

SERPENTINES OF DREAM

I know, I once lived far away from the memories, dreams that recur cyclically, and sometimes I still manage to feel the slight touch of the wind on my face and catch my reflection on the water, which, with the endless series of channels extends into infinity.

I remember the city on the water in whose labyrinth I remained trapped to this very day, and probably, therefore, there is this tendency inside me to reach its coast through my words, to find the lost gate and ruins of a tower that once was my home. And this book, whose manuscript I have been writing for a long time, is just an attempt to put reality into some kind of frames, replacing it with a few other realities, equally probable in different worlds, somewhere deep inside me. In one of them I live though, collecting words, changing the present for what had had passed, past for the future, knowing that this poem I am just trying to write is only a reflection of a poem which had been written long ago , and that this book, in its entirety, is a copy of that ancient one, taken over from the primordial source. While I am thinking about this, the pencil leaves traces on paper:

I roamed the oceans of different realities. Through words, I created a world within this already created one. To discover the secret of the seventeenth tarot cards, which is, in fact, the Arkana of my name, I have decided to announce:

I AM A DWELLER BETWEEN WATERS. All my fate was hidden in my name. In it, there is my home, too. I built it with words, on the ruins of the Tower I used to live in, between the earth and the sky, the reality and the dream, where I waited for him for many eons, to come, while he sailed asleep in the immensity of these earthly waters, locked in his own memory. By waiting, I got to know loneliness immeasurable by words. For four thousand years, watching how the labyrinth of collected letters is built-up, I found a whole desert of sadness inside me, to appear behind a veil, where I sit now just arrived from a dream. I am sending off the pollen of eons, and I am happy because some dear birds have brought me the announcement

of your coming, and I have put on the gleam of distant stars and taken the face of the moon, and the stature of the heavenly vault, to wait for you, because here long ago everything is ready for the holy day. And the clergymen of all realities have come to greet the newly awakened, to leave the world to the ancient lovers as a gift, because it is nothing else but a reflection of the infinity that weaves the imperishability with invisible threads.