

Margarita's cushion

di Beatrice Fabbri



If I stop thinking about him, I will never reach the other. What? I have never found peculiarly interesting any other than him. I have vivid memories of his phrases, attitudes and attires and it could sound weird to admit this years after..Well I still dream of him once in a while. How this could be possible?

However this may be, simple nostalgia or need to penetrate the deep shadows of my expectations, I feel the reason of my, no doubt, sentimental medium for living my life.

The best image of this absence is scatter cushions on my bed. I soon, enough reflect, that I myself come by this awareness almost only by repeating aloud doses of passionate Bulgakov's, Master and Margarita.

“Follow me, reader! Who told you that there is no true, faithful, eternal love in this world! May the liar's vile tongue be cut out! Follow me, my reader, and me alone, and I will show you such a love!”

Nothing happens at random. My journey is taking me somewhere and someone unknown is waiting for me. I surrender to the gaping mood, indulging in the contemplation of inaccessible

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objects of desire.

Cushion shapes make me happy in a way I cannot imagine. I never took the time to take a breath and find how appealing they could be to me.

Shall I go to bed or wake me up and wait for a new insight? How is it possible to forget and remember so vividly? I suspect there is too much overthinking and the real meaning will be left out.

Nevertheless, it's a lovely spring day and I am ready to recover from this sudden nostalgia ready to understand what the Master meant to say that day:

“Just like a murderer jumps of nowhere in an ally, love jumped out in front of us and struck us both at once”