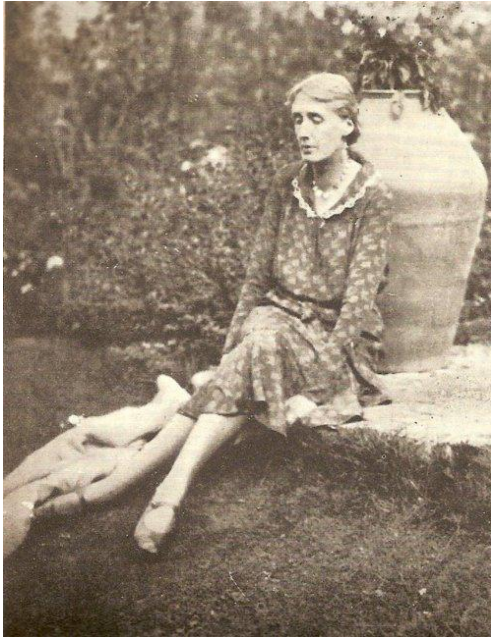


At the post office: serendipity



August, 10, 2011. The city was silent. Most people were on holidays and I was feeling pretty well. I've always loved staying at home in August. This kind of urban desert – few cars on the streets, closed shops, old people walking to the nearest supermarket, the incomprehensible talk between two Punjabi young men living on the lower floor apartment -gave me a deeper glance on my blanks.. a bizarre calm invaded me and sat down in the kitchen waiting for another cup of coffee before having a shower..

Why (the) past memories has become so evident under the august sun? Not why, but how ..has to be the flexuous answer. I have never had enough answers.. lots of questions, instead...and this was the reason, I suffered from intense migraines for some periods of my life. On the other hands, this aches have given a precise perception of all my body sensations. I have increased since then an inner awareness..a carnal intuition of being here in my body and somewhere else..my head here, my arms, legs, foot walking and dancing in front of me. Now, sitting down in my wood chair, under the morning sun passing through the curtains , some drops of coffee fell down on my pyjama..: I have to go to the Post office, gas and electricity bills..need to be paid..as soon as possible.. Taking care of myself means also to be able to manage daily issues..the budget..after all..I know I could be a perfect housewife If I ever wanted..and laughed at myself..you a housewife?? What the hell are you saying? Are you kidding?? After this

confrontation with my pragmatic self, I came back to my real self, dreaming but not completely irrational..I switched on the cdplayer and chose some Stravinsky, the fire bird suite was perfect for this august state of mind. Then, I stood up and had a shower. The cold water definitely woke me up and a perfumed body oil made aware of my seductive power. I brushed my teeth rather violently..the post office will close in less than two hours..you have to hurry up dear..no complains, pay the bills and then..next..

I open the wardrobe and looked for something colourful to put on... all my t-shirts there..from warm to cold colours..I put on the yellow one. Not a bright yellow, rather green- yellow with a tiny design of a scorpio in the back. Then go for the pants, which pair of could I match with? Anyway, this couldn't be a philosophical question.. and finally took a green pair of pants, a pair of cotton pants similar to army uniform pants.. I looked myself in the glass: not bad..half wild, half..what? I smoothed the warrior appearance with a glamorous silver necklace, my dad had taken me from one of his journeys to India.

I was ready to go out. Direction: post office. A drop of patchouli under my ears and in the middle of my neck..

I closed the door and walked the post office thinking about nothing if not paying the bills and then taking some cash for the weekly expenses. At the traffic light, three cars parallel were waiting for the green, I crossed the street self-confident. The post office was at the end of the street. It's august, no queue, I supposed. I was wrong. When I finally got there, a little crowd out was waiting his turn, out of the office. Inside, just two clerks working and the conditioning air tremendously high in comparison with the outside 35 C degrees.

So, I waited myself for my turn in a very zen attitude: harmoniously silent, preventing myself from complaining or talking to anyone if not requested. Just staying between the noise and people as a foreigner .a very peaceful condition: being on your own even if around a crowd. After, half an hour, I was finally in front of the post office's lady, with my bills. I paid and was luckily free from my duties for a while. What a girl ! When I got out the office, midday's sun disoriented me. I stood silent watching over me, then left, right.. and saw a woman, a latino-american, probably Mexican having some problems with the cash card at the ATM. Behind a guy was also waiting for the same operation. He turned to me once and x-filed me randomly.. I smiled at him, passing one hand in my hair still wet and incoherently anarchic. I imagined myself in front of my glass in the bedroom: What could have been my facial expression in front of this guy watching me? I could be very bizarre and witty if I wanted my face could have resembled to that of a Cheshire cat in the jungle caressing the zebra's skin or that of an hungry dog shaking its tail in front of a stolen steak..but that morning.. I was not in the

mood for all these animal digressions...I was kind of naked siren wandering on earth while water was calling me.. outside and inside my skin. I suddenly knew I could have dated him..or have I dreamt of him ? Or °

The guy turned a second time, staring me in the face nicely.. telling me something without talking.. but, about what? I understood..the Mexican woman was taking too much time to solve her problem..anyway, I was not in a hurry ..so..just few minutes after, the lady got her money and went away. The guy joined the ATM, did easily his operations, got the money and turned a third time to me..but that time, he exclaimed: I have been quicker than the lady..that's it! It's your turn, now..I approached to the ATM softly.. then when I was pretty close to him, I noticed his key : world archery was impressed on it. I have always had *

I got the courage and spoke to him: are you an archer?

Yes I am..

What's beauty itself?

A moment, an uncovered leg, long dark hair on your breast while drinking another

cup of coffee and the recall of a smile to give somewhere to someone unknown in the street,

a piece of a blueberry muffin on your teeth, a spicy perfume on your neck, a second hand ve

lvet coat, a dark moleskine to be opened and written....sharing moments of silence with your

love....before and after...Jumping into a bubbling tub and resting a while until the candle switches

off and the dark is perfumed of a new book to read, a new dish to cook, a new tango step to learn...

Thinking about Anais Nin's journal read years ago and still able to evocate in me images of sudden intimacy with myself, my efforts in daily life to make spells and to get, even for few instants, the bright light of inner candles...