

## THOUGHTS

You, who are waiting anxiously for the hour of a rendezvous, who are impatiently counting the ticks of the clock, without seeing the arrival of your beloved woman; you who mistake the sound of the wind for the rustle of her silk skirt and feel your heart beat, first with joy, and then with anger, when you hear the footsteps of some passerby who turns the corner and crosses the street, only to continue walking unconcernedly; you who have been calculating the distance between her house and the place where you are waiting, and the time it would take for her to arrive if she has already left, or if she is about to leave, or if she is finishing her final adornment in order to appear more beautiful; you who have felt the anxieties, the hopes, and the disappointments, of these crises which cannot be considered part of your life...; only you, can appreciate the feverish excitement that I am experiencing as I spend the most beautiful days of my life waiting for a woman who never arrives...

Where was this rendezvous made? I don't know. Perhaps in heaven, or in a previous life, of which I only have this vague memory.

But I have waited for her, and am I still waiting, trembling with great emotion and impatience. Many women have passed by me: some were tall and pale, some were dark and intense; some with a sigh, and others with cheerful laughter; and all with promises of tenderness and great sorrow, with pleasures and limitless passion... This is her figure, those are her eyes, and that is the sound of her voice which is like music. But with this remote memory of her, my soul approaches hers... and does not recognize her!...

So many years go by, and I am still sitting on the side of the road of my life... always waiting!

Perhaps, when I am old and on the edge of my grave, I will finally see that woman I have wanted so much, only to die, as I have lived: waiting and despairing!...

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What wind brought that seed here? I don't know. But I saw it blossom into the green garland of leaves at the foot of the cypress that rose up like the remaining column of a ruined temple, located in the center of an empty and barren prairie.

I saw the flower that was as blue as the sky and as red as blood, and it made me think of our impossible love.

A brief summer, with the thin garland of leaves around the old trunk; a brief summer, while the bluebells blossomed and were visited by their friends, the golden bees and the white butterflies.

Then winter arrived and the cypress was alone again; as it waved its branches sadly, shaking off flakes of snow, it seemed tall and dark in the middle of the white prairie.

How long did your laughter, your empty words, and your pointless happiness last? How long, in short, did your childish love endure? One short day, then, all around me there was night; I was alone again, sad, and enveloped in the darkness of life.

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I don't envy those who laugh; one can live without laughing...; but without crying?...

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Look into my soul, and you will think you are looking into a crystalline lake, when you see your image trembling in its depths.

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Within the dark ruins at the foot of the towers covered with moss, in the shadow of the arches and the broken columns, the hidden flower of memory is growing.

With its drooping leaves, it is silent from one day to the next under a furtive ray of sunlight that announces the blossoming of other flowers.

“My sun,” it says, “is not the sun of the skylark; the dawn that will open my blossom is the one that will brighten in the sky of some eyes.”

Mysterious, hidden flower, keep your pureness and your aroma in the shelter of those ruined monuments. The night is long; but already tears, like the drops of dew at dawn, are announcing the arrival of day in the darkness of your spirit.

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There is a place in Dante’s Inferno for great geniuses; in it he places those illustrious men who achieved the greatest glory in this world.

Human justice cannot do anything different, because it judges only on the basis of what it knows.

But divine justice undoubtedly puts in this same place all those who, without leaving behind any trace of themselves, ascend in silence to the same height as the others.

Divine justice also places there the “unknown geniuses.”