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Surfing Silence

Daniela Voicu Romania.

Every day it is a place for another day: for vesterday, for today. We wait to breathe perfume, without dust and smoke, in a delimited air zone. We are in a hourglass which flows with souls, one by one, in ether. We make space, we struggle for a place at the front. Or we hold on to any excuse that we transform in a scale, to climb two steps or three steps upon our corpses' desires. But we fall in the abyss flow, on nimbus-like demigods, guiding, after the unique harp's rainbow, and divine songs. We wake up, then, from dreaming about a democratic constitution, at soul rights from this hourglass: I have the right to dream at my liberty. I have the right to live forever. Life, like a breath of wind fluttering in our lungs. Breathing: rare, dense, rare, roar. Life, always wanting to escape in a different body or in space, with silence interspersing the empty space between the soul and us. The soul, breaking and disappearing anytime it wants, without giving us any explanation. Only the silence remains, transient upon everything, like a last huge wave to clean our sins, then retires leaving only the hourglass sand print somewhere... Who will remember?