

Creative writing

Embodiment of intrusion

The grey cloudy sky together with bleak of early spring morning reflects in the clean window. She has just finished the cleaning to make her window transparent, to make her life transparent. She urgently needs to see through and beyond. Beyond the window, the sky, the cold and damp weather, beyond the world outside her apartment, her home. Beyond the visible and tangible world, she was used to. Now, the situation has changed. So has her visual abilities. She cannot count on her sights anymore. She feels blind. Losing one sense makes her nervous. She makes scattered movements. Her body must be anchored. The anchor is an iron and a harbour room. While ironing, the smell of ironed laundry helped her to breathe in the smell of home and tranquillity of her soul, for a while though. The radio news started filling her living room with dead bodies from Bergamo, with the sorrow of the bereaved and with fear from invisible, intangible and omnipresent something. Vapour from the iron and always pleasant and calming smell of washed clothes have turned into a thick expanding fog of distress that begins to suffocate her. Creeping creepily into her lungs and filling her alveoli with liquid anxiety. The lungs become heavy and pull her down to the floor. She cannot breathe. She gasps while realizing another loss, the loss of her vitality. Being blind and lifeless (as air is life) she starts trembling with cold, fear and uncertainty of her bodily existence. But with the assurance of the certainty of the existence of that omnipresent something approaching her.

She does not want to stay at home as it is not safe anymore with all the Italian souls of dead bodies and materialized grief of their relatives shrouded in anguished fog. Neither does she want to go outdoors as the outside world has changed. The world has shrunk within the past few weeks. She is feeling shrunk at this very moment. Her body is drawn in from inside. The world is drawn in from within. And she with it. She is drowning and has to escape...from the restlessness that gushes her fingers, hair, skin.

Streets are relatively empty. Several passers-by keep their bodies as well as their lives distant from her. Their looks are quick and short. Their wide-open eyes control the coverage of her face. Partial anonymity closes the bodies and limits the joy of human encounter. Strangers at both sides. Embodied density of fear, anxiety, discomfort and suspicion makes her heart fast beating; her throat narrowed, forcing her to intensely inhale the fabric with the butterflies of her face mask. She is suffocating again, looking around whether she can lean on something to catch the breath. She needs support, like beans. She would wrap herself tightly around the stick and let her life be directed in a motionless direction. The imagination brings release in her throat, lungs, heart, fingers, eyes, tongue and mucous membrane in her nostrils. She closes her eyes, takes off her mask and inhales life.

Word count: 506