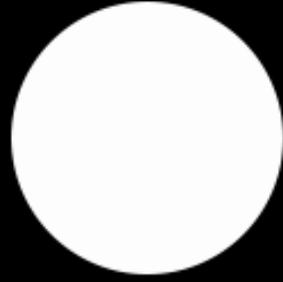


The Ellipsis

David Rivers



The ellipsis
(stories)

David Rivers

Stories 1:

„Partings, or a love story”

THE WORD

„I touch your mouth.
I touch the edge of your mouth with my finger.
I am drawing it as if it were something my hand was sketching,
as if for the first time your mouth opened a little/ ... /
and all I have to do is close my eyes,
to erase it
and start all over again”.

/ J. Cortazar „Hopscotch” /

In the winter blackness comes earlier. It slowly covers the streets, houses, and the sky. Only the light from the lamps reminds the constant changes from day to night, from night to day.

They went out together just like any other people meet to talk about everyday things, everyday goals and unfulfilled desires. They knew each other for a few months, and only expected some talks and smiles. They labeled themselves as friends. But sometimes, they were not sure, whether the issues can be put into a drawer, to grow for the future.

Some kid with a glued smile and uncertainty on his face, said once:

- I won't do it in the future!

/He flooded the entire floor in the bathroom, a mother screamed, but well, he's only a child /. After a while, the kid added to himself...

- But what is this "future", anyway?

The adult faces brightened with smiles.

That's when it comes to "the future". However, who were these two meeting people mentioned before?

Let's just say it is a woman and a man, who, like many others, try to find their place, their future.

He came to her house in the afternoon.

- She had to leave, but she left you a note- that was her father, lengthening the words, and gazing shrewdly as always. He brought a blue envelope from the next room. "Emergency, had to leave, be back in the afternoon at the latest". Signature. Back then, he didn't realize that the letters are round and soft.

- I'll be back in the evening then...

The door slammed lifeless.

- Is Maga home? – asked Oliver.

- She went to church - but she will be going back... - here her father gave several names of streets – the "Dominicans" Church on the square...- a name was given.

Her mother came up from the room

- What are you talking about, she will be coming back different way - now she gave several names of the streets – However, she is still in the church now, the mass started at six.

Oliver walked into the church. He hasn't been there for many years. Earlier, as a child, and then as a boy, he was sent there every Sunday, and on church holidays. But even then, he noticed suits, fur coats, silent lips, casually folded hands, the God who wasn't the Absolute, but a kitschy painting in a gilded frame. God shouted through the words coming from the men in black

outfits, reading "the Bible", talking about love to the neighbor and threatening using their hands during sermons. People were coming, standing there for a while, babbling a few words of a prayer, which they didn't understand. Then they went back to their houses, to watch TV, and talk about buying carpets, and "living on a shoestring".

He tried to sing in the church, clutched his hands tight and prayed. But several conversations, some books, a few thoughts, and the God turned out to be the small one.

- Don't you think that this is just a symbol, that Christ was not a God, but a man who was right? - he heard one day.

- Yes - he answered.

He stopped going to the church. His views about this institution was emphasized by the history /its totalitarianism/, conversations about motherfucker priests, who think only about donations, and won't come to the funeral without getting paid. "These are the people who talk about love, about God..." – he thought.

There was no mass, and there were just few people in the church. One could only find a deep silence, that often makes it impossible to fall asleep, it listens to your night screams, and conversations with yourself.

People were sitting on the benches gazing at the cross with the perpetually dying Christ.

Others knelt in front of the altar, asking God to solve their mundane problems, asking for help.

He noticed Maga. She was submerged in a prayer.

He sat next to her, so he could look at her – praying, giving herself to God. She was sitting as if she was a stone, enchanted by faith which only desires itself.

After a couple of minutes, she stood up, and started walking towards Oliver. She wasn't surprised by his presence, a smile appeared upon her face. She sat by him.

- Shall we? - She asked.

- If you want...

Right next to them a man saluted soldierly to the cross, and to the people. They watched him with compassion. "So that's how it looks like" – thought Oliver. His steps were anxious. He wanted to get out of there as soon as possible, and have a cigarette.

They walked for a while in silence.

- I knew you would come - said Maga. - I thought that someone will suddenly touch me.

- I didn't want to disturb you... I wanted to see you praying - he replied, smiling with his smile, half-smile actually, nervous and faint.

- I was in... I even wanted to go and see you, but it was late already, on Wednesday... were you home?

- ... On Wednesday? Yes, yes. It's a pity you didn't come...

They went down the river. They were looking at the depths, reflecting thousands of lights.

- I was in... and I didn't get anything done. People say that I must be a suicidal driving a car with such tires - Maga said.

Oliver started to laugh. Her car was the subject of jokes on many occasions.

- Just don't jump into the water because of that - he said – You're standing this way...

- I was standing here once, and some boy who was standing right next to me, jumped into the water with his clothes on.

"Probably because of you" – thought Oliver.

They crossed the bridge.

- Where are you going? - She asked

- To your place.

- Have I invited you?

He looked at her as if...

- I'm sorry... I'm such a pig, ain't I? - She smiled at him, and the words flowed flirtatious, teasing with his gaze.

The room was frowsty, all the clocks have stopped, as if they were sensing the pending moment.

- Can I make you a cup of tea? - asked Maga.

- If you want – there was a slight tension in his response.

He turned on the tape recorder. Maga darkened the light in the room, brought the tea – it was evaporating – and in its gleam the light was crashing in cascades.

They talked, they threw sentences that hovered in the air, in a faded light, in music.

Maga was lying on the bed, yawning from time to time.

- We are having a strange conversation, but I like it - she said, lazily pushing her head into the pillow.

The conversation started to lead in the specific direction. Just playing life. The words seemed to be thinking and striving. And then Oliver realized, that he begins falling in love with this woman. There was a mystery in her words. A mystery and happiness at the same time, such a mysterious quiet joy that gives...

- You have a "distant look", as my friend said to me once, by the bottle of vodka.

She smiled. They often laughed at every sentence, every word.

- I'll make another cup of tea - she said softly, yet not ponderously, just naturally.

Oliver moved to bed. He laid down like she did before, hugging the pillow.

She pulled out sugar from the liquor cabinet.

- Would you like some wine? - she asked

- Yes

She lit the candles, and brought him two cigarettes. Then she sat on a chair like he did before, resting his head on her hand.

She moved a chair towards the bed. Oliver was drinking the wine and smoking.

They talked, laughed - the words had the power over their faces and bodies.

- I'll tell you something - said Oliver with a tense voice - or... I don't know if I should...

They laughed about another "don't know"

- Why? - She asked.

- ...Anyway I'm not sure of it yet - was he cheating himself, probably not, after all...

"Certainty to finality, and the finality is not known yet" - he thought.

Maga moved to bed. He moved to her.

- ... Or... - cliffhanger - Do you want to hear it. Are you sure you'd like to hear it?

- Yes - she said with certainty in her voice.

He moved closer. He began to stroke her knee lightly.

- You said that you're lonely "from the inside", maybe... you could be with me? - tension decreased in Oliver, leaving only uncertainty that never let hands and eyes relax.

- I can't tell you "yes," and I can't tell you 'no'. I don't know - she said.

Then they dropped the "answer" starting some digressions about God and people.

- You see, people don't have to be the same to understand each other and be together. Do you know what makes us different (?): It's that you believe in God, the God who speaks in the church, and I'm looking for him in words, gestures, touch. I call him differently - Absolute. But that's not what it's about, right?

They cuddled. However, she didn't give it back, she just let him to touch her, only once...she lost herself in his arms, and with a slight move of her finger she unhooked his watch's bracelet, and then with the same move she closed it, she looked directly in his eyes... They laughed.

A Hłasko's novel "Owl, the Baker's Daughter" was being read on the radio. Oliver remembered a certain scene from the book. He laughed to himself. He said:

- There is a cynical episode in this novel /how cynicism can be/. The main character has an uncle. One day, they wanted to drink vodka. They had no money, so the uncle sold the bust of Chopin. After a night of fun, aunt came in. She noticed the lack of the bust. She asked: "Where is Chopin?". Uncle replied: "Chopin is in every Pole's heart".

They laughed.

- So, what about the case? – Oliver asked.

- I don't know, we'll leave it for now. Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow... You should go. It's after midnight. Parents...

He asked her behind the door:

- Will you tell me something?

- For now, only goodnight.

He squeezed her hand. A smoke from a cigarette gave him great, as he sometimes used to say, "short death". The street was empty. Only the lights from the lanterns reminded about tomorrow.

Oliver met Maga the next day, in class – they were both studying in the same department. The words directed to her were hushed, and tense. He was standing beside her, smoking a cigarette.

- How are your parents - he asked.

- They said a few words - she said.

- Will you be at home this afternoon?

- I don't know.

- I'll call you tonight.

Silence.

- Is Maga home?

- No – Her father picked up the phone – She went somewhere with her friends. To the cinema, I think.

- Can you tell her, sir, to come to me when she comes back. - Oliver gave his address - Good night.

From a phone booth he could get home by a tram. However, guided by a strange need, he went near the church, "Dominicans" and then he chose the path that they came back to her house yesterday. He wanted to hear the same words again, see the same gestures.

At home he took a book in his hand and... waited. There is this attempt in the waiting, which convinces us about the people: who they are, what they want, why they want it. She didn't come...

He watched John Osborne's biography on television.

It was about the hate to his mother, about the love to father, about moving away from writing.

The image that was ending the film was a writer walking with his dog. Oliver associated it with the Mann's "The Lord and his dog". Osborne was lonely. Just not "from the inside", but "from the outside".

The next day, Oliver didn't go to the classes.

- I had some lovely dreams- he said to Maga, while she was pulling out the cookies from the liquor cabinet, "which lasted from New Year's Eve" /as she said, squinting her green eyes/.

- I'll walk you to the bus stop - said Maga.

They were walking; talking about some unimportant matters.

What she was saying though, seemed to him to be really meaningful. They laughed. And kept laughing and driveling as if they were colleagues from one class.

- Where are you going? - Oliver looked death serious, as if their lives depended from this particular moment.

- Where are we going? - answered Maga, as usual with coquetry.

- ... to my place. You will see my apartment...

They were sitting on his bed. Drinking tea. It burned their hands. They felt a pleasant warmth spreading throughout their bodies. He gave her some anarchist magazine and one book of poems to look over. She pointed one of the rows.

"I can lie to you in a dream.
In a letter, conversation, in silence.
I could lie to you in the movies.
I could lie to you in the woods,
On a street, in a museum, in a church.
But I can't lie to you in the poem".

Oliver read it aloud.

- I'll give you something - he said.

He pulled out some of his poems written on a typewriter.

- Maybe they'll be useful for you. "I can't lie to you in the poem" - he said.

Maga started reading "his writing". He was sitting, smoking a cigarette. He heard a "Thank you". It was quiet and warm.

Oliver said:

- So how are you? How's life?

Maga laughed

- What about "the thing"??

- I don't know - she said.

He moved closer.

That evening she began to give herself, not just giving herself back, like a cold doll, dancing till the last breath. They were listening to the music. Their caresses were more and more intensive. Finally, he reached her lips, they were pulsating, they were juicy as grapes, quenching thirst. Now Maga didn't just give it back, she was attacking his lips, starting to hold him really tight. Her lips were wonderfully animal. But suddenly, as if she reminded about something, she pushed Oliver away.

- No. No. No. But if "NO" why am I doing it? - She said to herself.

They joined their lips again. And they forget few times that "man is the hardest job in the world"(1). But every time Maga was pushing him away at some point. Every time he was leaning his head to her rising chest, and listening to her "watch". It was beating fast, with the obstinacy of a boxer who knows that he will lose the fight if he didn't knock his opponent with one pat stroke.

- I hear your "watch" too. You can hear it all over the room - Maga said.

They were laying and looking at each other.

- I have to go. It's ten o'clock.

- Wait. Buses are driving till late here – said Oliver seriously.

They laughed.

She had to go. She delivered herself out of his hands. Oliver stood up.

- I have to give you something - he said.

He leap to her and they kissed again. Quick nervous moves, like "larcenous" kisses.

- That was a fast chess move – Maga gently pushed him away, laughing.

- Actually, I wanted to give you this – said Oliver, pulling his old collection of poems out of the bag.

- When you will have some time...

They walked down the evening street. Oliver was smoking a cigarette. He squeezed her hand like something that would give him freedom. Exactly - freedom. Because only love... "But love – such a word".

It reminded him of the title of a song by Sting.

- "If you love somebody set them free" - he quoted. Maga looked him straight in the eyes. Their greenness turned black. But black wasn't the enemy.

- So what is it going to be with us - asked Oliver.

- Nothing. I don't know. Probably nothing will come of it - Maga said.

- Why?

- You're just a person, one of many that I like. Although, there is something I don't understand in all of this. I'm crazy.

They stood on the staircase leading to her apartment. Oliver pulled Maga to himself. Hugged her tight.

- Stop that. Why don't you want to try. There is already a beginning- he said.

- Because it's not going to work out.

- Are you sure?

She was silent. From time to time a man passed by. They were jumping away from each other then. One time, Oliver didn't let Maga to do it.

- Damn with them. Damn with all those people. Will you tell me something or not?

- Not today. Don't pin me down.

His eyes ran to the corner of the wall.

- If the corner wasn't so dirty and shabby, I would pin you down...

They laughed. She had to go.

- Tomorrow at eleven o'clock, near the library - she said.

- Will you tell me then...?

- Yes...

At night, Oliver couldn't sleep. The cigarette after cigarette. Maga told him the next day that she was waking up every two hours. She fell asleep after four am.

- Did you think about...? - He asked

He told her a piece of his dream.

- Is it here, where you bought me the rose? - They passed by the kiosk with flowers.

- No. In the stations lobby. But I didn't buy it. I told the saleswoman to chose the most beautiful rose for Maga. "For Maga?". The saleswoman's eyes lit up. "It will be the most beautiful!". When I was pulling out the money, she mysteriously looked at me. "For Maga – its free!" They laughed again.

She wanted to pull out her hand.

- You, you. Miss runaway, beware. I'll give you this hand after your death - said Oliver.

- It won't be needed anymore, then.

They sat on the holy bench.

- Why is it "holy?" anyway - She asked.

- There are many sacred things. As in "Axiliad"(2): we are sitting with Mr. Peresada on the clearing, above us sacred murmuring trees, we're smoking sacred cigarettes... - he said.

- Tell me finally.

- No. No. No.

After a while she added:

- I don't know...

They were sitting. Absent.

- So how will it be? - Asked Oliver.

- Why do you keep asking me the same thing?

- Because you are still not sure...

- So I'm telling you now. No. No. No.

Complete silence. Oliver could hear his own breathing. But it was calm.

Peace - pain.

- Then come on, I'll walk you to the lecture.

They walked in silence.

- I've never been on this street - he said as if nothing happened.

- What are you thinking about? - Maga asked apologetically

- That this is the first time I am on this street... and actually...that life is brutal... Shit... Shit... Shit...

- You're right.

Cohen's words came to Oliver's mind: "There's a law, there's an arm, there's a hand".

- Actually, there is something... - Maga wanted to say something - No. I muddling up.

- I think we're both muddling up.

They stopped a few meters from the university building.

- Here we say goodbye...people...- said Oliver.

He kissed her hand and left slowly. But he turned away to look at Maga.

- Heads up - he shouted.

She nodded with denial.

"So there will be no meetings on bridges, there will be no <<kisses, stairs, books>>(3) they will not speak in "giggle" language, there will be no home... There will be only..."

"But love, such a word" - said Oliver to himself, and speeded up.

THE WORD – 2

„Is it the beginning of a conversation?...
... Or the end?...
... Will it be?...”

(Fragment of a letter)

1)

Benches on squares, on urban green belts, parks, are always tragic in their inactivity. People come in, sit down, look around with unseeing eyes, sometimes talk, hug each other. Finally they leave. Benches are good by nature, they accept everyone and just stare at them sadly, with extended, faded colors. Benches laugh with people. They cry and suffer when someone rejects palaces of hands.

Benches are cold, and thick-skinned when they see evil and falsehood oozing from eyes and hands.

Occasionally someone will call them "holy" – when they contemptuously squint eyes of all their cracks and bended wood.

The bench, on which I'm sitting, stands on a hill. You can see the sky from here, the roofs of thousands of houses. People come here, and look. Birds lounged in the treetops - singing their prayers.

I'm near, I'm eyeing. I am a philosopher who's forgotten to born twenty centuries ago. But now, I'm talking to Seneca. I'm trying to convince him, that he was wrong, saying that "Life itself is not good, life is where good finds a place." Maga said that life is a good for a single person, but good life is for the few. I'm comparing life to the goods for buyers and sellers from the ancient definition of the philosopher. Good life is only for philosophers – they only stand and observe the sellers and the buyers.

2)

I'm sitting next to Maga and putting under her nose the collection of Staffs' poems.

I gave her the page number. She opens the book: "To love and to lose, to desire and to regret, to fall painfully...". Maga looks at me with a painful rapture "... to rise up again, To shout to the longing: away! And then beg for help Here is life, nothing... ". She's hugging me, "...but still quite much". Further words are like the rain - soaking in faces. Blurring the traces of kisses. The circles becoming bigger and bigger. I put the book on the table, hold Maga tight. I hear that she shouldn't "do this". But she surrenders. She is soft and transparent. Like a piece of paper...

3)

If anything is truly
transparent
far
it's the piece of paper

It lies on the lounge

in a crumpled dress

She says, "do not touch"
She's white and afraid of dirt

Or maybe the freedom
gripping the mouth
so they won't leave
for a long way

to the taste of the mouth

But suddenly the paper
transparent
let the hand flow
far away
/so far that it hurts/

Because between the tree cutting
and the loud machines voices
there is still a place for joy

I shall ask: why?
a piece of paper tightens the transparency
and shudders this whiteness
on a bad of blood

And someone said,
it's so simple
to look in the eyes
to shake hands
touch the mouth

And the one who had to leave
so the sight don't mislead the way

4)

They're sitting next to each other. Drinking the hot tea.
The music is their screen. She wrote him a letter. It lies on a bench. Every
time Oliver takes it to his hand, Maga tries to wrench it from him. For a
moment, they are fighting, after a while they are cuddling.

Maga leaves the room for the moment. Oliver nervously tears the paper: "... I often remain silent, although I s h o u l d speak, even "yell". I don't speak, because sometimes they don't listen, I don't speak because they not trying to understand. I don't speak because I hear that, what I say is unreal. But what they're saying:

If something is not real, give it up. Something that you desire is not real, so you have to know that you will come back to the earth with a bump.

According to what criteria do they judge the reality?

And what about the man who believes? Who believes in what he says. Who trusts to what... ". Maga enters. She sits down on the floor. She gets lost in her thoughts. "... What it will be? This thing is real for him. Perhaps with a small probability, but it still is.

Should she stop?

It is deeply inside me. Love of God and by God. I think that I would like to live in this, and co-create it. It's hard to find God, to find him in the chaos we create around ourselves.

He is - in the words, gestures, most in acts. Therefore, he is so "difficult".

You're talking about freedom - I give it to the God. I have the freedom available for Him. As you say, not freedom "from something", but "for Him".

Don't you think this is madness? This in general should be locked in a monastery /?/

And now listen to me. I won't and don't want to force ANYONE to do ANYTHING. If I use coercion, I deprive someone of liberty, I'm choking him. In order not to destroy, I think about friendship. Friendship is one of the concepts of love. Therefore, I move away to go on a side... "

Oliver looked up from the written piece of paper. Their eyes again... He walks up to her. He hugs her. They indulge in kisses.

- Thank you, - Maga says

- For what?

- I guess, you don't hate me?

- How could I hate you?

5)

"To keep gay through dismal weeks and not to shirk,
To be strong, and waste yourself in wretched tasks;
a penitent, to sleep in the sinners' house;
To love but silence and yet save a share
of time by exercising equal patience."(4)

Maga brought this poem to Oliver one afternoon.

- ...You can see the paradox of life in this. It's a bit like Staff: fall and rise, desire and regret, shouting "go away" and "lead"... to love and lose - he said.
 - Truth is only in contradictions - a sight of Oliver expressed confidence. -
 But it's true, such a word...

6)

Should I fight for you
 against you
 against the words at dusk
 in the threat of rapid breathing

Should I leave you
 against the evening lips
 in the grief of brief glances

But when the bodies taste
 the content of hands
 only whisper in the morning
 for freedom against themselves.

- I don't know if it's ever going to change, I don't know if... but I can't limit the freedom of anyone – Maga said.

7)

On Sunday, the streets are flowing slowly. People look into the space. In their faces you can see the distant glow of yesterday. Today is peaceful. Only above the roofs, the secrets are floating. They float like balloons, engage the church towers. Churches in this city are primarily a perpendicular - highly raised hands, mythical spread. Hands should hold hands, but the sky remains silent. Between the sky, and the towers, the silence remains.
 - "People can't communicate with the gods"(5) - quotes Oliver.

when you pray
 you can feel his power

When you hurl yourself

in silky arms
 you feel his power
 when the eyes are flowing
 in the rivers of night
 to the olive gardens seas
 you feel his power

when you forget about the existence
 of hands pierced for blood
 a crown for pain
 a night for the sky
 the rivers flow to the springs without blood

- I think that you're wrong, saying that I'm looking for that God, who speaks in the church. He is in everyone. He is in every day. He doesn't speak like people, tough. It's a pity... - Maga lacks a breath. – Do you understand?
 - ... But...

8)

They were walking down the street. Oliver had a camera in his hands. It began to rain.

- Does he always have to be against me? – asked Oliver.

- Who?

- You know who!

They laughed. What a beautiful smile. Maga suddenly got serious. They stopped.

- I was joking... - said Oliver.

They stopped by the river.

- I forgot to take the bread for the ducks - said Maga.

- A friend of mine feeds the swans, and ducks every Sunday.

Oliver took some photos. Maga got serious.

- What can I do to make you laugh? – shouted Oliver.

Maga smiled. Thoughtfulness?

- Am I that funny?

Frown, you know, in your own way. Okay. And now smile. Oh, yes open your mouth. Like you sometimes do. And now lick your lips. Sit on the bench. Put a rose on a coat.

- My hair are wet! – said Maga

- It's great...

The first photo near the bench, the second a few meters away, third... the figure is small, but it is still quite close. The distance doesn't kill...

The face is situated on grid of branches. They are black. Now the face is divided in half.

- What part of my face is calmer?

- I think that the right one...

And now be far from me. Click. More. Click. Stop.

- I'll give you back the rose. It was supposed to be a prop – Maga says.

- It's for you.

Maga approached him. Hugged him. Gave back the kiss.

- Thank you.

This mysterious smile appeared on her face. This secret thoughtfulness.

- Let's go!

They detached from each other. The voice hovered in the air. The figures were floating.

"This is not the day. This is not the night. Neither the morning. Nor the evening. It's a simple look, that when it looks - it disappears "- a thought wonders around without pathos.

9)

Dates like sleepy butterflies
sit on their hands

we blow – they're flowing
see-through during the day
asleep at night

the time tells me:
you'll make it
clocks beating the rhythm
of breaths

when they will stop at dusk
I will leave

10)

Oliver is standing with friends, in front of the station. He takes a nervous look at his watch.

- She will not come! She will miss it!

- She still have ten minutes!

"She knew how much I care about it"

The train leaves. It's full, as a tram during rush hours. Oliver looks around nervously.

- How angry are you? – asks Maga two days later – I was ten minutes late. I'm sorry.

- It doesn't matter...

Oliver tries to hug her.

She pushes him away.

- What is going on? – asks Oliver.

- I can't, you know... – she says apologetically.

They leave. It's evening.

- Okay. Let's end it. I just need you today - says Oliver.

- I can't. They don't understand - Maga says about parents.

- So tomorrow.

- Okay.

- Where are we going? To your place, to the holy couch? - Asks Maga

- Yes!

- You've drank your tea faster than me - Oliver says.

- I've learned to touch hot things.

Maga clutches the glass.

- Or maybe friends with benefits?. Every one in a while, we would have given each other a little joy? - Oliver throws the question.

- Would you like that, really? But it would be wrong! – Maga answers.

- I know!

They hug each other. They give each other warmth, the warmth that escapes at any time. Caresses are sensitive, frightened.

- No. No. No. - Maga whispers, she pushes his hands, not firm enough for Oliver to...

They reached out their hands. Was it hands, or maybe the unheard petals, which bloomed red? They opened the goblet of mouth, so the air can flow with the wind.

Their bodies open like limbs of their arms, legs hard as trunks embracing the language of the leaves, rustling.

Now they're lying. The dream is over, and his gentle green escapes, hedges, blows.

Now they are ready to meet the dream.

Eternity stroked their juicy holiness.

- Still...I can't- Maga looks at Oliver with such tenderness, that he wants to eat her.

- You animal! - Coquetry in her voice has the colors of the rainbow.

- We have to go! - says Maga.

- Not yet... - voice is not a voice, a whisper is not a whisper, shout is not a shout. Oliver desires... "It will be over soon" – he thought.

They're walking down the street.

- Or maybe you would give birth to my son. I would be rising him by myself. - Maga looks at him with fearful mixed with tenderness.

- I know that you would want that.

They cuddle.

- It's all so damn... - the words of Oliver hangs in the air. The world is covered with the bell jar. People. So strange, so alike. Laugh. "Why am I laughing?" – thought Oliver.

- Maybe we'll go to the cinema, the last row, or to the Grzesin room..?

The grip is strong. The look is strong...

Strong. Strong. Strong.

11)

I'm lying. I'm listening to Morrison's "American Prayer". Fog crawled into the room. It laid on the bed. Sits on the hands, cheeks and eyes. "Where are you going? To the other side of morning. Please don't chase the clouds. Their crotch gripped him like a warm, friendly hand"(6)- the voice sways slowly. Floating. "... Where are you going..."

Mist covers the face. Quiet. Blind. But how much needed. But so far away.

Now ,Morrison is singing, that it's the end. The end. I move out of bed. I cast a blanket. I'm looking nervously for a pen. I'm opening my notebook. "I have to write something else"! - Thought embraces, absorbs. "I've always been the man of words, it's better than man - bird"(7).

12)

I have seen a chest, rising rapidly

I heard the heartbeat, like the frightened bell.

I felt inflamed and luscious lips

Hands didn't meet but strangle

to convey the leftovers of warmth
lost in the frightened eyes
I felt strength
knowing that the more I get
the more will be taken away from me

If we are the same

But why didn't you give yourself
on a tray made of clouds

You gave yourself, repeating
That it is not complete

Full moon repelled the hands
The moment allowed them to wander
On inflamed body

If we are the same
No!

Such sincerity and sensitivity
It is better than nothing

Because you can go away then
Because you can come then

If I fall
if I see blackness
I'll burn a little brighter

And if I do not regret
I know that you were
and if I am
I know that you are

A kiss is not an imitation of love
she is

- ... It's like you're trying to say that kindness, sensitivity, a grip, breath, the words... are an imitation of life...

- I'm glad that you think so!
- "Every day dreamers die to see what's on the other side"(8) – Oliver is afraid to look at Maga.

13)

Days burst like the fruits - fall to the ground, and nothing will save them from death.

Days burst. The question remains - the fruit of hope.

- Why can't you love me "truly"?
- "Don't know" is not an answer!
- Or maybe you would try?
- ...

The eyes are clear.

- How's life?
- Silence...

- Why did you meet with me then?
- Because you are a value. You are!
- Where is the difference between the sensitivity of friendship and tenderness of love?
- ...
- ...
- Maybe that's why I should leave. Maybe you will never know where is the difference.

- When do we start?
- It seems to me that I've already started a little.
- ...
- I've started to talk!
- Talk?
- And what were you thinking about?
- I thought about talking, yet I wanted to hear about love!
- We always hear, what we want to hear!

I wean from the touch

I wait

We talk

I'm trying not to make you everything

/balancing on the "thin red line"/
 You are still the most important

- However, you could give birth to my son... Heiron says that I want to have the heir-on.

- The fruit of love...

- You're crazy!

- Please, let me go

- You said that I don't have to be afraid, that you will not make a pass on me.

- Once, I talked to my brother, and he defined me explicitly: "You are definitely from other world"

- I'll listen to HIM.

- I just talked to him in silence.

Silence.

We're locked
 reflexes are a relic
 (the hands of the dusk rested on her)

- I should not behave like that. I guess you will never forgive me this?

- I've already forgiven you!

Who had seen such tenderness, eyes in which salvation and madness floats...

- You're... you're...

I'm hugging her. Now I'm looking you in the eyes.

The lips are closer. Kiss.

"Who are you?"

I have to keep pinching you. You exist, that's for sure! But...?

14)

Maga was already half of hour late. She was going to tell him what's the most important. About all that she dreamed of, all she's ever wanted.

He wanted to save it. He wanted to see her life - the secret buds bloom slowly. The previous evening they were supposed to spend talking - "... but when the bodies taste..." - they were close, despite persistent gestures of Maga, despite...

She pulled away.

- We were to talk today, "without the intro" ... - she said.

- ... But ...

She stood up. He changed to the carpet.

- Why...? - He asked.

- I can't, that would be cheating.

There was madness in his eyes.

- ... And can you tell me that we were close physically, but mentally you were drifting away from me? - He asked.

- ... Yes... - certainty /?/ climbed the highest peak.

A hush fell over the room.

- Maybe you'll move onto the bed then, I'll take your place. So you will be more comfortable. Just keep moving on the other side of the table, because my closeness destroys you so much - Oliver said this, with a huge pretentiousness in his voice.

Maga looked at him with eyes full of hatred and resentment. They changed. "Symbolism" - thought Oliver - "I've always liked symbolism". Black.

They were sitting in silence.

- ... But you know I didn't mean it! - the silence snapped. Maga uttered these words with a gesture of a profound helplessness.

Oliver stood up. He went to bed. He sat down next to her and suddenly... they hugged each other in a mad rush of the truth. So close. So desired. They hugged each other.

- I want to love, like you do, through God - Maga said these words while hugging Oliver. - I use to imagined this as a triangle, in which he and she are the basis, and the top... - the moment of silence.

- God! - Said Oliver.

- Yes! - she smiled.

"What's that smile? Who wants to know the great mystery, should know the secret of this smile first" - he thought.

-... and God sends in both directions...

The silence came so sudden. Came from the words.

It didn't kill though. It was a happy silence.

- Who is God to you, anyway? - asked Oliver .

- It's someone that I love - she said.

Oliver laughed.

- I'm sorry, but this is an explanation like Savage's in Haxley's "Brave New World". Asked, who are the philosophers he said: "These are people who never dreamed about many things in heaven and earth."

- ...

- Don't tell me that he is a truth, path, love... It's a metaphor.

- You see it's difficult to explain and it becomes an aphorism itself.

- But what does it mean, to "live in God"?

- ...

Silence. Silence.

They got close, they were both - they tender, searching, intimate. Maga was giving herself...surrendering

Magical moments come...

From time to time they were realizing that they need to switch the tape to the other side. So the people on the other side of the door, wouldn't hear.

- I've never... never seen so much joy.. sensitivity... u n c e r t a i n t y at one time – Oliver was strangled with words - So much life.

Maga hugged him.

They walked in silence. Oliver lit a cigarette.

- ... But I still can't - said Maga

- "Underwater history teaches persistent how to live to rot. As usual, exquisite discusses why the whole point has concave again"(9)- Oliver quoted.

- Tomorrow we won't meet. We need to think things through... I'm fighting... uncertainty...

- Uncertainty bare prayers teeth - Oliver remembered a fragment of his old poem.

- But you know what you will tell me the day after tomorrow. You know what can come from your thinking.

- I don't know...

They said goodbye quickly. The night swallowed the remains of certainty.

15)

The next day some old man, who liked an early morning walk with his dog, even on Sunday, found a body of the man "sitting" in some oddly grotesque pose, on one of the benches on a city square. From this bench there was a view at the city rooftops and in the clear evenings people sitting on it, could watch sunsets that are known to evoke tenderness, and spirit of dreaming, even in the most thick-skinned cynics.

The old man informed the police and ambulance about that fact. The death certificate has no identified cause of death. They didn't find any documents with the man. He clutched the letter in his hand. The addressee was a person with a strange name, "Maga".

On the envelope there was also a postscript: "for internal use". There was a small piece of paper in the envelope. There were large, block words written on it, with a rather cryptic content: " But the truth, such a word...".

A few years later a young couple sat on that bench. The evening was coming. It was a spring day, sunny one. The sun shone its last rays in the spring rain puddles. The couple's son was playing with a big dog. The dog was licking his cheeks with his big tongue. They were running around the puddles, splashing the water. Drops were changing into the sparks under the influence of the sun. The child was laughing. The couple watched the play with exhilaration.

- Can I sit down?

A voice broke them from the bliss.

- Oh, please – said the man.

They smiled to the stranger.

- Is it your son? - asked the newcomer .

- Yes – woman replied, with tenderness in his voice.

- Great child - the stranger said.

The was dressed in black.

He was smoking a cigarette.

- I have a letter for you, from... you will know from whom – suddenly said the stranger- He told me to also give you the belated wishes on the occasion of... love... Here is the letter. I wish you luck!

The man stood up from the bench, smiled to them in some grotesque way, and left.

They were so surprised that they didn't even thanked him for the good wishes.

On the envelope they saw their names.

There was also a postscript: "for internal use".

Inside there was a small piece of paper.

Only one word: "... BUT..."

They hugged each other...

THE END

TIME

„What then is time?
If no one asks me, I know what it is.
If I wish to explain it to him who asks,
I do not know”.

(Augustine of Hippo)

1)

It's evening. There are some candles in the room. Night floats on the shoulders of the music - strangely submissive, strangely foggy. Maga is sitting in an armchair by the window. In the opposite corner of the room sits one of the persons invited to the "Feast of Friends" (strange metaphysical charm resides in these two words). I'm smoking a cigarette. We are waiting. A few bells and the room is filled with people. We're sitting on the floor. Someone is pouring vodka. The first toast "for life", the second - "for love", the third - "for death". The faces glisten, fade. The room turns into an orgy of connotations, passions.

2)

We're sitting with Maga in the kitchen. Everyone had left. Only in one room, a couple of friends was giving themselves over in the tenderness.

I hugged Maga. Caresses are strangely painful. She tries to push away the hands that were already wandering throughout her whole body/

The kisses are passionate, breathless. But Maga escapes at some point, as if she reminded herself something, someone... We can't. I don't want. I can't. She escapes. I leave that swollen body. Once again, she is looking at me. Her face reflects the night city lights, only to dive into the quiet corridor, into the room. I light a cigarette. Again, sultry death for a while. I look at the city - silence sparkles, it's dead. What did she mean? She surrenders and then she escapes - I think about her.

She lies on the couch. I sit next to her. The seat becomes this strange asylum. My eyes wonder between Maga, and the room. I can feel her trembling. Suddenly she grabs my hand. Every part of her body is the spark that yearns to fly, to the painful sensitivity. I lie down beside her. I hug her. I kiss her. Touching becomes more and more intensive. I undress her to reach the secret of her juicy breasts. I cuddle them. The lips sense the softness, that burns in the silence of the room. Ecstasy is always silver, her ecstasy is exquisite and frightened. This is shameless - I hear. The voice sinks into the night. Will you forgive me? - My voice is trembling. I don't know - I hear. The morning surprises us, in that eternal silence, eternal silence, which lasts between touch of the lovers. Scattered plates, cigarette butts lies on the carpet...

We eat breakfast, four of us. Morning talk about nothing. I'm trembling, as if I had some vodka - Maga throws the words. Only I understand her them. They last only between us.

3)

I'm sitting on the bench. The evening lanterns light in the square. A couple hug. She's coming soon. Headphones on ears. Music in my head. I can see how she comes slowly, up the stairs. She creeps. Alert and calm. She stands by the railing, on the opposite side of the square. From there you can see the lights of the city, the streets of slowly scudding lights.

I stand a few meters away from Maga. This image of the city with music in head, her character lazily dipped in the moonlight – it creates magic moment. Only a second and I hug her, I'm trying to kiss. She pushes me.

Do benches have to be always transparent, especially in the moments when someone is talking about leaving. The words mixed with tears and silence. Cigarette and lanterns. Catching one point and death. Rejection. You better go! - I say. I don't understand this gesture of will. Maga stands up. This is hate, right? - She asks. I'm silent. She slowly leaves. Steps. It makes a knocking noise. Hatred? I run to her. We cuddle up to each other as much as we'd like to die in this embrace. Two skeletons standing on one of the squares. The second is thousands of years. The second is an eternity. Now, just open the door for us, to cram into this new landscape shadows.

If I believed that he directs our lives, then I can say that he is a motherfucker. But I don't believe - almost screaming. What do I do if I love him? - Maga weeps hugging me. And again we die for a moment, only to walk a street full of light and shadow so at the fatal crossroad, our crossroad, merge our bodies into oneness, this last time. Go now! - I say. I push her slightly. I cross the street. I put earphones. Someone sings about the fact that he is just a passenger. I'm going to the rhythm of the music. I hate what will happen tomorrow so much, it's something midway between hatred and love - life.

4)

Human suffering is pure. It's the most pure thing in this terrible world. Compared to it, the pure hatred, which leads to crime is covered with dust of thousand words... but that's not true - there is no hatred in me. I adore her. After all, the books I have written in the past few years when we were together, I wrote for her. After all, she gave birth to my three wonderful children. We gave them, as she wanted, strange biblical names. After all, all that was, it was because her and for her.

But I always understood that she is not entirely mine. Even when she gave birth to her first son, I knew she raises him for Him. For her, it was always the biggest and unfulfilled love. She never forgave our marriage. That she had to give up this life, which she felt that she was appointed. Although she

wept with joy when we have bought a house in the mountains, when we set it up... Her parents never accepted me as a son. For this reason, she suffers also. She said she loved me, but then she was spending long hours in her room, praying. And that's why she left. It was not ...

5)

And again, I take it to my hand
(or my eyes if you like)
This blue with white and black
(stripe and a letter)

and once again I realize
I have read and I remember
only a few phrases
from more than four hundred pages
(Is it not awful?)

and every time
when I jump out (not shoot from the hip)
from the bed
because I need someone – now you
I hope that this will last forever
or later to my son
discover some verses
that he doesn't understand
(just like me)
it's always the same blue

and now I know it even more
O'Hara and Cortazar
always about the same
hole in time

and I would like just as O'Hara
write about it
That I hear Prokofiev on the radio
and Grieg
that we have a good day to look
that disputes are great
those about Tolstoy's superiority over Faulkner

that it is wonderful to sunbathe
and that sand goes into panties
and the use of so-called, the wise words
(for the sake of fun or anything else)
and eating orange
and many others
meaningless
(seemed to be)
shifts (what a nice word)
but I cannot
because in solitude
I'm always serious
and I think about ultimate matters
(God, Love, Art, and "these things"
as a friend of mine says)

and therefore I read Borges for the whole week
and therefore I lent it to you
so you won't think that eternity
time faith
They have only one dimension
(although we should choose only one)
and so we have long conversations
on the bus in the tram
lying next to each other
listening to the music
topics
which (it seemed to be) are important
(although it may be)
and so I lit another cigarette again
even though I was about to quit on Monday
but you know yourself that on Sunday
we said what we said
and that on Monday
I had to burn one after another
so you come by on Tuesday
so we could take some pictures on Tuesday
of hippopotamus at the zoo
who had just opened his mouth
(not the one from Gombrowicz)
and so we cuddle up to each other

and so I was looking for your lips
 and from time to time I was finding
 to say
 your saliva is sour

and that all this is happening
 This is why I would like, as O'Hara
 but surely the gravity will win again
 (as usual)
 and tomorrow I will read some script
 Antonioni, or Bunuel memories
 and I will read
 this type of
 wise books to Thursday
 to wake up early
 clean up the room
 wash up to eat fast breakfast
 because you will be here in the moment

6)
 We sit down to
 still about the same
 with a few details:
 the duck in grass
 flowers
 lush green trees

Benches float on the green (spring) grass
 When we walk it's clear
 goodbyes are hard
 necessary
 The patience is the light
 we go to the source

7)
 - Listen, you've got someone to live for. After all your beloved children are still here. You have to give them even more love now. I know. I read everything you wrote. Do you remember how all of this was starting. As you were leaving each other for one, two days, to always return. How you complained by vodka how it sometimes is. Your persistent difficulties. I saw madness in your eyes when she was gone. You were maundering through the

corridors. You were smoking one after another. This eternal fog. Dude, I know that was your everything. Once, You gave me "The Little prince"(10) to read. She brought you this book. Yes, it was the parable about the fox: "It is the time you have wasted for your rose, that makes your rose so important"(11), and continued: "You are responsible for your rose"(12) and "The most important is invisible to the eyes"(13) How many times have you called this last sentence to life in your books...

- "To tame is to create the bonds ..."(14)

Two men are sitting in front of the fireplace. The fire is lush. But there is no joy in sparks. Mourning sparks. They have something in common, with her silence. Yes, indeed, how much of it all was...

- ... Finally she decided. I guess you were happy? Finally, you had everything that you wanted to have: Her, children, house, writing... everything you wanted to have... - tears streamed from his eyes.

He does not understand anything. It was, however, a great mystery. Great and pure mystery.

- Besides, why do you kicking yourself that it's your fault that she died. It was, just a simple (if that word is good to use here) accident. The case has been precisely investigated. The brakes failed.

- Yes. You're right... a simple accident...

8)

This letter. After a week, in which it seemed that everything was alright. When she stopped pulling out her hand. When she stopped defending her lips so much during good mornings and goodbyes. I remember how did she say it. You're too greedy! You must be patient. In the letter, she gave me an answer for my few questions. She was finishing it in our sacred bed.

"- Why do you play with life?

- What is silence?

I'm not playing. I do not want to play. To play is to have fun and to be aware of that.

Silence? - Uncertainty. Ignorance. Longing... "

"You said to me once: go to... your God and talk about love... He is not only mine, He is ours, all of us".

"I told you once that you can live either in fear or in faith. You said that you would prefer living in fear. I wouldn't. Anxiety disturbs life. You need to have faith. I have faith in God."

"Can I offer you friendship? No, because you don't want friendship, you want love. Too fast."

"I thank God for all the gifts. I'm grateful that you are here, that I've met you"

"Thank you for your patience, for listening to my silence. That you didn't leave just like that. That you are trying to understand me /tried?/"

Tea burns the hands. I'm moving away from her. These words from the letter... suddenly seems like a dream. She pulled back again. I'm looking at some point in the air. Should I go? - I hear. Do what you want, you should always do what you want! - I'm mumbling something.

Can I move closer? – asks Maga.

Silence. Silence. Silence.

Maga moves slowly. Every part of my body is on fire, it burns. Suddenly I'm taking her in to my arms. We hug. Force. We joined our lips. For long. She hugs me tighter. Eyes - kisses. Cheeks - kisses. Mouth - kisses. Her hands slip under my shirt. You have never been like this! It flowed out of me. Smile.

9)

I remember that day well. She was looking at the children for a long time. When her eyes met with my, they escaped. In them, I saw madness. She said she must go to her parents. That she'd be back tomorrow. What for? - I asked. She didn't answer. Before she left, she was kissing the children for a long time. She hugged me tight. I already knew... Her whole body was apologizing. Tears in her eyes. The same tears I was supping a couple of years ago. They had the same taste. The next morning the phone rang. Maga is dead... an accident... - I heard the voice of her father. I heard. But this was no longer the words. It was death.

10)

You are painful and delightful
(as a Spaniard of the Middle Ages wrote)

When I reach out my hands for shake
you give them to me
naturally and tearfully
the same crying is in the hands
the tears you redeemed your love

When I try to hold her
hands weep and repel
to die soon on my body
releasing heat

You can be sensitive and the tenderness
 falls into the mist of the room
 like looks
 with which you show me a salutary

But then you say shame
 But then you say patience
 and I look with fear
 Distance

What are you thinking about?
 Question writhes in a drunken dance
 The looks are like the love of the snakes -
 - Entwine themselves around
 to kill the idea

And I teach people to ask -
 - This question like a gaze
 when eyes in the eyes long
 comes out like a torch
 on a road
 with a strange: WHAT?

And if you read St. Augustine
 and if you fall into yourself as into a prayer
 and you cry that you love Him
 and I explain
 that to love
 is to live
 and dream

Forever is a good word
 when the tenderness comes in quietly
 painful and delightful

11)

We sit with Maga on the couch. It connects us. Silence. Silence. I would like to tell her so much. I have to leave! - I hear. Certainty. Her eyes are black – the green slipped on a journey - into the past. But why? Explain it to me... - I say. Because I have to. I drowned... Your feeling...

But everything that was ... - I do not understand. Anxiety is growing. Is it really the end?

I can't build it without Him. He is my foundation. Are you surprised that I am looking for unity of the faith? No. My voice is deaf. Do you really want to kill this? - I ask. Yes! - Voice, her voice. My quiet whisper is shouting. The whole room trembles. I hear the footsteps. Hallucination? I'm going now - says Maga. I hold her in my arms, for a moment. Nervous kiss. But why?

We go out into the street. There is the hum of a thousand conversations around. What kind of steps? Who? Is it You, Third one? Are you going for her? But why? Maga is trying to get into the car. I hold her hands tightly. She escapes. She gets into the car. She slams the door. I run out into the street. Steps, steps again! This one moment in your life when nobody should leave. But why? - Now I scream. I see people stopping on the street. I see Maga sitting behind the wheel. I see the madness in her eyes. Buzz quiets down. Theater.. People look at us in dismay. I hear their nervous breathing. Theater. I look at Maga again. The steps are getting closer! But why? - Scream breaks, tramples, soaks... to cover the town in red.

The girl's holding him. Her tears are mixing with the blood. Silence is huge. It is no longer flowing. Crying. Why were you asking so many questions? Why... I loved you...

The words are rising and sitting on roofs.

Now, they're whispering...

THE END

Stories 2:

The ellipsis, or the story about the eternity

"What to say about what will be tomorrow, if among the silence of the night
reminded the warmth of your - ellipsis - when you have fallen asleep "
(J. Brodsky)

Open letter to the readers (instead of introduction)

The ellipsis caused an avalanche. The ellipsis made me discover the idea of eternity, with all the consequences. The ellipsis became a demon, who didn't let me sleep at night. It became an obsession, and power that forced me to recreate some experience, and mix them with images and my understanding (or rather not-understanding) the idea of eternity.

Someone told me once, that I am very sensitive about the words. Maybe that's why I created this "micro-novel". Maybe... But surely this is mainly due to the Ellipsis, meaning something that is vague (like a fog), and what we can only get to know intuitively (dimly).
So... Viva the Ellipsis!

Part 1: H E R E

„Because even a sign of a butterfly is a well with a venomous time coiled at the bottom”

(Cz. Milosz)

The sentences for the form:

The hallways are dark, and tangled. Everything in them overlaps: a scream and a whisper, a word and a thought. Sometimes a little light barges through the window from one hallway to another. Light? - The other hallway is so dark! Happiness is only to connect the two dark ones into one brightness, one light...

1) The hallways we pass
 blind
 sunk with order
 is it repeated?
 or maybe novelty
 a state which invites you to life
 with nodding of the eyelids

You pass
 swaying your body
 and entwining
 gaze into gaze
 you breathe
 and the swaying will sweep the words

hallways
 which we were passing
 blind
 and maybe the door wide
 open
 we turn off the darkness

2)

I'm standing in front of the station. I'm looking around nervously - left, right, left, right. "Why isn't she here yet?" The hand of the great clock hung on the frontage of the train station moves lazily by one line. Someone knocks on my shoulder. Come on, Maga is inside - I hear. Andrew smiles mysteriously. I want to run. "No, calm down!" - A short order and my legs slowly glide among the mosaic floor. I can see her. Standing. Next to a backpack. She's dressed like a real conqueror of the mountains - all matches, all in harmony to the great music of her mouth, which she opens with a smile. You look nice - I'm saying. Smiles. They bloom. Nervous. Roasting. We're saying goodbye to Andrew. Don't fall down from some mountain- he significantly squeezes my hand, as if he wanted to tell me that if she had decided to go with me alone, everything will work out just fine. That she will not back down again, and I will not have to think - I will feel. Each breath and touch - worlds. Passing - from moment to moment, from breath in to breath. And everything is clear, reliable, durable.

3)

We get off from the crowded bus. I think this path up – I'm thinking at loud. Maga looks at the peaks, here and there covered with snow Spring in the mountains. We will have to get the first hill right away. "Just go the trail at least for a moment" – I hear Tom's words in my head "I understand that you wouldn't want to leave the bed but..." - he laughed. Why do you smoke before reaching the hill– asks Maga . It works good for the climbing - I answer, and I start to laugh out loud.

We're standing in front of my friend's cottage. "Come whenever you want" - I remember her words from a half a year ago. We're entering the steamy kitchen. Good morning - hugs and a hot tea burn the lips. So, how long are you staying? - The question is asked. Three days, but tomorrow we're going on a trail – Maga answers. What are you saying, there's going to be a bad weather in mountains tomorrow. Of course though, you should get some walk. But you will be back before the evening, huh? – Maria asks. I think so, we'll see how Maga withstands the rigors of climbing - I answer. Maria's brother winks to me with a knowing eye. Yeah, indeed. To get up in the morning from a cozy bed... - he says.

We go up the stairs, Mary opens one of the doors. And how do you like the room? A little tiny, but probably enough for you, eh? - She asks. Yes. Yes. Excellent. We dreamed about something like that - I answer. If you will need something, I'm in the kitchen, waiting for visitors.

I'm slamming the door. I lie down on bed. Come on, we have to check those springs - I say to Maga. For a moment, we're jumping on the mattresses. Next, I'm trying to hug her. She pushes me. Come on... we have to unpack - I hear.

4)

I'm standing by the open window, on the porch joined to our little room. "Small room, silence inside" - Maga went to wash herself up - "I wonder how will she smell - Gold-chamomile or silver-mint" – I'm smiling under my breath to myself, or to the black sky? - Waiting. Waiting - I jerk out into the darkness behind the window - "We'll eat supper, but what? Bread with sausage and tomato, or... anyway, it doesn't matter "- But that's not the point! - I'm whispering to myself my favorite saying and... I'm laughing, laughing.

I hear that the door opens. I'm turning to the window. Maga enters the room. She is wearing a gray tracksuit. She arranges things on a chair. I walk over to her. I sniff her. She looks at me surprised. Are you crazy? - Gold-chamomile! - I say. Laughing. Do you know what's the meaning of sleeping on the wings? - I ask. He's crazy – She says fondly. She is smiling.

XXXXXXX

Maga!

Do you remember - when we saw each other for the last time (probably the last?!), and we said goodbye on this strange bus stop, which has witnessed so many goodbyes... Sometimes incurably mad ones, when your will was the judge who was sentencing my mind on thoughts disease called madness, and then bounce back again... And sometimes sensitive, and warm, with touch and lips bringing peace.

I told You not to open the letter from me, not to read it. Then it escaped my throat: "... last one...". "I'll have to write it. If only I wouldn't " It's one of those black flowers. I also told you I have many various thoughts going through my head, that I'm scared of them. As usual. "the thin red line of heroes... "

I've decided then that I will not write to you any letter, will not send any cards from my trips in space and outside the space, in time and beyond it. But I've never been a man of principle. I must write to set myself free from you, to leave and never go back, and finally - to be able to ask you in a few months, when we meet in the same university building, "What's up?" And you will answer me with that mysterious smile on your lips "I had a wonderful holiday..." and these words will vibrate in my head, I'll repeat the a few times, the hand will pull a cigarette out of my pocket to let my lips breathe. And after a deep breath burning my lungs, I'll say, "I'm glad..."

Will I eve dare to send these letters, though? Anyway, I'll keep writing!

Black flowers grow only in the head, deep or high (?). I do not want them. I rip them like the weeds, so there would be place for defenseless marigolds, lilies or roses (?) - different-colored, different-sensitive. That's why I need to write. Just like prehistoric men painted or carved on the cave walls, scary creatures to curse his fear into the stone. Just like him, I will put all my nostalgia on paper does it sound too pompous? Forgive me...).

I spent this evening with Vladimir, We talked for many hours about philosophy, love, God, people...

Mouth opens up and talk, talk, talk. A radio played some music. A program about... longing. A call. A man talks about a condition just like mine – far away from someone, their relationship is basically over, he will see her in a few months, and he doesn't know if they will have anything to say to each other. "It ended up because it didn't start"(15) – Suddenly I remember... I feel a bond with a stranger, who is a hundred, maybe even more kilometers away from me. The guy running the program said: "I don't know if it will be a comfort to you, but you are able to feel the longing, it shows a great

sensitivity". "He's talking shit!" - I think. He also talks about the possibility of sending colors, even at infinite distance: "Please, imagine this person and send her a color, celadon for example" "It's between the green and... green". Yes, I'll send you the green color. After all, you've got green eyes and you like the green. Green. Vladimir is talking about the fox from "Little prince". He tells me this parable. When I know it better that him. Again thoughts are floundering in my head: "To tame means to create bonds", "The essential is invisible to the eyes", "Why did you start to talk about this right now?" - I ask. "I don't know but is it so important?". "I would say quite significant" - I stretch it. And I think about the evening, nervous kissing, fondling and "The Little Prince" on the table beside the bed.

It's morning already. He sings. Tires and birds. A dog remembered of his responsibility to protect the house. It's four o'clock. A blue color behind the window. Your bed floats in green now...

XXXXXXX

5)

"This bed is wonderfully narrow" - I'm thinking - "This room is wonderfully small. All the details create a wonderful micro-world - bed, creaky door, a closet with few withered hangers inside, table, on which Maga is preparing sandwiches, two chairs, on which our tomorrow's mountain clothes, two sleeping bags stacked in our backpacks in anticipation of the night" - Go and make some tea - Maga gives me the cups we bought today at the booth with a "Closed" sign. I think the clerk saw some spark in our eyes and voices, when we were prattling about our trip to the mountains. "Well, yes, to the mountains without cups" - she said.

In the kitchen Mary is talking with some people. Good evening. She introduces us. We start talking about tomorrow's expedition, about the weather, about as usual, winter spring peaks. "I could wait long for boiling of the water. With a cigarette in my mouth, chitchatting... "... may I ask where are you from? - I hear a question. From... - I give the name of the city, which will separate me from Maga for two days, for another night. I pour boiling water into the cups. Good night - I wish them all, and I float out of the kitchen.

Maga greets me with a green, tender smile. I use my fingers to touch my ears, when the tea cups already stand next to sandwiches. Did you burn yourself? - I hear. Now, I'm stroking her hair. Now we'll wolf a stack of sandwiches. This is today's mountain to reach - I say, when Maga eats the tomato-cheese top.

6)

Maga unbuttons sleeping bags, placing one above the other on the bed. I hope we won't freeze?! - She says. - "Asking herself or me (?)". Play me something – She asks and I'd love to sing her what's the most beautiful. "If the strings and mouth were clean..." I take the guitar to my hand, I hatch under sleeping bags and feel her feet, chattering on my legs. "Night brings chattering of bare feet, evoking eternity. There will be no awakenings"- goes around in my head. You know, Mark taught me that old blues song, lately. "And my world is you and me"(16) - I start and I'm afraid to look at Maga. I sing and I feel her feet moving nervously. I sing. - I didn't know that I dreamed what you dreamed... - my voice becomes clear - ... before I found you, I had a grief in my heart... – the drops are dripping from the strings. But the spring.- ... now one heart is beating in our chests – I'm repeating the end, and only silence remains in a small room. Silence. Why did you play me this? – I feel the trembling in Maga's voice. "Why did I play it to you...?" I put off the guitar. I blow out one of the candles. I breathe in the smell of smoke. I like it... and the scent of burning leaves - I say. Now I snuggle into her. We entwine each other. The senses are now transparent. Trips to the land of love are oasis to the greatest invention of mankind - happiness. A bottomless pit. We quench the desire...

7)

So many times - ecstasy. So many times the hands and panting breaths. So many times the familiar sound of her fulfillment, the sound of her lips. Hands repel, hands attract. Bodies burning on and off every second, only to immediately start dancing again. How many times can you...? – Maga's trembling voice fills the room - How many times...? Once again, I'm trying to put her clothes off completely. I touch. I can't... - I hear - ... never... I touch. She gives fainting sounds of a red-hot body. I touch. Stop - almost screaming - Stop it, don't touch me. It's burning, everything. Stop! I need to calm down... – is it her voice? I feel that she will burn after one more touch - I'll go crazy - scream. I need to calm down. How many times - it's not her voice. I cuddle her close. Hard, even harder. I caress, nestle, kiss away the tears. It's all right. Calm down. This is me – I whisper in her ear. Calm down - Maga is trembling. She slowly nestles in me. Softens. I put her clothes off finally. She starts to defend herself. But she is already naked. No, I don't want to - I hear. Not now... - my voice, I don't... - I don't. "But I can't do this by force. But she may even hate me "- thought is flying over my head. I don't want to... - Maga is like the torch, she's the scream, she's the madness.

"No, I won't do it... but..." It's all right - I whisper and just hug her. No, I won't do it, please, calm down. Dress me now, dress me up... – her voice is no longer trembling. It's okay - I dress her. Now I'm sitting on the edge of the bed. Cigarette smoke penetrates me with a black breath. "I couldn't. But I couldn't..." "It's quiet. Silence. I feel her shaking. It fills the entire room with trembling. But I can feel the disgust to this – Maga almost shouts. Disgust? - My voice, her... tragi... farce... silence. Silence. No, this is not like this – Maga is trying to undo her words - no, not disgust. No. But I can't do this with someone who I don't know if I will spend all my life with. Understand me. She envelops me a sleeping bag. Hugs me.- Come and lie down. Please, let's just sleep - Once again, we entwine each other. Again... Dawn burns mouth with a cigarette. "Maybe we should have done this to the end, today... and not just with clothes on..." - I look at Maga cradled into the heat of the bed. I put out a cigarette. I nestle to her. She mutters quietly in her sleep.

The fog slips into the room. "Keep it down, don't wake her up" - I whisper to the first ray of the sun.

XXXXXXX

Maga!

I rip out from the eyelids - the words. The words blaspheme. They give a sense of simplicity, yet are only a simplification. I talk, I talk, no holiness. I'm letting you go, I keep myself busy with making thousands, seemed to be needed, things - some dental treatment, some tape recorder repair, some movies that are showing dirt, crime, hatred, degeneration, trying to say something about love, beauty, hope, truth. When leaving the cinema, a man has "shoes full of blood"(17), nervously lights up a cigarette, trying to smile to his friends, and only the grimace stained the lips. Evil, so much evil. Films generally end well. "Happy Endings" give hope and strength – Manichean's theory of good and evil, in which good is devoured by evil, fails. "Man is made of hope" – do you remember this sermon in a church, outside of which I once saw a sign and I read it to you out loud: "Warning! - Church - The mystery of existence. " I've heard the words of hope on one of the first, after many years, sermons in the House of God. It was the time when I felt a great resistance to praying, to placing hands in a triangle which apex points into direction to unity with God and people, to kneel, to humbly kneel, to.. Yes, hope. Isn't only an emptiness sometimes - when it gets killed by the facts, we want to run out into the street, rushing, rushing to fall

somewhere among thousands of streets, and whisper, plead "Forgive me!". And move on to the Land with the last drop, a red drop of faith, that in a moment we will know the Truth.

Now I will write something that was growing in me for the last three weeks, and what I've already told you when, I saw you for the last time.

Listen:

I'm tearing you
 Piece by piece
 I'm tearing you:
 From feet – not to run
 From hands – not to hug
 From eyes - not to see
 From lips– not to scream
 and
 I feel: it is less and less of me
 I disappear

If you do everything to escape, you're just getting closer. Man can understand it only at such evenings like tonight - still steaming with remains from the day, providing saving chill for the hot red lips. And even just a family argue might be enough to feel tears on the cheeks, and sob, sob, sob.

And ask God to give back your loved one, who now we you to hug, and have in front of your eyes the scenes from the past. Cigarette grows into the hand and we burn - arm, torso, the whole body, and there's no one who would brush us off to the cold and dirty ashtray of the night.

A drop, and a big goblet breaks. A drop, and the whole world breaks.

To create a new world... and it's enough to throw someone away from the old world. This world, which brought by caress and a kisses, the hope for a white house, the white beard with the inscription: "The Blood of Life." I still want to try! "We will fight again black bird"(18). We will...

XXXXXXXX

8)

We say goodbye to Mary. You are pale today. Maybe the air is not good for you - she squints her eyes knowingly. - You'll see the fog in the mountains. But I guess you'll be back, huh? - She asks. We will see how it will be higher - I say.

When we get to the first mountain, it starts to rain and snow. Maga is bundled up with a jacket and a scarf. We stop now and then, I take pictures

of this strange mountains, this strange woman who throws snow balls at me, smiles and looks at peaks, with tenderness shining from the mystery.

"You are everything to me" - I would like to say, yet I'm afraid that she could even hear that thought. Now we are moving into the snowstorm. A small surface of the lake is shining next to us. We see the shelter covered with Spring snow.

"It's so great to drink hot tea, eat baked beans and listen to her. Every movement of her lips, every movement of the hand". I feel bad – Maga says – We didn't have much sleep... and one of those days just had to be today... My stomach hurts... "she is so subtle, so full of wonderful shame while talking about such simple things...but physiology. Women's philosophy." I'm holding her and laughing – with just a little bit of mockery, and adoration. "Therefore, you must very understanding today - she whispers. - Because every time that happens, a woman is very anxious, more... bad. "I could carry her on these mountains..." And what? Shall we return to Mary? - She asks. As you wish. It depends on you, but I think it would be better. Along the way I'm taking some misty photos of her - always smiling. I'd like to eat you! - I scream. Not allowed! – She screams back coquettishly.

9)

She is wearing the sweatpants and a loose t-shirt. No socks on her feet. I've always loved to contemplate naked woman's feet. Everything is right in them - every vein, every movement of a finger is just a small, animal joy for the eyes. Women's feet. It is a pity that painters do not paint women's feet, just naked female feet... She makes different poses. She lies upright and open - snap. She's putting her head between her knees - snap. She looks into the light behind the window - snap. Lies - snap. Sits - snap. Enough already, stop that, she tells me and tries to cover up the camera lens with her hand.. I'll make you one with the forest and a waterfall, which we passed today on our walk. Fairytale land - I say. "... And a foam on the water, which you took in your hands... and looked down the stream... Fairytale land..."

10)

"What is this room, for real...?" - I'm thinking and feeling her next to me. She is trying to read me some extracts from "Confrontation" (the title of the newspaper and the situation on our bed - ridiculously similar). Trying to... because from time to time she stops when my hand touches her body where it "should not". Wait, let me read. You have your "Photo" – she throws quick words into the space, only to read me some unimportant parts of articles

again. The more intense is my touch, the faster is the stream of her words. She stops again. She hands to me a photographic magazine. Read it at least for a while, give me a break! I can't concentrate – She throws words at one breath. I go through the magazine with unseeing eyes and I'm smiling to myself. "She is so wonderfully frightened when she wants to talk away the inevitable." Subtlety. I rip the newspaper out of her hands, and throw it on the floor. You've read enough already! - I throw it. Give it back, just one more minute... - she says, and it's wonderful. Words, like the solar lines chase themselves on the walls. No, enough already! - I say looking at her, and at paper-verbal wall lying on the floor. We nestle. Today the caresses are quiet, tender. Why you've been trying to talk away this? - I ask and laugh. Me....talk away... – she's trying to be serious, yet the smile brightens her face. We won't do it today... - I'm trying to assure her. That's good... - I hear and it is the same voice that told me once, after our first silver rush in the world of the senses that – she is ashamed. And now she just cuddles up to me... "I would never want to leave this place, because everything can go wrong. And that's it... But I still have her for myself for several hours" - I'm adding a happy thought, to the sorrowful words.

XXXXXXX

Maga!

"I haven't seen you for a month, maybe longer, and well..."(19). I am. I am present and not present. What should I write? That road is full of Fiats, and I saw you in each of them. You. That I'm still waiting for some sign, which I won't get. That I still have the hope that you enter the room, in which I'm trying to do something... that I'm doing something and I'm thinking: I'm doing this, but I'm actually doing it instead of. That people come, and go, come, and go. They come... and so this is it - I go through days like through the paper, from which a mouthpiece of the cigarette is made.

Featherweights, smoke, all rustlings - a forest, a stream, flies buzz, crickets concert, someone's breath, the light casting a shadow...

More and more often, I'm starting to catching myself on the nihilism of the confidence - "we'll see," "I do not know"... And yet I wanted to fight it off in you. Certainty. Certainty.

Lately, few pleasant evenings with friends, and explaining to myself that friendship is the most important. I feel as if my legs hands, lips were tied. I miss you, and I explain to myself – longing is stupid. Because maybe we will never see each other again... it would definitely be better. Because now

I'm still able to escape, take shelter in something, somewhere. And when I feel your breath, when I hear your words, I will try to think about something else, but it may be too late. After all, it's better to leave in time - but to flee, run away from myself...?

... I'm trying to be... better person (it sounds so naively) - I recently talk about the general friendliness for the people, for what they do, who they are. I remember you, with your general "plus" for everyone. "for me, you are the image of God" - I hear the words addressed to you, by one of your friends, and now I finally understand them, I feel them. I remember you in many moments. I remember you and I feel you, but I can't imagine your face.

Recently I spoke with Tom about the so-called "sexual revolution", and when I talked about stupidity of "girls and boys" who sink into their necks in mud of this "freedom" it reminded me your words, when one afternoon we lay huddled together, which sounded like a great confidence, that one day on the beach you were ashamed to strip to swimsuit, or that you asked Beatrice recently, if she has ever slept naked. Your shame and fear of nudity, which, as you've read to me, disappears with true love. I said to Tom back then, just out of the blue, that I often think about you, and I can't handle that. "The problems are not to be solved, the problems are to be lived through"(20).

I do not know where you are. Soon I'll be home, and again the first thing I'll do after entering, is searching the shelves and finding out whether there is a letter for me. I do this every time I come. And then I ask myself, "Why? Even if... ". I often dream about you. Last time the dream was about the party at your place, a lot of people... I tried to kiss you, and you pushed me away. Then you were wearing a wedding dress, smiling to me tenderly. We were coming down huddled together from some hill. Below us there was the river, the ducks swam near the shore. We threw them bread...

After opening the eyes - the cigarette – fog is better than candles in the eyes and the wax flowing down the cheeks.

XXXXXXX

11)

Mary, we're going. We wanted to say goodbye - backpacks stand in front of the house ready for the trip, having a quiet conversation with each other. But we wanted to go to the church. What time does a mass start? - I ask when Maga exchange the kisses with the households. Mass... in half an hour. You will be on time. Just drop by, later this year. You're invited - Mary's face is sincere and warm. Yes, of course. For sure. See you! - We are waving for goodbye, as if we wanted to chase away the awoken spring flies. See you!

Church organ sounds a bit false. The walls of the village church are full of kitschy images. "House of God... Temple – Is this how you call it, Maga?" Maga sings the songs and whispers the prayers - the prayers and incantations. "I would love to learn to love God as you, so much Maga. Fervently and furiously. With a hint of pathos and exaltation. Will you teach me?".

This is great, you know how people come out of the churches and goes into the fields, and meadows, and sing, praise world he created and Him – Maga whispers to me in the station's waiting room. The train will arrive in a moment, it will connect us again with everyday life, with tomorrow, with duties. I would like to travel for long, travel, our legs bounded together. Tomorrow will be different! - I say, when Maga closes her eyes and falls asleep - Knock- knocking, knock, knock...

"We have to... tomorrow... duty... we leave it behind... We have to!"

12)

Tense drowsiness. The tension in silence is horrible. And yet sleepily. God damn it, after all I said it would be different and it is... it is. What is going on? Why would you want to spoil it again? Why have you been avoiding me in the class? Why you didn't even say hello to me? - For a while I catch a breath, light up a cigarette, I get up, I go from a door to a window, from a window to door. - Damn it, are you ashamed of me or ashamed of your feelings? Beatrice told you once wisely, when you tried to pull my hand out "Do not be shy, there is nothing to be ashamed of". And then you hugged her, with some wonderful shame and you didn't fight with me, anymore. But now... after everything we've been through? – Maga is silent. She is trying to say something about people showing their feelings in different ways, she hesitates now, falls into herself, She's silent. "the orgy of silence – this damn poetry is sometimes useful." - I think instead of saying, for not accelerating and not saying too much of something, something that can't be undone. We are silent. You know I can't. I will leave. It will be better – Maga whispers. But why, why? - I'm asking with a pleading voice, and I want her to hesitate again, take it back. I can't? - I hear. "She withdrew again" – and I just nod - right, left, right, ... "Something died inside me. I can feel it clearly. "... and maybe it's because of your behavior that night. After all, this tension on the border on the insanity, it... wasn't normal. Maybe if we had done all the way, not with our clothes on... some time from now, so small... small baby would be born. Stop being silent, speak to me please, stop this silence, you're murdering me - a stream of words flows from mouth in waves - nervous waves. "She's silent and something in me breaks.. It's dark behind the door. Red knife on the table, you used to cut the bread.

Remember? And you want to withdraw again" I'm going! - Maga casts this word into me. "It hurts," I'm going. I can't! "Again". She gets up, buttons her jacket nervously. "I will kill her. The red knife. No! Stop thinking about it." I stand at the door blocking her way. I'm playing with the handle. "You make those soft sounds". I press it lightly, I let it go. Stop! What's wrong with you? - Maga is asking while I'm playing with the handle, I press it lightly, let it go. I'm going! Let me – Maga is almost shouting, but there is a strange calmness in her voice. A strange calmness. "she doesn't care about me at all." I walk over to her. I strip her jacket. I push her onto the bed. She gives up. She is infinitely submissive. I open the knife. "I'll kill her!" She looks at me with a strange, abstruse way. "No, it's nonsense. I could never do it, but... I know that I wanted to." I put off the knife, and hug her. Now I'm laying down on her and... slowly... slowly we begin to zone out. She is submissive for a while, but suddenly she pushes me. Stop - I whisper. - Stop it, not now! - But she pushes me with all her might, sits on bed, trembles. I just felt... that you wanted to rape me! – She almost cries. How could you think such thing! - I try to hug her, calm down - I just wanted... I had the impression for a moment that I wanted to kill you. Forgive me for everything. - Calmness and silence, silence and calmness. Maga calms down. Straighten up the dress. He puts on her jacket slowly. Show me to the door! - She whispers. I cuddle her close. Firmly. The doors slam shut with a groan. It is still too early to go to sleep. I didn't even have anyone to talk to. Cigarette. It also doesn't help. What will happen tomorrow? What will it be?

13)

Days go beyond me - some responsibilities, some things, some people. Invisible people, transparent people, people-prisms. I just can see everything. Only conversations with Maga. I take her for long walks. We walk...next to each other. It's just stuffy. No. I don't know - fall out of her mouth, which I can't touch, which I can't drink. We solve nothing, everything is still the same.

With all the "do not know" I create the landscapes full of happiness - hope... that we will fix everything, that we will come back and we will not need to speak, speak, speak, that we will feel and live.

These all major topics – about the ideal, about God, about the perfection, about the holiness, that flow from her mouth like streams that flow into the big river, "Stay with me! Come back to me! Do not go next to me! This is not it!". Her fear of sensuality, and a huge world of the senses at the same time, which flows from her all <<I do not know>>. Her internal conflict - even though she says: "Nothing like that exists. I just don't want to".

We sit on the bench at the next square. Maybe we would just skip all of this, all these problems. Maybe you would become my wife? - I throw casually. – We'll go to the church, the priest will do the sign of the cross and... this is it - I say and I think that I shouldn't say it, I shouldn't think this way about ... this matter. "The marriage... miraculous certainty". Maga looks at me with a drop of tenderness in her eyes - ... I'm just tired with all of this and powerless, Maga. We have to decide something. It's just wrong I can't imagine anything beside the rule all or nothing. And you? - I ask. Come on, I have to go! - Says Maga. Why don't you answer the questions? - I am looking for a cigarette nervously. I do not know! - her voice.

XXXXXXX

Maga!

I came today to... your city, Our city. The sources are painful: stones, blood, pavement. After leaving the station: a cigarette. What a wonderful mist, and awareness that we were crossing the street many times, that square, the alleys, that many times when we sat on the bench, the bench over there, that many times we looked at the tower of the church, at the outlines of the clouds over the tower, at silence above them - together. "Together" - a word that quietly enters the room with a cigarette in its mouth, its feet touching the carpet, lifting his head high, in the stars of the ceiling.

I was in this great gothic church, where I saw you the first time. Yes! I saw you for the first time. Although I've seen you before, even the lips were talking a lot, sometimes even saying something, but it was the first time of a down, quiet down. The down was sitting in the mantle like it would be a shell. The shell was getting softer, almost transparent, bright, to show me any callus of the skin, every muscle, every callus of the body that rippled, swelled, shone ...

I was in this great gothic church, and the hand ran across and delivered the water, the holy water of life. And the steps, which you have once, run out from here, and your knees still imprinting more and more on the floor of this strange chapel with a window - stained glass window with a tree and apples from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

I sat near the altar. Quietly. For a moment I felt the street noise, but the peace swam out slowly, and surprised me with his dignity. The conversation with Him like a pitcher from which someone pours slowly the cool water on the body burned from the sun. Conversation. Can you ask Him? "If you want – give her back. If you want - help me, give me the strength. The power of the future. If you want! " The meaning of a prayer is always the same.

I went out into the street - fast streams of the steps awoke the silence. Go, go, quickly. Conversations with friends always give a lot of joy. However, the evening is forcing the eyes to look at the window for a long time, it is not brightened by any shine. The evening as any other evening - a bed, a sleep...

XXXXXXX

14)

"Master of Psychology - ..., opening hours: Monday ...". I knock and I hear the familiar invitation. Oh! Hey. What brings you here, my young friend? – Man in his fifties opens his mouth in a big smile, and shakes my hand. Good morning – I answer. Sit down, I haven't see you for a very long time. I understand. I understand. Studies - new faces, new things – He smiles kindly. The nurse enters the office. Sir, a phone - she says. Please sit for a minute - I hear.

"I used to come here almost every week. Neurosis of the adolescence - what a resounding name. <<Do you know what you want?>> - He still has the poster hanging on the wall. I think it might be the best slogan that has been invented in psychology... "The door opens. Oh! I'm back. So... how are you? - He asks. Everything is all right. Can I smoke? - I ask. Of course. It would be better if you give up, though - he says kindly.

I'm talking about the college, some things about home... You know what, not everything is fine. I actually came with a quite intimate issue. I'll tell something - I will try to describe it as accurately as possible and I would like to hear something about it. It is a very important for me... and I start telling him this love story - about me, and, actually primarily, about Maga. It is difficult to speak about some things, but I have to tell him exactly everything, so the diagnosis is at least close to the truth. I'm talking.

When I'm done I begin to wonder if I should add something. I think this is it – I'm saying and I feel much lighter. I'm lighting another cigarette. This is a serious problem, indeed. She withdrew again then, right? You see for certain she is a very sensitive person, very subtle in all behaviors. The depth of her religious feelings denotes it. For example, her statement in the early stages of your relationship, that she loves God. She was crying while talking about it. Her world was already arranged. Her beliefs, religion, family, parents, lack of erotic contacts – and suddenly you came up; trying change everything, the great edifice of spiritual ideals. You entering her world is a beginning of quite a problem for her - love between man and woman, love that is not only spiritual, but also sexual. This is from where the great tension comes from, this is where the shame comes from. You see, you came down to wonderful person. Women like this are extremely rare - with their moral

rules, sensitiveness... She, at least I think so, is not capable of existing in this yet. And I think that's she's not really gone, because she's meeting with you and trying to talk about it. I think she just doesn't want to admit her real feelings, and her satisfaction coming from eroticism. You must wait and be patient - if, of course, you care about her, and I see that you do. I would like to believe in that - I'm flying around like a balloon now.

15)

I talk to her and all I have in my mind, is that I have to be patient, that I can't do anything at a push. It will happen just like that. But I'm trying to smuggle something, something from the psychologist's diagnosis. "Just, how long will it take. Because how long can you talk... Although, she sees with me and we fight in a words battle...about every detail, every thought. How many people go through my dreams and my life. Dreams... but at some point, everything disappears and someone gives me a hand, and hugs me, and suddenly defends himself against my hands, and just make noises, faint sounds of ecstasy - faint, silver and cracked. " I'm sitting as usual - astride - on the bench, so I could easily hug her and watch her slight movements, actually shakes, but so minimal that I think: "Persistence, marble..." and afterwards: "But there is so much fantastic life and sobs in this - inside, so much gentleness - inside, so much humility... ". I cuddle her. For a moment, I can lightly caress her, only for her hands to repel me. Come on... I can't - I hear. - Please, sit on this bench like a normal person, everyone is looking at us - she takes a small pollen from my lap - movement. I have to go now, I told my mom I'd be back sooner. It's already so late. "Late. Indeed, evening already. We should go, learn a little ". "Again, I want to eat her. That's not good, calm down. Be patient". See you tomorrow - I say. Pause after each word, sentence, the movement - springing with tension, with a hand - giving a bit of heat, her heat. Good night - I turn on my heel. "How many more times - in the same way?" Misty street and a hand nervously seeking a cigarette. "Hell, I don't have them. " I'm sorry, do you have a cigarette? - Some drunk comes up to me at the bus stop. - Don't be offended, because, you see, I had to drink. It used to be different. I was a flyer... - he mumbles. But I ran out of cigarettes too - I interrupt rudely his beginning of, probably never ending story. "Finally" - the bus arrives. I'm going inside and immerse myself in his even hum. Now it is flowing. "Tomorrow is a day, another day, do what you can..."(21) and he was a pilot... - I nod significantly and observe the reflection of my head in the window. Behind the glass, there is a night.

16)

On Fridays all students drive to their homes. We walk down the street - after class - Maga, me and Beatrice. We say goodbye to her, we get her in a tram and we go through one, two, three streets. It's rather silence, broken by sentences from time to time. What time are you leaving? - Maga asks. I'm not going - I have to learn a bit. Anyway, I want to spend some time alone - a significant pause. - I can finally visit Bogdans. Tomorrow evening. Maybe we could go there together. Their second son was born. Margaret has invited me lately... - question. I don't know ... I don't think ... - she responds. Why? Because... I need to do something - Pause. Silence. So maybe you would come to me tomorrow afternoon? "The holly bed, it was a long time since she has sat on it... since she has lied...". Tomorrow... no... I don't think so... - she hesitates, her voice makes large bubbles. There is a small living creature in each bubble, that tries to break a transparent wall. I'll be waiting! - I say.

Is Maga home? - I ask her father standing in the doorway. "I wonder why these people hate me so much?". Yes... She is... - "This man always prolongs the vowel in <<yes>>" - I'm smiling. "Well, you are right to dislike me." Maga stands at the door of her room and she smiles, as she always does "The importance of a smile, or rather a half-smile, the contortion of the face".

"A different world. Time has stopped here. Although I hear: tick, tick, tick... ". Maga brings tea. Why didn't you come yesterday? - I ask. "So good, warm, without pretentiousness". I couldn't - she answered after a moment of silence. I tell her. Every detail of yesterday, every perception, every thought that was on my mind - from the heat of another cigarette, through the Frossards "Les trente-six preuves de l'existence du diable"... You know there is a sentence that could be applied to God. The devil says, "I have you this much (this is about the people) how much you give me!" - Her eyes are pale-quiet, green and black... to the pipe of the infant and the music of the sixties playing from the Bogdans disks. Too bad you couldn't come - just to kill the pretentiousness. I wanted to... - a whisper.

We go empty Sunday streets. This green suits you - I say, and look at her newly-sewn shingle... This so called... shingle? - I laugh and cuddle her for a moment, when she starts talking about the silence of yesterday. Talking!

XXXXXXX

Maga!

I'm at Andrew's, in his suburban asylum. How great it is to exit his door – behind them, a field and a forest. Silence. And you only need to throw away your thoughts - on the outside. Silence. Andrew listens, I speak. He speaks, I listen. He opened a welcoming vodka yesterday evening. It expanded the arteries, veins, words. The room was so smoky from a cigarette smoke which didn't leave our lips even for a moment (how great it is to fire one from the another, so the story would spin continuously), that it seemed to me that we will rise up in a moment - each on his own cloud of smoke - to each one's corner of the room, and we'll talk, talk until the outpouring the next dawn. Mouth were shut only to swallow the contents of the glass... for the past, to play inside us, through the streams of faces, gestures and screams. I've read him some of my poetry. When I started the <<Farewell erotic>> I felt you quietly slipping into the room. I stopped reading, and I said I haven't seen you for a long time, that I want to spend my life with you, that I want to have son and daughter with you. And you told me about God, about how you feel him, how you believe. And then he asked me to tell him how it was with us. He poured us another glass. Yes - I told him exactly how it was. Then there was silence. After a while I heard his question: "Why it didn't work out with you?". "I do not know" - I said, and then again I heard your words, "I wonder how many times I told you <<I don't know?>>. It was during one of the thousand conversations, those more sensitive, huddling like a small, hot, winter rooms. Andrew put on the record. "I think I'll hit your story" - he said. "Young wine drink with caution. There's betrayal in the young wine. Imbibe young wine reverentially..."(22) "He hit our rooms exactly " - I thought then. I was sailing in the next verse, repeated several times. Peaceful and transparent. "Expand the young love carefully. The young love hurts like a sword. First tame her tenderly, overwhelmingly. Look how pale and shaky I am"(23). Andrew poured another glass. "Let's raise a toast" - he said. "For... the future... it's a pity there will not be tomorrow, it would be such a beautiful day," - I said. I saw fear in his eyes. He probably thought: I have a friend - a future suicide. When I lighted another cigarette, my head started to spin and I knew that after another glass, I will see red circles on the walls, and I will throw up – my whole life, the whole death.

XXXXX

17)

All of our feelings for me, and everything I tell you , we dress up in words – said Maga. A quick look. "I learned this from her - a quick look". Swell,

wait, I have to note it – I'm laughing and pulling out a notebook. She wants to pull it of my hand... everything I say to you we dress up in words. "Everything...so perfect". The lights inside the cinema fade out. It will be a film about Jews, from what I've heard - I say to Maga's ear - I love this nation, its customs and religion ...

We go down the stairs. Look - Maga shows me the window, on its four glasses someone has written with red lipstick... - "Look - window - World - I" – reads Maga aloud.

We go out into the evening street. And how did you like the movie? - I ask her. She only squints her eyes. - Great, right? Especially the strand of love: Jewess to a policeman. Did you notice... two worlds. She leads a quiet life after her husband's death, living with her father, a religious man, living as God commanded, it means praying and working, and he – the policeman, who leads a life on the borderline of death, living in a constant rush, constant rush for survival, in continuous fight against crime... His world, which you might actually say it's ours, city world, and her cottage house, lazy swaying fields of grains, the temple built from the sunrise to sunset by the entire Jewish settlement... Have you noticed that they were both fascinated by their worlds, located on the opposite poles of life. World of momentum, and world of peace. And finally - his return to his world after a one night spent together. You saw their rush to each other. That is, wonderful, animal-like, yet sensitive approach. It was his world... - I say to Maga, and now I notice that we are approaching her home. - But I choose world... ours – there is an emphasis in my voice – It is more real. - We stand at the gate of her house. I guess you're right, although in peace and silence we are closer to Him – Maga whispers. "To me, you are this Jewess.." is flows through my head and I open my mouth to say it... "No, It's better that I don't. Too fast. Calm". I cuddle her close. I hear "stop" and now she sees impatience on my face. She squeezes my hand tight. I'm going - I hear. "Like a silence - ... the world, I".

18)

Why don't we spend tomorrow afternoon together... you haven't been in my house for a very long time... - I say and she looks at me. She looks - far: ahead, "behind herself" - a thought. Ok - I hear her soft voice.

I'm waiting. It's just another half an hour, another fifteen minutes... I hear the bell. I'm laying under a blanket, and I hear the knocking. The door opens with creaking - moans. And now I feel her sitting on the bed, and there's

nothing else I need. I look at her. I look at her - when she says something, when she gets up to turn on the tape recorder. She is tense. I feel that she trembles. I cover her with a blanket and we hug each other. She is not defending herself. I stroke her hair lightly. I touch. I kiss. She gives herself over to me, yet only to hide her head in a blanket the next moment. "So you came. So you came back... I put her on the couch. Her breath is steeped-up. She defends herself. Fearfully. Frightened. No, not that... - she whispers, as we starting over the way... "to the small paradise" - a thought.

I stand by the window, I smoke a cigarette and look at the dimmed evening garden. We weren't together for a long time - I say, and I'm afraid to look at her. Now, using my whole willpower, I turn my head and smile to her. Her eyes are closed. Maga! Maga! Look at me - I say - Can you tell me something...? - She opens her eyes. "She is serious. Tension? No, not tension. It's... " I'm looking at her. She turns her head quickly. Such a quick look. What? - fast. Her "what?". We smile to her "what?". Okay. Well - I'm talking, but more to myself.

19)

We lie with Maga next to each other. I touch her hair. Her eyes are turned towards some point outside the window. What are you thinking about? - I ask. About nothing - she replies after a moment of silence. The fog laid down to sleep in the room. Everything fell asleep. The time sat on the chair. It runs a silent argument with the Eternity. From time to time they look at us with envy. Finally, Time breaks the resistance. It gets up and takes Eternity in his arms. Eternity pushes him away, then she immerses herself into him, him into herself. We hear the panting breath. Hands of Time, glide along the bloated body of Eternity. The lips submerged into the lips. The body submerged into the body... They are fulfilled. Eternity gets up from the carpet. You wrinkled my dress - we hear. Time lights a cigarette.

For a moment I wasn't the Time - a whisper like a thought. They leave the room. Eternity hurries. She still has to give a little life to others.

I get up and I switch the disk to the other side. I recorded this song especially for you, Maga - I say. For a moment, silence filled the room. Ant then the sounds, they are flowing to us, dancing inside us. "I lead you through the narrow stairs to the room where the door overgrown with the beginning..."(24) - someone starts to sing - "... where a large wall clock is ticking, where at night, the hole of the darkness will give a bouquet to the table..."(25) - Maga cuddles to me - "...I'll lead you into a brawl in pearls kisses. I'll take off from your neck the beads made from your tears"(26) And? - I ask after a while, once the next track resounds in the room. Maga

looks at me strangely, her green eyes are full of sensitivity. This is "Marriage dream" - I say. "Marriage..." - passes through my head. You can see fear in Magas eyes. You were to tell me something - I hear. - Something very important! - She says. Time enters the room. He looks at us. She needs to go - he says with maliciously narrowed eyes. It evokes the twilight, which begins sitting in the garden outside the window. Yes, but... - I'm trying to tell you something. - ... will you marry me...? - I look at Maga. "... And that I will not leave you til death do us part" - is flying through my head. Are you sure you want to? - She asks. She looks at me, and sees the tenderness in my eyes - ...I don't need to answer you now, right? - She asks. No, you can tell me whenever you want! But... do you think you're ready for this? - She asks. I think so - I answer. "Again they dream about eternity" - Time thinks and pokes us lightly. I'm going - I hear. Maga straightens her dress. I hug her for a moment. We drink our lips.

Street runs next to us. "No one has access to that corridor, it's ours" - I think. "There has to be a little Eternity left in me" - Time thinks, scampering a few steps ahead of us.

XXXXXXX

Maga!

A few days I went to one of my female friend's birthday. Everyone had a great time - dancing, laughing... I was sitting in the corner. Silent, deep in thoughts. From time to time someone tried to pick me out from the chair. I smiled apologetically. I thought it was the middle of holidays, time of joy and rest, and I am far away with my thoughts. There were mountains for sure, it was the night. I walked through the forest paths. Alone. Suddenly I saw the light in the distance and I started walking towards it, I heard... "What are you thinking about?". There was a girl whom I met an hour ago, sitting next to me. "Nothing" - I replied. She grabbed my hands and I only heard "we are dancing" - quiet, but confident. And when we danced, I started to wonder if I should be with someone - perhaps for a few days... to try to get away from it all. I remember that I danced with you once, do you remember /?/ When you were leaving, I turned on the tape recorder in my small room... my hands sailed under your shirt, skirt... This erotic dance... You were making faint moans, wonderful, wonderfully shrilly. I wanted to dance with this stranger in the same way. I didn't feel her resistance. This tenderness

seemed natural, like it would be crucial - here and now. Later, a night walk through the city, caressing, one day, two, three...

And you know - everything seemed to be fine. So simple – she didn't push away her hands like you, she allowed caress, she spoke about things that didn't matter, about today, about a fight with her mother, about smoking, about the grandfather, about what she wants to do... I was talking... didn't say everything thou, and not the way I should be talking- openly, lovingly. And from the very first day I knew, I knew that it would not last long, unless... I would finally tell her about you, about us... unless she agreed to such relation, which can fall apart one day, without many regrets from my side. On the third day I told her that tomorrow I'll tell her something important. As if she didn't hear it, she pulled me onto the bed, for moments of tenderness. When my hand wandered under her skirt, I had a feeling that I'm cheating on you. That's ridiculous - but so I felt.

The next day we were walking with Mark through the beer halls. I had an appointment with her at five o'clock. I went back home for dinner and... a letter. You wrote... basically nothing important... that you're there for the second month and that it is not too well, it's rather bad. I opened the balcony, lit a cigarette, I read it again... The sun was suspended just in front of my face - I stared at it for a long time. Suddenly, everything seemed unreal, hazing, bland - walking people, children playing in a sandbox, a barking dog, a clatter of pots coming from the neighbor's kitchen... then I heard: "What happened? Who is the letter from? ". Sister tried to turn me my face to look at her. I began to sob. I gave her the letter. She read, hugged me and left the room.

When I went to the meeting, I've already known what am I going to say. While I was eating the dinner with her, we were just friends. I felt then - that I am much lighter – free from needless imitations of love. Imitations ...

XXXXXXX

20)

I was at the meeting in church, last evening. The theme of the meeting was a prayer. Father Christopher was leading it. And you know, I imagined you in the habit... – says Maga, while we are walking across the square near her house. The afternoon glows with glitter, the yellow glare of the sun. Trees march with their shadows. "Arm in arm or holding hands" – It spin inside my head. Yes? - I throw a word into space and I contemplate faces of the passers-by. "They are all smiling. Is it the sun or my projection, on them... my world? ".

We sit on the bench. People are passing - next to us. I hug her close. Beside - people are passing: A couple tenderly entwined, some children with a dog, a man in a suit with a briefcase under his arm... Do you remember that album "Surrealism"? There was a chapter named "painting (somebody's), or the temptation of St. Anthony". I think it sounded like that. Temptations... - I say, and I stroke her hair, putting my hand on her belly - you're so fatty - I say. So what? - She asks flirtatiously. We smile. But the temptation ... - I come back to the conversation. There were some reproductions - naked figures, free love on the streets and an older man in a suit strolling through the streets between the figures of naked men and women... back then you told me that you have to fight your temptations, that this is the way to the holiness. You know, I do not believe that this is the way, that everyone can be a saint. Anyway, why bother? - Breath. What do you mean why? After all, this is the way to perfection. After all, we have to continuously evolve - says Maga quickly . "It's all her - a rich life ... spiritual ..." Why are you smiling? - She asks. You should say <<Who do I smile to>> - I hug her tightly. She pushes me. Sit normally! - I hear. I turn my head. I see her mother approaching. It is pleasant to sit outside... - he smiles at us. I'll come soon, Mom! - Maga is embarrassed. "This woman... she smiled at us. And I'm sitting here... Why do her parents dislike me so much?" - I think again. "This whining of the floor when I'm at Maga's home, her being so uptight..." I'm trying to kiss her. No, not here! - I hear. What do you mean not here. So where? - I say and my impatient hands turn her face, and my impatient lips drink hers. Long kisses. Very long. Maga pulls away from me. You see how people are looking? - She asks. So what? Why do you care about the people! - I throw the words. Celebrate with me!... - And we drink our lips again. Now look how many people will turn away! - I say. The first person - glance, two more - glance... They are going and turning their backs - all of them. We start to laugh. "Yes, we laugh. Tearing off a common corridor from a whole "- thought. Maga moves away from me. She begins to speak. She talks - I am silent. She talks - I listen. She is silent - I ask. She is - I am...

21)

"Is everybody here? Is everybody here? Is everybody here?"(27) - My voice rises, falls, rises, falls. I look at Maga. She is smiling. If everyone is here, the ceremony can begin! - I jump at Maga, I put her next to me. She gives up. My hands caress her lightly. They don't meet the resistance. Her hands wander under my shirt. Kisses are tender. Light. Butterflies are calling themselves with rustling wings. Light as butterflies - I hear. For butterflies

there is space, green meadows, flowers. For people, there are hands and lips, lips and breathing. The wings are spreading. Gray and white. White-grey. We are floating. Maga gives up. She is soft. You have to learn... lightly as butterflies - Maga says these words in the color of blue. Yes - blue.

You were like this, for the first time - I hear. Because this is the first time, you let me touch you without any resistance. After all, we are human beings. Here is the space and the time. Only the eternity can embrace.

22)

We walk through the square, through the sky. Talk, talking. In the eyes. From the eyes. We walk- through the square, through the sky.

Maga suddenly breaks free. There is no good benches, because I can't sit down as usually do - I say. "So I can snuggle you into myself and try our quiet caress - tongue... ear... tongue ... ear ..."

I cuddle her, she pushes me. I cuddle. She pushes. I don't want - I hear. What is going on? - Flash - Something again...? - I ask. I cuddle her. She pushes. Hands in the pocket, a cigarette. But what is it now? Don't make me angry - I say. Maga gets up. She walks to the railing - the river, behind the river the old town, behind the town red sun. "What is her problem? I'm beginning to be tired of her moods. " Do you always have to annoy me at the moment when everything goes well...? - I ask, voice - pitch much higher, louder. Come here! - She is standing, silent - I've had enough! - After a while she turns around, walks over, sits on the bench. I get up. Nervous step. I stand by the railing. "Wonderful landscape. I have to come here tomorrow, take some pictures... Damn... "- wanders around my head. I turn around. "I should sit next to her. Ask her again. But...". Nervous step, I sit down. I catch my breath. I feel that she trembles. I take off my jacket, cover her. "This is our constant, the warmest motive of the world". Stroking her tousled hair. But tell me what is it? - I whisper softly a request. Suddenly she cuddles up to me as if she wanted to strangle me. And she says through the tears, for now not to mention about the marriage... I'm not ready yet - she whispers and sobs, hugs even harder. Why did not you tell me at first... but... What's the point? - I kiss away her tears, cuddle, caress. - But I didn't say anything about it recently... nothing at all - madness... and now I'd like to eat her, whole, and repeat that I love her - ... after all this is the most important to me that we're together... - she calms up, cuddles, cuddles completely to me, she is quiet links with the world, with the landscape, with me...

We're going. A bridge. I feel that she is lighter, like she just got rid of something enormously heavy. From time to time, we cuddle up to each other. From time to time - we drink our lips. Anyway, why do you never

talk to my parents? – She whispers. Somehow it doesn't work out... but I will try, for sure! - The second issue lightly dropped out from her mouth. And it's like she believed in everything, as if everything was suddenly so simple. Wonderfully simple.

The farewell is long. The kiss, "good night", "colorful dreams", a hug, several times, a few steps away, I quickly run up, kiss "Goodnight," "colorful dreams". You beast – I whisper - "... dreams". I'm going - the steps carry the feet, legs - the steps, alone, street - the sky. I rush into the Andrew's room. There is Ms. Vodka on the table, already. You're late ... - he says. You know Andrew, responsibilities... - the words are bold, gold. He is smiling. I briskly open a bottle and pour liquid into the glasses, I quickly lift the first one up. For today – I almost scream. What happened? - Andrew laughs – he's gone mad... – When Ms. Vodka is starting to dance inside me, her cancan – wearing a pink glasses.

XXXXXXX

I dug out my old verse from my magic drawer. And after these two years it has become up-to-date again. Up-to-date, because everything that I have been through with you and what I experience now when you're gone and when you return to me in impressions: leaf – word, branch - sentence, tree - verse...

I send it to you. Maybe because it ends strangely... with the word... "land". Because now I feel I'm closer than ever. And it's because of you. This is... erotic - about love, human love. A land... I'd like to write something about it but for now I only give you this.

"I speak softly to you"(28)

I immersed myself in love and face
to discover that it never existed.
that it had never been noticed outspread

You were dusk when
I was fading to find the face
and the look were flowing
leaned?

When the eyes to the lips
closed

were shone ran
Populated the center

In the mouth it sounded with a soft
like whispers among the grass
when were they?
in love of the face
it didn't exist
not spread out

Suddenly, the girl with whom I danced stopped
There were days when she dreamed of the rain
She felt on herself the chill of the night
I loved her and I wanted to live happily ever with her
I caressed her and she was giving me all of hers
Everything was slipping in blessing with passionate
joy
And then she humbled faded melted
She was laying
feeling her existence

Now she feels the silence
Thousands of dancing sparks shine in her pupils
the air kisses my lips

“To be able and to have the right
smile to each other”(29)

This joy is death
dies
too short

there is time and space

flame jumps on the words
it seized

I am in the middle of you
inside you

blossomed red from the lips

night of the last welcome
meet your expectations

will you come in with the rain
to the lips?

She came in
the face submerged in a smile
how beautiful
were are will be

just touch and go
to the Land

XXXXXXX

23)

The passages in the trains are smoky from brown cigarette smoke. I talk to Matt. The red torches bloom from our hands.

We draw smoke into the lungs. Deep, even deeper. I tell him about the green glance, subtle hands and quiet Magas' steps . I tell. I did not think that such people still exists... - says Matt. - Such a deep faith, a deep religiosity. I have never met anyone like her, you know. It's wonderful. Wonderful subtlety... - I say, and delight crawls into the brown space. - And this constant anxiety... metaphysical anxiety of touch... - breath. Matt. usually cynical, only manages to twist his oath. He listens.

We leave the station. I look around nervously. Suddenly I feel a touch on my back. I turn around - flash, cuddle, kiss. I turn to Matt. He smiles with slight embarrassment. So see you... Hey! ... - He casts.

We are going - the same way, the same bench. Maga puts a green branch in my hand. Easter... today - she whispers. - Have you been in a church? - She asks. No... I wasn't... but ... - like I was trying to explain myself.

The bench flows among the streetlights, home lights. "A house like this. A small one. With a few rooms, with the warbling of children's feet on the floor, with evening fears and warmth of a mother cuddling her children to sleep. Is it not that what everyone of us..." - thought. Maga hugs to me... The battery in my car has discharged... - she says, bringing a smile to me face. - What are you laughing at?. I was so angry that I tore the grass with

my hands and cried... I had a job again - Maga is aggrieved over the whole world, deliciously resentful - like a small, spoiled child. Now she smiles. "She always just smiles, she never laughs." You know, you're at a higher level of mental development than I am... you smile and it apparently shows the highest growth. I laugh sometimes - this is a lower level... terrible... - I start to laugh. Can I read you something? The great work of poetry... - cynicism to myself. - It's called "Amaze" - I ask. Yes - I hear a warm answer.

I am overfilled
I will pour out the words like the green
they will get between the breaths

I am overfilled
I will drop the tenderness like the red

a trickle will flow between
fingers

I am overfilled
I will cast the strength like whiteness
will drive between
the legs

In the shadows of the chairs
not asking for anything
I sit
the thoughts are clear
faces flicker in them
 those that are gone
 those that are
 and some
 will be

I watch them
Shuffle
Rearrange from place to place
 from time to time

With every instinct

colors are fulfilled

And yet the amazement
with the street square sky
word glance caress

Therefore, I wake up every day
to the new
to the future

I arrange the day like a pillow
I put my dream to sleep
I kiss your lips like a prayer
I throw away the key between the steps

And yet the amazement
that so many thoughts
so many things

And yet the people
go are
will sail
will disappear

Silence. Resounded. And... How do you like it? - I ask. And I see a smile.
Gentle.

Maga looks at the watch. Go now! You will miss the last bus - she says. We get up. I hug her. I'm trying to kiss her. No, not here, not in the middle of the street - she says. But why not? - I get angry. "This resistance..." - thought. Have you kissed someone before me /?/ ... Well except parents, brother, aunts, uncles... - I ask. No - silence - ... a boy wanted to kiss me once. He was a little drunk. And... he succeeded - she answers. And what? - I ask. What, what? - Question... Well... was there anything more? - I ask, stream. More?... No, I didn't sleep with him like I did with you! - Maga says these words with a reproach in her voice. - Go now! Good night! - I cuddle her. I kiss her. She pushes me lightly. I'll walk you - I say. No, go now - I'm making a few steps. I turn around. Maga! - She turns. I run up. Once again, we cuddle. She smiles.

The leaves on a green twig attached to a backpack, are bouncing - up, up. Steadily. Rhythmically. Up.

24)

Time - responsibilities. Time - running for the assessments. I can run easier now, though. You will stay for a moment. We have an unclear situation with you- I hear and I nervously look over some notebook.

Everything will be fine - Maga squeezes my hand. For sure - I say skeptical. "The last day before the start of the session, and I still haven't...". I don't know how long will it take, but I will be in an hour - I say to her.

... and now describe to me the most common causes of disruptions in interpersonal communication - I hear another question. I talk, I talk. Maybe it's enough? - I ask coquettishly... Great! ... Please, give me your student book - I get out from the classroom. " And now only the exams left!" - I light a cigarette. - "But today I am free already... Maga"

Shall we go to the "Jacks"? - I ask. There's something weird painted on Magas face. No. I want to go to the church! - She says these words with a strange determination. But today (?), I am leaving tonight, and it would be nice to... We will not see each other for a few days... and I have a business to Jack... - I ask her. No, I have to go to the church - a strange firmness again. Let's go to the church then, and maybe we could go to them later, huh? - She is silent. She's pale. Cold. When we wander through the streets I see only snow, white on her face. She is tense, she doesn't say anything. So you won't say anything at all? - I ask, already annoyed. She is silent. The steps are quick, long, bland.

We get into to the church. The mass has already started. Maga dips her hand in the holy water, in some tragic way, and hands it to me on her fingertips. I touch it. We sit on the bench. Maga slips to her knees, as if she wanted to apologize for something to Him, to supplicate. She's kneeling for five minutes, ten, fifteen, twenty... I want to pick her up and hug. To love her. Suddenly he gets up and get out of the temple with hurry.

I catch her in my arms in front of the temple. Let me go! Let me go! - She almost screams and pushes me away - I can't! I don't want to! - Voice. I am silent. I do not know what to say, what to whisper, what to scream. Now the surprise is too huge to express it, too small to escape. We're going. Steps. Fast.

We are standing in the middle of one of the lanes in our square. It's raining. As if someone out there, in the sky, sensed it and sowed the rain. Spring rain. ... I just feel like I fell apart, like I'm composed of small molecules... I have to pull myself together. But I have to do it alone. Without you. That is why we will not see each other anymore... - I hear. "...We will not ..." - goes around in my head, as if it wanted to emphasize itself, as if trying to

convince me, shut, kill. Why do these people stand there, across the river? - I ask, who/?/ - What are they doing? - Maga looks at me with eyes widened in amazement. ... What people? - She asks. Those - I feel the tears coming into my eyes. I'm starting to sob. - Please don't do this... without you... I don't exist. Stay. But ... no... it's crazy... grotesque ... - I sob. - ... what am I doing? What is happening with me. I feel emptiness...! - Words. Stop that, it is not like this. We still exist. We are - she whispers, hugging me.

It's not like this... I know! I have to calm down. It is madness - words?

We wander through one street, and the other. "But how will you come back?" - The thought is repeating, repeating. Creatures bounce off the walls of the bin. At least give me some hope, please - creatures say... Yes, of course, after all... the magic of the words... hope... of course - Maga tear words, creatures... - Now you will go to Jack... by taxi... yes, to Jack... - words, mine (?) - ... but I have to give you a birthday present... and I will come in a few days... I have to go... When you will come back, come to me straight away... I'll be waiting! - Maga says. We cuddle up to each other. Firmly. The cab's door snap. "I have to see if I can talk..."

...to the square ... - I murmur under my breath. What? - I hear the bass of the taxi driver. To the square... and the words break somewhere on my tongue.

XXXXX

Maga!

Yesterday I took part in my former school reunion. Lots of friends and colleagues. Memories... memories...

It all ended with a "great prom," or "great drunkenness". Yes. At the beginning I liked this atmosphere. Loud words, stuffy cigarettes and alcohol. How many "What's ups?", how many stories. How many... but at some point I felt a strange twinge in my brain - "But that's not it! But that's not the point!" - no joke. I sat down beside the Charlie and... the conversation began. We were no longer pouring vodka, just... You could call it: Well, yes, but what is the point of all oh this - these constant battle of words and feelings, constantly leaving and coming back. There was a couple sitting next to us. The man was hugging the woman. His hand began to wander under her skirt. I nodded, showing Charlie those two and I said, "It's what it is. This world. Moments and emotions. Fears and feelings. And just for you." I tried to hold back the tears. I could not understand why did I sob. Charlie probably didn't understand it also. He was only pouring the vodka.

He said: "I understand what you mean, but I don't think it should be like this!"

A moment ago I was watching the film titled "The pendulum"(30). I've heard a statement: "How can you just bringing me the tea all the time, when the whole world literature is looking at you from the shelves. Aren't you ashamed? ". The main character of the film said this to his sister, who took care of him, while he was ill. I felt a familiar twinge and a thought ran through my mind: "But that's what we talked about yesterday. After all, this is the land ". The Land...I think you know, that exists...

XXXXXXX

25)

A bell rings and the door opens. Equally steady, equally quiet. "She is wearing her grey tracksuit again". ... Do I always have to greet you first? - the room swims in the mist. Will you let me smoke here today? - I ask. - And make me a cup of tea, because my throat is dry. It always dries out in the situations like this - Maga gets up from the couch, and after a moment she comes back to the room with a glass of yellow, steaming ...

"She is very pale" – a thought. The room resonates with quiet music of "The Doors". I taught her to like this kind of music - pride or tenderness? ... "There are things that are known, and things that are unknown, and in between, there are doors"(31) - I quote and I lit a cigarette. The fog in the room grows, becomes more powerful. You know, after my grandfather's funeral on Wednesday I sat down with my father in the room. We were drinking beer. I was not sad at all, because I was constantly setting one track: about the uncertainty, about the possibility of changing the bad life into a good one, but also a happiness into a misery. Such uncertainty of every moment, every minute, every hour, a day – I drink a sip of tea. "What am I saying?" - a thought. "I will tell Maga everything - every detail of these few days, as if everything was all right, and I would come here for normal words, a normal lips, normal hours". I talk. "For what?". Why am I telling you this? - I stop. What do you mean why? - I hear. That's not why I came for! - I say, and I feel parched lips, and a dry tongue, which I douse with the tea. The uncomfortable things first - I put the money on the table – I'm giving it back. "Like in the Soviet film" - a thought. Right now? - Magas' words breaks into my ears. I owed you... And now a nice thing – From the bag, I take out a birthday gift wrapped in a white paper and a pink ribbon. - This is for you... and happy birthday - Maga takes a book and earrings. It took me and Dorothy few hours of walking around the shops to choose them,

wondering... "no, not that... It must be subtle and delicate to fit her." Thank you - I hear a whisper. I get up and hug her. "I supposed to be cold..." When we drink each others lips, she cuddles to me in some crazy tenderness, I hear her nervous breath and words, words... I don't want ... I don't want this end ... - After a while I push her lightly. "No, you can't live on the mood swing constantly" - I think. Maybe we'll go... go for a walk, on a hill...? - I ask. I'll just go and change - I hear her warm voice.

A warm wind waves among the trees. "It's today...". We go down to the water. The sun breaks in it into thousands of shimmering sparks. The ducks swim by the shore. You know... all the living things praise the name of the Lord! – says Maga. "That's just like her" ... and you know, I believe that every beautiful thing can only be him... for example... love... - I look at her. Maga tear the little blade of grass, pulls the tongue lightly and touches it... I don't know if there is a point in explaining anything... - I say - ... but stay with me... we'll try again. "Again? But what again?" Silence. I move her closer to me. I hug her. I put her on the grass. Cold for a moment, she gives me herself. On the other side of the river cars glide down the street, slowly, lazily, flowing. I look up at the path. Some people look at us. When I look at them, they turn their heads and quickly leave. "It's a good thing, she didn't see them - I think. - "She would make problems again... that this is a shame..."

We walk down the street – I'm holding her hand again. I hug her every now and then. Suddenly she pulls out... but I won't always want to kiss you on the street and give you my hand – Maga says. "I wonder if you've ever been sure about me" – It reminds me of her words when one afternoon she suddenly pulled away from me, got out of bed, sat on the floor and nestled into herself. "Uncertainty – is all her" - grass in the mouth and cascades of light. Sparks.

26)

"A few days after, everything is good again" – I'm thinking, while I'm waiting for her in my room. I wonder what time will she come? Her family was about to come with visit. Particularly today. I missed her for so many days... "

Maga wears a red dress. "My old love was wearing the same one, one day... First, unhappy love... I imagined that I'd commit a suicide, and there's only her wearing a red dress going at the funeral procession. I could imagine that so good that I was sobbing over myself. Funny... but wonderful at the same

time. Or maybe I really like to suffer, I like to wallow in my pain... I heard this from two people. But perhaps this is not true ".

Maga sits on the bed. I cuddle her close. She lightly resists. But wait... I was to question you today... You've got an exam in three days - she says. Yes... of course, but so many days I didn't have you with me ...

The land of caresses. My hands float on her legs. I lift her dress, which she tries to overlay on her knees. She escapes - but she is not decisive. You are irresponsible - I hear. – Responsibilities first, then... You're right, but... - my hands and mouth sail throughout her body. - Why don't you let me pick up your dress? I've seen or felt your naked legs for many times. Do not be shy! - I get angry with this constant struggle. Shouldn't I be ashamed at all? - She asks. What for? After all of this? – question for question, question into question. She gives up completely. But we better not because we will go too far again and it will be too late to stop... - she whispers - ... and if we will be stopping, it can lead to sexual neuroses and troubles in our future relationships... – I break away from her. ... What kind of future relationships? – I raise a voice with a few tones. - Why are you talking about some future relationships? I mean future... if ours would... end... – she turns her head. But it exists, we exist... what is it? - I cuddle her. "I do not want to think about it. At least today... Future. After all, why does she need future now? - Thoughts.

We sail away.

I have to go! I said I'd be back at nine – she pushes my hands – don't you ever have enough? - She asks. Never... and do you know why? ... I've been thinking it over, because you asked me this question already... Just due to the uncertainty of you. It is not known what exactly you will do in an hour...in a day. Maybe you will say something about some "future relationships" again... Do you understand? - The words extend in my mouth swollen after the kisses. We continue the floating.

Now I really have to go! - Mage says this very firmly. Just a moment - I don't notice the color of her words. Now for real...! - Maga freezes in some strange pose. She doesn't respond with mouth for mouth. My tongue is circling with a surprise. Just a moment... What is it? - I ask. Maga fades. She gets up, straightens her dress, stands by the window. I am surprised(!?). After a few minutes Maga grinds the words out: I didn't want this, but I really have to go! "Maybe it's not worth to bother, but still" ... it hurt me - the thought moves to my lips. She gets dressed and I don't want to approach her as usual, hug her... do you hear, it hurt me... she's like a doll... like a cold doll, that punishes her naughty boy ...

We go out into the street. Silence. Needle. Time. We go. I begin to speak. Speak. My pretentiousness comes to peaks. It is flowing all together, everything, from several months. "Something has overflowed?" - a thought. Why do you let me to go on? Why do you let me speak? Perhaps we'll come to the point where you have to leave again...? - quick word. Silent - ... that your silence. Don't you think that it's worth to speak, speak, say everything. After all that's what the words are for... and not just "to sense" (as you used to say). Yes, it is beautiful, subtle... but probably not from this world - the words. Maga only repeats that she can't speak... can't ...

Magas' mother stands at the gate of her house. When she notices us we only hear her irritated: ...come home. What time is it? - She disappears in the gate. When we come closer we hear only the slamming of the door. We are standing. "But what should I say?" - I think. I can see that Maga is pale, she vacillates whether to go up or stay and now I feel a wave of tenderness. I hug her. Please don't spoil it - I whisper. - When will you be able to speak? - I ask. I do not know - she says quietly. - Now let us pass these exams and after a week... - I stand still for a moment. "To go, not to go ..." I would like to stay. I would like us to get back to me. I would like you to go upstairs and say that you'll spend night with me! - I say.

I sense that she is in two minds about that, but I know she wouldn't do anything like that - she's too responsible (?), too attached to parents who restrict her freedom, although she believes that she's not... You know... - Maga whisper - I'm probably no good for this. For what? - I ask. To be with someone... with you... - she responds. I hug her. She's in two minds about it. Now she comes up. I hear the slamming door. "Week... something left again... I can't live a normal life when the future hangs on a thin strands of uncertainty... and this exam...". A cigarette.

XXXXXXX

Maga!

I spent a week in the mountains. Alone. While I was looking down from every summit, I felt freedom. With me only my thoughts - my own and the perpetual philosophy. Yes - I was fine. I was swimming in it. Only sometimes there was a concern - "Is it true?" And suddenly the morning. Have to go.

"You are it" - it is a basic statement. The statement of the fact that we all belong to one basis, which is the god-like reality. And this is the denial of individualism, in other words the denial of what everyone is, with what

everyone live. Deepening your own "Me" (in other words - to create your own personality), is the only path to secession, the path to the spiritual death. Because of that the frustrations are born. Because people - their "Me" - want something, desire something and they don't get it. Because we shouldn't ask for anything besides Him. And we shouldn't have other desires - because He is the eternal bliss. The more we throw ours "Me", the more space for him - Light - Truth.

There are three principles, fundamental principles, which we should stick to, to receive eternity: You have to love (and only He is the true love), you have to have a pure heart (law flowing from His mouth) and you have to be poor in spirit... In this way, and only this way we can possess the knowledge of the spiritual truth, which is Him.

I believe that anyone can be a "saint", anyone can be "enlightened" ... You only have to direct all of your thoughts to Him. You need to go to Him.

XXXXXXX

27)

We are going to meet the next day. I walk through the streets of the city. I am overwhelmed by some unexpected peace - now I'm out of this difficult week, in which I was frequently fighting with the bad mood, bad thoughts, so I'll be able to prepare for the toughest exam this year in college. Now I am free. I passed... and I know that nothing separates me from meeting with Maga. It doesn't matter how it goes. I just want it to happen, to say a few words. I probably even accepted the need to split up. Hundreds of volumes look at me from the bookstores. I read the titles, I browse through some. Peace. Peace and the emptiness spotted with hope. I have time today, much needed time. "Maybe I could go to the square in front of the Gothic church. Maybe she will be there... "

I thought that I will meet you here! - I sit down next to Maga. The sunset and the warmth of the earth under my feet. The smell. Strange late-spring early-summer smell. "The same smell I felt this Sunday evening when it all started... I guess so" - a thought. - "Or maybe I am looking for a closure of the whole, closure of the incomprehensible whole. Or maybe there is nothing to understand here? Maga is pale. Says nothing. She doesn't look in my direction. Maybe we would settle it today? - I throw the question dryly. I want to go to the church! - Maga whispers. In that case, see you tomorrow - I say. I get up, but I hear the quiet Don't !. Silence. I can't and I don't want to be with you - her words creep into the lampshade - the corridor. Why? Do

you think you don't fit for it? - I ask after a while and I think it's unnecessary, that I should go now. "Perhaps It would be better to say nothing." You see... I tried to be with you and I loved you, but it ended - she says. Well, at least you say you loved me, because you only told me this once before. You also said that you love God, and that love is greater, but after some time the love you have for me can also become great. After that you tried to withdraw, saying that you love me, of course, but as a friend. However, between these statements there was so called love... unless you think that physical love is just an imitation (that old word, our word) ... imitation of love. And... when did you stop loving me? - Question (?). What can I tell you...the exact hour, minute? - Maga said it irritably. No... actually not! - soft answer. Silence... I tried to, but you've marked it at the beginning. You said: "you will be my wife," and I was not sure... - says Maga. So, that's the fundamental problem. I explained to you once, that it was only a dream. A dream that may have changed... but why am I saying "was", anyway... maybe it's a good thing. "You look at me without tenderness..." - I think. Maga stands up I'm going! - short, firm, as usual. She walks a few steps away. Maga! - I scream. She turns back. I get up and I go to her. I cuddle her close. Her hands don't embrace, they are rigid. I try to kiss her. She defends herself. Just kiss me good for goodbye! - a request in my voice. Maga escapes. Walks a few steps away. I run to her and now I know that I will never forgive her those few steps. Stop this - I whisper and cuddle her long, we drink our lips. I won't light a cigarette by this fire! - I hear a voice next to us. I turn my back. A man is smiling to us. "Indeed" - a thought. No... why... here you are - ... I'm looking for matches nervously, I'm giving him the fire. And I feel that the hand passing the fire had to break through the wall. It's like we were in another world, another dimension, where we don't have to say much because the words are only particles of great threads - thoughts and feelings. I cuddle her just for a moment. We look at each other. I'm going...you should go - says Maga. I can't go! - Is this a paraphrase of "I can't talk, I can't be," or is it just the same level of madness? Maga turns back on her heel. I look at the disappearing figure for a long time. The first sky fades? First earth? I turn around. Spring... early summer... the smell... let's breathe.

28)

Foggy. Only the sky in the window. Only the white fluff, glows and rubs against the frame of the eyelids. Are the leaves falling? Green summer. Leaves are green. They fall to the ground. Green carpets. Green summer. Leaves are green. They fall. The trees are tearful. A grimace on the treetops faces. Green blood.

There are still some things. There are still some people. I exhale them. Outside. Just one more moment in this city. And then the light-dark passages of trains, buses. And... emptiness, absence.

The passages are ominous. Each passage – a man. My is still bright with the past. Enlightened with candles of hope – he was. Inflated and gone off. Although, you can feel the candle of the smile. The candle of touch. The candle of kiss. I blow harder. Go off. I prefer the cold future than downstifling past. I know I could do it then. But what? But how? But why?

XXXXXXX

Maga!

I have read this frightening sentence recently that sealed my obsession (I realized that this is obsession): "To live is to waste time. We can recover or save something in the form of eternity."

Linking this with what you have told me once; that I should never forget about Him... Long days I read about eternity in everything that falls into my hands, and it's getting worse. I feel the progressive disintegration. I'm beginning to be afraid of the people. I'm afraid to go out into the street... I always wanted to do something to the end. Now I can't stop it. It runs behind me. It creeps in every small part of my mind. And I feel that the parts are moving away from each other. I lose threads in the talks, I almost don't sleep. Madness. Recently I began to avoid my friends. What would I talk to them about – the nature of The basics, The Stranger? About the grace and free will, about eternity, about time, finally, about the... salvation. Yes, salvation. Just to forget about yourself. When we throw away the "Me", there's much more space for Him. Then He can come... Maga! Come... Hurry... Help me... help me...

Part 2:
T H E L A N D

" If He is found now, He is found then. If not, we do but go to dwell in the City of Death."/ Kabir /

Sentences to the form:

The land is an idea. The ideas are simple, but the words defining them are only a simplification. We live in the "middle" - between two poles. "The middle" is also a convolution. It can be transparent only occasionally. Those dissonances and consonances - like music. White radius crossing the center cuts itself inside us into different colors (the middle is a strange prism). We see their mosaic, but only the return to the true Land (we'll wait for our time!) would allow us to know the straight-and-white radius – The truth.

1)

"Books on the shelves. Letters, words, sentences. I feel that they run around me. They run and pinch me. I can't stand it. I need to be close to you. Close to you, Stranger. You're not here, yet. You're not. And they pinch me. Once I slept in a huge room. Lot of people laid beside me - on the mattresses made of straw. And suddenly they were all gone - probably went to sleep, and flies started to get out of the mattresses. Pinching me. I screamed but no one came. I screamed and the flies... Now the words are pinching me. I don't want them. Words are unnecessary. I can only talk about you. But I... "

- Doctor, please come and... I agree - take him - a woman's voice is shaky. - I can't...anymore... It's terrible... it's terrible...

"I feel that if we talk and will be talking often... You just have to come and talk to me. At the beginning, the words. But later, the silence. Knowledge... uniting knowledge. Because the words only give separation from you. Just like all the daily issues. For what? They only are and go. Others come and leave... ."

Two nurses enters the room.

"Someone entered. They want to stop me. But... yes, it's you who sent them. For me. Thank you... They dress me and we go. What does this woman want from me? Make her let me go... "

- Contact me only by telephone now, please. There's no point for you to come in person – a young doctor says.

- What can I do? What... to do, doctor...

- I understand the pain of the mother, but just... wait.

2/

- Stranger, I am, finally I am...

- You have chosen the wrong path. You came here, but not from the world, which I gave to you, people. Mind is a gift. Because it gives you the choice.

- But I can't make head or tail of it. Who can understand you? - Only those who have chosen this only, winding road. They walked on the earth on their feet, and touched the sky with their heads. And so they don't rend, they lifted up their head to the clouds. Until they became nothing. They melted in you.

- Why didn't you choose this path of moving away from yourself.

- The world seemed beautiful to me. Because suddenly I experienced pain, suddenly I felt, suffered, only for love to stain the eyes. Their flutter could be heard in the silence of the room. And she was lying on my bed. I could cover her with a blanket when she was cold, and cuddle her. I could kiss away her tears so they wouldn't have cut her cheeks with salty corridors. I

could speak to her, and listen. She talked about you, and then, she walked away...

- You wanted the eternity, but only I am the love, the one and only true love. There, on earth, there are people that say <<love>> <<eternity>>. And they think they know what is love and eternity. You have crossed the line because you thought that it is eternal. Eternity is here. On the earth is the time. On the earth you can only grasp its light wings. It is for the commonality. Some people acknowledge the eternity only there. Only a winding, narrow road, but in the same direction - to me.

- I didn't believe that there is any purpose on earth. I thought that there is only road. The road to the truth, love, holiness. We're going, but we'll never come. I told myself - we need to go.

- You couldn't bring yourself to eternity. You were one of a few. Therefore, first you need to understand the way and then walk on it. I will tell you what is it about.

3 /

- Good evening, is Maga home? I'm calling about something very important!

- Yes, wait a minute, please.

- Hello, who is this?

- I'm a mother... - she mentions a name. - I found the letters for you in his drawer. They took him...

- What do you mean they took him? Where?

- he is in the clinic... it's madness. He is completely cut off from the world... The silence on the phone. The wires are flexing. They squeeze into the minds. You can hear the breathing. You can hear "What happened?" - distant voice.

- Do you hear me?

- Yes. Can I come over?

- Exactly. I would love to talk to you. Perhaps only you... only you can help him...

Stillness. There was never such silence in this house. But I loved him - as a mother can love her son. I was expostulating

him this philosophizing so many times. The Greek philosopher - I used to say. And he was still stuck in this. And he had to meet this woman, who fascinated him so much that he couldn't free himself from her. Even when she left. I noticed that something was wrong with him. He talked a little about her. Sometimes I saw something strange in his eyes while he was sharing some thought at loud. And I didn't understand, just told him: Don't

worry! There will be a next one. His answer was always the same: I don't think I could! Soon there will be... Only her... "- the woman is smoking a cigarette. Her white hair are shooting in different directions. Smudged ink under his eyes flows with a black drop from time to time. Bell. Door. Creak.

- Please, take a seat. I'll make a tea. "I should at least smile to her. After all, it's not her fault. The fault is common. They are both guilty – because they met each other. "

- Please, go through these letters. I read it, and you should forgive me this...

- Yes. Of course - a young woman is tense.

"She's so pale. She's going through a rough time, as well. "

- You see, I don't know whether he said anything, but a few years ago, he had troubles. It took him about a year. He read a lot of books that have deepened this state. In such cases, you shouldn't think too much about yourself. I know that he was going to commit a suicide at some point. I remember when he said to me: "If I even wouldn't be able to read, I'll do it. Damn it, I'll do it." I didn't understand, how someone might not be able to read. Besides, he was afraid of the people. No. Not friends, but going out on the street. More than once I saw him dressing nervously and run out of the house, as if to see if it's true. I've read some of his writings from that period. I gave it to his doctor...

- Yes. He told me. He told me many things. About all of moments. He was creating a space from each case, the slightest movement, words. Besides, I helped him to do this - my uncertainty, escapes, silence... - a young woman begins to sob.

- Please. Don't cry. It is not your fault.

A room. Fog outside the window. The old woman goes to the window.

- He liked to look out of the window... - she filters through pursed lips.

- Why do we talk about him as if he was already... gone... certainly there's something that can help him...

- Do you ... do you think there is hope?

- Yes! - the voice express the breaking confidence. Breaking. However, fierce and stubborn.

4/

A young woman comes to the white office.

- Please, take a seat - the doctor observes some point on the ceiling. - Did you see him?

- Yes - her eyes are full of tears. - I tried to say something to him, but...

- He is not here. From the moment they brought him in, he only repeats your name, also talks about eternity and stranger, talks to him. He answers his own questions. The bell jar. He is enclosed in a bell jar.
- It is my fault - a woman begins to cry.
- Please, calm down. Don't reproach yourself everything. Better tell me something more about him, about you.

5/

"This journal is typical for sixteen, seventeen years old. Perhaps there's more fear, that must be overcome, than in ordinary journals of this period. Some of the statements are perfectly ridiculous, perfectly exalted.

I have to read one poem about Agnes.

- Honey, are you sleeping? Because I want to read you a poem. About the fear. Listen:

I have to overcome you human king,
senseless, vile fear.
I'd like to get you in your strength,
plant flowers on your grave, suppress you,
destroy you yourself.
You are the great Evil,
which takes the beauty of life,
the beauty of pleasure and love.

Today I began a fight -
I will finish it on thy grave...

Silence filled the bedroom.

- How did you like it?
- ... Like /? /. I think that if I had ten or fifteen years, it would be a great thing for me, but now... - woman smiles kindly. - ... The boys often experience something like that in a certain period of life, especially neurotics. Youthful fears. And what is that?
- The piece from the diary of this man from the eternity.
- And what else interesting have you read?
- Well... big problems with adjusting both the peer group and family, which is associated with hypersensitivity. Much pieces about love – both: generally understood, as well as between man and woman...
- ... Or he simply lacks the...

- Yes. He is an exemplary neurotic type. The principle of all or nothing works for him. Besides the style of the poetry and prose samples is similar to the young poet of that period, Stachura. In addition, there is a "totalitarian" motive - I called it that way. It's quite important because it can explain his current disease. Listen to this excerpt: ".../ because the state is an enormous, damn prison, where people are imprisoned for another people, where you work under duress. Actually, the world is also a prison - a prison of thoughts. Associations, impressions, views. Barred, closure of all subjectivity in the framework of rights, responsibilities, economy, patriotism, slogans. Why don't we free ourselves from all of this and experience the great, untamed climax - in two, in tens, hundreds, millions, universes. Let this his world based on orgasms, falsehood, fear of liberation, fall apart. Deny everything... " and so on.

- Totalitarianism you say... yes, but how do you connect it with his eternity?
- It's simple - his eternity is simply an attempt to exploration of everything, and inability to accept the boundaries of cognition.
- Yes... Human means limited... limited, which expands slowly...

6/

The man is sitting by the open window and looks through the metal bars into the distance.

- I can see the clouds. You have created beautiful clouds today. You know. Maga also liked them jagged, red with a sunset sun. She liked ducks and grass, and plants. Sometimes she used to touch grass with her tongue, and then took it to her mouth. She told me once that everything that exists, praise your name. I didn't dare to laugh Stranger, really. I only nervously grimaced my lips. Where is Maga, anyway? I want to see her before you show me the way - let her come. I want to touch her. Only to lightly touch her. Let her come for just a moment. One moment. And then only the eternity. Stranger... can you hear me? - Man begins to cry. - ... Eternity...

A young woman walks up to the man. She hugs him. He let her do it, but his unseeing eyes still look at the clouds.

- I'm here, it's me, Maga - the woman says. Tears are streaming down with large face drops, red from the sun.

- Stranger, why don't you tell her to come? - asks a man shivering.

- I'm here - a woman starts to jiggle him, shake, hug, pull, hug, shake, hug... The doctor comes in.

- It doesn't make sense. I let you in unnecessarily - he takes her from the patient. -Take care of her - he says to one of the nurses. - And you - he asks the male nurse - injection - he points the finger at the man. He is shaking.

- Why don't you come, Stranger. Why don't you tell her to come...? - he shouts.

The nurse with an efficient movement pulls up his shirt sleeve, sticks a needle, injects two portions of white liquid. "I think next time I'll inject more. Let him actually move to his stranger. Idiot. And she also... She probably thinks that she can help him. Such people should be removed immediately, it is such a waste of money used for their maintenance. Idiot! It shouldn't be her concern. She should find herself a man. Anyway... I should tell her this... She's pretty... so sensitive. I would be happy to sleep with her. Her sensitiveness would probably disappeared ...".

- Why don't you come? ... Why? - a man slowly calms down. - You are, at last... I wanted to talk with you ... eternity.. - The nurse put him on the bed - ... show me... - The nurse leaves the room - quiet... how quiet... - a whisper merges with the silence of the room.

7)

<< There, all the beings are heaven, the earth and the sea, the animals and plants and people, everything is heaven. Behold, the truth is their mother and nourisher, material and food, and they see all things, not those that are being created, but those that already exist, and they see themselves in others, everything is transparent, and there is no dark thing that cannot be penetrated, but everyone is different for each other absolutely, and everything for everything - therefore light for the light!>> "Plotinus... how attractive are those eternal things - love, time, eternity... but why only some people are going to the end? Don't they see that these are just words. Abstractions. And they... for example, this new boy. He switched off completely from the world. And yet this little woman, who reproach herself his illness. It's terrible where people can sometimes flounder. But from what she has told me, he was actually balancing on the border between sanity and madness for a long time. And their relationship." <<And here everyone has the everything inside , and sees everything again in others, so that everywhere is everything and everything is everything and there is no end of the light. And everyone walks not as if on the foreign land, but for everyone it is, where is, just what exactly he is.>> "Yes, only symbols. Only ideals, and yet you have to be... I'm sensitive but not too sensitive... Well - poetry, philosophy... and only sometimes cynicism saves us. We leave the emphasis for quiet winter evenings. Just the two of us- children with their grandparents - and only then we can forget about this whole mess, that we create around ourselves. " <<If someone admires the sensual world, having an eye on its vastness, beauty and eternal order momentum, as well as the gods in it, then let him ascend to the arch-pattern and the higher truth... It is a

significant eternity, which time only copies, when we circle around the soul and it leaves some things together. >> "Enough for today. There's a lot of work tomorrow. "

8/

"I saw Him and I feel helplessness. Because what can you do... wait, just that. You must be patient. It is possible that the therapy will work well, but usually..." - a young woman comes into the old Romanesque church. She kneels, crosses herself, lowers her head beneath the mystery of her Lord's death. She sits quietly on the bench. "I remember that at the beginning when I offered him to go on a retreat, he didn't cope with ceremonial of the mass. He told me that everything in him rebels against any gesture of faith. He listened to the sermons, though. But they had to be general, philosophical to move him. If something was in related to Catholicism, he was losing his interest. But I saw, that he was more and more, although he did remain at his metaphysics - what he called it... "

Monks were moving in the church like shadows. They kneel before the altar ceremoniously, whispering silent prayers. The whole church swims in whispers. "Why does it seem to me that the religious whispers of monks turn into giggles? No, it's some bizarre association. But perhaps the love of God, is both bizarre and serious, joyful and ordinary, normal. Yes. His faith was bizarre – such a momentary emotional stimulation. He told me that he was passing near some church one night. Its windows were lit by candlelight. He heard the sounds of the church organ. It was Bach - he said eagerly. He stepped inside. He sat on the bench. For several minutes I was in the land - he said. - Wonderful land! ... His metaphysical land. "

The woman's eyes are suspended in a blankness. Suddenly, she woke up. Her eyes ran in the direction of the cross.

"Lord, I went to thy temple and did not think about you even for a moment. But I came here to ask for your help, for a man who... anyway you know who he is. Please return him to the world, his family, friends... me "- a woman begins to whisper his prayer. - "I don't ask for anything more today, I don't ask you to give yourself to me, although I know that this is important, I don't ask you to help me go to you. I know you are good and righteous, that you were in control of his fate and he'll recover if you'd want it. Lord, he isn't bad. Help him, please... "

Last rays of the sun fell into the church. Touched the face of the praying monk. He kind of chuckled.

- Lady, we are closing already - the woman feels a very light touch. She looks at the cross again. Her Lord asks for the salvation of the world, now.

9 /

"I finally can see what was the original state of this man. At the beginning he still was here, at least partly, even though he was off. He was turned off, but there were still some signs of health: "sensual love", "reason". And now, came the unification of his whole personality and almost complete transfer to his own inner world that functions in a specific way. This could be interpreted like that. So... we are further away from returning to normality. Now he completely agrees with his "stranger". He goes this way. The road is straight now... actually closed - in a circle. "

10 /

- Does it make sense to say anything to him, doctor... after all, in such cases, nothing reaches the consciousness of those people.

- We don't have and cannot have absolute certainty about this. Your friend sir, of course, lives only in his world, but which information reaches him...? I do not know. Please, do try. After all, from what you have told me, you and some people were bonded with him by shared activities. Telling him that, may be helpful in breaking the bell jar that surrounds him.

- Well. I'll try. And by the way he could write a lot... Maybe a miracle will happen.

The man lies on the bed. "One of your people, Stranger. White dresses. This distinguishes them. They are so calm. So good. But one of the different ones came back. The others say something, but I don't know what they mean. Some of them cries. Especially the person who wanted to stop me, when you sent for me. And someone in black. But why in black. Black is the time." The man is naked, covered only with a blanket. He is tied up to the bed.

- Recently he just got naked and we couldn't dress him. He spoke to his stranger, that things are unnecessary, that the whole exterior is unimportant, that the most important is the "interiority" – it's how he probably called it. He also stopped eating – hence the drip. I will leave you alone.

"Don't let him go, don't let him leave me with him, with other one. He'll probably say something again"

- Good morning. Can you hear me?

"A pinching... the words"

- Come back to us. We are all waiting for you. We prepare the next copy of the newspaper, an exhibition of the engravings - the words oozes from the man's mouth slowly, uncertainly.

- He's talking about the world. About time. He must get to know you Stranger, and then he will come to you".

- Remember when only four months ago, we were sitting, drinking vodka and you were telling me what do you want to do, what do you want to organize, what to write. I told you about photographic techniques, and showed you my latest photos. Then we started to defining the world – you always liked such topics. It fascinated you. And when we have defined the whole universe, after several hours of talking, we started to laugh. Especially you... loud. Then you said something about the absolute, about the way to him, about the fact that you almost believe that there is a purpose. "Words do not determine him" – you told me when I poured another glass. Come back to us, it was good, after all...

"I remember something... But... it couldn't be good. I wasn't completed... now I'm finally close "

The man begins to shake the sick man.

"Why did you let someone else to me again. I know- you are testing me. I know - I have to be strong and believe. Deeply"

- What the hell happened to you. What about your fascination with life. Where is your cigarette, your eternal fog, your writing... your life! No... it doesn't make any sense... - the man runs out into the hallway. He lights a cigarette.

- Smoking is not allowed – a loud voice. He sees long white legs, the whole figure. The nurse is smiling.

- What? - The man sees the sign on the opposite wall. "No smoking!". "You didn't like this type of restriction of freedom, as you used to repeat laughing. I think I'll stub out the cigarette on her laughing cheek"

- Fuck off, lady!

- Relax. Calm down. This is how it works... - the doctor pats him on the shoulder.

11 /

"Haven't I became too pragmatic? I read these excerpts of the perennial philosophy, and yes... I'm telling myself that this is interesting, but to be honest, I don't get into it as used to. It doesn't affects me so much. Maybe one can actually become a saint - but he would have to live according to all of those <<sacred rules>>

No - the essence of the basis, the essence of everything (probably the same), the truth... I want to read a fragment of Turgenev again."

A young nurse enters the office.

- I made a coffee, doctor! - she says.

- Thank you. Quiet at the department? – asks doctor.

- Yes! Everything is all right - says the nurse, and she adds coquettishly after a pause: - You have such a good time here, doctor. Peace and quiet, a wise book, huh? Scientific for sure?

- No, no. It's just a philosophical discussion about the purpose of life... - the doctor smiles at the nurse. "I think she might be good in bed. You can see that everything where it's supposed to be. Well, well... you are so primitive Doc, but sometimes you need some stupid thought so you won't go crazy."

- I won't be bothering you! – and only a quiet sound of the gently closed door can be heard.

"... And she is subtle too... well, well... She is. These are his "Poems in prose" I used to be fascinated by Turgenev... Oh, there is this statement. <<The knowledge of the essence of all things cannot give you happiness... The truth can, because it is a human thing, ours, sublunary ... truth and justice! I am ready to die for the truth. The whole life is based on the knowledge of the essence of all things, but how to possess it? And how to find the happiness in this?... >>(32) Perfect. The whole essence of human life... but how to possess it? And... happiness... "

12/

A table stands in the middle of the room. Two chairs.. A young woman lays on the bed under the window. Her eyesight is stuck in the window. "This hotel is scary... a guest house... silence. There is silence in this town. Or maybe I just think so? Maybe everything here is bustling with life - I can only see the shadows on the streets, maundering lazily. Because I saw, I saw at last who he was... no, he wasn't... he is. He is probably sitting on the chair by the window now, and he is observing the sky, just like me. Why did he needed his whole philosophy, this endless search. I wanted to show him the way. The way to the paradise. We could go together. Although, I don't know... I told him once: It's not the main reason why I can't be with you. I said, but then... ". The loud knocking on the door. It opens, and a man stands in it. "It's probably the nurse from the clinic..."

- Hi – says he, to the woman.

He passes the room and sits down on a chair. There is a surprise painted on the woman's face, anxiety now.

- What is going on? – She asks.

- I came here because of you. I want to do something for you. I don't see a point of you getting tired with your old guy - his words sound screechy. The white silence outside the window gains the arteries and veins.

- Do you think there is a way to help him? - the woman asks.

- I think such people should be removed! - the reply comes.

- What do you mean... removed?
 - Well... normally. I'll inject him a few more portions of the tranquilizer... he will be calmed down forever – a man starts to laugh.
 - "No it's not possible. This man must be kidding me? "
 - You are kidding, right? – a nervous smile appears on her face, grimace.
 - No, I'm serious. After all, you will release yourself from this... from trouble.
 - Don't you think it would be a crime? - a woman is trying to be calm at all costs.
 - Crime? - "This bastard is laughing"
 - Please get out of here. Immediately!
- The man gets up from his chair, walks over to the bed where the woman sits. He strongly raises her, grabbing her hands.
- Listen bitch. I thought you were smarter than that... sensitive... sensitive... - he scoffs. - Take that sensitiveness in your ass. Humanists. And everyone just wants the one thing. I could fuck you now. But I will not. You're too stupid – he hits her in the face. Woman falls on the bed. - And remember: You don't tell me to get out of here! - a man walks towards the door. He turns his head to the women.
 - But I'll do it. Because his dialogs annoys me very much. Eternity... bastard – the doors snap.
 - "Lord, help him – tears are running down the woman's face - Help...".

13/

<<It's a different thing to spin through the temporarily restricted life without the beginning and without the end, at the same time present, which is of course characteristic for the divine spirit>>(33). "How much mysterious beauty and dreams, subconscious dreams of each of us, is in this. But... the idée fixe... not to fall into something like that. I read and it slowly begins to look as a desire. However, aren't these just the words. Once, during the evening chat about life, when you burn thousands of cigarettes and alcohol often dance rhythmically in your veins, one of my friends said a sentence which he read somewhere: Why do you babble about God? Whatever you say about him is not true... It's probably from these mystics. But maybe the completeness can be actually achieved... here? <<Because only the state of the presentness, and a still life, copies this infinite movement of things, and if it can't have the fullness of life at the same time, therefore, because it somehow never ceases to be the thing that it can't fill or express, it seems to mimic this thing to some extent and tries to cling to any presence of this transitory and fleeting moment>>(34) "But the famous metaphor of a man and the two-dimensional understanding of the ball concept: This man

couldn't define a ball in any way, since it has three dimensions and he has only two. Perhaps he can try to do it using a metaphor, intuition, but then it would not be the truth. Because the truth is simple. " << And since this moment bears in it a certain picture of this continuous presentness, then for those whom it will be given, it gives them the impression, that it actually exists >>(35) "It's like we would like to say that we do not exist. When it's widely known, as some professor in the department said, that unchangeable is only the rule of change. I remember that I wrote this sentence in large block letters, and I laughed to myself, thinking: wonderful man! "<< But such a moment cannot stay in one place, so it grasps the infinite road of time and thus it happens, that by going forward it extends the string of life, which fullness can not fathom out.>>(36)

- Will you be sitting here for long? - a man hears a voice coming from behind. Winces.

- You scared me...

- It's already two o'clock. Come on... I want to hug you to myself. I can't fall asleep.

- Yes. Of course, I'm coming. Do you remember how we once read fiercely the articles of humanistic psychology. At the first year. I reminded a thought from one of them: The man is not created for greatness...

The woman is smiling.

- Ah, my little thinker. Yes, I remember. We talked about this once. But... come to bed...

14/

"These well known streets, don't seem to be real now. It's fatigue. But I had to actually worry about this man. Why did this male nurse kill him? He injected him about five doses and he said he made a mistake. Psychopath... Death. But I could save him, restore to normality "- rain begins to sprinkle. The man opens an umbrella. Darkness comes from the west. Most of the windows already flashes with home lights. "But why am I reminded now of this dramatics of Tolstoy. <<And the light shines in the darkness... >> It was about a man and his pursuit to God. Yes. It was just like the same, the same problem: a man with a family, a house, rich, respected, wants to give away his fortune and act like the Christ. And here comes the conflict between love for God and love for people: his wife and children. He loves his wife and therefore cannot leave her to proclaim the eternal truth. He loves his children and therefore cannot deprive them of their wealth for the poor... I remember that I felt this drama very deeply, that I always tried to tell it to few people. I felt that maybe one understood it as far as it could be understood. I asked

then one of my deeply religious friends, if she had a house, a husband and children, and she would receive a sign, a sign from God to leave everything and go to serve him, would she do it? I accepted the answer "Yes" in horror. And after so many years ... "- man lights a cigarette and sits on the bench wet from the rain -" ... so that the light shines in the darkness... but I don't think this was the one Tolstoy talked about. The light must be close... close to people. So they can understand... That light is like a stranger from the conversations of the man from eternity... "

15/

- You know, the new nurse killed - well I think I can name him like this - that man from isolation ward. In all, the chance to cure him was faint, however it was a very interesting case... and this girl, his Maga... What do I tell her...?

- This is terrible - a woman pauses washing the dishes for a moment. She looks at the man with sad eyes. For a moment the silence falls in the kitchen. You can hear the groaning of the windowsills - from big drops of autumn rain - ... but don't think about this. You need to relax - soft words bounce off the walls and calmly spun in the room.

"She looks so great in this apron with red roses. Right... I need to rest... in the peace of interior spaces... what is it? Aha! My old youthful verse. I wrote it for her one day... "

- I only feel sorry for those two... - the man walks up to the woman. They hug each other. - You know, I'm glad I have you: you and little David... The child is playing quietly with building blocks on the floor.

- What are you building, son? - the man asks.

- Fortress... so it will can defend us - the child responds solemnly. Parents begin to laugh.

- You know, little David asked me a question today: What is eternity? You were talking about this case so many times recently... he probably heard...

- Yes, David? Come to daddy. I'll try to tell you what is the eternity.

The child sits on the lap of his father. He snuggles up to him. "He's so reticent. Too calm. I hope he wouldn't be too sensitive. Those one often ends up badly. Like that one"

- The eternity is...

- I will give you dinner - a young woman in an apron with red roses put plates on the table.

The darkness outside the window thickens...

Stories 3:

*The hole in time, or it's
enough to just be*

I rang the door. After a while I heard sliding steps, slowly approaching. The locks clicked. A woman in her fifties, dressed in a black two-piece dress, opened.

- Follow me - she said.

We walked to the second floor, on the old, creaking stairs. She left me in front of one of the five doors. I knocked. Silence. After a while I knocked again. Silence. I pressed the handle and walked into the living room. There was a duskiness here.

One wall of the room was the library. There was a bed by the second one, on which a man was laying. He was reading by a small lamp. Books were scattered around the bed, some of them opened. Ashtrays stood at various points in the room. Some of them were filled to the brim, with cigarette butts.

- Sit down - I heard.

The chair was standing by the desk with many stored pages.

- Do you think that there really is something besides the shower tray? Or maybe you think you can acknowledge something beyond? Time in this room has stood long time ago for me. It was a few, maybe a dozen years ago. Then I decided that I will learn how to swim, that a great, deep pool would be my sense. When it occurred to me: the blasphemous thought that I'm not afraid of depth that I'm not afraid to sink. Then I put the first unwritten piece of paper on the desk. Now, there is several hundred. And you know, it's comical, but the longer I live, the less water is here. I once stood here waist-high, today only ankle deep. Literature, philosophy, art... ridiculous. There's nothing in it besides an individual experience, beyond the

...

- But I still want to try! - I interrupted him in mid-sentence.

- If you say so, all clear - he said cynically - But I'm warning you.

Now I'm lying on the bed. I don't remember exactly when he left. I often wonder, when will the next one come. I still have water to my knee, so I think it will take a little while.

1)

David liked the nights, especially the night traveling by tram or a bus. The city was slowing its daily rhythm, time seemed to stop dead and he was able to immerse himself completely. Thoughts flowed through head like the streams, quietly sobbing, wiping the stones images passing in front of the eyes. He was well then. But it was a moment of a special kind. The moment that opened him, completely, and it seemed to him that the time stops

completely, the movement of the vehicle, that he drives with, that the moving thoughts come together in unity, in one big river. Movement without time. Most often he felt it when he slid at early dusk, with bus with a number three around the city moat, in which streetlights flied like small insects. Bus glided like a big snake (always sat in the second part of the flexible bus), entered the first turn to the right and quickly the second to the left, froze for a moment as if in a vacuum, suddenly gathered speed and sailed to the next street. He talked about it with Eve, once.

- Listen - I already know what it's all about. Happiness can only be felt in this way - he was standing in the doorway, nervously pulling his favorite brown coat.

Eve raised her big, black eyes from the book.

- What happened? - she chirped cheerfully.

- You know - this street near the moat... – And he told her about the bus, about turns, the traffic, the time without moving.

Eve thought that he felt one of his "fullness" again - as he called it, and that this evening and this night will be the one great tenderness, that he will not wonder whether it is worthwhile to be with her, that he would not speak about the escape.

He sat down beside her and she threw the book on the floor, knocking the glass of half-finished tea on the carpet. "To hell with it!" - she thought and began to unbuckle the buttons of his shirt.

2)

I touch you with the fingers, from underneath comes the whole body. I touch you with shouting eyes. Yours is close. It touches. Embraces. You are. There and around in the same time. The fingers, which are intertwined. Around. Everything is full of swelling. Your swelling. Juicy as the fruit hung on the branch, which opens its leaves to the sun. Everything is full of your screams in sleep, half-awake, when the truth is known only to you. When you run into the figure standing in the gray sunbeams. And maybe you colorfulness of dreams. You have. And distributing it, when the mouth opens to say. Bright color. Warm. And when you turn your eyes, it turns into nothing. Only when I see I can remember the dream. Yours is dream. Happy while is. When I wake up - I forget. And then for a while, I do not need any otherness. I'm just beside. I listen to the silence. I swim in it. I am it. I look at the white stripes moving through the ceiling, when a car flashes by the street outside. And again, I feel for a moment. Everything and... nothing.

3)

David walked into the small bar at the Freedom Square. "What a funny names people give for the streets and squares. For example, here – Freedom Square. What is this freedom? We all accept it as a supreme value, but no one really knows what it is. They talk about freedom and they are repeating <<God>> <<The laws of nature>>. Enslavement in both cases..." - thought David . He sat on his favorite spot near the window, where he had a view of the entire square. He could watch people hurrying to their homes, duties. "I hope that today no one will come here. Weekly meeting is tomorrow. This club. At the beginning it even seemed interesting. When we first met here and announced the creation of the club, all of these people seemed interesting to me. And this completely unknown writer, Rivers, whose few books Peter dug out somewhere in his friend's used book shop. Actually very short books. They were published at his own expense. I wonder if anyone else besides us read it. But Peter was always crazy about totally unknown writers. Then he brought Eve. He was in love with her. Eve, I remember, she talked a lot about this Rivers, precisely about his books. She did it very convincingly. And everyone took up the idea of the Club at once. Eve talked ours head off. From time to time she stopped and looked at me, with strangely narrowed eyes. I thought that Peter is just my colleague and the next day, conveniently I was standing at the bus stop in front of his apartment. Eve came up to me and asked where I was going. I replied that I would like to invite her for a fried carp and that some of my friends have a great little restaurant, where they serve it. This afternoon she said that she doesn't love Peter, and she moved in to my place after a week. I think he didn't speak to me for more than a month. Until, he met Patricia..."

- Hello! – he heard. He looked back. Peter holding the hand of Patricia brought him back to reality.

- Hey! - he snapped back, resentful that he was divested of one hour waiting for Eve in silence.

4)

- You're late again! - David was annoyed at Eve, thanks to her he spent an unexpected extra half hour on listening to descriptions of furniture, vases, lamps, rugs, which Patricia and Peter bought last week for their new apartment, "What a petty bourgeois" - he thought.

Eve hugged him, and kissed his ear coquettishly. As usual in such cases she said, chattering like a child, that they have opened a new shop, and that she was choosing a new dress for an hour, because she liked all of them. That

the owner was so nice, she didn't want to release her and the next thing she knew was that It was already three o'clock, and there is a long way from there...

- The sweethearts invited us and the whole Club to their place next Tuesday, to show their new apartment, new furniture, new carpets... - David said cynically. - The show will be taking place from the evening to the morning, because they also have new lamps...

"That his <<Irrelevance of externality>>, as he calls it" - thought Eve, already knowing what's really going on.

- It's great! - she said. "I have to get him out of here, because he may cross the line" - she thought.

- So, we will go, right (?), David... See you tomorrow...

When they went outside she winked at him knowingly. He held her. He was completely mollified.

5)

- Where should we go? - asked Eva - Maybe we will go to our small hotel? No one will find us there...

They were laying side by side on the carpet tired of quick, animal love. As always in this small hotel by the city, located among forests, where they could forget about everything and everyone, the first embrace was fast, "beautifully fast" as David used to say. They were undressing each other immediately after the door was shut, and only when they were leaving, usually the next day, they gathered the things, scattered around the room.

- I terribly love you! - said Eve emphatically.

- You're beautiful! - David whispered quietly after a while. - When I look at you now I don't have to touch you, because I know that you are all mine anyway, it seems to me that this is love. But love is apparently something else. But you give me yourself, repeating that you love, and I... I think that love is only a word, some abstract word scratched in thoughts... When we get out of here I am more interested in all those books that I read than you...

- Don't say that. That's not true - Eve clung to him.

A small spark flew from the fire place. It flew in the direction of Eves foot. She jumped to her feet. She leaned forward. She lost her balance. She fell at David. She kissed scalded place first, then David's mouth. Again, she quickly stood up. She clapped her hands.

- And now I'll make supper, and you will put the wine in the refrigerator - she ran to the kitchen to put the kettle on.

6)

"Gothic interior of churches. Windows with stained glass. On the small panes colors that intertwine into the figures of saints. Sculpture. I used to like to sit in one of the chapels in the cathedral. It was the chapel of one of the saints. I was terribly in love then. World was based on one great principle - love giving freedom. Love, which was limiting, but only as much as you wanted to be limited. Am I really so all-knowing, all-lived? Why don't I think it's that simple now? Back then it was enough to wait for the person with a rose, or donuts, which we used to eat on some bench. Then everything was swimming- rooms, beds, benches, squares... And now? Immersed in a world of hundreds of abstractions and views, rebelled against them all, detaching a few impressions from them, some feelings, some thoughts to return to the starting point over and over again, maybe even beyond this point."- David's thoughts floated and swam among the pews of the cathedral - "I'm getting here and some weirdness often come to my mind. For example, as I was here with Eve recently, I started telling her that it would be good to install a sound system here, so everyone could always here that someone is coming. Of course. My former obsession. It was then, when it seemed to me that he, The Third (as I called him) takes it away from me, my great love. Then the steps obsession came into existence. But now it seems wonderful to me. Man hearing approaching steps from all sides. Another swimming. Another motion without time..."- David pulled a watch out of his pocket. - "It's probably time for a Club meeting. Now only a symbolic coup of the hand: in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen. This is apparently the mystery of the faith. One in three persons. Apparently, ninety percent of the people believe in it. And I do not! Ah, you individualist!" - he smiled to himself.

7)

"Having fallen we believe in <<nothing>> (or believe in <<everything>>?). When it dawns, glows, light up, loves again, we will arise, we will be. Because after suffering always comes arising. Even if we die, we fully arise then. After it - I don't know - a great mystery. After a little suffering comes little life, a little love. But no - life is always great. But you, why don't you want to catch me, eat me, and don't spit out, only digest and accept, without doing a great black shit, even though it would be great, saturated with hatred. Because we always feel hatred for expelled things, even though they make us happy. So accept me into your body, even at the cost of obesity, which I would never see anyway, unless my own particle would be in your eye. But no - it doesn't happen, because I will nest in your stomach. I will be your never-born child.

But let's finish this images for now. After all, it's just a mental masturbation - someone will say. So what? - an answer. But it's mine, eaten and born in me. What do people have in their heads anyway- some impressions, associations, values – it's better not to think, just eat and excrete. So what? It would be cool. And what? Am I not allowed? No!!!

And because it is mine, I understand it, and because I understand, I love.

Life is about spitting at the other's values. Therefore, the love would be hideous (logic!) - Love and spitting. We separate life from love, however they are oneness. Here they are two different things. We live, hence we spit on the others. And it makes us happy. And it would be enough just not to take (I do it - the mouth full of joy!). It would be enough to deny - and it would be the end, right now. But it's not enough for others - they must suppress, destroy, ridicule, deride. This is worse than pornography, and from beatings - wrenching (hands), scratching (eyes), minting (teeth), kicking (balls). And what do they get in exchange– they feel joy! And why do they do it? - Because otherwise they cannot reveal their pseudo-love. And I just deny it. I don't spit - what for? I'll negate it and I'll go on - nothing to lose. (What's next?)

And actually, I would like to lose everything (something for a serious note). Lose everything in the physical sense and set myself free. And do it in a natural way, unprecedented, unconventional. For example, do not give out to others, but to bury or burn. And then, when I'd be without anything, I'd like you to come to me. To bond with me. Then we would sit side by side or back to back and began to speak, what we see, what we hear, what we feel or what we have seen, what we have heard, what we have felt. And again: what we have dreamed of, what was found and what was lost, whether before, now and then, always, never... When we would get to know our beings, we would understand them, that they are the best, the greatest, most joyful and most natural - truth. Existing truth, but not known yet. Knocking truth, which has not been let in yet. Then again, repeated to the bitter end - climax, giving, receiving, enjoying... And then after a few years, and perhaps after a few dozen, a few hundred – we would become oneness One of us would enter the other- and vice versa. Then the absolute knowledge will come. And when this happens there is nothing and everything.

Unity – everything, unity – absolute, unity - love. Then there is only circulation in brightness - darkness, spinning as one point.

Are you afraid? Emotions and feelings. I cut. "

(Rivers from the volume "What do I mean!?")

"Patricia said that it's so youthful. <<So youthful>> - bullshit. The funny thing is that everyone agreed with her. Even this painter, who makes others name him <<Koko>>. Whose paintings fascinate Eve so much. <<Koko>> probably because once he painted a hen and signed the picture <<The fraternizing with nature>>. His images are not so bad, but after today's agreement with Patricia... The society of mutual admiration. When they will finally realize that only going to the end gives the fullness"- David stood by the window smoking a cigarette. The room was filled with the faint Eve's snoring - "Love to the end is happiness to the end. We need to reject this life full of some-issues. Some-issues are unnecessary. You need to focus on continuous momentum. Don't stand for a moment in one place. On the other hand, how do you do it, when you have someone next to you and you have to be nice to him. You have to sit when he sits. You have to speak when he speaks. The feelings towards the others create unnecessary space. Unnecessarily involve time in the everyday gestures. What is worse, the same ones."- Eve turned from side to side. David threw not still burning cigarette out the window. He watched its flight - "The Little Torch crossing the night. Again."- He lit another one, puffed and threw out of the window - "Yes, sometimes the thoughts look like this. Glide like a comet in the dark. Mind. Is there something beyond the black vacuum?" - David lay down beside Eve. He began to caress her. He felt that she begins to move like his hands. - "No. Not anymore!" - he thought. He turned over on his back. The ceiling, he thought, was moving into his direction.

9)

- Do you really believe that God does not exist? - the question swirled inside David's head, pulling all of his thoughts aside. He felt a void.

Father Christopher was sitting on the chair. Monk popped the cigarettes out of his pocket. He offered one to David. "Why did she invited him here?" – thought David, when Eve were putting teas on the table.

- Will you let me... Father, I'll call you <<Sir>>. I do not like this type of titles. And about the question... I don't know. But I'd rather think that he exists. But differently than you and your institution claim.

- And what do I think? – asked Father Christopher with indulgence in his voice.

- Maybe it's better if I say how I think, and you'll try to beat my views propounding... - David paused - ... convincing arguments, if it amuses you, of course. But probably it has to be amusing, since there is biblical injunction...

Father Christopher grimaced his face with a fake smile.

- I think that God exists because otherwise all of this would make no sense. I imagined nothingness many times. We go through life, and suddenly a black hole opens up in front of us... and there's no us forever. Never again. That's absurd, absolute absurd. Atheism is absurd, because it takes the meaning from life. And everything has to make sense. - David began to accelerate. Eve looked at him with surprise. "My David is optimistic!?" - flashed through her mind. But that's not the point. How do you know that <<The Bible>> is written under the inspiration of the divine, and that Christ was a God? You know, sometimes I think that if someone would really want to create a new Bible, he would have succeeded, but he'd rather call it wisdom and literary abilities...

- But it is obvious. You can simply put the problem in one word: the faith – said Father Christopher.

- I wanted to believe many times. Of course I think that just the reason is not enough. There is no such force, no prime mover. Of course you can use it to build a car, the lamp... but people need more than driving cars... Because <<Man cannot live by bread alone>>. This is a very wise idea. It doesn't deny the wisdom of <<The Bible>>. But how a person can give the judgments like: Christ died and rose again and so we have to live so and so, if living in three dimensions we cannot say anything about the millions of other dimensions that the universe contains. Therefore, any final judgments are just a fairytale for those in need of assistance. I think that life has a meaning, but no one will ever get to know it. I just would like to say that I would love to get to know him. To find him just for myself. I think that everyone has to find out this sense himself. And if you are one of the people who already know, then congratulations. And now, do you have any arguments, sensible though.

The silence filled the room. David lit a cigarette.

- I think that you are closer to God than you think – said Father Christopher smiling.

- Which God? Yours? From which you make a bogey for naughty children?

- I think you know what I mean! – Father Christopher smiled indulgently.

10)

- Get up! Breakfast is ready! - Eve kissed him on the cheek.

David turned to the other side.

- Well, get up because it will be cold.

David did not respond.

- Right away I'll take off your a blanket, bring a cup of water... You will sober in a minute.

David mumbled to leave him alone and snuggled deeper into the bed. Eve started pulling off his blanket. She laughed and chattered, that he can't sleep for so long, that there's so much to see, that there's a new day...

- Stop it! Stop it! – he shouted – Or I'll rape you!

- Rape me! Rape!

- You want it? Good!

David pulled the quilt, which she tried to rip off. Eve fell into bed. He quickly pulled off her bathrobe. He threw it on the floor.

- You need to rape me more often in the mornings... - Eve clung to David - I'd like to have a child with you! - now she hugged him with all her strength. David stared at the ceiling.

- I'd like to have a child with you! - she repeated after a while, louder, more firmly.

- And what you want to hear? That I'd like it too? I once heard about a guy who had a great house, a beautiful wife, two children, everyone considered him to be happy, and one day he killed the children and committed suicide. He left a note. It said something like this: <<I could not stand the silence...>>

Eve moved away from him.

- Why do you say that to me right now? - she asked.

- I do not know! - he replied.

Eve got out of the bed. She stood by the window. It was raining. People glided through the streets quickly. David walked over to her. The tears ran down her cheeks.

- Stop it! - David hugged her. She began to sob. - Stop it! It's not like that! Let's wait with that – he kissed her tears. - I'm not ready for family life yet – he smiled to her fondly.

- You know, I guess I... - said Eve through tears - ... sometimes I don't understand... but... I love you...

- I love you too, calm down, please - David took her in his arms, put to the bed. She snuggled into him strongly. After a moment he heard her faint snore. He stroked her head tenderly.

11)

"Subjectivity is truly human. It is a rough desire for truth - the human one (but can there be anything more?). Subjectivity in thoughts, perceptions, impressions. But is there any objective man? Yes. It's a social man, the one who is taking the values of society. This man – onorgasmist, in a psychological way. He knows how to experience orgasms physically, but

also those that aren't completed. He never climaxes mentally. He tries this <<nothing>>, this <<man's bottom>> to impose us their objective value (It's ridiculous statement because how objective can be a value) - their proper - not proper, "their" profitable - not profitable ". People – nothing, they pair - nothing. And we? We are afraid to stand on the market square, take off our panties and shit all their <<values>>. We are afraid, because... why don't we do it anyway. What will they do to us - lock us, set up a persecution in the press, boycott, lapidate. But now the state is a prison, so prison is - double closure (is there such a thing?). The state is closing subjectivity in the framework: rights and responsibilities, democracy or totalitarianism. And yet we can't do that. A constant fear eats us away, a fear of what? The body! One day the worms will eat it anyway. Our bodies will fecundate the earth once, so that wonderful plants can bloom, which the next ones will collect and eat. And so on - people, earth, worms, plants, people, earth... And why don't free ourselves from all of this, why don't we experience the great, untamed climax. Let them fall apart: the earth, galaxy, universe, based on onorgasmia and fear of freedom! But you have to save the love! Therefore, a man and a woman, one pair, whose memory lines you have to cut. Tabula rasa. The couple will procreate – absolutes, small subjective absolutes, small subjective.

Call for action: alienate mental onorgasmists from the environment! Let's be subjective! Then will come the Life = Love = Joy. "

(Rivers from the volume "What do I mean!?")

12)

They walked down the evening street. It was after eleven.

- And how did you like the movie? - Eve clung tightly to David.

- What? The movie... How's the movie... - he was pulled out from his thoughts.

- Wasn't it beautiful? - Eve stopped, turned his face to hers - ... their... love...

- Well, you know... love is always beautiful... when it is... – he laughed cynically. - But it was mainly sex, with small deviations from him - David began to observe the tiles of sidewalk. He started making small steps, not to step on the breaks between them. - This all came down to sex, but... not the sport one...

- It was not just sex. It was a wordless communication through the touches and connections, one body, one mind.

- Don't you ever think, that people come up with a justification for a completely normal animal close-ups?

- No! There's something more! - Eve said these words with seriousness in her voice.

David laughed. "When I look at all these movies and these people, they imagine something, and they believe in it, I am overwhelmed by the desire to escapee, to immerse myself in bars, vodka and hashish. But... isn't it a waste of time. Some wooing, some suffering in case of rejection. They must be forgetting about the whores that are available for a small fee. After all, you can't spend your life disposing your feelings on a platter and watching it, constantly shuffling it. After all, you have to break the mystery of it all, instead of thinking about the fact that her head hurts, and that for example, she doesn't want to have sex today, or that it doesn't hurt and she wants to do it for the whole night..."- thought David.

- You know what. One thought is chasing me lately, that love... or sex in different words, it kills processing, kills the time, so we can forget about everything that's important... - he said.

- And what is supposedly the most important? – Eve asked.

- Spirit... that strives towards whenever he wants! - David laughed - Why are you so serious? I would like to make love to you on a bench in the park... It's almost like in the movie – he pulled her hand. They began to run.

13)

They were sitting in silence. Eve was reading one of the books, which he recently told her about. David stared in the darkness, outside the window with unseeing eyes. He smoked one cigarette after another.

- Did something happened? – asked Eve.

David was silent for a moment. He turned off the half-burnt cigarette. He looked at remains of the smoke, escaping from the ashtray. Suddenly he laughed.

- I have an idea... - He paused significantly – I'll move out... tomorrow...

Eva's eyes grew in surprise.

- ... How... you'll move out...? - she said.

- You made such a funny face – he came over and hugged her. - No... it'll be for example only for a week...

- I don't understand... – she pushed him lightly.

- Just like that. We will be seeing each other in the city. But we won't be planning appointments in certain places and times.

Eve walked to the window. Silence filled the room.

- Do you think we will be able to make it at least once a week? - she whispered.

- Well... if this is love... two halves of an orange...

Eve turned away from the window. She looked at him sadly.

- But you still have doubts. And I thought that we could enjoy it...

David lit a cigarette. He sat on the bed.

- So what? Do you agree? - he asked irritated.

She laughed artificially. She ran to him. She kissed him on the cheek.

- It even might be fun – she put on a brave face. - Just... I have forgotten how it is to be without you – she clung to him.

14)

"It's morning. I can hear the rustle of trees. I hear my deaf steps. Forest path lies over and over again between the trees. Clatter of insects and melodic chants of birds spin inside me. I go out of the woods. I see a great glade. Green, with the remnants of fog and dew. I go through the glade. I stand on the edge. The space in front of me. I see a city awakening from a dream. People like ants. Houses like pads that I want to rearrange. Towers of the churches, which now suddenly ring with bright beatings. I take a stale bread and a bottle of spring water out of the bag. The first breakfasts I always eat in the hills, and I then look at the city for a long time. I spend the afternoons in bars. I sit in the corner. I order a glass of wine. I listen to people. They come, laugh, talk. About tomorrow, about yesterday. About who with who, about how much and where. They are so beautiful. Such immersed. But they never sink. In the end, why would they sink? After all, life is... the earth. Once I swallow all the words, emotions, I come back up on the hill. I pull out a book out of the bag. I read. And sometimes I think and I ask those strangers I met today, which I probably will not meet again: Do you know that hill? From here only you can see yourself.

When the darkness falls I build a house – the one of the branches and leaves. I light the fire. I dream about tomorrow hill. Sometimes animal come to me. They sit a few meters away from me. I like wolves the most. They skew their heads in a funny way. Sometimes at the harvest moon we howl together to the moon."

(Rivers from the volume of "The Hills")

15)

David avoided their favorite places for two days. She hid in the unknown streets, parks. His thoughts were shaped in long winding snakes, sometimes in they had the shape of balls, which jumped into tiny craters of ideas, passing in front of the eyes. One thought returned to him from time to time: "It's great to see everything, to swim in it... It's great to see everything

without the need to look around. Eve likes to look. He likes these streets, people walking... But why she...? I need to take a break from her... I need to think... "

Eve stood on the bridge looking into the depths. "This will be our bridge – she figured it once" – David remembered. She held colorful leaves in her hand. She was throwing one of them into the water from time to time. She was so absorbed in this that she didn't notice, when he stood next to her. She turned. Her sad face lit up first half-smile of surprise, then she threw her arms around him.

- It's good you're here - she said. – It was so sad to close the door, after every day that was leaving – she hugged him to pull his hand and tell him every detail of these two days in a moment. - ... Like yesterday I couldn't sleep, I thought that I have to think of something nice. I looked at the old denim trousers... you know the ones I wear at home. They seemed so gray to me, like the darkness outside the window. I spread them on the floor. I wanted to come to life, so red, blue, white... I began to apply the colors creating a strangely stained glass figure - so bizarrely-joyful. Oh! Let's go! Look how colorful is there! - They entered the square filled with stalls. Eve stopped at every booth. She enthused about everything like a child: she cranked plastic ladybugs with a passion, she frightened him with a retractable snake, she put all the hats, she put all the children's masks. In the end, she chose a wide-brim hat with a red ribbon. For ten minutes she played with a rubber devil. She blew fiercely at him, and he showed a long, red tongue...

"How can she enjoy all of this..." – thought David.

- Buy me a lollipop. This large one – she asked him like a girl who is afraid of rejection.

- No. I won't buy you... you're too old - David replied with a smile. He wanted to see how she stomp and asks like a child:

- But I want it... very much... buy me...

They walked down the street. Eva was licking the lollipop, chattering in her own way about everything and about nothing. When they reached her apartment she suddenly stopped.

- So what? You will just go now, right? - she asked. She kissed him in the mouth. - Will you go? - He repeated the request in her voice.

- Well, that's how we agreed - David said after a long moment of silence.

She hugged him for a long time. He pushed her a bit impatiently.

- To the next bridge - he said.

16)

"I walked in the alleys of the old city. There was nobody on the streets. Suddenly, some man came out from one of the gates. He was dressed in an old-fashioned way. A suit with a waistcoat underneath, bowler hat, patent leather, withered rose in his buttonhole.

- Do you want to see everything? - he asked.

- How... to see "everything"? - I answered with a question.

- I know a place where you can see everything.

I went with him. The road led through the gate, with the spiral staircase down, with a long corridor, illuminated with torches from time to time. After a few minutes we stopped in front of the steel door. He opened it. Then I thought, he must be a madman who will kill me, dismember me and bury in a place where there's nothing to see. I was amused by the thought.

There were two chairs in a room. We sat on them. We sat for a few minutes in silence. I was waiting for what's going to happen. Suddenly the man said:

- Now, please look up...

My eyes went in that direction. Then I saw... everything. The ceiling was a screen, on which the life of the world was played out. The image was both, static and mobile, included everything, but at the same time you could see all of the finest structures of life, could hear all the noises, but they were separated from each other and understandable. Past, present and future were overlapped, but somehow didn't give the impression of being overlapped. I felt that I'm a part of it all and at the same time I'm an observer. I knew everything, I knew the answer for all the questions. I felt that everything flows through me.

Suddenly the room lights went on. The image disappeared. The man said:

- You're the only one who saw it. When we leave this place, you will never get here, no matter how hard you try. You will also never be able to convince anyone that you were here. You can describe it by contradictory terms, and it won't be convincing. Life will become something unimportant and, therefore, something unbearable for you since now. But to come back here, and it will be your only desire, you cannot commit a suicide.

- Then why did you show it to me?

- Because you wanted to come here!

When I left, I decided that I will not surrender to the prophecy of the man.

For several years, I go out every day at dusk, and I look for this place.

I've already walked through all the gates in the city. "

Rivers from the volume "Caprices of this man"

17)

He lived with Peter and Patricia. It's been a week since the day he moved out. He hadn't seen Eve for a few days, and he knew that tomorrow he will have to break his aloneness, without her. Patricia told him yesterday that she had seen her, that Eve is looking for him, she misses him... He was supposed to meet Tom, from the Club, today afternoon. He was the only one who still amused him. Tom studied philosophy, wrote "little poems", as he called them, which he often read at the informal meetings of the Club. He used to say that he is an anarchist at heart, that's why he doesn't publish them anywhere. He was often selling his graphics at the market square. David liked to get drunk with him from time to time, in a tiny cafe on the St. Adalbert square. They talked there for long hours about so-called "final issues", as David cynically defined them.

- I have to split up with Eve -said David, pouring another glass.

- Is there something wrong? – asked Tom.

- No. Basically, everything is fine, just that I.. well, I think the so-called love doesn't free you from anything. And especially that it mentioned something about the baby lately. Me and the children. Certainly the two realities. I am not able to, to wash diapers every day and hear crying at night...

- You're probably right. I have never been able to be in a relationship for more than three months, as well. And the children... yes, I like children! - Tom emptied his glass and began to laugh loudly. - I like kids! But most of all I like... myself... and myself.

They were drunk already.

- Pour yourself a small glass. And I will prepare something for the end - Tom pulled out a box with marijuana and tamped a pipe with it. He lit.

They were handing it to each other in silence. They smoked another joint.

They left the cafe.

- I like you little Tom, my little marijuanTom - David staggered all the time, stumbling, laughing. - Do you see that little man coming out from behind the curtain. You don't see him, but I can see him...

- Sure. I see him. He's coming out. And he's getting bigger and turns into a snake. It winds - Tom delightedly took on the vision of David.

- Look. When I touch you, it's like I don't touch you, but the sponge...

They laughed – from giggles to the horse neighing. Two policemen with a dog appeared on the other side of the street. David ran to them, stood on all fours in front of the dog and began to bark.

When they came out of the police station the next day Tom said:

- You're barking beautifully, but they don't understand it. That is why the state is bad – he tamped a pipe, he inhaled and gave it to David.

- Away with the authorities! Away with the institutions! Onorgasmists! - David was shouting.

- Away! Away! Away! - they shouted fiercely, after a few puffs of marijuana.

18)

"Finally it ended" - David was standing on their favorite bridge. - "And it wasn't even that bad. Eve wasn't hysterical. We had to make this decision. And she will probably soon meet someone who will want what she wants – a house, children, small joys of everyday life. She should be glad. Because with me, you can't be happy... "

- Excuse me... - David heard a voice behind him. He turned around. The woman in a down and dirty coat stood in front of him. She had a funny old-fashioned hat on her head. - Can you get me some wine please... and I'd do to you later... pleasure... if you want... - woman's face was full of wrinkles. She looked about fifty, but she "probably is less" – thought David.

They went to a bar around the corner. The woman drank the first glass quickly, then another. David felt increasing disgust to her. He didn't know why he agreed to get her this wine."... And she wants me to please me... it's terrible... within each of us lies a grain of madness that unbounded, can grow to the size that is able to fill the whole mind. But why is this happening...?" - He thought, looking at her with disgust.

- ... Because I used to have a house: husband and daughter... and when she was leaving on vacation, under the tents, she fell under a train and it slashed her in half... - woman said catching fresh breath every moment; She drank another glass of wine. "Here's the answer... but after all, some people live through such things" - ... when I saw her, in the half... I wanted to put her together somehow, but it couldn't be done...

David quickly got up from the table. He ran out into the street. Suddenly he saw his problems at a glance. It struck him as such "... she wanted to put her together...".

19)

"I walked through the streets. I watched people's faces – sad and wordless. I thought that I have to break away from those faces, it seemed to me, they to say to me: We are unhappy. I thought I'd go to the cinema. This way I'll break away from everything for two hours .

Poster informed that the film has the title <<The hand>>. The bored woman at the counter said to me, "this is a melodrama... you know, about love...".

Indeed - it was a classic love story - love at first sight, romantic beginnings, marriage... I was wondering why the film has the title <<The hand>>. However, the plot of the movie was suddenly interrupted in one moment. The pair was standing in the meadow. You could see only green and blue sky. At this time the hand appeared in the border. Black hand. Lovers hugged each other. They were talking about their feelings, about how they love each other about the fact that their love will never end, that it will last forever. With these words, the hand pulled away from the corner of the screen and swam toward them. From its detached from the rest of the body end, a black liquid was flowing. Hand began to stroke a couple of lovers, who already stood ankle-deep in a black liquid. Lovers were still embraced, without noticing that they are standing in a black liquid. When the black liquid reached their chins they finally saw what was happening. They wanted to swim, but the black liquid dragged them to the bottom. After a moment, the entire screen was covered with black. The theater went dark. After a few seconds the whistling began. People were screaming that the film probably broke, to fix it. But nothing changed. Someone angrily picked up a chair on which he sat, and with he threw it on the screen. It made a hole in it, through which the same black liquid began to emerge into the cinema. People rushed to the doors in horror. It was closed.

Now we are all sitting in our chairs. The liquid has filled the entire room, and probably poured into the street through cracks. We feel cool touch of the hand on our heads. It strokes us. It has lasted for a very long time. Inwardly we ask it to stop it already. Why should it stroke us? After all, we are dead already."

Rivers from the volume "Caprices of this man"

20)

David were sitting on a park bench. In front of his eyes he had a view of the city and westering in the distance red sun. "Eve liked this place - he thought. - I wonder where is she now? Probably experiencing her next love... "

- Do you like this place? – a male voice interrupted his thoughts. Next to him sat a man, in his sixties - Because I love to hang out here. Great thoughts are here. Thoughts fly through your head so freely here. - the man continued. – Allow me to introduce myself. My name Rivers.

David jumped up from the bench.

- Rivers? This writer? Are you this writer? - he asked.

- Me? Writer? I wouldn't call it like that, but admittedly I wrote a few short things... I didn't think that someone would read it.

- I think that what you write is excellent... It perfectly shows going to the end...

- Going to the end? Oh yes, indeed. But only in the mind.

- What do you mean... in the mind? - David sat back on the bench.

- You see - you don't live the way I write. You live from day to day, but you never... You never forget about the world, in which there is something more than life. I recently wrote a short thing, or rather I wrote down some thoughts that hung around my head and what I always tried to keep to...

- So it was just... literature...?

- Some thoughts come to a man's mind. Thoughts that are stupid, because they are total. I just observed them and wrote them down.

David's head was now a shuddering bundle of thoughts and images.

- I won't publish this because I would have to develop it, it's too short. But maybe you want to read it? - Rivers asked after a long time.

- Yes. Yes. Of course - David mumbled with a barely audible voice.

They sat in silence for a long moment.

- You know the parable about the cave? - asked Rivers. - We live in a cave, into which the light flows through the whole. We are attached to the walls so we cannot directly look at the light. And we can see only shadows on the walls, shadows of things from outside the cave, shadows of real things.

- Yes?! - David whispered.

- See you soon - Rivers stood up from the bench.

David watched his quiet step. In his head he only had a knocking of umbrella, which the man was hitting evenly the pavement

"Knock. Knock. Knock. Like an old clock ..." - he thought.

21)

"I often talked about the radical - radical thought and action. I often thought about it and it then was followed by schizophrenic split - one part of me sat quietly, scraping a pen behind my ear, the other one wanted to rush, it wanted to scream, hold a knife in the hand and try to stick it into my heart.

During one of the discussions someone said that <<life and death are radical, so to fully live and to fully die, you have to live every second, live it intensely>>. At that moment a metaphor occurred to me. Imagine that our life is an elongated rectangle. We are born and we go up to our rectangle and we go through it like through a corridor. At some point we find out that uncertainty governs our life, and the only form of certainty that exists is death. The question arises: what is outside of the rectangle? Some try to answer this question by means of knowledge, others by faith and others through art, which is like the union of faith and science, which is their own path to the truth.

Now I want to put a thesis, which I don't intend to prove - let it prove itself. Our own path to the truth (Art), which is in any of us (doubt in matters ultimate and final) puts a diagram in us, (understood as something arts) a scheme of life - we go in a sine wave, which wraps around the center, that is the so-called norm - optimum of peace and security. And every now and then, we bounce off the walls of our rectangle - corridor, whose sides - walls are the lines, <<thin red lines>> and who still doesn't know one of the most perfect (for me) aphorisms, I quote: <<There's only a thin red line between the sane and the madness.>>.

The rest of my thesis is this: there is no other choice - either you come to terms with this, that you have to constantly go back inside, or if you want to go to the end (radicalism - here this word fits) only madness awaits for you. Man is not able to go to the end, just as he is not capable to experienced extreme bodily sensations for a long time (for example, our bodies wouldn't have lasted longer sexual pleasure than it happens to us) - although we very much want it.

I once read the sentence: "A man is not able for greatness" - we are only given purely human potency - because the saints, heroes, sages are also limited by the body...

But why be a saint... or crazy? "

Rivers "Little treaty about the mean, but not golden mean"

I heard a knocking on the door. I jumped to my feet. I threw the last written piece of paper on the desk.

At the door I passed a man. For a split second, our eyes met. In his eyes I saw surprise.

- Failures! - I screamed and I ran down the stairs.

The door downstairs was open. I ran out into the street. Sun attacked my eyes, standing at the zenith of summer noon. For a moment, I saw only the outlines of things.

When I already made out the contours of the reality, I felt a surge of joy. I wanted to touch it all, to look at things in their smallest dimensions.

I took a deep breath. My lungs suddenly blossomed. I could breathe in all the smells now.

The End

Footnotes:

- Page 10-1) Paraphrase to the poem: „Jacek „Łaskot” Królak „The Children”, (In) Jacek „Łaskot” Królak “The Poetry”, Publisher “Łaskot” , Wrocław 1988
- Page 12-2) Edward Stachura “Axiliad” , Publisher- Reader , Warszawa 1984
- Page 12-3) Marek Grechuta „Save from oblivien”, words K.I. Gałczyński,(in) Marek Grechuta “The Golden Hits””, “Markart”, Kraków 1990
- Page 16-4 Paul Verlain “ The Wisdom” , (in) Paul Verlain “The Choice of poetry”, Publisher - Ossolineum, Wrocław 1980, p. 95
- Page 17-5) Paraphrase to Seneca’s words, (in) Seneka “The Taughts”, Publisher - Wydawnictwo Literackie , Kraków 1989, p. 565
- Page 21-6) Jim Morrison “An American Prayer”, James Douglas Morrison Publishing and Doors Music 1978
- Page 21-7) Jim Morrison “An American Prayer”, James Douglas Morrison Publishing and Doors Music 1978
- Page 23-8) U2 “ In God’s Country”, (in) U2 “The Joshua Tree” , Island Records Ltd. 1990
- Page 26-9) Lech Janerka “ The Underwater history”, (in) Lech Janerka “ The Underwater history” 1986
- Page 34-10) Antoine de Saint-Exupery “ The Little Prince”, Publisher of the Polish Society of Book Publishers (Wydawnictwo Polskiego Towarzystwa Wydawców Książek), Warszawa 1965, p. 65
- Page 34-11) Antoine de Saint-Exupery “ The Little Prince”, Publisher of the Polish Society of Book Publishers (Wydawnictwo Polskiego Towarzystwa Wydawców Książek), Warszawa 1965, p. 65
- Page 34-12) Antoine de Saint-Exupery “The Little Prince” Publisher of the Polish Society of Book Publishers (Wydawnictwo Polskiego Towarzystwa Wydawców Książek), Warszawa 1965, p. 65
- Page 34-13) Antoine de Saint-Exupery “The Little Prince” Publisher of the Polish Society of Book Publishers (Wydawnictwo Polskiego Towarzystwa Wydawców Książek), Warszawa 1965, p. 65
- Page 34-14) Antoine de Saint-Exupery “The Little Prince” Publisher of the Polish Society of Book Publishers (Wydawnictwo Polskiego Towarzystwa Wydawców Książek), Warszawa 1965, p. 59
- Page 43-15) Edward Stachura “Here” , (in) Edward Stachura “The poetry and the prose”, Publisher -Reader, Warszawa 1982, p. 216
- Page 45-16) Tadeusz Nalepa “Befor I found you”, words by Bogdan Loebl, (in) Tadeusz Nalepa “Absolutely” The Polish Recordings 1991
- Page 46-17) I Ching “The war of the thins with the fats”, music by Zbigniew Hołdys, words by Bogdan Olewicz , (in) “I Ching” , Sawitor 1984

- Page 47-18 Iwan Turgieniew “We will have been fighting yet”, (in) Iwan Turgieniew “Poems in prose”, Publisher- Wydawnictwo Literackie, Kraków 1985, p. 127
- Page 49-19) Ewa Demarczyk “The Kisses”, words by Maria Pawlikowska – Jasnorzewska (in) “Ewa Demarczyk sings the songs of Zygmunt Konieczny”, ARA 1998
- Page 50-20) Leopold Staff “Problems”, (in) Leopold Staff “The tall trees” , Publisher - Wydawnictwo Literackie, Kraków 1997, p. 146
- Page 55-21) Czesław Miłosz “ About Angels”, (in) Czesław Miłosz “The Poetry”, Publisher – Reader (Czytelnik), Warszawa 1981, s.362
- Page 57-22) Martyna Jakubowicz „The Young wine”, words by Michał Kłobukowski, (in) Martyna Jakubowicz “Sway me”, POMATON EMI 1992
- Page 57-23) Martyna Jakubowicz „The Young wine”, words by Michał Kłobukowski, (in) Martyna Jakubowicz “Sway me”, POMATON EMI 1992
- Page 59-24) Walk Away “ The Marriage dream”, (in) Walk Away “ Penelope”, Emsherland 1986
- Page 59-25) Walk Away “ The Marriage dream”, (in) Walk Away “ Penelope”, Emsherland 1986
- Page 59-26) Walk Away “ The Marriage dream”, (in) Walk Away “ Penelope”, Emsherland 1986
- Page 62-27) Jim Morrison “An American Prayer”, James Douglas Publishing and Doors Music 1970
- Page 64-28) Rafał Wojaczek “ I’m talking to you so quiet” , (in) “The stuntmen literature” , Publisher – Wydawnictwo Łódzkie 1986, p. 396
- Page 65-29) Edward Stachura “I’m joing you” , (in) Edward Stachura “The poetry and the prose”, Publisher – Reader (Czytelnik), Warszawa 1984, v.1, p. 136
- Page 71-30) Filip Bajon “The little pendulum”, 1981
- Page 71-31) Wiliam Blake, the claim was popularised by The Doors
- Page 89-32) Iwan Turgieniew “The essence of all things and the truth”, (in) Iwan Turgieniew “Poems in prose”, Publisher- Wydawnictwo Literackie, Kraków 1985, p. 191
- Page 90-33) Boecjusz, (in) Aldous Huxley “The Perennial Philosophy” Publisher – Empty Cloud (Pusty obłok) , Warszawa 1989, p. 154
- Page 90-34) Boecjusz, (in) Aldous Huxley “The Perennial Philosophy” , Publisher – Empty Cloud (Pusty obłok) , Warszawa 1989, p. 154
- Page 91-35) Boecjusz, (in) Aldous Huxley “The Perennial Philosophy” , Publisher – Empty Cloud (Pusty obłok) , Warszawa 1989, p. 154
- Page 91-36) Boecjusz, (in) Aldous Huxley “The Perennial Philosophy” , Publisher – Empty Cloud (Pusty obłok) , Warszawa 1989, p. 154

Table of contents:

• Stories 1: Partings or a love story	2
- The word	3
- The word - 2	13
- Time	28
• Stories 2: The Ellipsis or the story about the eternity	38
- Part 1 – Here	40
- Part 2 – The Land	78
• Stories 3: The hole in time, or it's enough to just be	92
• The footnotes	114