

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."

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" - 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 leafs, 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."- 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".

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 – 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 Huxley'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" - 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 newcomer 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