

The nest of the cliff and the enchanted forest

Was I in the nest of the cliff or somewhere else?

The musing had travelled to this land where grass is living.

The buds started from absence, I didn't know their procedure.

In any case I started from here.

My thoughts were paper boats, my hands were empty.

I stood next to a lighthouse. I started collecting the nets
and my empty hands were filled with stars. I looked at the shells
and the words were sweet silk in my lips.

I saw the day breaking in a way, like the shore breaks by the wave.

My thirsty breath dived deep into the sea and then clearly I could see.

The salt took my thirst away in an illusionary way. I decided to stay
and not escape but I was afraid. I was openly afraid of the thoughts.

Because they travel as a boats and there are not lighthouses
out of musing houses in the open seas where are the wounded sea-trees.

They might get drown by the underground sea whirl near the hill.

I climbed a lighthouse and I saw how a cyclamen is born beside the thorn.

I was trying to learn what the buds were before they were born.

I was sharing salt, so that the people can stand the sorrows of the day
in an illusionary way. The seagulls were crossed the sky and the
lighthouses were turn on at nights

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I was glancing the endless winters following one another
and I was gathering the lonely anemones, I was smelling the jasmine,
touching the pain I mean. I saw the paper boats docking to empty ports.
I crossed the dense forest outside the cliff's nest. As I was coming
out of the impassable pathway, the veils succeeded one another.

I pushed away the veil and the little paper boat was crossing the sea,
as I could see. When I got there, the sea was mad, the weather getting
bad. We were alone, me and my little boat. Finally! I was accompanying
the boat in its lonely road. Either leave it go far or take the oar. I took the oar.

I looked at the four cardinal points. I took a deep breath.
It started raining, the weather made more difficult the lane.
Then I decided to paint the sky, I made the sun bright.
The wind ceased blowing and the sea started glowing.

I also painted its sails, I painted dreams and it seemed to me
that it needed hope as a compass since it was passing
through wild oceans. I started with my clumsy childish
drawings and I arrived to this land where usually the
sea was getting mad.

So, I arrived on the waterfront and I put a flag, the sea was mad.
I collected small rocks and multicolour shells. Into the loneliness

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of the day I saw the evening's veil. I gently pushed it aside and I saw places unknown beside. I took the compass and the difficult trail I passed.

I left the cloudy sky. I followed the stream, the pain I mean. I found remains from the little boat, on the road. It was broken before, when I was fighting in the stormy sea, as after many years I could see. Today the sun was shining, the dreams in sea were diving. They were balancing in the horizon line and love was underlined.

What a beautiful sun! The sea stopped getting mad. What I liked most was that it illuminated the darkest corners of the world, through an invisible sky hole. It had the ability to get into the narrow streets,

leave its footsteps into the toughest hearts. I was tired and lying under a fir tree. When I left, I felt something was following me. It was a little heart that left from a little card. She told me a lot of things about herself.

It was Christmas time and she was under a fir tree like the one we left behind, near the north mountain side. She was pinned on a card and she was sad. She was not an ornament as they thought, she had some aspects of the boat. She was a heart looking to find her way, not an illusionary way.

She has decided to cross the impassable trail and find her way.

She was not just a simple heart, she had a reason to be sad.

She was the heart of the tree which was cut under the moon
and then decorated the living room, on a lonely fir tree, as I could see.

Everyone thought she was an ornament as she decorated the place
and I explained her that she was a gem because all hearts are ornaments.
She decided to find her way, that's why she got back to that forest dark.
Today, as she followed the ridges, by coincidence, I thought,
she saw my paper boat.

She saw the dreams playing with the sun and she liked it.
Afterwards, when she realized that the boat was mine,
she walked in my thoughts, using the paper boat. She listened
to my breath and touch the earth as only the hearts know
how to do and went through.

I wondered how it could survive, a heart alone in such a dense forest.
I was sure that at night, the temperature would fall below zero.
She told me that she had crossed gorges and had a hidden ability
to smooth the ground and the underground.

The forest was its destination, maybe she would not find the same tree,
as she could see, but it would find its neighboring ones. She did not care
if the forest was dark, she had known the enemy lurk, when she lost
her tree as she could see. She was a heart in the dark.

Fortunately, she came to find me and I wanted company.
She told me that it would fit with my heart; because they both
beat potentially as a response to the call of the sun

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when the sea was getting mad. However, my thought was that she would fit a lot with my paper boat.

It really lacked a heart. It had the hope on its railings but it did not have a heart and the enemies were lurked.

We continued to walk and talk. We enjoyed the mountain air and the stories we share. The heart began to talk to me about the spring fairies.

There was nothing more beautiful, she said, than them.

It was a night that she had fallen asleep on a fir tree, as she could see. She woke up with the first sunbeam, beside the stream each fairy was dancing on the stem of her flower. With their wands they touched the buds and they stopped being sad.

Fruit matured with a dizzying speed in spring.

That's why the heart called it the enchanted forest, it had lived there for about two years she was the ornament of ears, here in the grassland where the weather rarely became bad. She had made many friends, squirrels, hares, fireflies, foxes and butterflies.

Once, she had spoken to a wolf and to some bears.

She had nothing to fear, she would like as a friend a bear.

I was walking with the heart and we became friends.

Then I suggested her to become the heart of my boat,

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it was a nice thought.

She accepted with happiness because it loved the dreams
that I had painted on its sails. So we took the road to the sea,
as I could see. The heart went on board to my little paper boat.
There it would meet hope, it would make the rescue boats
stronger and the time longer.

I continued my journey towards the unexplored territories.
I climbed back to the ridges and from up there I admired my little boat,
as I thought. I was delighted for having met the heart, it taught me a lot.
If she had endured alone the frost of the forest for so many evenings,
I could do much more because I have a body, too.

It may have been hurt on the cliff, but it was there.
The heart has taught me many things. But I also taught her something.
She told me that she had seen me when I was gathering shells and
asked me how she could hear their voice. I taught her how to do it.

It just had to be a little patient. It was very easy;
it didn't have any difficulty at all. So you learn to listen to the sea,
you learn to recognize the sea in small things, on the trivial shells,
on the round faceless stones. If you see the wave once, then you see
it everywhere, you hear it, you smell it, that was the key of my teaching.
