

Unreality

And today I decided to not separate dreams from reality, now they will be a group in which I won't recognize anymore, the reality and my fiction; the fiction of knitting clouds to cover stars and provide some company to the moon.

That night in which the sun froze and time stopped, everything was real. There was nothing remaining, only the gravity which kept me here. I was a man with no nation, no place or destination, I was only united matter. No sensation of emptiness or fullness, just a human being, but even unusual: I liked it.

Inside my glass palace there was only happiness, she walk through the corridors and the bedrooms leaving traces, so she could go on her way and it was comfortable following her, I tell you this because she has always been there, in the center of my galaxy, where there are neither ships nor passengers, she arrives flying with the wind and dies with silence.

The boy woke up shivering with cold, looking for his blanket. He comes to me regretting his loss. I cannot find words to quiet him, not even in the farthest dungeon, nor within my deepest treasures, it's something that has never been mine, those words to tell my son that everything is all right, even though our tin roof and our earthen floors, nothing is missing, the only thing I regret is that I can't give him more than I have, but at the end of the day what we have is ours. My son doesn't understand how hard is for me to imagine these stories; to search within the imagination : how hard it is transform our reality to adapt it to a world of fantasy, in which I tell our quests of everyday, where we are knights fighting dragons, looking for our princess through ages and space. My son understands that space is relative, and these words color my dreams, where he really is a prince of the crystal palace.

Soon dawn will break, sun is not even in the sky and the noise on the streets is unbearable, my son sleeps in my arms and finish writing my dream in the back of a cereal box. I wake my son, he stares me and asks to keep sleeping and wisely I tell him that is not time to sleep anymore, it is time to go to school.