

Big Quiet Stone

I

You walked in a thick humid forest, it must have been autumn. The fallen leaves crackled under your feet with every step and the air smelled of mushrooms and foxes. The stare of the magpies on your neck reminded you of your condition as an intruder and made you walk respectfully. Like an upwards avalanche, your soul or whatever it was that had been weighing inside you lifted off slowly. You suddenly found yourself light and volatile like forest scent. The surfaces of stones, trunks and leaves, previously defined and solid with their own textures and colors, appeared now reflectant like a mirror. From inside the woods' darkness, thousands of familiar eyes observed you with a calm curiosity and for a second they didn't belong to you but to the trees and the rocks.

II

A dry silence came out of the glazed grove full of eyes and hands and faces, contrasting with the wetness of the air. The sound of your careful walking had turned high-pitched and screeched, the sound of rubbing glass made your teeth bristle. Suddenly, you saw her. The only piece of landscape that didn't return your gaze. She sat there, patient and distracted doing the simplest of things: existing. The rough and alwaysgrey surface now showed itself full of colors and myriad textures. Not a single small fragment was the same as another, you could even perceive a subtle iridescence.

III

You approached her slowly, without daring to touch her. Sitting beside her, you brought your ear close. A cave-like murmur surrounded her, and you felt the irresistible urge to hold her. Before you realised the gesture she was already between your hands, full and heavy like an egg. From the protecting vessel of your fingers she spoke: "Talk to me. Listen to me. Acknowledge me. Now I'll be your God". A smell of moss-covered rock climbed the space followed by the scent of desert dust and lichens. Tropical beach sand full of coral, abandoned red marble quarries and the odor you never knew lapis lazuli had, deep and spiced and magical. Then it was summer rain: falling water on sun-warmed stone, evaporating wildly. Further away from the path, in the middle of a black-blue velvet sky, the moon shone like a big quiet stone, doing the simplest of things: existing.