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Contingency. Multiple paths, multiple leads. Threads each holding a head, head of mine, head of hers.

Sometimes I feel a little disgust, a drop of darkness at the center of my forehead, leading me to the past. *The* past. The known and shared past.

Then it fades away.

I would like to know whether she will be fired from public service or whether she will be detained. I'd guess not, I don't wish either. Though the stories I've heard make me believe there is a probability, much higher to be discharged and less to be arrested.

What will happen then? I don't know. I don't think she knows either. Suppose she'd been discharged and we had a meeting to discuss the situation. What could I say?

Nothing. I don't have anything to say to her in that case. I will already have to be played my part, *check and mate* –or *this is the day that faces become dark* and simply stay silent. You have drawn a path and you got the results. No need to talk, your fate has replied.

I wonder what was she expecting. Sometimes I think about her expectations to initiate *this war of us*. I won't be able to learn: She won't talk, she wasn't and she can never be that sincere anymore. It will be like a secret. A secret like my secret of that night, *the night of opening*.

Reason of reason: Being in multiples. Multiple ideas and multiple heads. Maybe we all have to share an idea, an idea has to live inside our heads, they have to devour our time –to exist, to evolve– and they cannot live simply within a mind.

Why do we think we create ideas by our thoughts, rather than they live independently of us but our minds are simply their habitus?