

Ostranenie

Yes, yes I do, I really do—some feeling close by is about to wake me from my sleep, like in the very last minute! I've never felt this before, an unexpected antidote, freshh-ened.. What's this echo, this, and... Ugh, how annoying, yo-you, and.

Nooooo. I just took off my pajamas again and threw myself sideways onto the bed, back into the cozy warmth. Telling stories is boring when you've got this echo chasing you, reading everything out loud in real time—I'm not interpreting the story, I'm not connecting the dots, just materializing my consciousness. Bigger than the biggest is feeling weak, you might not get it now, but that's gonna make so much sense after the next motorbike accidents.

And... here I go telling this again, you're not the first, are you? Anyway, I had just left my in-laws' house, my belly nice and full of boiled potatoes and codfish, and I had this indescribable urge to feel the wind, to taste the smells and savor the colors of the sky at high speed. No! I say that because it really happened—when you're going 200 km/h on the highway, it's hard to stay regulated—magic! By the way: I've never ridden a motorbike, I don't know why, but I never have—gotta own it, right? You believe until you stop believing. Sorry about the words, it was on purpose... anyway, where was I? Oh right! That annoying echo at the back of my mind and the accident. I jumped on the bike, put on the helmet, turned the key, and leaned into a right turn—just to get out of the block and tame the neighborhood wind. The day was nearly done—interpret that how you want—I was free, beaming back the sun's rays (or the moon's, if you like, that might not work so well) and heading toward the “Sweet home” doormat in my neighborhood. I gunned it, held tight, leaned forward, the numbers climbing, the pressure even more than that, everything around me seemed to be flying by at double speed—I was the slowest one, but, actually: the speed cameras couldn't even catch me.

And what if I told you that next time you think of motorbikes, you'll picture this scene too?