
This is not a book about our first kiss.  
This is not a book about trauma.**

**This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city,  
but a reminisce of my journey and the Status Quo of our city.**

**This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city.  
This is not even about marginalized bodies.  
This is an attempt to aknowledge anyBODY that is found  
in the liminal spaces.  
it's about people in our everyday lives  
their walks in their town or village  
the walks of life they experience every day  
the looks from the people you meet on the street  
the smiles you can exchange with strangers  
about the strangers who came into our lives and end up being our lives  
about how much bravery, it takes to be yourself, in a world  
that wants you to pretend**

**This is not a book about me. This is not a book about us. This is not  
a book about how bodies move around the city. This is not a book  
about the exclusion we experience. And as I said before this is not a  
book about us. We? Who the fuck are we? This is not a book about us.  
This is not a book that questions inspiration porn. Why does this use  
of the word porn bother me?**

**This is not a book about Hose Esteban Munoz. This is not a book  
about fantasy. This is not a book about previous lifes. This is not a  
book about writing as activist action. This is not a book about revolution.**

**This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city.  
This is not a book about. This is a book for.  
For you and me and everyone that is willing to find modes**

of equal coexistence beyond the notion of a collective identity.  
For those laughs that you share with your friends by saying silly things  
about loves that end up in marriages and about loves that stay in  
secret. for the dreams that came true and for the dreams that remain  
repressed. for human entities but not only. for denial and acceptance  
for the art that gives us life  
for the world that is afraid of the different and wants to change it  
for the spontaneous walks that hide surprises  
for the games you played when you were a child and you can no  
longer play them  
for your truth which is sometimes bitter  
for those kisses that will be unforgettable

This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city.  
This is not a writing about just going for walks in the common sense  
of the world.

This collection of writings is about travelling to different planets  
and realities. It is about going for a walk through somebody's life.  
It is about travelling to utopias and towns that were meant to be.  
This is a journey through time.

This book has no need to answer questions, its purpose is to birth  
even more of them.

This book does not ask for mercy and compassion. This book  
only asks for understanding.

This is not a book about marginalized bodies and the city.

This is not a book about. This is book with.

With the whole team, working with care.

This is not a book about. This is a book against.

Against forced limitation and against power hierarchies.

This is not a book about. This is a book to.

To whoever you want it to be.

This book subtly hints at a hidden pain that does not escape the lips.

It only seeps on to the paper in small but meaningful doses.

This book is a confrontation with the world and its inequalities.

A confrontation with life and its shortcomings.

This book speaks about loneliness as the writings were born  
in its embrace.

The authors take various forms through their writing. Those of aliens and skate girls, those of leafs and of birds, those of scorpions and of snails. Whatever the imagination wants exists in this book.

This book is a failure and a masterpiece, a worry and a dream, a hope and a dismay.

This book forced the authors to confront themselves. It brought them to their knees and to tears. It brought them to inner understanding and self-acceptance.

This book taught the authors to be strong.

This book wants to force the reader to think outside the box.

This book is an ode to the human will to persevere through hell and of the human power to smile in even the worse of conditions.

This book restored to me a hope long thought dead.

This book will not take the reader by the hand and restrict him to only one way of thinking. It is a book of providing freedom of thought and a variability of perspectives.

This book does not point to real life events. Or maybe it does?

It is up to you to decide dear reader. This is not a book that questions what is a book. This is not a book that questions.

This is not a book.

This book is a present from us to you.

With love,

George, Christos, Roz, Isaac, Eleftheria

P.S.

We hope you do not get too lost, on your walks through the pages of our writings.



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**Christos Itzeyiannis**  
**Isaac Santous**  
**roz**  
**George Panayiotou**



## CONDITION

These texts will take us on a multidimensional journey to planet earth, where I left and came 8 or more times. We will see different characters together in different physical forms, and we will see a part of their lives or some circumstances in them. From 2024 we will go back to 1560. We will live together what it is like to be a trans man or a witch in the 16th century, or even what it is like to be a squirrel. All these characters have their own differences to show in their own world. I invite you to walk a little in their own experiences and enter a little into their lives through their stories.

—

My name is Jasper and I'm an old soul, I left and came back to planet earth 8 times, or more? If you think I'm tired of coming and going, no I am not, I'm loving coming and going and living in different forms and looks.

This time I came as a transgender man with a genetic disability. I wanted to experience that too. I was thinking about what it's like walking around in a trans man's body with a disability. How does a disabled person move through the streets of his city or even his village, how does he see the world on planet earth, what emotions does he experience walking in the crowd, what looks does he meet?

I'm going to share with you some of my stories...

Memories and images come to me out of nowhere, I have a diary and there I record everything, 8 lives in 8 different bodies and I had 8 different walks of life.

My calendar shows 2024 I'll take you back to 1992.

### Christos, 1992

A female child was born in Limassol from a heterosexual couple. In a crib surrounded by other children, they were having a competition who will cry the loudest. In another room, the mother tired from the

caesarean birth is waiting impatiently to see her child, she takes it in her arms and with tears in her eyes she hugs and kisses it on the forehead. Driving home the little child sees their house for the first time, a house they would live until the age of 23.

In a long hallway, at 11 months of age they had their first steps, walked for the first time, lost balance, leaned against the wall and got up again, and walked.

At the age of 4... car loaded with suitcases, from the house in Polemidia the road takes us to another house in Asgata. Autumn has come, the leaves are falling also the temperature, the little kid and their mother are holding hands, they are walking through the streets of Asgata on their way to school, they are going up the stairs and seeing their teacher for the first time. They enter their class and meet a lot of kids, they want to hang out with the boys but the boys don't want them. Outside in the school yard they hang out with some little girls, they like to play hidden treasure, one day they were acting with some girls and the little child always liked to take the male roles, one of the girls hugs them and they blushed, at the same time they got excited, they don't know what is going on, it's something unprecedented.

A long day after school, the kid came home and they were quiet and taciturn, they were around five when they first experienced gender dysphoria, they didn't know what it was at the time, they went to take a bath and notices some parts of their body that they are not like the other boys, as they were washing their hair they were thinking that they want to have short hair too, but they won't let them cut it, every afternoon, bath time but also the time to drown in their thoughts, why can't I be a boy and why should I feel this way and why should I be treated like a little girl?

I want to have short hair and boys want to play with me.

An autumn day in September, six years old, my first day of elementary school, a big school with many kids, some are small and some others are older, some kids I know them and some others no, new faces.

Time break, I was playing with the girls, I saw some boys yelling “you look like an old woman get out of here” a little girl with white hair, scared, I run up to them, get in front and yell at them to leave. From then I had a new friend, we were always together during time breaks, she was smiling at me and I was protecting her.

It dawns, I was dragging my feet, going to school, that day I was sad, I told my friends, I will leave and go back to Limassol, last day at Asgata’s school, the children wrote me letters, something to remember them, the little girl with the white hair was sad with tears in her eyes she says goodbye... We hugged and it was the last time I saw her.

Cars full of suitcases, furniture, back to Polemidia again. I enter the classroom, the teacher introduces me to the other children, “sit wherever you want” I sat in the last row next to a boy. Time break, kids running up and down, me alone, sad and thoughtful, boys came up to me, making fun of me, and call me “fat” “fat” and they were laughing... 2 girls came in front like a shield to protect me, this time I wasn’t the protector, they became others for me.

Time break, to the canteen, getting my favorite sandwich, bacon halloumi, after food, game starts, we ran each other, divided into two groups, I ran, I ran I forgot what it’s like running, walking carefree, not caring about the strange looks from the world...

Elementary school graduation, farewell party, we wrote on each other’s shirt with markers.

High school I was walking, pausing, taking breaths continuing forward, the route from the bus to the classroom, my knees were stiff, I couldn’t walk properly...

Finished the class lesson, time for the gym class, we were running around the field, I was the last one on the line, the gym teacher shouted to us “go up and down the stairs on the bleachers”, my heartbeat was raising, “I was afraid I won’t make it, “I’m trying but I’m afraid I’ll fall”.

The questions began, what is happening to me? no, nothing happens to me, I’m fine, every time in the gym class with the excuse that I don’t feel well, I was just sitting on the bleachers.

**My mum was calling me over, “Come and eat breakfast”, I was forcing myself to drink a glass of milk..., route to the lyceum...**

**I was counting down every day, my calendar was hanged up on my wall, September, three years left...the bell rings, I walk down the hall to class, I observe others, some abstracted, some laughing with each other, some others looking at me as I was walking...**

**We entered the kitchen at a friend’s house, we sat at the table, she says to me do you want to go for a walk, yes let’s go, why not I answered her, her mother whispers something in her ear, I asked them “sorry what are you whispering?” one of our classmates she told me that you have a problem with your legs”, a knot in my throat, with a trembling voice, I answered “I have nothing”, I am fine... denial**

**Many of the walks I’ve had with new people I had met, have had the following question: “what’s wrong with your legs?” no more walks...**

**Walking for some people is relaxation, exploration, socializing, for me it was anxiety, indistinct questions and fear.**

**Escapism... one morning in early January, I was determined to leave Cyprus to leave my thoughts to bury my identity.**

**I left, went to Australia, 6 months and came back, I have to talk, I can’t take it anymore, I’m suffocating. February a month marked deep in my heart, first injection of testosterone.**

**Institute of neurology, many tests, diagnosis of genetic spastic paraplegia in the lower limbs..**

**denial..**

**I will be fine!**

**Long road to acceptance...**

## **Jeff, 1976**

**Exodus...**

**Late night, on the street, outside a brothel, the last 4 years my home and my work... I came out to my family and they kicked me out of the house, you are not our son anymore, get out of the house, you’re a sinner...**

**I have a date, I was walking by someone's apartment, ringed the bell, went up the stairs, the door was opened, he welcomed me, told me to sit on the sofa, offers me a drink, sat next to me, he was talking to me and flirting, we went in his room, we had sex, I laid down on his sternum, he pulled back and told me I'm not a fag, I told him but I'm a woman," you'll never be a woman" I just wanted sex, he kicks me out...**

**Through sex I'm trying to find the love no one gave me... I was walking down the street when I saw a huge banner, "i questioned homosexuality" "change is possible" "discover it now".**

**The following day... route to the library, the looks I'm getting they make me uncomfortable, insulting words, I'm tired.**

**"Sorry?" I was whispering, can I use the computer? She showed me where was it, turned on the computer, [www.exodus.to](http://www.exodus.to) "jesus can transform you" I called and make an appointment...**

**The day has come, I took a taxi and went there, a huge building like a university, I found the entrance, I went inside, she told me, sit and wait for your turn.**

**"Please come in" I sat down and introduced my self, I openly narrated the story of my life, he told me you are in good hands, don't be afraid, you will be fine.**

**I gather all my things and left, I'm going to my new house where they will treat me well, down the road was a trash can, I threw all of my wigs, dresses, heels and everything else that reminded me of my past. New room, new faces, a new beginning, they showed me around the place and the rooms where we going to have our treatments and prayers.**

**The next day was my first therapy with a psychologist, I was talking to him and started crying I told him I'm feeling guilty, I feel like I'm a bad person, "you're on the right track" he told me.**

**We had lessons, they teach us how to be a man, how to act like a man, what interests should a man have, they told us "first you have to start a friendship with a woman and then the romance will come by itself".**

**We also do activities, we men playing football and women learning make-up.**

**Every morning we all gather together and pray to god to save us from the evil.**

**A few days ago they performed an exorcist to two members of the community, because they found them together...**

**The psychologist told me that I am doing very well, we will go to the next stage, he didn't tell me which one, he told me you will see tomorrow.**

**In a room with a television and other machines they make me sit on a chair,**

**they applied a device on my genitals, there was a sex movie with two men on the TV, electricity in my genitals...**

**A sex movie with a man and a woman, masturbate! that's the right way to get well.**

**A year later again on the streets, this time from an opposite side, I was finding people on the street, in my hand I was holding a small banner that showed how I was before the treatment, I share my testimony, "I lived as a woman and left that way of life to follow God..."**

### **Kate, 1965**

**TV ad, Patti McGee 1965 the 1st skateboarding champ..wow..**

**She talked on a show, said how she started and shows off some of her tricks, I didn't know girls skate too, a male dominated sport like many others... I always admired the boys skating in the neighborhood, I was kind of jealous... Patti you are an inspiration!**

**I went for a walk, passed by a skate shop window, skateboards, surfboards, I went inside, "you need some help?" a brown board with red stripes and red wheels catches my attention, 12 dollars, Excited, I ran and went back home.**

**Dad can i have 12 dollars? I want a skateboard, "skateboards are not for you, they're only for boys" I left and went to my room... Where will I find the money?... The sun comes through the window, wakes me up, I take the road, morning walk, quiet streets, fresh air, I stopped by the**



bakery and got a donut, the road takes me back to the skate shop, I was staring the skateboard from the window, On the side a piece of paper saying “staff wanted”, my opportunity!

Good morning I saw that you want staff for the store, I can come after school,

I got the job! I wanted to scream from joy, I was walking and traveling in my mind, I was imagining it in my hands, my own skateboard...

I got my first paycheck!, I won't tell it to my father I'll keep it a secret.

In my neighborhoods park I started my practice, I hold it in my hands, I'm watching it and it watching me back, I turn its wheels, I'm smiling, the feeling of being on top and trying to balance, I was flooded with euphoria, my ears were also smiling, I got up, I balance, I fall, I balance again, I fall again, again and again until I learned, let's go to the next stage, I have to roll...

The first skatepark, Patti makes the opening, they showed it on the TV. Saturday morning I got on the bus, route Tucson Arizona... I arrived wow the most beautiful thing I have ever seen ...rolling on the ramps, the wind in my face, look at me I'm flying... I did my first trick Happiness..

### Leonardo,1951

You were selling tickets at the entrance of the cinema, that's where we first met.

Opened my eyes, got up and walked to the kitchen, newspaper on my table, 15 April 1951.. how long I was sleeping..?

Walking in the middle of the night, through the streets of my city, loud music, teenagers on the streets laughing with each other, a long line at an ice cream shop, an elderly couple walking and they were holding hands and I was wandering around in the streets...

In front of me the cinema... I was looking at what movies were playing, a romantic movie is playing, I like romances, I will see this one. Entrance..., you gave me the ticket, we exchange intense glances.

I feel a hand on my shoulder, I turned, it's you, you smiled at me, gave me a piece of paper and leave, "come and find me in the toilets" my heart was beating like crazy... I went down the stairs, I'm in the toilets, someone dragged me from the hand, without realizing it our breaths become one, you kissed me... fireworks... but logic told me to leave... it's not right...

I'm sorry...

I'm not ready

I left...

The sunlight wakes me up, I'm thinking of him..."Leo come breakfast is ready" breakfast with my family, but my mind is somewhere else...

"my love how was the movie last night?" it was beautiful...

Canvas, paints, the feel of the brush in my hands, the wand of creativity, I was wondering what is he doing now? Does he think of me? should I go find him tonight? no it's not right...

Cecilia I'm leaving, I have a meeting for work... I'm feeling like a teenager lying to his parents...

And here we are again, you at the checkout and me on the line, you saw me and smile at me, your touch on my shoulder makes me shiver, you leave me a piece of paper again, I opened it, it's a map and an address, "ps come and find me as soon the film ends".

I walk through the narrow streets, I'm following your map, a group of people, I showed them the paper... a Vespa is coming towards me...

Around the city on a Vespa with a stranger, I must have gone crazy, our hair is waving from the speed, we were looking at each other and laughing, it was my first time feeling that way...

We went up the stairs, you opened the door for me...

Canvases

paints

paintings

what a coincidence?

the wands of creativity in our hands, we

drawing

playing

laughing

paints everywhere and we're on the floor exchanging kisses

exchanging paints...

## Brian, 1946

Wind takes the pages of my diary back to 1946...my birth “a bright star is born”.

I finished school my parents wanted me to study, young with dreams spontaneity and confidence.

I’m going to be a musician and a guitarist, my father “You’re talking nonsense you’re just lazy” I left and closed the door behind me... Every night on the same route, walking, I was going to a bar where rock bands were playing, my kind of music, I imagined myself on the stage playing guitar and people applauding me...

A bartender is talking with a member of a band, without wanting to I was listening to their conversation, it takes my ear “our guitarist left I’m looking for someone to replace him”. That’s my chance, backstage, Brian your new guitarist, burst out laughing... you? our guitarist? they laughed out loud, they were making fun of me, they didn’t like my appearance... “Try me and you won’t regret it”

Next night, on stage, nervous excited, it’s my time to shine, the drummer gives the signal, we are starting, people are shouting, having fun, chills all over my body, the applause at the end my pleasure. At the bar excited, I’m in a band!

At home indifference...

Producer gets in touch with us and wants us to do more lives, we went out and celebrated it, beers, a girl smiles at me, I smiled back, a night full of flirting...

A live after the other, from bar to bar, underground scenes, parties, alcohol, girl fans

Rockstar!

The woman of my life I feel safe with her, I am myself, I proposed to her to marry me...

A proposal is coming for a tour all over the country, a bus from city to city, people applauding us, I imagined it before it happened.

The vibration on the stage in my feet, the guitar strings in my fingers,

the voices of the people shivering my body, I and my guitar become one body...

Every day on the phone with her telling her our news...

It's over, we came back, it was like a dream...

Collaboration with a record producer, our first album.

We left for the countryside in a studio outside the city, secluded in nature, nature inspires, calmness only the birds are heard, and each of us in their rooms writing...

I took my guitar, as I was playing and writing our manager approaches me, one conversation on top of the other, he kisses me...

My first kiss with a man...

I'm in love with Mary I think you misunderstood me..., he answers me "are you sure about this?" silence...

We record our first song, "masterpiece" that's how we called it...

I'm thinking about our kiss...

### John Junior, 1817

They are watching us...

10 years ago we moved with my family to a farm house near nature, we had our own animals...

10 years later... on our kitchens wall a diary hanging, December 1817, I was eating my lunch, absent minded looking outside the window, my eye catches something from distance, a black animal moving fast...

My dad last night, he saw a monstrous figure near our farm, he described it to us, it was big, black with two heads and it looked like a dog, he tried to shoot it with his gun but he missed.

I didn't want to believe it at first I wanted to think it was just a wolf.

A few days later my siblings told us that they saw around our farm various monstrous figures that looked like animals but they were not animals.

Over the next few weeks things started happening in the house at night while we were sleeping, countless knocks on our doors and windows, I wake up to a strange noise, my sister wakes up too, I said to her "did you hear that?" it was like we had mice under the bed and they were eating the bedposts.

Another night, I woke up, the clock on the wall showed 3:00 a.m, it sounded like birds beating their wings on the roof tiles...

3:33 a.m, March 1818, the scariest sound of all, the sound like someone choking, the sound of strangulation...

Chains dragging on the floor, objects falling to the ground, chained dogs barking and no where evidence to be found...

For three months this torture has been going on... countless nights me and my family have been awake, we were afraid to speak to the neighbors we were afraid they would call us crazy, June 1819, things inside the house became uncontrollable.

The demon started to attack physically as well as mentally...

They were hitting all the members of my family, except me and Lucy, the demon was whispering in my ear at night, was telling me that we are friends and they won't hurt me, but i didn't take their side and they got mad told me they will destroy us...

Another year passed... September 1820, my father was seriously ill, cursed threats, severe physical tortures...he doesn't get out of bed anymore...I took care of him as much as I could...

I went to the cupboard to get his medicine, the other two vials were missing but where did they disappear? one last full vial had a slimy black liquid in it, I feel a hand on my shoulder...a whispering in my ear, stop trying to save him he won't wake up again...

### Medea,1560

Wake up! it's your brother's birthday today... we have a lot of house works to do, I looked at the calendar on the kitchen wall March 1st 1560.

Mum I'm going to the forest I won't be late..

Barefoot, in the forest picking herbs, feeling the soil on my feet, trees, birds and a fox peeking from afar, I cut rosemary, it smells great, this strong smell of it is my favorite, I climb a hill, the edge of my dress was torn apart from a log, I move on, where is it? I remember it has somewhere here,

I move on a little further, here it is I found it, white sage, it exorcises evil. how I love mother nature, my calmness, my strength, away...

I have to go back before it gets dark, “where were you my daughter?” in the forest mum did you forget? I picked herbs for “tea”. I went in my room, I put the herbs in my cabinet, tonight is a long night. Full moon, they are all asleep, leaving from home quietly so no one hears me, I’m late she’ll be waiting for me.

“Medea, Medea, come I’m here...”, I brought some herbs too, I sneaked away again I hope I don’t get caught..., I missed you Hermione, today my mum forced me to pray with her she says “we are all sinners...” fire, candles herbs and we two hugging each other... I feel her breath on my lips, I want to feel her lips, I’m afraid may someone would see us... there’s a noise, my heart beats fast, we got up, “is anyone here?”, who could it be? Could it be an animal? “don’t be afraid, most likely was a fox or something...” she reassures me...

it’s dawn, I’m going to pick up some eggs, the chickens are flying here and there, Mum, I brought the eggs, she’s been preparing and cooking since morning, tonight we’ll have guests, “finish the chores and go for a bath”, “who’s coming, mum?”, “you’ll see tonight”

A knock on the door, “Medea open the door my daughter”, I opened the door, a couple and a young man, they greeted me, they sat at the dinners table “treat our guests my daughter “, who are they? She didn’t answer, I also sat at the table my father and brother came too, my mother was bringing the food without realizing it, I was engaged to a stranger...

Saturday morning, I want to leave this house, I can’t take it anymore, I don’t want to marry a stranger, I don’t want to marry someone I don’t love, I have a date with her tonight, I have to tell her, I don’t want to... I will hurt her but I’m in pain too...what should I do?

Hermione I have to tell you something they want me to marry with someone, silent and thoughtful..., talk to me Hermione do you want to sneak off together? she sighs “there’s nothing we can do Medea...it was something that it would come at some point...” no I won’t accept this, I grab her and kiss her...

“Medea what are you doing there?” “well I suspected it” dad stop you’re hurting me, he was dragging me by my hand, we got home, he turned my room upside down, “what are these things? are you a

witch?' dad I'm in pain ...he dragged me to a dungeon and locked me up. What day is it?... when will i see the sun again? darkness... in my thoughts... hungry, they only throwing me a piece of bread and some water...they locked me up again...

It's dawn they dragging me somewhere, I don't know where they will take me, I'm in pain this rope is tight around my wrists, Walking up some stairs, they tied me on a wooden pole, what's going on?... a little further down Hermione is also tied up.. People came to see us ...

I feel hot..

I'm burning ..

### Squirrel

Warmth I feel warmth, my body's stuck on other bodies and a hairy body is covering us.

Feeling of hunger, the hairy body comes and feeds us, hmmm..this taste reminds me of something..

Opened my eyes, I saw for the first time the hairy body, I think it's my mum, but where am I? Layer of straw as a bed, surrounded by wood, but where am I anyway?

These who are next to me I think are my siblings, we all cry together when we are hungry, "mum where are you we want to eat", my mum reminds me of something, I think it's a squirrel, which means I'm I too...?

We grew up it is time to go outside from our little house, that's what mum said... but under her supervision, she told us to be careful from our enemies...

I went outside, wow a vast forest, chirping, flying birds, various animals wandering, the feeling of wood on my feet, freedom, energy to run but mum said we must beware of our enemies.

I run quickly from one tree to another we have to build our house, winter is coming

sticks

back to the house

sticks

back to the house

sticks

food we have to get food.

Quick movements

took the peanut

back home

took the peanuts, stored them in my mouth

back home

someone is watching me, but who is it? a bird?, what does it want from me? my food? or to eat me? I have to be careful...

fast movements

observe well

I will catch up

I will succeed,

I'm digging, I found food, back home again.

It's snowing outside

it's snowing our food is running low, what should I do? go outside?

I will go...

let's go!

I went out

I observe

I run

I remembered that I hid food somewhere, there is a strange sound, a huge bird is watching me

I run

I'm digging the snow, I'm watching..., the feeling of the snow in my fingertips

I'm still digging

I found the food, I take it and run, the huge bird is ready to attack me, high pulse, different it's not like I remembered,

I made it I'm alive.

Blooming flowers, blossoms on the trees, beautiful smells, spring has come. Green... endless green...pink, yellow, blue...

I run from one tree to another the music coming from the forest is beautiful.

Danger! a snake comes up to me, crawling on the tree, where do I go?

I escaped...

Back home.

Out again

food



let's eat pine cones?  
let's go! the seeds are nice, an unprecedented taste,  
I smell something, I run, I reached up in a nest, it has small eggs,  
I ate one, I ate another one...  
I run back home.

Dancing on the tree trunk, we twirl around the trunk, I pose to impress  
her, circles, circles, we hugged.

Their naked small bodies covered with the straw, one next to the  
other, back in the searching of food, they opened their small eyes,  
she feeds them, runs out, comes back again, feeds them, falls on  
them and covers them.

Beech marten a hungry beech marten is looking to eat small bodies,

I run to the house

I grab it and run to other house

I put it inside

I covered it

I observe

quick movements, so that it doesn't see me

I run

I grab the other one, back to the house.

It's fall... back to foraging again...



## CONDITION

Through the texts I reminisce about my journey and the status quo of my city in the form of a wish list, a letter, and true-life encounters.

–

### A Reminisce of the City Where I Live

It is one of the cities in the Mediterranean Region that has gained much attention from tourists, students, investors, etc. A city where anyone who visits would be drawn into love and affection for its beauty and strategic location. A city of splendid weather, magnificent scenery, and a variety of Mediterranean and continental cuisines.

However, there is little to no visible cultural diversity in my city, despite the many (perhaps hundreds of thousands) nationalities I come across each day as I take a walk. The presence of foreign military personnel enchants me so much that I often wonder and ask myself, Whose interests are they protecting? This is the city where I live as I write.

A city where the roads remind me of the countryside back home. A city where most of its walls are covered with all sorts of graffiti—some carrying deep meaning, while others are just a mess on my beautiful city. However, one particular painting caught my attention and left me thinking—a woman with her baby on her back, looking confused and tormented. Could she be looking for help? Searching for something? Or could this depict survival during the difficult times in my city?

Yes, a city that wants to be “green,” where its people aim to thrive and be healthy, yet weak public health policies or strategies persist. A city where second-hand smoke is the order of the day because no designated no-smoking zones exist. A city known for its high cost of living compared to others on the island—is it because most of the “rich foreigners” live and invest here? Interestingly, this is not the seat of “power,” yet its influence on the island is one of the greatest.

A city with beautiful beaches and breathtaking views of the Mediterranean, yet it floods easily when it rains heavily. The drainage

systems are terrible, keeping me indoors whenever it rains. A city where dust storms are unbearable—another hindrance to hanging out. Am I thinking about the sun? Hmm... it is pleasant, but it can burn my skin. Yes, this is the city where I live today.

### I Wish

Hmmm... Cyprus is the only country in the world with a divided capital (Nicosia). I wish this were not true. I wish the entire Cyprus were one united country.

I wish things were done faster to avoid unnecessary delays. I wish I had not waited half a year to receive my renewed residence permit.

Limassol, my city—I wish I could have resided here for more years. It is a beautiful city, but I wish the many dilapidated and abandoned buildings were occupied, regardless of who lived in them. I wish I had the time and friends to explore Limassol in my past years.

I wish the local buses passed by my house every minute. I wish my city had a lower cost of living for the average person. I wish those I call friends were living with me in this city.

I wish I had the energy to walk from end to end of this hard-to-describe city. I wish the transportation system were more organized to allow easy movement for people like me who decided not to drive. However, I wish the roads were wide enough.

Is the law enforcement body doing a good job? I wish the road signs were not covered in graffiti, and the perpetrators were brought to justice.

I wish I could walk half a kilometer without becoming a second-hand smoker.

Dogs are pets that people adore in Limassol. I wish I had my 57kg German Shepherd with me.

Yes, I wish I could turn back the hands of time.

## Letter to My Friend

**My Dear Friend Snail - slow but sure,  
I bring you greetings from a country that's not even the size of your city. A country strategically located between your continent, mine, and the Middle East. Sometimes, people consider this country not part of Europe but rather somewhere else. However, the cities are worth visiting, and the rich history of this country—and the city from where write to you—is something to talk about.**

**Sorry for my manners. How are you doing? I hope you're still coping with the challenges of life. I know you live in a city where some people—most of them are even foreigners—have little to no respect or care for beautiful and helpless creatures like you and your amazing friends.**

**I remember that remarkable day when you said, "I prefer living in my village because life is much better there compared to this city. A city that has been occupied by..." I know you and some of your colleagues cannot afford life in the city.**

**But you know what? Be strong and always use your shell to protect yourself. Let us hope and dream that the status quo will change someday.**

**I know you can't move fast, and the giants are using their power and resources to influence your city, making it difficult for you to live and thrive with the little you have.**

**My dear Snail, be courageous and hope for the best.  
I hope to see you soon in good health.**

**Your friend,  
Scorpion**



## CONDITION

I write between spaces, between worlds, between ideas, trying to break the binaries that often govern our thoughts and our cities. Somewhere between love, on four wheels, between “I love you” and “I want you.” Somewhere between walks and obstacles. Somewhere between the present and the future, between utopia and reality, somewhere between these lines were written.

-

### Ανάμνηση

To sane joker,

I remembered that walking for me  
was about photographing the city  
αγαπώ τη ζωή μου  
η ζωή μου αγαπά με

### What is love?

a sticky line  
a line the color of soft curves  
on which we stretch our bodies

Four spiraling circles coexist  
The sticky line divides into two  
The spiraling circles have a soft texture  
They are the color of blood  
In the center, they guard something  
Perhaps a secret.  
I can't determine how it smells since my breath  
Is hindered by a sticky substance, as people say  
I am “sick”  
This body makes no sounds.

## I will “conquer” the world

I and my four wheels  
we will conquer the world  
not with violence or weapons  
perhaps with words  
we will travel  
we will discover invisible cities, we will roll  
across pages  
I and my four wheels  
we will change the world.

## I love

I love the journey  
I love the sign “Asgata”  
I love the little theater of Molos  
I love the anti-fascist festivals in July  
I love Koulloumakka  
I love Synergeio  
I love finding parking  
I love the colorful accessible toilet, I can pee  
I love the impromptu marches in the city center  
I love being on the street/ I love sto dromo  
I love the parking of Molos, where we had our first kiss

I love rolling along Molos  
Watching the sea  
I love the loves I encounter by chance, bright red with proud thorns  
I love Limassol, it's eros, one of my cities.

Δεν είμαι σίγουρη αν νιώθει κανείς ασφαλής εδώ  
Η Λέμεσός ως ουτοπία/δυστοπία

*Open Mic Utopia and the city*



## My granddaughter

There are neither rich

Nor poor

We shared everything from the beginning. Like Monopoly but not exactly.

We knocked down the towers, leaving only 2-3 that became accessible bars, clubs, rooftops, places of entertainment in general.

I believe that my grandmother had envisioned such a Limassol.

My grandmother got to know Limassol around the time she met my grandfather.

Back then, it wasn't such a colorful and accessible city.

Rent was very high. Yes, back then you paid rent to have a space.

A home of your own. Now, as long as you want to be a resident and participate in and contribute to social life, they offer you a space to live.

The sea is the same as in my grandmother's time, but perhaps a bit more beautiful as it reflects the smiles of the people.

My grandmother used to say that this city is very lovable, and indeed I am in love with every inch of it.

Every evening, we gather at Molos, and there are events, dances, and festivals. All cultures meet. My grandmother loved the festivals.

This city, Limassol, is one big celebration. Since my grandmother's time, and even earlier, they celebrated Carnival, dressing up. And today this continues, with the difference that no one will dress up in a way that offends another.

In the summers, it's not as humid as in my grandmother's time because, with the ecological awareness our generation has built, the climate/environmental disaster has drastically decreased. In the past, people bought things endlessly and polluted the environment. Today in Limassol and around the world, you have only what you need and know how to make many of the things you need.

I wish my grandmother were here to see Limassol. Her Limassol blooming.

P.S. We still eat ice cream like the ones you loved, but a little nicer.

## I want

I want to be able  
I want to want  
I want to embrace  
I want to live  
I want to not be afraid  
I want you to not feel uncomfortable  
I want to count moments and not losses  
I want every body to walk freely  
I want colors  
I want cities for plants, for people, and for animals  
I want us to gather and create  
I want to long  
I want to desire  
To fall in love  
I want love without possession  
I want to read Muñoz with my friends  
I want butterflies to keep me company in the elevator  
I want butterflies in my stomach  
I want you to trust me  
I want to trust you  
I want to feel safe  
I want rainbows  
I want cats without the calling  
I want there to be no allergies  
I want travels that don't burden the environment  
I want degrowth  
I want music  
I want all bodies to be welcome to dance  
I want us to meet  
I want collectives  
I want assemblies  
I want concerts  
I want squares  
I want cities that are ours  
I want our "we" to be colorful and open  
I want to do whatever I want.

## Untitled

I am not binary  
I live somewhere in between  
my existence shatters poles  
I exist even if they doubt me  
let them mock me  
I want to live, not just survive  
my body becomes a performative statue  
I want to live  
billboards on the highway  
displace me from the normal  
comics ally with psychiatrists  
there are only two colors.  
But I roll on rainbows.

## In between

In between the city and the village  
In between the country I grew up in and the country I fell in love with  
In between life and death  
In between healthy and sick  
In between movement and stillness  
In between two wheels  
In between love and self-destruction  
In between warmth and cold  
In between art and activism  
In between the hard and the vulnerable  
In between faith and agnosticism  
In between romanticism and realism  
In between poetry and monologue  
In between hip hop and pop  
In between pink and purple  
In between utopia and dystopia  
In between I and us  
In between the familiar and the strange  
In between the platonic and the carnal  
In between walking and rolling  
In between the bed and the square

In between philosophy and proverb  
In between dreams and the “real”  
In between the hands of the smartwatch I threw in the trash  
In between greeting cards and eulogies  
Between guilt and pleasure  
Between inside and outside

### Queer Phenomenology

a room of her own  
the writing table  
I become disoriented and start over  
the dining table  
my mother’s table that my grandmother gave her as a dowry  
or that a cousin eventually gifted her because she didn’t want it  
“What’s wrong with the table? Why do you want to get rid of it?”

the philosopher’s table  
the philosopher’s table  
the philosopher’s table  
the table that isn’t property because property is theft  
but above all because it is self-sufficient  
it carries stories  
energy

the table as a philosophical object?  
within the question mark perhaps love is hidden  
the relationship with the table  
the senses  
the identity of the table

that table took up so much space  
it was a matter of survival to get rid of it  
just as it was a matter of survival to take my sister by the hand,  
our dog under my arm, and go to the police to report  
the table had been here since I can remember  
it was the backdrop for scenes of domestic—  
or rather sexist and patriarchal—violence.

while the table existed in the present, for me it was a ghost of the past  
and like all ghosts, it haunted me

moving back home after the fall  
I faced ghosts, traumas, and other “evil” spirits  
time to exorcise them

before I made the decision to get rid of it  
before I even thought I had such a choice  
I had to negotiate

the table turned into a battlefield  
two worlds fought over who would prevail.

My world:

books, papers, notebooks, pens, pencils, the laptop, my pills

Her world:

towels, tissues, plates, glasses, forks, knives, spoons

I ate feminist theory every day  
I wrote lines on her towels  
maybe it wasn't a struggle  
maybe it was a new world  
but the table took up all the space  
I couldn't breathe in this house

after many sessions with my psychologist  
a little push from my partner  
I decided it had to go

a post on Facebook  
they're coming to load it up  
the space opens  
empty  
I breathe  
again

I am reborn in our empty dining room  
my first cry is silent

**the table sets sail for new destinations  
as they lifted it to load it, all the trauma it carried fell to the floor  
and shattered into a thousand pieces**

**the new users? partners? certainly not owners... they will see it  
and smile**

**P.S. the new table takes up less space  
the dining room has officially turned into a reading and writing space  
but my grandmother hasn't stopped putting towels on the table**

**Fortunately, I have now learned to weave lines.**







## **CONDITION**

**My condition for the project is that instead of me going for walks and writing my poems based on those walks I would take the readers for a walk. Where you may ask? Well through my mind and the life experiences, I have as a person using a wheelchair. You could say that I am the tour and I am taking the people for a Mind Walk through my mind travelling from one stop to the next.**

**The poems were, originally written in English because I felt like I was more expressive. The Greek translations were made, for the sake of accessibility to the general audience.**

–

### **Stop One – Who? Why? How?**

**Who chose my Fate?  
Why did he choose it for me?  
How do I become free?**

**Who can show me my path?  
Why can nobody give me an answer?  
How long should I travel?**

**Who can see past my wheels?  
Why does he run away? Why can't he see? Why is she that afraid?  
How do I show them the way?**

**Who can love me for who I truly am?  
Why is it so hard? Why does she flee?  
How do I find the will in love to believe?**

**Who is me?  
Why do I have to be me?  
How is it to be me?**

**Who can carry the pain?  
Why do we suffer?  
How do we continue and carry on?**

**Who created death?**

**Why should life be so short?**

**How do you smile when you know one day you will be gone?**

## **Stop Two – Existential Crisis**

**I am a modern knight on a steel horse**

**I am a modern Tarzan a stranger to society**

**I am a hater of chains and restrictions**

**I am an angel with shattered wings**

**I am a modern Icarus trying to reach for the sun**

**I am the universe in human form experiencing itself**

**I am a forever-youthful child**

**I am a river of words**

**I am a child of the metaphysical and mysterious**

**I am a shattered mirror**

**I am a vase restored with gold**

**I am a bitter coffee for non-believers**

**I am, or at least i hope i am a light to those feeling weak**

**I am an anomaly to society's ways**

**I am a traumatized healer**

**I am a being of emotion and tears**

**I am a puzzle of personas and alter egos**

**I am a masterpiece in the making**

**I am a question for others to answer, an enigma that shall never be solved**

**I am madness and logic**

**I am George**

**I am Anton**

**I am Deimos**

**I am Eon**

**I am Fate**

**I am George**

**I am the universe**

I am George  
I am Odysseus  
I am George

### Stop Three - A connection lost

I had gone for a walk  
When i found you there discarded on the floor

A plain leaf, your color a combination of a washed out brown and yellow  
It filled my heart with great grief and much sorrow

All around i gave a look, someone would take me for a fool

I searched for your peers and found them up high on trees so tall  
I wondered, how long had it been since your fall

Oh leaf, oh leaf

Loneliness has a heavy toll, unbearable to carry on your back for long  
I understand, a loner I've been since i was born  
Humans, your pain a tendency they have to scorn

Up there i had once belonged, it has been so long  
I was a part of a society thought to be made of gold  
Then Fate came along, proving me gravely wrong

Nobody wants to shelter the pain  
nor hang a broken picture frame upon the wall of fame  
Oh what a shame

My leaf you see i don't use my legs to go for a walk  
My wheelchair does that for me, the one i roll upon  
And trust me it is difficult not to run amok

Your stature small, your value diminished in the eyes of this world  
Your cut stem a connection lost  
You and i may be the same after all

**Your outside may be decaying and close to rot  
But your inside speckled with yellow splotches  
It may be hope yet not lost**

**Your cavity in the shape of a cave  
Inside chaos might reign  
A dimension of dreams and inspiration unlimited and great**

**I am talking with a leaf, oh my God  
I am going crazy that's all  
I had gone for a walk**

#### **Stop Four – Caged**

**There I was enjoying an ice cream, it was so cold  
Suddenly I was captivated by a song  
My gaze caught you, high above  
Inside a cage, it was so small**

**I wondered how you kept going on, how you kept being strong  
After thinking for long  
I found the answer I was longing for  
Inside me it was hiding all along**

**You had something important to say  
I have something important to say**

**I feel caged, I feel enraged  
I need someone to free me  
To save me from this cage**

**Life is worthwhile it needn't be lived behind iron bars  
I would prefer it to be enjoyed, with friends having fun at bars**

**I long for the days when I was a child playing, making sand castles  
at the beach**

The days when I soared, when I had wings  
Now they are broken, shattered into pieces  
Some people may run away leaving me into pieces

Still my Fate I must embrace  
I must see the beauty and learn the lesson  
from whichever hardship I may face  
Maybe I will learn what is beauty and what is grace

### Stop Five - Scraped Knees

I went for a walk again  
Not with my wheels  
I dove in the depths of my head

I walked down my childhood years  
It really brought me to tears

Scraped knees from a fall at a park  
A child still brimming with light, safe from the dark

A childhood veiled with love  
A childhood worthy of a hug  
My parents angel protectors with swords  
The pain they feel unbearable too heavy its costs

Scraped knees I return to you  
I have nothing to say but only thank you  
Others kids would cry from you pain  
Lost to them your lessons  
For no great reason gone, wasted in vain

Some may think me a masochist  
I do not believe I am this  
I am just a student of life  
Her lessons painful, their value unrecognizable to the human mind

### Stop Six – Self Confrontation

You were an innocent child, I am a scarred man  
You were a crybaby, i am an overly emotional mess  
You were sheltered by a veil of love, I was hardened by a war  
You were free, i am limited but also free  
You used your trembling legs, I use my wheels  
You were naive, I am disappointed  
You believed in true love, I am starting to think that it is dead  
You lived in fairytales, I am faced with the truth  
Your body was strong, mine is close to collapse  
You had dreams, I have dreams  
You were close to death, I am alive  
You did not care about opinions, I tremble at their thought  
You were perfect, I am perfect

### Stop Seven – Forbidden Love

Yellow sandals the color of lemons but also envy  
A life that i may never have  
My two feet may not be fit for sandals but instead for nails of pain  
driving through my legs  
and into my heart  
Sandals speaking of love on the scorching sand,  
What a shame a lover I do not have.  
I may be forbidden to love  
However, any patience I do not have  
My scars run deep I can feel my aching heart  
It just wants something that is simple enough  
A hug, a smile, a trace of love  
My four wheels are playing their nasty part  
Chasing away any potential heart that may understand that living life  
alone is hard  
Someone I need to lend me a hand  
To remind me why my journey I began  
To give me the will to travel through hell with a smile and a laugh  
To continue and fight together  
Let us forget the apart

**Yellow sandals made out of plastic that is cheap  
Life it may mimic them and appear cheap  
That is a fact I'd rather not believe.**

### **Stop Eight - Lost Village**

**I decided to go to my village  
I would not allow pain my heart to pillage**

**Me and my family decided to go somewhere to eat  
I didn't expect it  
Rude people to meet**

**A car was parked in the middle of our way  
We were filled with anger  
Everything was thrown at a state of disarray**

**People ejected poison from their dirty mouth  
Condemning me and my condition  
They insulted me and screamed aloud  
I wanted to shut their stupid mouth**

**It hurt me to my core  
It was not my mistake with a disability to be born  
I missed my village I wanted to feel at home  
Maybe it would be better if I had stayed there home and alone**

**Alas, I have to admit and accept  
Those who do not live my life will never understand  
For the sins, they have committed they may never know  
So it may be impossible for them to repent**

### **Stop Nine – It hurts**

**It hurts when I see couples madly in love  
It hurts when on my legs I cannot stand  
It hurts when I feel the stiffness in my arms**

**It hurts when I feel limited and never in control  
It hurts seeing the pain in my parent's eyes  
It hurts not being able to go for a run  
It hurts when people feel unsure  
It hurts when they forget me and I suffer alone  
It hurts not being able to swim  
It hurts but I somehow have to believe  
It hurts feeling sorry for myself  
It hurts feeling the pity behind people's words  
It hurts when to my village I cannot go  
It hurts when I have a fall  
It hurts but I have to find another way  
Believe me there may be beauty in the pain  
Yes it may be the only way with my condition to cope  
I have to share my stories, I should share some hope**

### **Stop 10 – Come**

**Come and tear loneliness's demons apart  
Come and help my cross to carry, help me on my legs to stand  
Come and give me a hug  
Come and tell me words that are sweet, gift me the company I need  
for my heart  
Come because I grow tired  
Come and give me passion fill my insides with fire  
Come and don't judge my weak arms and legs  
Come and destroy the darkness, which my dreams consumes  
and never rests  
Come and remind me how it is to hope  
With wings up in the skies to soar  
Come and make me forget my disability  
Come and remind me that to dance I still have the ability  
Come and remind me how it is to smile  
Come and remind me how to have fun and how it feels to be high  
Come and do not be scared  
Come in my life and fill the void that is there  
Come and be the reason that I laugh  
Come and feel my aching heart with love**



**Come, it is the only think I ask  
Come and destroy loneliness's chains, it's an easy task  
Come and grant me my wish  
Come and make my inner child feel at ease  
It does not want to grow old  
It wants something to help it cope**





