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Moment of...

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“After spending so many years together, I think we are not yet quenched by eachothers’ ...Come on, come nearer, nearer. I want to tell you about bygone years during which a preplanned merging took place. You know, I was the hero and you the heroine. But I want you to pay utmost attention to what had brought that moment of merging, merging into nothingness,” he said.

“Wednesday! It was Thursday. I was told that the coming evening we were to remove the distance between our place of living and your place of living. It was only half an hour to get there. A torrent of fleshy and heavenly thinkings took possession of me. Why, non lo so. Soon it grew late and on the winding and still asphalted road, while approaching, the snowfall was on a drastic intensification. The air was changing into a sootingly dark state, but due to not-yet sooty-like snow it had some sort of luminousness. A torrent in my.... At the first glimpse, the snow flakes, not at all like each other in shape, were descending predictably, having no other choice. The instant they omitted the distance betwixt themselves and the seemingly lifeless ground, they took such an orderly form as though somebody had devoted all his/her hours designing such a well-organized laying. The wintricy weather, moment-by-moment, would drive us growing near to each other in the front seat of the car, a belonging of daddy. Only such a natural force had such a power to bring about proximity, a kind of physical proximity, amid us. We were three. The dryness and wrinkles of three pairs of lips were reinforced by being constrained to listen to the radio, instead of some chatterings. The sound of the radio was as indistinct and despairing as the echoing of an early-risen crow of a lowly-populated and far village. Imagining such a milieu had the might to push ahead any creature, on the frontier crag of a horizonless body of water, into a helpless immersion. To get myself free from the numbness of my neck, I, laboriously, turned it westward. I wish I had not done such a turning and I had remained in an endless state of numbness because I caught glimpse of some material nourishments, brought only to show not being empty-handed. These pieces of nourishment were carried so avidly as if there was nothing to eat in the village and our hosts were waiting all the winter long to be given such materials. It

was not the sole not-right idea. We would have assumed that such articles, I mean the verychicken and fruit, could supply such humanly interior needs. The car was given a location. The doors were locked as if all the fellow-creatures had laid in ambush hours for such a frost-and-partially-snow-covered car. The narrow passages, with not clearly-formed forms were passed one after another up to the place before which the gargoyle of the age-worn entrance door appeared welcoming. Before touching the gargoyle, the half-openness of the door was felt. Yes, in such villages, usually the alley doors are not kept closed. But to declare our being to the owner of the dwelling we had to make use of such a gargoyle. Look, human being, with such an elevated and dignified status among all the known creatures, needs a small, light-weighted, dependent-on-the-door object to declare his/her being to another fellow creature. The most interior-searing incident in life. Anyway, the so-called Hobson's choice, the gargoyle had done its task. In the heavy snow, a poorly-heard voice was heard. It gave me an igniting sense. Yes! It was your voice. Your own voice, the voice for which no change had happened since the last time of being exposed to. We three, in the snow, in the darkness, like a row, saw you. Apart from your voice, it was your eyes that gave you such a spirit-like mien. Again the same torrent was raging in My daddy and my mommy could not wait any longer and quickly sought protection, and it made us as lonesome as.... I wanted to tell you of your eyes, of their innocently and delicately falling down in that brief instance of happenchance. Actually I was weakened to do it. You know! Although they were fixed on your very face, they were thousands of miles far from you. They were much more nearer to another person than to yourself. Always between you and them there was a third object, say, a mirror, a body of translucent water, or whatever else. You never could see them materially. For me such third objects never existed. I could be that third object if only.... So telling you of them was fruitless. You three the result of which was a girl and we three the result of which was a boy, in a remote village, but not clear remote from where, because there was not any center, as far as I was concerned, gathered round a fire in a cube-like place. I, take it from me, would place you in the very center if only such apparently new-in-thought fellows had not decentered this living of ours and its ingredients. We were protected from all directions, from the snow by the roof, from the chilliness by four erected walls and an oil-burn heating object placed not at the center. By the way we were kept in a dim lightness of ten o'clock by the lambent light of the same oil-burn heating object. I was immersed in the thoughts of our eternal dependence; this dependence, upon whatever imaginable, seemed to be

never coming to an end. Endless dependence of man/woman. Not having so much to discuss, some somehow unrelated issues of not too much significance occupied a couple of minutes. I made a decision to tell them stop their talking and proposing them to listen to the crickets in some not-known sections of the roof; but I was afraid of rejection and I could not put my idea into practice. Thus I preferred silence. I had to prefer silence. You were busy doing some tasks in a not-far spot. Every approximately half an hour you were just bringing something to eat and taking away the remnants of some previously-consumed things. To be honest, these coming and going of yours, though too brief in duration, in the poorly-lighted room, similar to the splashes of a natural fountain that ascended in the air to give a tickling sense of moisture, caused by a breeze, to a passer-by, were somehow sufficient. Too much exposure to the fountain would have ended in stoppage of breathing and too much distancing would inevitably ended in dehydration. The splashes seemed sufficient. Each of these brief-induration splashes, actually, not only sufficed me but also prepared me for another, exactly like quenching of another pang of instinctive desires by.... The only noise-making thing in the room drew its least slow moving hand near twelve. It gave us the hint of a repetitive act. The room was dark. It grew darker as the oil-burn heating object was unlighted by a puff of yours. Although the puff brought darkness to the room, it ignited a flame in me. The moment the light was unlighted, a foxhound yelped several times. From its yelping I could sense its physicalities; but not make head or tail of its internalities, I mean the significance or reason behind its yelping. It seemed likely to assume that the foxhound was gazing at the small window of the room all the slow-moving hours of the night, laying in ambush for the death of the light, because prior to unlightening barely yelping was discernable. I was wondering in darkness why such a creature must spend its priceless moments of the night waiting for the extinguishing of the light and then start yelping that the sudden slamming of the door brought me back to a state of slavery to your puff of air. On the verge of explosion. But, to share it honestly with you, I was given hope to stay alive longer and delve further into the mysteries by a previously-held image of yours in my mind. The passage through the fleshy and fleshy body of yours, in order to enter that domain of mysteries, seemed to be some sort of compulsion. I knew before-handedly that the very moment of merging was the key to immerse in nothingness, the goal that I was seeking lecherously in darkness; but how and where to achieve such a chance was still obscure to me. In the nighttime, snow was not visible, but from the transom I could see a circular part of the sky. It appeared to me as red-colored. And this color

was in line with the time of snowing in my mind from the very state of childhood. It was snowing. It was dark. It was baying. Your daddy, i, my daddy, all side by side. Over and under of my physical being were enveloped in rectangular-shaped blankets. They were supposed to bring me warmth. But whether they themselves produce such warmth or not was not known to me. I could not surrender to the state of slumber shared by the two on each side of me. I rolled for a lot of times; I thought of future, of past, of even present and.... It was a part of yours, though not far in distance, a part of you that deprived me of closing of my eyes. I made my decision. I made it finally. I made my decision to look gazingly in your eyes for few tick-tocks, in the snow on the edge of the roof, in the dusky moment of the dawn exactly when the foxhound would hesitate to stop yelping. I was counting the tick-tocks with the soundtrack of yelping that a voice, similar to that of ours, loudened, interrupted the sleep of my daddy and your daddy. The loudened voice summoned the seniors to wake up and say something that was known as prayer. It was unwanted but fear of fire made it wanted. My daddy and your daddy were quarrelling over who was to take the lantern. I had four hundred and ninety two tick-tocks to get myself to you, because, I remember, one time I counted that number of tick-tocks during which your daddy and my daddy went to do the same action. The room away from ours, where you had closed your eyes, was the place where I was to whisper to you. I felt something chillingly itching in the corner of my body that drew me magnetically to a short space from your face. I sensed your.... I could not touch even the least sensual part of you, though being enticed to simply put the upper back part of my right hand forefinger upon your earlobe. No, no, it could not be a kind of pure joy, you were asleep. Instead of the back part of my right-hand forefinger, I made close my lips to whisper, to whisper to you to wake up and get out in next to no time after hearing the yelping, for the reason that the moment the sleepy lantern, after being back, was extinguished, the foxhound would commence yelping. I, stealthily backed to the between of the blankets, wondered first whether you heard my whispering or not and then whether, in case of hearing, whether you would come or not. Meanwhile the two, crooning some religious-like phrases, came back to sleep. After a while, I moved the atop blanket to the left as gently as... I don't know as gently as what. i stood up. i looked around. i moved to the door. i grasped the wooden handle of the door. i shoved the handle downward. it creaked. L/lastly ajar. I was on the other side. Again I grasped the handle, but I shoved it upward, creaked another time. It was not ajar any longer. I donned a muffler and a duffle coat. Not too far, after stepping out, from the pre-chamber door, the ankles downward

were enveloped in snow from all the directions except for the upper part. Of course, if I stood motionlessly there I would be enveloped inescapably. Letting this total envelopment to befall in another time and place, I decided to go through the path beside the wall, being under the less severe attack of the snowfall. Sluggishly I took my body to the ridge, along which two chimneys, whose tasks was to transfer the sooty-like byproduct of burnt firewood to the seemingly external vacuum, were seen. Motionlessly stood, frequently...was occurring to my mind. What I could do was just staring at the door focusingly. The duskiess of the dawn and the approaching appearance of the day's light made it such an unsolvable dilemma for the foxhound to recognize the existence of any lighted lantern or oil-burn heater to do its yelping that I felt not pity for it. The seeming gradual passage of the time was the cause of firmness, warmness and coziness in my lower parts. In case of being seen by a fellow-villager, taking me for something like an scarecrow was more likely than any other guesswork, but the aforementioned fellow villager would definitely doubt the usage of something like an scarecrow in such a place and such a season, so no alternative remained excepting taking me for a human being; but the same fellow villager could never even have the slightest idea of answering the whys of my standing there. Yelping was cut short as though by the approaching footsteps of.... The seemingly approaching dimly-heard sound of footsteps, not sure whether they were yours, kept my upper part from falling into the domain of frigidity. The path I went through consumed you voraciously. Standing face-exactly-to-face, with the least possible distance between the tips of our noses through which the thinnest thing in the known world, with great difficulty, better to say hardly, could pass, the slightest motion either westward or eastward would ineluctably brought about either a fleshy and fleshy contact or a falling down, since being on the ridge. But such a motion could not even be imagined. As the distance between the darkness of the past night and the lightness of the coming day grew more, the visibility of your flickeringeyes was more visible, the minute yelping was never heard. The moment of merging. We were, bit by bit and moment by moment, trying to decrease not only the distance between the apparent distance of our eyes but also....," he said.

"Turn off the radio, my ... husband," she said.