

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM

by

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Preface

Lost in space and time, desperate and afraid, I came up with a deed of liberation.-Who knows...I speak to anyone who encompasses me. Of course, there might be people who are not interested in my writings or sayings. There might be people who are indifferent...Either way, I will speak up. Anyone has to speak up; you shouldn't be afraid to express yourself freely; in this case no one will stand in your way or try to stop you. I think of myself as a speaker who tries to speak the truth. Well, many times truth can be subjective ... Uh, whatever ... I try to be objective, although sometimes emotions burst out and fill up my talking or writing. Hey, this is the truth I desire to reveal. A truth that is both objective and emotional ... I mean the true self, in the sense that you could see all the dimensions and all the hidden sides of a person; of any person you long to know better. I am a speaker and I speak the truth this way; simply, unexpectedly, openly.

As I was going down the stairs, I observed the almond trees around me. They were in blossom! Along with the gloomy atmosphere of the night they created an inexplicable feeling in me. What a night! I could not figure out the kind of feeling that filled my body and mind. All I know is that it was intense. I sighed, with joy? with Relief? Or with Satisfaction? Maybe all those feelings were mixed up inside me in a weird way. Suddenly, that kind of feeling connected me in a way with my past, in a sense that made me think of my dreams ... Certainly, I had dreams! Dreams that I wanted to fulfill. I did not like one thing, but many things instead. I wanted...My God! Could I say a brilliant future? No. More or less what I wanted was to become somebody, a person of importance, who can realize her dreams. Those dreams had to do with my own peace of mind that could be traced only through this realization. I...I wanted to sing a song that would last forever; a melancholic one but at least a song...A melody that would simply fill my heart in various ways. Oh, it seems I can hear it from somewhere. Wait a minute, play it louder... ("The Unforgiven3 intro")Yes, that is the song I meant! This song kept me company on my way home. I unlocked the door and switched the lights on. Finally, I was back home. I turned the TV on but there was nothing at all interesting on so as to relax and fall sleep. I poured myself a glass of water and knew that the only thing that could calm me down would be to open my personal notebook and go back to my previous writings. The page that drew my attention was entitled: "Dead King" and I started reading it aloud:

I am just speechless

Not ashamed

Of being kind of worthless

And suppressed

For it is a pity

Not to be seen and stand alone

It's a tragic scene of a king who is dead

On his throne...

Through this reading, I was taken back to the time when I was trying to solve a mystery. I would like to know...back then the mystery your face hid. You were so mysterious, you did not reveal yourself. I remember I was praying: "Reveal yourself; take off the veil that covers you and show me who you are. This will be good for me and you...for our own good." I asked you this not because I felt that you were pretending but because I could not find any truth in you. Oh God...this flashback is still so redemptive! Although I got over this situation a long time ago it is still so redemptive for me. Hm...does it mean that there are still remnants? Maybe. What is true is that the whole pain is gone. That is the only thing that matters. The price to pay was to cry a billion tears. The amount of tears that were shed was of no importance. What matters is that now it is over. No more torment and pain...I fled from this prison a long time ago, and you know what? There is no reason why I should even consider turning back. At last, name me one prisoner who wishes to go back to jail. Just one. I guess there is no one. Submerged in those thoughts I fell asleep; when I woke up in the morning I remembered every single detail of the dream I had. I was in a dry desert walking all alone. All of a sudden, in a corner I noticed a shadow. I thought: "this can not be happening. I am in a desert." As I went two or three steps closer I saw clearly that that was a fully blossomed almond tree, with pink flowers. I could even smell its scent! What I did was to sit down so as to escape from the insufferable warmth. While I was enjoying the moment, a blossom fell down. I took it in my hands and I could sense its silky texture and I put it on my hair. I stood up but suddenly I passed out. That was the dream... quite strange. I didn't know how to interpret it. Maybe it meant... the lost strength; that is, the almond blossom could symbolize the strength that I was so willing to find and when I found it that was so shocking that I fainted. Yes, I guess that was the meaning. I do not know if there is a proper way to explain dreams but in this case this is what I wanted... to find my lost power and so I did through this dream. Maybe this is not so important but that is what I was missing and I am glad I found it. Well, one of the elements that I longed to find but that's ok. You know I enjoy traveling into the abyss of the self. For many people this may sound weird. Whatever, each one may say whatever crosses his or her mind because they will never be able to know the other person, the speaking person, personally. The hidden depths of each one, the pearl inside a shell or even the diamond ring found in a box. A filled ashtray is on the right side of me. Could one find happiness in smoking? For sure no. It could be obtained through more simple things. A walk by the shore, a delicious meal, a cool glass of water, a song, a soothing touch, a kiss, a hug, a smile from the person you love ... It is so simple but sometimes so difficult to find. In fact, it is not so difficult but not so easily observable. Never mind, all these are part of our quest in life. L.I.F.E. LIFE ... So short ... Live it adventurously no matter the cost. Even if it rains, snows or whatever... Live for everything, every single grain of sand, every single cell of your body, every single sense of sight and touch. Time passes by so quickly. You can't imagine how quickly ... Significance lies in everything. At first sight, touch or smell you may not sense that there is some kind of essence somewhere out there. In a somber corner of yourself there is always a beam of light. Knowledge of an aspect of the self. Exploration, journey, quest; these words are the triangle of essence. I simply observe things; that's all...and I wanted to pass this testimony to you.

I've been talking for so long and I forgot to introduce myself. Excuse me...My name is Thalmb. Unusual name... Actually, it is representative of me for various reasons. One of them may be quite obvious but the others are not to be mentioned for the time being. The name may mean nothing to you or give you no clue about what you want

to know about me, my intentions, my life, my goals ... That's ok. It doesn't matter. In fact, you don't necessarily have to draw any conclusions as regards the name but I have just made a comment that may be useless. Uh, I am tired...time to go to bed. You know, my excitement hasn't allowed me to sleep at all today. I was so thrilled...Hope you understand! What else? Ah, let's light a candle and try not to blow it out. Reflect for a while in this silent atmosphere. Just for a few seconds. Do not be scared because of the silence ... This will help you out. Give life an applause; it is worth it ...

I salute you,

Thalmb.