



BOOK, I read you

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Brazil

I've lived six stories.

Love stories, I mean.

And, for me, a love story is a very intense adventure.

I've had quite a few boyfriends; I've flirted quite a lot; I've tried getting married; but there have really only been six stories (and the good thing is that I'm sure that there are some more).

Another good thing: I have always spoken about all of them with a lot of enthusiasm and feeling very much at ease. Just as I would like to speak here today. I mean, not about all of them: there was one that I ended up hiding. And even today, when I am going to speak about it, I am not going to name any names.

I was seven years old when I was given as a present a book by Monteiro Lobato called *Reinações de Narizinho* (The Adventures of Little Nose). An extremely thick book. I felt exhausted just by looking at it. I said the most unconvincing 'thank you' of my life, I hid the book in a corner of the wardrobe and I went back to my comics.

My experience in reading was still very fresh and I was having my ups and downs with stories in cartoons. They spoke about people who were really nice, I really liked them a lot, but, I don't know! They were so different from me! They lived in places that I had never even heard of; they had strange names (sometimes they finished in *h!*), how is that? How do you say Flash exactly? *Flachi?* *Flachi* Gordon? And if I said, for example: "Today I've read that Mandrake lost his hat", there was always somebody nearby who was learning English and who wanted to show me that they knew more than me: "That's not how you say it, midget, it's *Mandreike*".

¿*Mandreike*?

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I started thinking that all this about reading was not as simple as peeling an orange, playing hopscotch or singing to the sound of the music playing on the radio.

And if instead of reading, I was read to, it turned out that things did not get much simpler: my father and my mother used to read me stories from a collection of little books for children that they had around the house, printed in Portugal and full of princesses, inns, shotguns, harquebuses, abbesses reciting vespers, little girls on the spinning wheel...

What?

How's that?

Read it again?

What's that?

And whenever they said: it's Portuguese, don't you realise sweetheart? It all seemed so strange to me! But isn't it our language?

It was.

Well, at the time all that reading was really boring, wasn't it?

And then my uncle, who had given me *Reinações de Narizinho* (and who was an uncle that I adored), came to our house and wanted to know: "So? Did you like the book?" I made a rather vague gesture.

After a while he insisted once again: "Did you like it? Have you read it?" I had no other choice: I got the book out of the wardrobe; I cleaned off the dust, I plucked up the courage and I started to read: "In a little white house, over in the habitat of the Yellow Woodpecker..." And when I got to the end I started back at the beginning. "In a little white house, over in the habitat of the Yellow Woodpecker...", and I carried on reading once more, going back in the same chapter, revisiting another, reading from back to front, and all those people from the habitat of the Yellow Woodpecker became *my people*.

Above all a ragdoll called Emilia, who did and said everything that came into her head. I was fascinated by Emilia! Oh my God! How can she have the courage to say that? Ah, I'm also going to do the same!

But I had absolutely no idea that I was living my first love story.



At home they could see that I was so enthralled with the book, so quiet in a corner, just the two of us, that they quickly gave me a load of other books by Monterio Lobato. I read them, I tried them all and I really enjoyed myself. But *Reinações de Narizinho* had awakened such an enormous pleasure in me, that he was the one that I always returned to throughout my childhood. That book stirred up my imagination. And aroused it. Now... she wanted to imagine.

That awakening of the imagination began to change everything. Suddenly, it was no longer enough for me to sing to the rhythm of the music playing on the radio, merely repeating the words and nothing else. I remember a song that I used to sing all the time which spoke about someone called Maria opening a window on a sunny morning and *la de da* I don't know what else, but which, now, I would sing and imagine the window: Was it green? Did it have a Venetian blind? And what was Maria like? Was she fat, was she thin, did she have a fringe like me?

Whenever I played hopscotch, the stone I was going to play with floated in mid-air. My imagination imagined: And what if instead of throwing the stone like this, I throw it like that?

But what my imagination really wanted to do was to go back to that enchanted world that Lobato had created and to imagine myself being the size and the colour of the little stone that Emilia had swallowed (and that I wasn't a little stone or anything like that, but rather a talking pill); and how I was going to manage to meet Mrs Weaver Spider, who had made Narizinho's wedding dress, and ask her to make my dress too, when I got married.

Imagining. Imagining. But so far from imagining what imagining is.

From that day on I never stopped reading.

I liked it.

I didn't like it.

I liked it more.

I liked it less.

I would fall in love with this book.

I would flirt with another.

But nothing too intense.



That intensity only appeared once again when I was seventeen.

But on that occasion I discovered two writers at the same time and I fell madly in love with both of them for a long time.

What had had so much value during my childhood – Lobato's Brazilian nature – now it seemed that, at the height of my adolescence, it did not mean so much: those two writers were from the North, they had absolutely no tropical features. Two men who would pervade their writing with a completely peculiar atmosphere and, notwithstanding, who came from two different types of North (one was North American from Boston; the other was Russian from Moscow), who created an atmosphere in the books they wrote just as oppressive and overloaded with... anguish? That's it: also anguish; but, if I have to use only one word to try to describe the air that could be breathed in those books, I would use the word desperation.

I do not know why I let myself become so involved in all that desperation (we can never know these things). What I do know is that I would confront any kind of difficulty as long as I could find myself, all day long, with Dostoyevsky and with Edgar Allan Poe.

I really enjoyed reading over and over *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Memoirs from the House of the Dead*, *Humiliated and Insulted* and other books by Dostoyevsky. I remember that I would wander around those pages constantly looking up and down, looking for a house, a street, a jacket, an axe, in other words, a relationship, and an echo of Raskolnikov, who was the main character in the book by Dostoyevsky that I liked the most: *Crime and Punishment*. In my opinion, that book was the perfect example of how much we, the readers, can be emotionally implicated with a literary character.

It seemed to me that *Crime and Punishment* was marvellously well written; and the characters were so varied! But, to be honest, my strong implication in this book was due to the fact that I fell in love with Raskolnikov, with his stability, with his desperation, with the need he would have... I say *would have* because I kept on going back to the book, and so the need kept on repeating itself... with the need he would have to unleash his axe on that old woman's skull, what a horror, and to slowly surrender to the punishment.



So, completely in love, I did not want to let Raskolnikov go: during the day, at night, at home, at school, on the bus, I always had to open *Crime and Punishment* to find myself with him.

And for the first time, after ten years of reading, I had the slightest notion (still very vague) of the restlessness we feel when we fall in love with a book: that distressing anxiety to always find the way of being alone with him; me and the book.

That is how it was: Raskolnikov was a real passion.

It's just that I would leave and go in search of Poe...

In that case, it was not a novel, it was not a literary character, it was a compilation of stories by Poe (all of them pervaded with a fantastic atmosphere) that fascinated me.

I already felt, even without being very aware of it, that very peculiar and very unique relationship that binds a reader to the writer, and which makes the reader yearn for the atmosphere that certain writers create in the books that they write. Real yearning. Like a friend, if it is a positive story. Like a vice, if it is one of those unwholesome stories that also happen with the reader and the book. And my story with Poe characterised, to be exact, that *atmospheric* aspect of the book.

Poe, with his overwhelming imaginative ability, created, story by story, a fantastic, extraordinary painting.

They were apparitions on snowy and stormy nights.

It was a black cat that followed the man who had killed it.

It was a crow that flew onto the top of the door of a man's house (this was in a poem, not in a story) and stayed there saying over and over: nevermore, nevermore, nevermore to everything.

They were dead people who were not completely dead.

It was a man who went mad because of the memory of a sweetheart.

It was a prisoner at the bottom of a well, in absolute darkness, who would touch the walls of that horrible prison, in order to know every small piece of it.

It was such a fantastically oppressive atmosphere, that sometimes I was left breathless.

That was Poe.



Now me. I jumped in head first.

For some reason, that even today I still have not been able to understand very well (and I do not really try to), I needed to breath that air. So, returning from my encounters with Dostoyevsky, I would fill my lungs with air from Poe.

How I missed that atmosphere if I had to spend time far away from it!

I would breath Poe and feel anguish, even choke. But, for me, he was such a creative writer, that, in spite of the anguish and the choking, my imagination did not stop taking advantage of my relationship with him – mine and those of all the people who, like me, had immersed their heads into the stories he wrote.

Several years passed between these first three stories and the other three. During that interval of time I came across a great deal of books. And also many women: Clarice Lispector, Cecília Meireles, and Jane Austen. Katherine Mansfield. These were encounters full of admiration, of fascination, and also of fondness. But, although I felt prone to return to them (and I did and always do), there was never that chemistry that transformed an encounter into a love story.

I also tried to pair off a few...

-Look, I can't read García Márquez: now I don't read novels or stories; I only read history and geography.

-But one thing doesn't rule out the other.

-It does for me. Now it will only be history and geography.

-Well! Mix a little.

-No, I don't like promiscuity.

Pairing things off like this...

One day, when I was coming out of one of these phases, I let myself become corrupt (that is the right word: co-rrupt) in a somewhat embarrassing episode of my life as a reader. This is the story about which I'm not going to name any names. I'm not going to say if the sinner is Brazilian or not. It isn't important anyway. What is important is the story itself – very negative, by the way – which provided me with the fantastic dimension of what people are like. People, us, those of us here, readers.

I've got a very close friend, Ana Lucía, who is one of those readers that any writer would be happy to have: considerate, careful, dedicated, critical, very



intellectually attached to her books. I'm completely the opposite because I have always become much more attached to my books emotionally than intellectually.

One day, Ana Lucía arrived home and ripped the book I was reading from my hands, frowning and pointing with her finger:

-You know you should be ashamed to be reading this.

-Sure, Ana Lucía, but give it back because I want to finish it.

-Did you know that this Wosisname is in fashion? That everyone is reading him?

But did you know that he's really bad?

-Oh, Ana Lúcia...

-Did you know that his romanticism is clammy, sticky..? If you are in so much need of romanticism, read Tom, read Dick and Harry: romanticism for the sake of it, at least they write with creativity, with originality.

-Listen Ana...

-Did you know that this Wosisname writes books by the dozen? He always uses the same recipe; everything is the same from one book to another, from one to another, from one...

-Will you let me enjoy this one, Ana Lucía?!

She told me that I was insane.

And she was right.

I did not know if I had caught the illness with that book, or if it had already been inside me, waiting for the right book to manifest itself...

The recipe was not really original at all: a little romanticism (this was the basic ingredient), a little violence, a little eroticism (there seemed to be some trouble finding this ingredient in its pure form and so a subterfuge always ended up being used, a little porno); and inside there was a sprinkling of a few drops of suspense, all of which was mixed in a very particular way and served up without even having time to place it in the oven.

The first time I tried it, my stomach did not react well. It gave me something like a type of intellectual heartburn. It was like trying to read a bicarbonate of soda in a hurry, like Drummond, like Clarice. To clean out.



But some time later, feeling amused, I felt like trying again. And I read Wossisname's second book.

And the third.

And the fourth.

And I began to feel worried when I could not find another one of his books. So then I realized that I had got myself into trouble. The kind of trouble that makes one think: My God! How could this have happened to me?

My heart would race whenever I walked into a bookshop and discovered one of his books that I had not already read. I would start reading it straightaway. And I would read it in secret. Ah yes! I ended up reading Wossisname in secret. So that Ana Lucía would not catch me with him again. Neither Ana Lucía nor anyone.

I would finish those encounters feeling... polluted. But it was like smoking, although it was polluting, I had to read Wossisname.

Time went by and I read all of the books he had written (if he wrote by the dozen, it is clear that he had written a lot).

And one day I found out that he had a new publication. I ran, I bought it; and I sat down to read with the same eagerness, with the same secrecy as always.

But, as I began to read, first of all I was confused; then, appalled. And when I got to the end I felt positively betrayed. Where was the recipe? And all the ingredients? The well-known taste? Nothing! Nothing. Wossisname had gone on a trip to India and now he had taken out all those things that I had become accustomed to in his books and offered me in return description after description: of the river Ganges, of the sunset at the Taj Mahal, of the crowds in Calcutta, of the streets of Bombay, and what am I supposed to do with this?!

But, how could he have done something like this to me? I had not missed a single one of his books. Even running the risk of polluting myself, I had been absolutely loyal to him. And now he betrayed me like this?

The editor knew. The proof-reader knew. The designer of the front cover knew. Ah, but the reader was always the last one to find out!

I instantly tore up the book (an absolutely worthless publication, which fell to bits in one's hands). I telephoned Ana Lucía; to let off some steam. She laughed, she



thought it was hilarious. I was furious; I swore that I would never read even the title of another book by Wossisname. And in the middle of that emotional explosion, suddenly, I realised how strong the relationship is between a book and its readers.

That feeling of frustration that I was suffering – and that is repeated every day, at any moment, in any corner of the world, each time that a writer disappoints his reader – had provided me with the exact measure of my commitment.

When I used to go to the cinema, I would sit still in the dark, tasting everything that the screen was showing me with all my senses. But with no responsibility; without co-mmit-ment.

And much worse if we sit in front of the television set: the camera chewing up all my close-ups, showing me everything dot by dot; filling in the visual with the adverts of refrigerators, of bank accounts, of deodorants. That confusion of images constantly gave me the shivers.

Auditory shivers too: step by step the sound became distorted to attract attention about an advert that was starting.

Even managing to defeat the imaginative passiveness that so many constant shivers had given me; or managing to clean the image of all that mishmash of “messages” (as they were able to do in a video, in a film), nevertheless, I was still a prisoner of the rhythm that was marked by whoever was on the other side. It was unthinkable to play along in that game with *my* rhythm. It was accepting the cadenza of whoever wrapped the visual, and there was no two ways around it.

But when I was seven years old, a book called *Reinações de Narizinho* had awakened my imagination and I had turned into a reader, in other words, into a being with an active and creative imagination.

I, the reader, create with my imagination the entire universe that is encoded in those signs called letters.

I travel across each page at my own reader’s pace. *Allegro. Andante. Allegro vivace.* I am the one who determines the rhythm I want.

Besides all this, my relationship, my infection with whoever writes books is so intense that I am also the one who slowly fills in all the blank spaces – the so-called interlines.



Thinking about this, setting my mind to it, it occurred to me to demand something from those who write books: “Fine, everything is perfect, you have written a piece of text, but... what about the interlines? And the pauses? The blanks? The ambiguities? I am the one who is supposed to fill all this in, aren’t I? Me, the reader. And nobody pays a penny in royalties!”

And from now on, in these fictitious conversations that I hold with those who write, how many times have I asked them!

“Look, to be honest, I think that you’re taking advantage of us: now there are so many interlines to fill in in the books that you write, that I have no imagination left to do it”.

“Listen, don’t take it the wrong way: I’ve been talking with Ana Lucía about your latest book and I consider that she filled in your interlines so well, that they ended up looking much better than your lines...”

How perceptive she was! (was and is) Ana Lucía’s participation, mine, that of the people who read. And that story was necessary (in reality much more about indifference than about love) for me to realise what, since then, became so clear to me: I am a reader, therefore, I participate intimately in this marvellous game that is the book; I am a reader, therefore, I believe.

My fifth story did not have an ounce of indifference. He was called Rainer Maria Rilke. Rilke, as I tend to call him.

Rilke. Machado. Clarice. Drummond. People talk about the writers they enjoy reading as if they had been brought up together. It all seems too marvellous to me! Dickens, Flaubert, Eça, Bandeira...

But my story happened with a certain book by Rilke: *Letters to a Young Poet*. A very thin book, which I read for the first time in a translation by Fernanda de Castro, which also included an introduction and ten letters that Rilke wrote to a young aspiring poet.

Even today I ask myself if my great adventure with the *Letters* came about because I identified myself with the defence of solitude that Rilke makes in this book, or if it came about for harbouring my desire to be a poet too. I do not know. What I do



know is that it was *Letters to a Young Poet* that taught me that the writer is the book that he writes.

As far as I was concerned, *Letters to a Young Poet* was Rilke, and Rilke was *Letters to a Young Poet*.

When arriving home: Where's Rilke?

On the telephone: ok, I'll go, yes, but Rilke is coming with me.

When leaving the cinema: stop, stop, I've dropped Rilke on the floor.

A photograph of Rilke? I never saw one during that time.

Rilke's biography? I never read it either.

An interview with Rilke? Who knows if I would even like it, so... what for, if Rilke was *Letters to a Young Poet* and that's it? So fast, but so fast, that we – Ana Lucía and me – even adopted a gossip-like tone to talk about Rilke. Almost always on the telephone:

And so, you know, Ana Lucía, he says that it isn't simply laziness that makes human relationships repeat themselves with such incredible monotony; it's also the fear we have of new events... Which ones?... No, no: don't you remember that he even talked about how if we imagine the existence of a person as a room, we see that the vast majority only know *that* corner, *that* small piece opposite the window, *that* strip of the floor that they always walk on, and that this is the only way they can achieve a certain security? Right! What he said was really good, that he considered more human the dangerous insecurity that made Poe's characters continue to touch the walls of those dungeons: just to "know all about the unspeakable horrors that stem from that curiosity"... Sorry?... Ah, of course, isn't that so, Ana Lucía? It's clear that I loved seeing him talking about Poe: that makes us even closer... What?... Do you think that it's excessively *unspeakable*?... Ah, Ana Lucía, I can't stand you.

After being carried from here to there so much, after having been dropped so many times on the floor, the book slowly fell to pieces; the cover broke. At this stage of the game, there were comments and notes in all of the available space in the margins: that's right Rilke, you're so right! And there goes an exclamation mark; ah, stop there a second Rilke, it seems to me that you're exaggerating a little this question of solitude... with one question mark after the other, and then I would write suspension points, and



underline it, and also an exclamation mark; and in one of these cases, even with a book that is completely ruined, no consumer society can convince me to throw it away and buy another new copy. No! I want this one. It has lived with me. It has slept with me. So, when the book ended up in such a deplorable condition, I had no other choice but to take it to the hospital.

The bookbinder was a rather old man, and at the beginning I thought that was the reason why he kept each book that people gave him to bind for months on end.

Until one day I discovered that he was one of ours: also a reader. It was just that he didn't buy books; he simply read the book he was going to treat. And if he liked the books that people gave him to bind, and I'm sure that he liked Rilke, then he kept them forever. So that he could reread them whenever he felt like it.

He put on an unpleasant frown when he saw that the book was destroyed and written in, but he did his job; he sewed all of the pages; he put on a new, dark green hard cover; he put gold lettering on the spine of the book, which in my opinion it didn't need at all, but he was like that; the spine? It needs gold lettering. He did a really good job. And one day he telephoned me to tell me that he was discharging the book.

I went to pick it up, and it was quite pleasant returning home with it, together at last. And to stay there again, just the two of us, with me revising his letters one by one. It was a really nice reunion.

At the beginning we couldn't take our eyes off each other.

Later on, things started to calm down, to quieten down, and then he went to live on the shelf. There he stayed. With that dignity, that discretion with which books stay on the shelf waiting for us.

And the day that I took Rilke down from the shelf to read one of his letters to somebody, he died.

He drowned.

It was horrible.

That's to say, it was horrible, but it wasn't as horrible as one could imagine. The following happened. I had begun to go out with the person to whom I was going to read one of Rilke's letters. We had gone out to the *Arpoador* and we had sat down on a rock. To chat by the sea.



It was a grey and rainy evening; with a very cold wind; the sea had a very strong undercurrent. After a long while, I moved my leg and by accident kicked Rilke, who was sitting beside us, and he fell into the water!

- Rilke has fallen into the water! Rilke has fallen into the water!

And I wanted to go in too.

- Are you crazy woman?

- Look, he's drowning, look, he's drowning!

- Relax, relax, we'll buy another Rilke.

- I don't want another one; I want the one that's there!

- But relax, ok? Rilke isn't the only poet, there are other poets who...

- Damn other poets! He drowned.

And at that moment my boyfriend, who was a very laidback guy, pushed me backwards, made me sit down and, with no explanation, without any preparation, took a book from his pocket and, as if he was continuing a reading, read me a poem that went as follows:

The appalling reality of things
is my daily discovery.
Everything is what it is,
and it is difficult to explain to someone how happy this makes me,
and how it is suffice.
It is suffice to feel complete.
I have written many poems.
I have to write many more, of course.
Each of my poems says so,
and all of my poems are different,
because everything there is, is a way of saying the same.

He closed the book and I made out: *Poemas* (Poems) by Alberto Caeiro.

It just so happens that my boyfriend really liked Fernando Pessoa.

It just so happens that I loved my boyfriend.

It just so happens, besides, that I was quite young and, therefore, considered that if I loved my boyfriend, I had to love everything that he loved.

A grey and rainy day.

Jazz.

Mountaineering.



A white wine that was so, so dry that it brought about a kind of spasm in my throat when we drank it.

And Fernando Pessoa.

And that was how, on that grey day, when Rilke drowned to death, I began my last love story. A story that had two peculiarities. The first is that it was a story that took place at two times: during that period and now, more recently. The second is what I was starting to tell: the story, at the beginning, became a kind of... I don't know! A love triangle? Well ok. Because that is another further aspect of books: one can love a book imposed by another person.

Never – during that time – did I ever think about buying a book by Fernando Pessoa. Not even a very thin one. And take it home, just the two of us alone, never!

And very rarely did I meet my boyfriend without him bringing along Fernando Pessoa.

And sometimes he would arrive waving it at me from a distance.

And when he came up to me, he was almost always bursting with verses by Pessoa:

I am a fugitive,
Since I was born
they locked me up inside myself,
yes, but I escaped.

I am convalescing from the moment,
I live on the ground floor of thought.

I am naked
and I submerge myself in the waters of my imagination...

Is it because I am a poet
that people say I am crazy?
Or is it because I know
the notion of being scarce

-Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it beautiful? – he would bang on the book whenever he spoke about Pessoa. I would stare at my boyfriend, and he seemed so handsome!

-Ah, of course it is, it's too much.

And how many times did he tell me:



-Look, don't call Ana Lucía to come and eat with us. Let's stay as we are, ok?

The three of us.

As time went by, I even managed to answer him with the voice of Fernando

Pessoa:

I know well: the half-light of the rain is elegant.
I know well: the sun oppresses the elegant, for being so ordinary.
I know well: being susceptible to the changes of light is not elegant.
But, who tells the sun or the others that I want to be elegant?
Give me the blue sky and the visible sun
Fogs, rains, darkness – I have these in me.

It was almost always he who read the poems out loud. But, sometimes, I would also read. And I made an effort to read well. If he liked it, his enthusiasm increased: he's great! This guy is great!

I would feel so happy with my boyfriend's enthusiasm, it's great!

Our infatuation slowly passed, it slowly burnt out, it began to sleepily nod off, the eyes closed a little, and one beautiful day it fell into a deep slumber and never woke again.

The jazz, the taste for rainy days, the wine that gave us spasms, Fernando Pessoa, all of it fell asleep.

Never again did I remember to read a single poem by Pessoa.

And that was 17 years ago.

One day Ana Lucía telephoned me to have dinner in a restaurant that we both like very much.

It was a Monday night.

Outside it was pouring down.

But I went, and when I arrived Ana Lucía was already there, very upset. She explained to me that so-and-so had telephoned her, and that she had to leave straightaway with that so-and-so, but that she would do her utmost not to be late. Suddenly she opened her handbag, took out a horrible looking book, threw it on the table and said: "Look, I'm leaving you in excellent company". And she left in a hurry.

-Oh what a pain in the neck! Leaving me here alone and it's pouring outside...



When I looked at the book I was absolutely stunned: -Fancy that... it was Fernando Pessoa: *Obra Poética* (Selected Poems).

We looked at each other for a while.

Then, I opened the book; I flicked through it and saw some poems that seemed to be vaguely familiar...

I began to read. Just like that, randomly. A poem here, another there, another at the end of the book.

I read and I was hooked. And I read more and I loved it. And I slowly let myself be seduced more and more by the richness of the Portuguese language that Fernando Pessoa used.

Look, it's my language! Look how strong it is. "Portuguesish", "Brazilianish", "Mozambiquish", "angelish" and other "ishes", what does it matter? It's our language; it's my language and, ours! How well he uses it...

Ana Lucía didn't come back that night.

For the first time, Fernando Pessoa and I were alone.

What a discovery!

I knew that, at that moment, a real love story would begin between the two of us.

With each new poem, read or heard in the past, and over which my eyes would now stop, the entire world, all the space in which I used to move during that time, came back.

One thousand places.

One thousand smells.

One thousand forgotten sensations from seventeen years before came back to me that night. And this is another of the marvellous aspects of a book: it safeguards, assures what we are when we relate to it; and then, after years, we can revisit, reassess, and relive our own life, going back to the books with which we had a love story. Everything is there, held back, safe, all of our feelings from that time. And it doesn't matter if we say 'Well! How could I have fallen in love with him? Damn it! I wouldn't have fallen in love today'. It doesn't matter. He is still the custodian of all those emotions from the past.

At one o'clock I had to leave because the restaurant closed.



I left all alone, but... holding hands with Fernando Pessoa.

And glad to see the other beautiful face that the book showed me that night: the face of patience. He awaits us, because he knows that the story with our imagination is going to be so magical, so limitless, that it is worth waiting for.



Leer el Mundo
Read the World
Ler o Mundo