

The numbers.

Visible and invisible values. Evidences and responses.

They confuse, frighten, and laugh at me.

0.0 is the strength of the flexor muscles of my lower right limb

0.4 is the strength of the flexural muscles of my lower left limb.

0.4 means something exists.

Imperceptibly, the muscle exists and I exist.

0.0 means nothing exists,

And if something exists, it can't reveal itself.

The strength of my 4 limbs doesn't exceed 1.5.

If I identified myself with them, Valeria wouldn't be much more than 1.5.

If I identified myself with my body, Valeria would probably fall.

If I identified myself with my sick body, I would curse and hate me.

I would be my pain and spasms.

I would throw on the others, all my pain and spasms.

I would become slow and heavy. I would love my bed and blankets in the wrong way

I would let their heat turn off and strangle me

I would become like who I hate, their fugitive eyes, their nervous gestures
and then, nothing more.

0.0 and 0.4 are very small numbers.

Small and disrespectful. Small and violent. Small and unworthy.

Full of themselves, wrote on a medical record are my biography,

Make me clinically recognizable and identifiable:

Female, 28 years old

Rare and degenerative neuromuscular disease

Two leg-foot braces

a blue stick and a violet wheelchair.

0.0 is the strength of the flexor muscles of my the lower right limb,

0.4 is the strength of the flexural muscles of my the lower left limb,
But I am something else: I am Valeria.