

....*Why?*" She wonders. Her eagerness to understand is followed by a long silence. She hears the trees who seem to whisper inaudibly. "Why is not the right question," He explains. "*Why not?*" She asks. The man graciously smiles while he closes his eyes and view at the same time. He shakes his head from side to side, almost unnoticeably. His right hand is raised in slow-motion, until it becomes a small barrier between his and her face. He opens his eyes and stares stoically to the form of his hand.



"What do you see?" It's not sure whether he asks this question directly to her, himself or the hand. The woman frowns visibly and starts rubbing whatever they are sitting on. It feels like sand is crawling into her clothes to find a way inside her bones. "*They told me that you would have the answer to my questions,*" Her squeaky voice reveals the scepticism towards this unknown man. "I see broken lines," He ignores her statement. "A bit of blue, red and pink. I see smaller stripes on the top of the fingertips that I call mine. My mind thinks it sees the back of some of the nails. I call it: a hand. Do you call it a hand as well?" "*Of course,*" She responds immediately. "*It's just a hand.*" "You call it: a just a hand," He states. The woman opens her mouth to correct his sentence, but the moment a sound of her voice touches the warm air, he interrupts her. "Why do you need an answer? And why specifically an answer from me?" The way he suddenly looks at her makes her quiver. "We are birds of the same nest. Wearing different skins, speaking different languages, believing in different religions, and belonging to different cultures – yet we share the same home." The woman starts fidgeting.



"I don't know what you want me to say," She seems honestly baffled. "They just told me to come here." "Do you know 'they'?" He asks. "Yes." She replies. "Do you know they, for sure?" He asks again. "I guess." She is confused. "When there is no mind, there is no knowing." He leaves her in contemplation. "So, you are saying that I should stop worrying and thinking about my problems?" She asks. "I didn't mention any problems," He says. "Nor did I obey you to stop thinking. Dare to hear what isn't being said." The man stares at her insinuatingly and she decides to gaze back at him without looking away. After a while he opens his mouth again. "Are you trying to read between the lines now?" This question is pointed directly towards her. "I am trying to focus," She answers. They remain two staring figures in a shared space. They gaze at each other for minutes, maybe hours. Their sight often gets blurry which let their dual worlds softly disappear. They can't choose whether to look each other in one's eye or stare at noses. It seems impossible and possible to stare at all eyes at the same time. "What do you see?" He suddenly wants to know. "You," The relation they've built up while staring at one another, is still there. Both won't look away. "What do you see?" He repeats his question. "I see you," She is still staring at the man. He offers her a genuine smile and his face seems to light up. "What is you?" He asks her. "What is..." She pauses. "What are you? Who are you? Is that what you are asking?" The woman disrupts their eye-contact and mental connection by suddenly avoiding his glance. While doing so, her world becomes smaller again and she can safely step back into her own mind.



"You are a man, not young nor old. You are charismatic and sometimes a bit intimidating. You seem to be comfortable in your own skin..." All of a sudden, she stops talking.

"That's not you, is it?" She asks the man. "I asked you not who I am and I didn't ask you either about words you'd like to use to define me." He explains. "I asked you: what is you?" The woman looks bedazzled. "The eyes are the mirror of the soul and reflect everything that seems to be hidden. And like a mirror, they also reflect the person looking into them." For a while, the woman seems to be lost in translation. *"What are you?"* She asks. "What am I?" He replies. *"I know what I am,"* She is determined. *"I am a human. And so are you."* "And, what is human?" His question seems to be said as if he is not in need for an answer. *"A human... is,"* She begins. *"A creature in this world that is like an animal, but can use its mind to think and reflect of ones actions. Um, a human is able to understand who he... no, wait. A human is a specie living, or surviving, on this planet that is able to, um, have knowledge of what he is.. doing?"* The man starts giggling while she tries to explain further. "Think about your definition and ask yourself: am I human?" He tells her. *"Am I human?"* The woman repeats. The man starts laughing harder. *"Am I human!"* She says louder this time, with a smile on her face. *"Am I human! Am I human! Am I. Am I, I? What am I! What. Is. I!"* She is yelling and laughing at the same time. Tears of laughter run down the face of the man. The woman squeals and guffaws. While running around the immense space, her sounds fill up the air. She crawls, walks, jumps and falls on the surface while laughing hysterically. She throws off

her clothes and finds water to remove her make-up. She rubs her face and body hard as if she wishes it to dissolve. Then, she finds a pair of scissors and starts cutting of her hair while laughing boisterously.



"I don't need all of this," The woman decides to sit down and she stops cutting. *"I am not all this stuff. This,"* She throws her clothes in the sky. *"Words don't define me."* She looks at the man and suddenly she notices his nudity. She also observes the environment, which has completely changed: the trees have disappeared and there is no wind. There is no space. There is no non-space. *"Where you naked all this time?"* She asks him. *"Which time?"* He replies. *"The wise do not believe other people's perceptions of who they are and what they are capable of. Instead, they bypass a person's public persona and see who they are in their highest expression. When you see actions taken with integrity, instead of words only, you will then know a soul."* The woman starts laughing again. Her chuckling noises are soon transformed into a soft, sobbing sound. *"I am scared,"* She acknowledges. *"I know,"* The man says. *"We all are. That's why hide ourselves inside an ego. Material things are like dead things and the ego cannot vivify them. The ego, when it attaches itself to material objects, presides over a realm of the dead. True and lasting joy can't be found in the ego's world of changing illusion. No one can drink the water of a mirage."* *"Where do I find true happiness?"* She cries. *"There once was a sea,"* He answers. *"Sea lived in a perfectly happy and natural state of wetness and waves. But one day sea suddenly decided that she was a tree. This idea didn't go away. Sea wasn't happy anymore. You wonder: what does sea have to do to become happy again? Nothing of course. You only have to let go of the illusion that you are a tree."* The

woman asks if she can show her compassion by offering the man a hug. He gladly accepts and their bodies are quickly strangled. Within a specific amount of time, their hearts beat like one. The barriers caused by their flesh disappear and their bodies fuse into one body. Four eyes become two. Two eyes become one. And finally, the idea of a body completely liquefies. There is no I. There is no us. There is nothing. And within this void lies everything...

