

Imagine

Imagine, a place. Let's say London. Something has brought you there. A mistake, or rather, let's say a deliberate coincidence. You find yourself wandering in the streets, hanging your thoughts in the air, letting them drift with the wind while trying to put in words what has been on your mind for quite a while now, which is...

Let's take now, a person. You, for example. Or rather your best friend. Imagine his luck walking in the streets of London, lifting his eyes watching what might be waiting around the corner and then realizes he has looked the wrong way. It's England you see. Things are different here.

What I mean to say in fact, is that if you ever come to looking closely at anything, I think you might find it rather similar to what you maybe once experienced, in some place, let's say... anywhere, when you met this person that you called the love of your... or rather – nobody and after talking for a while you were walking home, thinking your own kind of thoughts, realizing that things might or might never change again, not for you anyway. And when you come to think of it, neither for her.

"Did you think about telling her something about it?"

Not really, I mean, I once thought that I could, maybe, if I try real hard and set a goal to... but even then, in case she might be... I guess she will and then... Yhea, you see – things don't quite walk in straight lines. They tend to climb up the walls, run off the stairs, take the tube in rush hour times. Do you see what I am talking about?

It's quite hard to find the right words for it. I mean, imagine... Tolstoy for example. Having to spend more than a thousand pages to describe one's tragedy. And that's without even one's small and irrelevant laughs. So to think that I, or rather anyone else here, could express anything that touches you, or your best friend for that matter, would be almost an assumption that even a philosopher in his most non-judgmental kind of day, wouldn't think of.

And yet it happens.

Could be right now even. Or in a few moments. When the music would start and you will all be relieved that this speech is finally over...

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