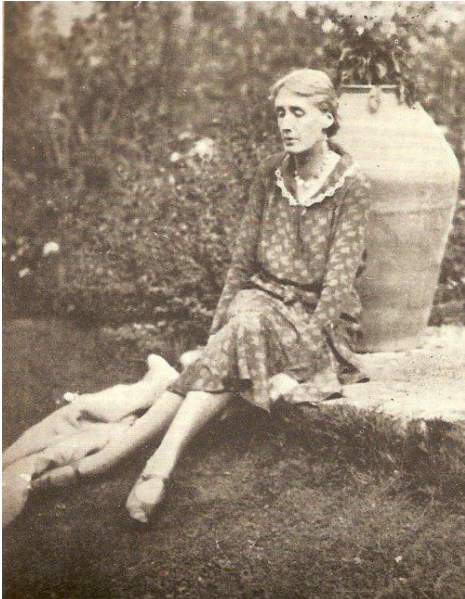


Uno spazio "anglosassone" per uscire un po' dai nostri confini

Do not erase my memories, Goddess of Blindness.



I don't remember..I was too young, probably a child of 3.. what could be able to retain in her mind a child of 3? Vague images, illogic episodes. Where time and spaces did not coincide..so she knew the meaning of real authentic memories, a mixture of truth and untruth...But probably, a child of three was feeling deeply than a grown up girl as I am right now..her language less developed but her body language could have been more powerful, and divine as divine as those little Hermes' fellows flying, smiling and tearing at the same time. I have a blank..right now...this

little girl wants to hug me, she is right here in front of me.. but we are too far from one another, our hands are dancing and whispering words of tenderness and sorrow. Mist and clouds over me...my father is driving downtown as he realized at the crossroads he's becoming blind, no more colours in his eyes,just a total white in front of him and the only words are: I can't see anything my beloved..I need to stop the car...please call the Emergency service..I am no longer able to...I do surrender...The little girl did not answer or cry..took off the car and ran to join a woman standing at the bus stop..she smiled at her and pushed her to get to her dad's car..my father was no more there, a young, energetic man of 27 years old, fading away and at his place a wrinkled man of 78.. I didn't know.. was there yawning and falling asleep..and watching me and the woman suspiciously...

The island and Her.

Stormy weather in the farthest island, while she was sitting in the outdoor cafeteria drinking the third espresso with whipped cream. Everyone was anxiously finding a safe place, not to get wet..She looked up at the grey clouds in the sky.. and beyond the shadows..glittering from the sun...planets, constellations..she was feeling of being in the right place, at the right moment with the proper weather conditions..The barman approached her and smiled silently. Then, took her a croissant even if she didn't asked for. The mobile rang, but she switched it off. Who was looking for her? Did she want to be looked for or after? A bizarre sense of sparkling loneliness invaded her.. and that's was definitely a start not an end.