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Día Veintiseis (He is free)

By Cristian Zaelzer.

The man walks into a room.
A room full of objects.
Books, furniture, computers, cups, pillows, and papers.
Life moves inside,
life surrounds every aspect of the place.
However, it feels dead.

The man walks inside the room.
Searching, looking, thinking,
a desperate hallucinogenic experience,
embedded in ATP, oxygen, nitrogen, water, and carbon.

The man displaces in space.
Travelling in time,
asking questions,
never in peace,
always in movement.

The man's eyes do not stop moving.
Saccade, after saccade.
Fast, forward, never to the past,
not at least in visions,
because images just are and will be, light crashing against walls.

The man is in despair.
Inside the room,
the space becomes finite,
the time eternal,
tiny spaces and time are not a perfect marriage.

The man requires big space,
so time can fit in the unfit.
He is in the crash of sanity,
when time and space are not of the same size.

The secret is revealed.
The man is anxious,
prisoner of versions of himself.
Images based on probabilities,
versions of what could be,
but he is not,

not yet.

Time and space crash.
He can't contain so many eons in such a tiny room.
The man falls on the floor.
The television continues shrinking his land.
Like a cell when water runs out,
leaving for a universe outside lipids.

Silence,
the noise of nothing.
He understands for the first time.
There is no past,
there is no future,
he has forgotten.
Life is just the present.
An infinite and successive chain of frames,
of the present.

He trembles,
and his heart jump in his chest,
then he breathes.

Suddenly time escapes,
get cut,
shrinks,
fit.
Its proportions are beautiful,
they fill his soul,
they call every single spark in the room.

Nothing is out of place,
everything is perfect.

He forgot to live the moment,
and now he has recalled.
He has recalled,
that life is not the future,
because that hasn't happened yet.

He smiles,
he feels the warm kisses of the sun filtering through the glass.
The fabric of his clothes wrapping him in yellow.
The sound of his breathing.
The birds are singing to life outside.
He is free.

The room is eternal,

time is present,
nothing can encage him anymore.
He has found the key.
He is free.