

Lost memories

How I long for the passing of the hours! How I long for my other half! Where is she, my dear beloved? Where? Why cannot I remember her? Look across the sale, gaze at the green field and that crystal clear lake. It was a place for healing, they said. The young man sat on his bed, gazing out of that sad window, with no memory but with grief in his breast so great that it overcame him to live.

What agony is mine! What agony is this? This is life! I am dead with grief! No life at all! I have only fear... and lagoons! The lagoon that I see with my eyes, with those waters, that purity and that freshness; but the lagoon of my being, of my interior, that does not allow me to go on. What does it want, the lagoon? To remember! Oh, yes, the memories of the past... What will they be like? What was my life?

Silence remains seated in the armchair, observing the young master. He watches him analysing him and asks himself great questions about the young man's mind. With his null words, he seemed to answer all the questions that the sick man was asking. What is life? Silence was silent. Why am I here? Tears, wailing and sobbing. How the young man weeps!

Silence is pained by the storm the boy is suffering. He gets up, sorrowful and fearful, to give love to the one who needs it most. The young man, who was curled up in a little ball in the corner of the room, looks up and turns into a ferocious monster that devours the hands of the kind Silence. Silence, with his other hand, caresses his head. I know you are suffering..., he whispers, ...and I am so sorry for you. Give me my memories! I am not the one who lost them, young master, I remind you. But you, Silence, you know it! My fate is to be silent. Mine to live! Do you think, young man, that you do not live?

The boy rises to his feet, harshly brushing aside Silence's warm gestures. No! This is not life! What do I do without the memory of my days? What do I do without knowing who I am? What do I do? He cries, he cries and cries. Tears that never cease. A full waterfall of sadness gushes from her sorrowful little sad eyes. He falls to the ground, defeated, in the face of the battle he has failed to win. A life! What is life without memories? It is nothing, for what has been lived vanishes and everything loses meaning.

Do not cry, young master, Silence is approaching. Do you remember a dark night, a cloudy sky and a companion by your side? The young man remembers. Yes, I remember! Do you remember a happy ride home, with happy music in the background? You sang! Young master, you sang! Do you remember looking at your beloved and holding her hand as you drove? Yes, you loved her so much... You smiled and sang together. You felt the harmony of the music, that rhythmic beat. You enjoyed the passing of every drop of your blood through your veins, every second of the day with her. You enjoyed everything. You were simply happy. How happy you were! Yes, very much so. Very happy... and do you remember...?

The young master weeps, oh, how the unhappy man weeps! For the return of a memory that slept in the depths of his being. He visualises that happy night with her, he remembers that dark and clear road, that cold, that steam so typical of winter. He remembered everything. He remembered his whole life. He remembered how much he loved her. He remembered, unhappy him, that fatal crash that he did not know how to avoid. A slip that changed his life from now on and ended the life of his beloved.

Guilty! Traitor! That is me! How? Silence, how..., why did not you tell me before? That these hands are the hands of a murderer, of a... But what have I done? How could I kill her? How could I...? If I... I loved her madly. I remember! Silence, I swear I remember... How happy I was, how happy I was... Yes. The young man weeps, he weeps all his sorrows. The sorrow so far away that he carried within him has taken on meaning in exchange for recalling and reliving past experiences.

Silence, and I... what do I do now? The master said, as he looked down at his trembling hands. Young boy, what else can you do? Realise that what is lost is irrevocable. We cannot bring you or her back. We cannot even revive the life you had. We cannot do anything, young man.

The young man explodes in his longing and discharges the effervescent sadness. Cry, young man, cry. Let it all out. It is all right, I will take care of you. Silence utters no more words. The boy becomes entwined in his being.

The only thing left to do was to overcome the past and move on to the future.