Right Brain: Silence

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(Clara, 33 years old, unknown leukodystrophy, rapidly progressive motor impairment with bulbar involvement, disappears undiagnosed in the kinetic of her sigh)

The light dripped faintly on the glass
And your mute contours
Contorted in spite your will
It was always other gestures, not yours
That shadowed your somber posture.

I question the existence of another
That is not grey.
The doubt lingers over your eyes
Bestowed on her any other mishap
In the color spectrum

An easy comfort denying that yours
Had color sometime
That there was a melody in your voice
Or motion in your feet
I question: did you dance?
Did you laugh, or the opposite?
Have they devoted symphonies to you before
the requiem we heard together?

The rambunctious imperative, the scrutiny
Of the technique
Your body was turned inside out.
We found solace in the benign preambles of your sequences
In the velocity of your nerves
And in the perfect harmony of the electrodes' stolen impulses.
The treaty was vast
Techniques were sold out in your blood.
Celebrations in the absence of affirmations
In front of mutilating killers
Criminals easily recognized by whom patrols these streets.

And time
Catalyzing all our doubts
Depositing in your gentle face
Tricking your smile
Erasing your steps
Silencing your voice.

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The light dripped faintly on the glass.
Next to the sterile cupboard near you
An amalgam of your desperate writings,
Just like your Mother, seeing in them shades of different horizons.
But our street ended in the woods.
Grey sounds
Indistinguishable from any other

In this cemetery of paths, we find each other
Always with the dim posture of the arid and harsh path.

The echoes of my steps were replaced
By the sonority of ours
Faster other times
Then fustigated by tiredness
This day, mine.

The light dripped faintly on the glass.
Your words are easy partners in nights divergent to sleep
Reflections, revolt would all be expectable.
The last whisper in your voice triggers some contempt
When she abandoned your lips and in torture inhabited your
Thoughts and the last gestures of your hand
The last perished.
Just the mist in your eyes.

The light drips faintly on the glass
It reflects the last color in yours.
I can guess your anguish
Portraits made from mine.
The dissipated candor of the woods that have no name
Silence.
It is our thought.

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