

Joaquín C. Plana

A day in the life of Eleos

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... but Darkness was slow.

Diigeomai.

The dreams.

I had that accident. Now, I'm blind

In my dreams, I can see. Always the same scene: a mirror and somebody else's smile reflected on it.

The candle.

The wind kept on putting out the candle by the open window.

Every time, the child got up to light it up again.

The hands.

The old man reached the end of the cliff and stared down at the waters. He had taken a decision. Long back.

A sudden noise behind him. The running feet. The touch of the small hands.

The pride.

When she got home, she took the disguise off. Out of pride, out of loneliness, she still wore the mask for a while.

The room.

The door was closing behind him. Another one in front of him. Closing too. He did not move, breath held.

Lights off.

Lights on again. Which door he took to come in.

The stream.

The horse reaches the shore but notices the bubbles on the water and stops. Quietly.

The horseman understands and dismounts. Rubs the animal's nose and smiles at the sound it makes.

The man turns around and starts crossing the slow stream.

The writer.

I.

The book was published. It became worldwide famous. Success and money. Edition after edition.

The writer never came to know that one story-changing page was not printed.

II.

The book was published, it became worldwide famous. Edition after edition.

God never came to know that one History-changing page was not printed.

The words.

He woke up. The words he heard were still fresh; he got up quickly and wrote them down.

He remembered then that the god could not speak.

The rain.

It was raining. She could see from the bed.
Beyond the glass and the window. And she
forgot it was rain.

She would pass away in a few hours. She
was receiving a master class in obscurity.

The curtains.

The man enters the house from the backyard. In the kitchen, he takes the shirt off and puts it inside a bag. Then, cleans the blood that had splashed his arms and his face.

The image of the knife and the body buried together. The man goes to the bedroom and lays on the bed, thoughts in the shape of justifications, alibis ... How to meet the daughter, what to tell in the everlasting absence of the mother.

But, that afternoon, the daughter had arrived early from school.

The curtains have eyes.

The first time.

In the pale moonlight, the cross looked huge. The dress was very dirty because of the mud. The fence was not far. She remembered from her childhood that the guard was always late. So she decided to leave.

It was the first time she was dead and everything was so different. The storyteller was right. She loved it.

Time to start.

The line.

No thing happened. She crossed. She crossed the line. The warning, the forbidding sign, behind her.

A measure of fear. To be believed.

The writing.

In a busy city, any writing is a wish. That one on the wall was also a last one.

The gasp.

The sound made by the running rats was coming closer. Restraining the gasp. It past him by. This time, that night, it seemed the animals would disturb somebody else's sleep.

There's no peace in a transitory calm.

The snow.

She had a call. It had snowed in the night. She went to the main door and opened it. The whole village was green and bright. The snow was exclusively within the limits of the garden. Then she noticed the opened fence and the distinctive marks of footprints walking inside, stopping by the window. The opened window.

Out of curiosity, the neighbors stopped to watch the garden. And a woman in a pajamas standing in front of the closed door, staring at it, shivering.

The shoreline.

The decision was between the panther and the hunger by the water. He ran, away, through the rain-forest; the shoreline was not far. A scent came first; the sight of sand, later. A small happiness in the forefelt achievement.

There he came. It was not the shoreline. There, the remains of a woman, dead long back.

The wind making the trees creak and the leaves whistle around.

It was going to be the panther.

The telephone.

He has bought it. By request, he has got one. *Finally*, according to ... everyone. The telephone.

It's there, near the chimney. Yellow, with a very irritating bell. After giving the contact number mostly to everyone, and after that first excitement that produced all those calls, everything calmed down ... People reached out to him once in a while, around the same hours at first, what had actually helped him to get used to the machine. Then, unexpectedly.

The machine became a presence, there, by the chimney.

Like a wound about to happen.

The poem.

Hand of sand.

Sand holding sand.

Sand that can not know

that it is sand.

Sand that forgot to know

that it is sand. Sand that does not want to know

that it is sand.

Castles or mermaids – To get lost or passionate.

Forgetting to remember becoming the figures.

Some soothing forgiven provided. Because some self-pity.

Also to be forgotten.

To feel the pride, the self importance.

The sublime.

The Grandeur.

Standing on the infinite shore of an infinite land.



