

I Was the Shadow

I once overheard myself awakening to the inarticulate mumbles of the monsters in my brain. Half of me (I don't know which) was still in a bed of dreams about right words, the sound of flutes and the soft forms of things.

But then I knew that my center was a black prism, perched on my hand, aiming at those giants and hairy beings and blood sucking creatures; trying to turn them into green, indigo, scarlet and tawny moonlight, so that they become forgetfulness very soon.

While harms calcified organisms and nocturnal insect hunters, my pen dropped and my awakened half kept ambulating in a deadly still fishing jig. Dissolving the horrors with every step, visually stroke but thinly conscious, murmuring dreadful words in monotone, I was an impenetrable shadow; infinite and numb.

Cesar from Peru