

It was somewhat late at that Sunday night. Crossing the thin silver rain, I felt the thickness of each step through the history pressed in the tarmac. Between the night and the middle of the street a kind of secret was feeding the loneliness of the blue trees. The testimony of the silence, a gaze from within the open dark space was the only means of something different for those inhabitants of the eternal space around the earth. Besides the time, something else was called to accompany me in front of the abyss' guardians: each drop and every fly surrounding the low yellow light in the corner. (There was a kind of envy in the way the windows were so silent.) A picture could do it better, instead of wasting feelings to describe what the reality denied to offer me. Nonetheless, a word had to be buried deep inside a branch, in order to be fruitful the inspiration for a fresh new day. But first I should answer the request for a good reason to cross the sacred space. They watched me so quietly, because it was an absurd not having a good ground upon which I could found my walk. Relentlessly, I should search for that unspeakable meaning, hoping for a new way to be a confident strange body in the veins of nature.