

Elephant

She felt an elephant would pass by. She made up her mind to let him stay with her.

An elephant. Could be useful.

She walked around the street and then sat down. She said he wasn't there.

"If you touch me again I'll scream."

"Don't say that."

Strolling around the block she knew: he wouldn't come tonight. It's too early for an elephant to come.

So then, once more, the whole parade: she moved them all to kick her way through, she moshed and plunged and didn't suffer. She made her calmness calm.

Later on, in her coach, her living room, the lamps with lights around, she thought it wouldn't end. She'll stay alone for good. Unless a something falls.

Blurring away possibilities for happiness, being carried by a wave of nothing that bares the name of someone else, feeling that forgiveness would never emerge out of bitterness and wishing it were all gone.

And beyond that a somewhere of some beauty, one that cannot be called other than the untold, she distinguishes it to all that have been before and says she wouldn't fear that.

"Darling, can you pass me the...?"

Nowhere could it take place.

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