

## THE WITCH OF SALEM OWNS CHOCOLATE AND THE PILLOWS

by  
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Would I ever tell anybody the truth about me? No. In no way. I'm a child of fantasy and the creation of mystery. My breath is the music and my home lies under the moon and the stars. Twinkle, twinkle little star. I'm a Witch. My name is Salem, the Witch of Salem. Why should we bother with names? Ideal bride. Monster of Loch Ness. I'm the Witch of Salem.

Moments. I slept with my socks on yesterday night. Because I was cold. I wanted to feel warm. I hate it when I leave things to do at night. I drank so much wine. Red wine. I'm hideous. I like it. I adore it. The red wine is in my veins. Inside my whole body. Labyrinth, black lights, unconscious. I do not know. I'm confused. I wish I knew, or may be not. Sometimes I do not want to know. Rose blue, rare. Pillows and the rain, nothing else is in my brain, rain, rain, rain, nothing else is in my brain. Still singing in the dark, only under the night spell of the moon. Bloomsbury. I like berries. I love you. Like a suggestion. Just opened a new bottle of wine. Sister witches. Music. So nice.

Baby pictures. I woke up in the middle of the night. Mum was asleep. I went to the kitchen to drink some water. I was so thirsty. I couldn't get enough sleep any more. Dream songs. I do know that everything is written in the stars.

Loved one. Beloved one. So much to say. So much to do. The one depends on the other one. The story of my life is when the beloved one and I look up together in the sky. Every frozen night we look up together in the sky. Holding each other's hands, holding each other's souls. "*Whatever dies was not mixed equally. If our two loves be one, or you and I, Love so alike, that none can slacken none can die*" (John Donne).

The One. The co-existence of my own existence. The One and the two in One. Counting every summer the days I spent alone by the seaside, wondering where the true beloved one lies. Never found. Never complained. Silence. Only the sounds of the waves. The one and never ending nightmare of my daydreams.

Open yourself to the sun, to the bright light of the day. Kiss of dawn. Never be down. Memories of my childhood. Gradually the puzzle will have all of its pieces.

I tried to stand up. On my pointe shoes. First the one, then the other. On pointe, the pointe pushing from relevé to demi-pointe to down. Becomes one with the floor. In the same time the other rises from the floor through demi-pointe to relevé and finally on pointe. It's time for me then. Only for me. Both feet on sixth position rising and then on pointe. It is time for me then. To Dance. Alone. In an empty room. Horizons left empty for me. To fill them in with my presence. With my dance. There is no music. Only the Angel of Music sings songs in my head. Only he. I dance centre stage.

Suddenly I fall down. My ankles can't hold me any longer. They are weak. Just like me. Mum used to tell me about it. How fragile my body is. How fragile. Ready to break. Only my imagination is strong. My bones aren't.

Last day of the month. It begins to be hot in here. I do actually feel very very hot. My cheeks burn. They burn and they burn. Like the coming heat of summer. Rain. Drops. Headache. Ignorance. It's pretty cold outside.

The eyes of the beloved one. I'm sleeping. Do not want to open my eyes. It is so nice and warm. I can feel the light of the sun, but I do not open my eyes yet. His arms around my waist and under my head. So nice and warm in there, trapped between the blankets and the beloved one.

And the daylight. So nice. So nice. *"Let me be your freedom, let daylight dry your tears. Turn my head with talk of summer time. Let me be your shelter, let me be your light."* Left with nothing but the blankets.

And the fairy tale goes on, as I dare to open my eyes to the daylight. And the eyes of the beloved one. Honey. Brown. Coffee. Bread. And bed. Such a large bed with so many pillows. Allows. Everything. So much to dream about. Feel so dizzy.

Dreaming of being a writer. And drinking nice coffee. And it is just raining outside. And being so much inspired. And keeping all of your work, all of your writings organized and in perfect handwriting. I can hear the pen scratching the paper. Such a beautiful sound. The warmth is gone away now.

The river flows. So does time. Then let it go. It'd be less painful. It'll be painless. What about the clouds in the sky. Are there any left after the rain?

I'm a Witch. The Witch of Salem. That's my name. Why do we have to bother with names? Time to stop. Time to stop. Till the end. I won't last. Giving in to the strong river of mine.

*Hearing in my mind your lullaby  
Sounds of the rain  
Your voice  
Along with the wind  
Blowing in behind my ear*

*Dreaming of warm, cozy pillows  
Heat of the rain and the pillow  
Or cushion do you prefer?  
Sounds of the wind  
Blowing in behind my ear.*

*Warm, moist.  
Knowing nothing,  
Not.  
Just a warm lullaby  
A warm cushion  
Or a pillow.*

*Just the wind and you  
From behind  
The unknown becomes familiar  
In my cushion's hands  
Your face trembles.*

*The smell of the sea  
Sing along with the rain  
Your lullaby  
Now in the present  
And forever.*

*Pillows and the rain  
Dancing like a ballerina  
Warm eyes  
Brown chocolate  
Under the rain.*