

Undelivered: Tear messages

Saturday, 01 March 2008

Undelivered: Tear messages

Once again feeling is not so good this morning, head is flying to one place to another place, but strange, all places coloured blue, blue and cold. This situation is happening, over and over again, really don't know until when will it last. It is totally difficult to walk, if you have only one leg, because of something has happened, the other one kept somewhere after that …

Once again I'm sitting on this chair, still with same desk, same ballpoint but different paper and envelope. Word by word is written on the paper, sentence by sentence is streaming from the ballpoint and paragraphs moving from this heart to paper.

A place: blue and cold

Once again I'm sitting on this chair, still with same desk, same ballpoint but different paper and envelope. Word by word is written on the paper, sentence by sentence is streaming from the ballpoint and paragraphs moving from this heart to paper.

Once again it is telling a story about one place, with all trees in blue, mountains in blue, roads in blue …. Everything is in blue colour, thin ice is hanging on the surfaces, weather is almost freezing. Sun is not shining anymore, temperature becoming low and low.

Once again it is not easy to move something inside to a paper, sometime clouds hiding behind it, sometime weather is changing easily to rainy season, and sometime I found my self suddenly standing in the middle of desert, with no water at all.

Submitting: words on paper

Once again I'm putting inside the paper to an envelope, writing destination and sitting on my window, waiting a postman collecting my paper, my letter, to be delivered to mentioned destination.

Once again a postman is coming, with same uniform, with same bike, with the same smile and with the same words from the same lips in the same sentences, ‘mmm still with the same destination, my friend ? Tell you the truth my dear friend, even if you send a thousand letter every day, you will never find something new …, don't you understand my friend ?’

Once again with all patient he have, reading my destination on envelope, opening his bag, putting my letter inside, giving me a smile and continue his journey, same journey, every day.

Failure: Delivery notification

Once again I'm sitting on my window, with the same worry, with the same dress, waiting for a postman, wishing and hoping about my delivery notification, for my last letter, to same destination.

Once again a postman is coming, with same uniform, with same bike, with the same smile and with the same words from the same lips in the same sentences, ‘mmm still with the same destination, my friend ? Tell you the truth my dear friend, even if you send a thousand letter every day, you will never find something new …, don't you understand my friend ?

Once again the postman giving me a letter, same letter that is written yesterday, with the same form, with the same shape, with the same colour as always, after stay one night in post office.

Once again with all patient he have, writing my destination on a book, opening his bag, putting a book inside, giving me a smile and continue his journey, same journey, every day

Backyard: water in bowls

Once again I'm taking back my letter, a letter that I wrote yesterday, to be delivered to a destination, with same delivery failure notification. I'm walking to my kitchen, taking with a bowl and going to my backyard.

Once again from this door, seeing thousands million probably, bowls are placed in all over back yard, covering land, lying side by side, with water inside. Some bowls already not in a good shape, water spilled to land, forming a small lake or probably ocean.

Once again a new letter in my right hand and a bowl in my left hand, I'm searching for enough size place to put my bowl, sometime I need to walk for a half of day only to find enough size place to put my bowl.

Once again I'm putting my letter to a bowl, slowly, the letter are transforming to it's original form. The letter is melted, slowly, becoming water, a waving water in a bowl.

Uncounted: tear messages

Once again I'm talking to my self, ‘this is a story of undelivered tear messages, always ended in the same sentence, they back to it's writer, impossible to put them back to eyes, arriving to a bowl and transforming to a water ….. ‘

Once again I'm dressing up, ready to go to mini market, purchasing another bowls, for my new tear messages.

Surabaya: The last visit posted by Parmadi @ 11:03 PM 0 comments