

The Other

I always do this for the drain not to clog. It's disgusting, I know, but what I'm going to tell you comes next is even worse. As I was saying... I was showering- and- I had already made my little hairball and put it carefully over the sink. It was then when my thoughts unexpectedly became indomitable.

And even though I tried to trick my mind by introducing new subjects through which it could divert itself- the pimple on my face, the wall fungus, my wish to be free -(really free)- I could not get rid of this insane and unusual idea.

That, making use of a mixture of mental power -a clean guided thought- and feeling, I could breathe life into my little hairball (the little ball that I always do with the hair that comes out when I wash it my head). And- that- There was only one substance that, if applied at the moment of alchemy, was able to boycott this procedure.

Fear. In fact, it is fear what prevents any kind of miracles that a human being is able to perform. And it's not that you fear failure. Having success at an enterprise of that sort would put you in such an

unexpected place that, for a moment, you'd be lost. It
is that moment that terrifies you.

But you started slowly to move. Obviously, I couldn't believe it at first, but... you were walking. I just stood still, so stiff I was, that I immobilized you. You looked at me for a while and then jumped. I mean, you were still a hairball. You were my hair walking with little legs (of hair) walking, staring with little eyes (of hair) staring. Then no longer were you were no longer made of hair. You were a cockroach.

At that moment, an encompassing thought arose in me. It didn't get to be a thought. It was half way between a thought and a feeling. I saw could feel myself in you, cockroach, and somehow I knew it. I was you, thinking like you, feeling your feelings. I was on my side too, horrified.

The night came and in my sleep, your tiny legs caressed my hair. I was dreaming we were together I was you, that you were with me, that the worlds hadn't separated to let us do our thing. The unreal reality we had lived the day before blended with the real unreality of my dream. While you hid under my pillow and, like me, slept dreamt for a while, you weren't the hair roach

~~no~~any more, you ~~were~~but a beautiful being, a mixture between butterfly and seahorse.

~~After a while~~At some moment, our dreams merged and you weren't the flying seahorse anymore, nor were you the little ball of hair breathed with life. You were a simple hairball, what you always wanted to be, what you ~~had~~always been~~were~~ before my intervention. I too was dreaming of going back to my original state, to my world, where I wasn't dependant on a body or on physical laws. Then, at one point, the reality of normal life woke up.

I searched everywhere: under the bed, in the living-room, inside the toilet... but no noise gave you away. Cruch, cruch, cruch... I wanted to hear, ~~but... nothing~~.

Who would have thought that I would come to worry about the fate of a cockroach. ~~Before~~On other times, disgust would have seized me to such a point that I wouldn't even have had the courage to step on you. The mere thought of the sound of your exoskeleton breaking and the white juice coming out would have paralyzed me.

Now, ~~the simple thought of~~imagining something bad ~~could~~happening to you gave me an infinite sadness. I wanted you with me, caressing me with your tiny antennae as before, sleeping under my pillow.

Then, ~~in the mirror,~~ I saw you. In the mirror. You barely moved your one leg. You had ~~settled into~~ gotten into my hair to ~~be consistent~~ hide, or to be warmer. But it didn't bother me, or rather ~~what's more,~~ I liked it. Because I had forgotten a little bit that you were a cockroach and had remembered more that you came from me. ~~f~~ From my hair. ~~f~~ From my will to create you. You came from ~~my~~ life because you were in my life ~~it~~ and I ~~you-~~ ~~werewas~~ a part of ~~you~~me for that. It was ~~me~~ the cockroach... IT WAS ME THE COCKROACH.

~~I wake up all sweaty an run to the bathroom. In the mirror I am not able to distinguish it, so blended with my other hairs. Underneath my pillow there was one hair, but that is not forceful proof. I make myself a coffee and still feel the dream all over my body.~~