

IN A REVERIE

By

Maria Spintzou

I can't remember when the last time I slept was. The only thing that I can remember is how relieved I felt after that resting of my eyes. I closed them slowly and as I was opening them again I was another woman. I was somebody who hadn't plunged into dreams, someone who hadn't been lost in nightmares. It felt like I was disconnected from life. Just an engine that was out of electricity. In my experiment the guinea's pig goal is to survive after its own death. I don't mean physical death. There are several other ways of dying. Our present dies every single moment and our future is born out of that death. For many days now, or months, I don't know, even whole years, I can't remember, I lost myself in the journeys of my mind. Nights became days and vice versa. I was waiting for you. Just a single sign from you. I missed the daylight. I am alone, waiting for the next ray of light to touch my face and make me feel warm. Then I return to the world of shadows, where you can find pieces of dreams. But you, you were always stealing my dreams. You are the one who gives them shapes and names. You arrange the words, you mesmerize my pain, you exorcize my fears. You caress my guilt and you whisper to it devoutly: "Sleep, sleep." During the day you let me talk, work and think that I'm alive. During the night though, you force me to stay awake. You distract me from my world which is full of colors and images. Those images are made of love, fear, anticipation and sorrow. There are also images from my hidden Eden, the island that embraces affectionately all my emotions and desires. There you will find even the untold ... Words which were born and resurrected before they ended up dead on my lips. I'm tired of words. They fill the room and make the air so heavy that I can't breathe. I open the windows every night at that time in order to breathe fresh air. But when I close the door or the window, something always enters self-invited. I can't describe that sense, it's like a sluggish and dull shadow that moves in every single corner of the house, it creeps on the floor and flies above the furniture. It's silent but it is still there and it doesn't let me sleep. It steals my dream's dew and sucks its energy until it becomes a rainbow-tinted nightmare. That's why I decided to reveal my inner self today. I can no longer wait. I open the little door inside my chest and I let the black cloud flow. I press it in order to be transformed into a thousand drops and water the floor which is so arid, so sharp that makes my feet bleed. I know this feeling. It's familiar to me. I first experienced it when my grandmother died. You know, death is like the sun which is sinking into the sea during sunset or like the moon which is lost every dawn in the unknown universe. It happens every day but you never forget the first time you observe it. Do you like the sunset? It's my favorite time of the day. Maybe we can arrange a trip or something. Have I ever told you about my island? It's an inexplicable sense. Almost beyond description. There's something in the air that touches you, makes you feel dizzy, angry, dazzles you. It makes you want to reach the highest point of its steep crag and then it lets you decide on your own if you want to fall down. Finally you fall. As you are falling, you consider what you have done and what you haven't. You remember, you regret, you shout, you cry. A fall that lasts a few seconds is

equivalent to years of thought. As you hit the ground and you feel like an absolute zero, something hugs you. It's a dream's hand that lifts you higher and higher. So high that you can see the whole world, your whole world. Great feeling, isn't it? And the hug ... It feels like all the empty spaces of your existence are full. You feel safe. You aren't cold. You don't even think about having sex. It's strange. Drunk people feel like hugging each other. I do, too. I wonder why do I feel this way ... or how the others feel. I read once about the process the cows are undergoing before they are slaughtered. There is a device which functions as a big hug. In that way, the cow's tonicity is reduced and it is calm enough for the slaughter. That's how I felt the first time I fell in love. Deceived by hugs and promises. Was it a misty day or a night with full moon when I got lost? I walked down a lonely way without knowing where I was going. I just kept walking until finally I got lost. I didn't want to be found by anyone. Inside the fog, I was watching only shadows while everything was covered by gloomy clouds. Melancholic days were followed by luminous nights. Everything was obvious under the moonlight. Through this journey I reached a lake which was so calm and so beautiful. It looked like a mirror. I was dancing on its waters and gradually I was sinking slowly until I got to its bottom. There I picked all the treasures which were kept for me and then I became a water lilly. What an irony! A water lilly with a human soul and treasures. I wonder whether it was a night with full moon when I first got lost. Because the fact that I became a human being with a water lilly's soul who waits for hidden treasures is even more ironic. My eyes are burning. Have you ever thought of how many kinds of gazes there are? What are these pairs of eyes trying to say? What truths do they reveal? By which mistakes are they ruled? Which souls do they encage? Have you ever thought of the impact of your eyes on me? Five years have gone by and nothing has changed. When I was a child I was very shy and my mother used to repeat the same motto all the time. "If you are shy you will lose many opportunities in your life." Probably, she forgot to inform me about fear. Are you afraid too? You rarely talk to me seriously. We were exchanging fleeting glances. Since then. From the beginning. You were looking at me and you were smiling full of self-confidence. Weren't you afraid then? Do you know you made me blush? You were saying "hello" and I was transformed into a child who was unable to behave naturally. You can't imagine how much I missed those days. These moments were full of life. I remember those days that I woke up longing to find myself in the same bed with you. I was whirling around you just to have the opportunity to touch you by chance. Secret looks, smiles and whispers. At nights, I was intoxicated only with your thought. Later your thought was accompanied by alcohol. Great amounts of alcohol. I was damaged. For five years now I haven't slept during the night. I am looking for you. But you are in a different place. Always in a different place. However, you were looking for me as well, but only when you were drunk. Completely drunk. You made me feel sick of you. Innocent moments and sinful at the same time. I was somewhere else too. Do you understand? We were both avoiding words, thoughts and touches. The time was frozen. I never cared about time. I thought that we have plenty of it. How silly I was. You left. You were always leaving to come back again. You were wearing your mask. You were trying to hide your feelings. Are you laughing? We don't have anything else to say. As long as you never talked to me gradually I renounced words too. There was no

point in trying. Words couldn't convey their meaning. They were lost on their way. My voice became madness. As we were going further, the distance between us was being reduced. I felt you next to me. Every single thought became a wave and without even knowing it you were coming back. You were coming. You are still coming. However, the distance never stopped growing bigger. For months now, months, years, lives. I can't remember when was the first time I saw you. I remember your kiss. I don't remember your voice. But I can't forget your heart's beating on my body. I don't know if you understand the reason why I told you all these things tonight. I don't know if you are interested. I don't even know if you are listening to me. Maybe I haven't met you yet. Maybe you were a dream. Maybe I'm a lie, maybe I write fairytales as usual, as a writer of utopias. I'm tired. I can't find reasons anymore to draw your face on my walls. I set you free. None of my thoughts will call you back again. I wish you could find happiness through your choices now that all your desires remained just wishful thoughts. I set you free. We never existed.