

## Perpetuity

The blue waves of the sea practice a magic game; their movement appears only for you, because only you realize what they really are. The rest, the rest lay down their bodies as if there was not a reason to perceive the delight of a discovered picture. They close their eyes while you rummage any possible truth within their distant forms.

You wish to run away, play with them, at least touch them and let them feel your presence, for a second, you wish to exist beyond the reason that occupies our lives these days. You desire to be captured forever; without the fear of being forgotten, without some internal distress, without the need of someone to achieve wholeness. That... that would be the best, because the medicine to forget hasn't really worked and you still wish to be part of something, something different to the worldly.

You let yourself go, you begin walking towards them. Your steps are simple, as well as everything left behind. It seems that no one notices it. Maybe the external noise is stronger than you thought.

Suddenly, your ears begin to perceive a louder noise; it is sharp, penetrating. It seems that the unfinished song of a mermaid is announcing death, but it is not. The noise is inside you, deposited into your ears; it has been waiting there for the moment to come. Listen to it, it is there, each time sharper, flatter. You move your hands and open your eyes. You don't remember when you closed them but they were like that five seconds before this thought arrived.

Your back shifts when you feel how those cold fingers move on it and begin to heat up. Your belly shrinks. You raise your look up and hold it looking for your vanished pride.

Both hands grab your hips, your waist, they move around your body, feeling your arch-shaped back every time that it happens. You breathe a little bit faster, deeper. Now you feel the wet of his lips, they seem to be touching you and not, at the same time. You clench your fists mixing them with sand, your lips move shaping a slight smile, and your belly shrinks again simulating the motion of a snake.

The noise appears and you open your eyes. You won't be able to avoid it. Oblivion, something so close to human beings, will make a forthcoming exception. One hundred and eighty days have passed and you still feel the absence.

Your ineffable eyes look for something again; look for the waves that are still swaying. Your mind stopped you as it has done it so many times through the memories. You keep walking. The others are immersed in the enjoyment while you do it into them. You love the waves because they eliminate the finiteness of your body. Once you feel the water rubbing your neck, you stop. There is still time.

That one whom you thought was yours and whom you made that eternal promise has dissipated within them, but you are not allowed to do it too.

You come back. There won't be oblivion because it remains impregnated not only in your mind but also your body. At least, you left the burden behind. There won't be company, but the memories will be enough to keep you warm. You bend your legs and fall sitting down, at the same place, you fall.

You are aware that life is a factory of attempts, and maybe one of them will be effective.

You won't step on your steps anymore, but the waves printed in your look will remain to remind you that he, within you, has overcome mortality.