

Horizon

... The sea ... the sea ... it was eight o'clock on hot June evening when the little boat left the port.

The seagulls danced on the horizon like sparks on a fire. The sea ... the sea ... slow, dazzling, it swayed the boat towards the dancing sparks.

That smell... can you smell it...? It's the smell of the sea, of freedom, of wood, of space, of leather, of the past, of the future ... frozen in the sun, in the night, in the water ... in infinity ... fleeting.

... But the sparks keep on dancing ... on the HORIZON.

Dancing in B

... Imagine a tavern... an old wood tavern that's kind of foul-smelling. It's in this place that this chubby man, licking the last drops of his umpteenth glass of wine off his lips, tried to explain to the poor barman...

“You know about life, right?!? ... Things that are beautiful, things that are ugly? ... and music, you know music, don't you? With major and minor chords?!?”

He drank another glass of wine and belched quietly. “Major and minor, like beautiful and ugly.”

The poor barman started to think back; in his mind beautiful and ugly things came in threes, or in any case, that's what Richard seemed to have explained to him...

“Yes, yes,” he was starting to remember, “Chords are three notes, one played on top of the other, and they can be beautiful or... err... err... ugly... I mean major or minor.”

But at a certain point Richard always faltered, charmed by the same chord:

B, D, F sharp ... he kept repeating B, D, F sharp. “My dear boy, you can dance to that chord.”

And every time he started to tell the story of a beautiful woman who danced on the chord like a Goddess.

After spinning round, her long hair would always fall back down with a little delay. The skin on her fingers, which were so dainty, was delicate and white... so white, smelling of honey... and so many other things...

And thus the poor waiter, between the white skin, the chords, the honey and all the beautiful things and all the ugly things, served his clients ... but in his mind, from then on, he was with Her.

DANCING IN B

The Cathedral Wind

A sliver of smoke rises up from a little house on a hill. It is early.

The smell of coffee in the house is mixed with that of wood and shrubs ... In the kitchen, the clinking of the dishes scares away a sparrow sitting on the window sill, who flutters away into the wisp of smoke which then disperses into the air.

“It’s time,” murmurs the old priest, leaving that familiar smell behind him.

“There is always this fresh and sparkling breeze early in the morning, I should have wrapped up warmer,” he said, as he always did, as he walked to open up his church, his cathedral.

It was in fact his cathedral, since he was born and bred there... He turned the key in the back door and, pushing it with his back, he exclaimed, “Ah! This old door”... He would always remember it like this, so difficult to open, as if the cathedral did not want to be bothered at this hour, even by old friends.

He shut it again and the noise of the door gave the effect of a bell awakening the statues, the paintings, the saints and even Jesus himself.

Standing behind the altar he made an awkward but sincere bow and he went to kneel on the first bench before him.

It was there that each day something strange would happen; he would hear murmurs, rustlings, as if confirming that opening that back door had awoken everything... and thus he would pray, ecstatic, thinking of this privilege which was offered to him. All things considered, he would never repair that door and those windows through which the wind whistled...

THE CATHEDRAL WIND.

The Elephant's Breathing

“The end... The end... But what is the end, then?”

This was what Antonio had been repeating over and over to himself for the last few days.

Antonio the Shepherd, this was what they called him and for him it was an honour.

His grandfather had been a shepherd, his father had been a shepherd and he was proud to carry on the tradition.

82 years old, nervous, not an ounce of fat on him, skin tanned like olive paste barely crushed under the grindstone; the sun had worked deep furrows into his face between which his eyes peeped out... people said his eyes could tell a thousand stories; they were, great, sombre, like loose soil after a big storm.

However, after seeing a documentary on elephants last Monday in a bar in the village, Antonio was turning over numerous doubts and thoughts in his mind and the strangest thing was that he was asking a question, a question to which he could not find an answer.

He was a practical chap; he always had an explanation for everything: if the grape harvest had been insufficient but of good quality, the blame or the praise was put down to too much sun; if the pig was too fat, it was because of his wife: “She never stops feeding it, she feeds it more than she feeds me!!!” and so on.

In short, Antonio was a straight-forward kind of guy: $1+1 = 2!!$

But the elephant was catching him off guard.

The Elephant's Breathing (2nd page)

“The elephant knows the end,” the man on the television had said...

“And my God, I don't know it!” Antonio had said to himself whilst the animals were grazing ... and as he repeated these two phrases non-stop he was watching everything around him, trying to imagine a savannah or a forest.

He imagined screaming monkeys, roaring lions, giraffes, jaguars... Then suddenly his attention was drawn by the undulating movement of the tail of one of his cows.

The elephant's trunk had to move like his cow's tail, he said to himself, “They must have something in common”... BUT OF COURSE!!! ... That was the answer to the puzzle! “They are from the same family!”

He approached the cow and whispered, “Marie Stella”. That was the cow's name. “Do you know what the end is?...”

He stayed there, waiting for his reply, and, whilst he was waiting, he listened to the sound of her breathing.

He was more and more convinced of what he was hearing...

THE ELEPHANT'S BREATHING.