

Losco has a Vishnu poster I've never seen in my life. I only notice it now as I undress. It's on the wall above the desk. A divine figure wrapped in his mystical shroud. He has a calm face, lips relaxed, large eyes slightly squashed at the sides. He holds with his four hands objects that look like archaic weapons or religious utensils. I don't know for sure, after all, I never even knew much about my own faith.

Losco asked me to hurry up, to dress comfortably because we have to sit for a few hours.

Before the wave comes.

I'm wearing gym pants and a white T-shirt bought on Ecosia, the search engine I use instead of Google. I started using it before the accident because of an ecologist colleague of mine. He says that I can plant trees effortlessly, plus save the planet. I don't believe it, but the service is the same as Google. I've even installed Ecosia on my laptop.

I stop in front of the strange figure of Vishnu. It's as if it shines inside me. A god inside. A carrying force that

has chosen me as a hidden dwelling, maybe to rest, maybe to enlighten me.

Lisa had also installed Ecosia on her devices. I sharpened her image of her back sitting at the living room desk. She didn't sit there often, I used it for work. She was looking for songs. That last year she had decided to learn a song and take it to the show at the music school she had enrolled in.

Why would she do that?

Why did she enroll?

Losco calls me; he was right. Things have started to communicate with me - I realized it with Saber. I think about him and I'm sorry. And now I have the impression that Vishnu really wants to get out of his frame and sink into my soul.

Losco has distributed the bottles of water throughout the house. They stand on the edge of the spaces and look like many little men waiting for something. The water inside moves like jellyfish, floating gently and giving me some peace.

"Come with me," says Losco, taking me away from my catharsis. But as I turn my attention away from them, I notice my face in the bathroom mirror.

"I'll be right there," I tell him.

Losco nods, asks me to hurry up, that I'll find him sitting in the living room.

I close the door behind me. Approaching the mirror, there's a sparkle in my eyes that attracts me. I can see every layer, filter, passage or construction that makes up

the retina or the sclera or the colour of these two unknown globes whose black edges flow like an escalator conveyor belt.

With my fingers I feel the skin just below the lashes. It is soft and elastic, free from any hint of wrinkle or furrow. It is perfect. I wonder if it is just the hallucinogenic effect or the ability of these mushrooms to make me so young. I see myself as twenty again, in the best years of my life, in the heart of my relationship with Lisa.

I ache for those days again and feel an overwhelming desire. And I advance, I get closer to my reflection, looking for myself in that double image that now is a young university boy ready to dive into new adventures. There's something in my irises, it's as if I were watching a movie, a film flowing, showing me buried truths.

I had to forget.

Twice, I've been told. A rare case, something that happens once every hundred years.

I'm not sure it was true.

I get so close to the mirror that I touch it with the tip of my nose. I focus and it's incredible how fast my eyes can do it. Then I move aside and play the finger game. I place it three feet away from my face and I approach it, slowly. I keep seeing the finger, sharp. I see him and the rest in the background as clearly as the closest things. It's like having a thousand eyes and new colours to discover.

I want to see that film. I look for myself again in those irises. I do it because the emotion is overwhelming; it supports me, it dares me to do things that from another

point of view would be considered crazy.

I pull the skin underneath my left eye downwards, the red veins recede, like streams of water that dry in the sun and retreat into the dark corners. They fall back into the white of the sclera.

I want the film.

I want us.

At the same time, I want to enjoy this feeling that seems to open up the centre of my chest.

I look for the images that I had glimpsed just before, imprinted in the reticles of the iris. In iridology, the lower part is dedicated to the kidneys. Going up, clockwise, there are liver, heart, lungs and spleen/pancreas.

I took a course. It was a long time ago, maybe before or shortly after I graduated. I wanted to explore the human body. I was fascinated by its function and nuances. Lisa had spurred me on, saying she was proud to have such an intelligent boyfriend. It fueled my ego. I took those classes with a friend, Umberto. Laughing to myself, I recall how Umberto slapped me the first time I got drunk. After college, though, he started drinking too. At first, it was a purely intellectual friendship - we both had a passion for science - then it became something else. The memory drags me away from my own reflection.

Losco calls me.

"I'm coming."

I keep thinking about that course.

The filaments of my left iris reduced because of my

dilated pupil. It's as if I am observing myself with a microscope: as I approach every detail becomes clearer, expands. I am an atom that explores the entirety of itself.

I wonder what's in the other one. I focus my right eye, in a flash I hear those notes, a music that seems unforgettable, that gives me her hands and skin but not her face. The notes build something of Lisa. And there she is, I am sure, in there, an image squashed between the outer edge of the pupil and the sclera. The seated image of Lisa.

The filaments that colour my eyes bring her to life. She is pushing her fingers on a keyboard without music, because the music comes from outside, as if it is playing behind me.

So I turn around and find the patient and understanding figure of Losco asking me to follow him, that the time has come.

"How can this happen?"

"You are in an altered state, your senses are altered. Things want to communicate with you. They want to make you see what you need."

"I want to see her."

"Come with me."

I follow him.

Before I come out of the bathroom and turn off the light, I turn my attention back to the young boy in the mirror. I would like to ask Losco if he can see what I see, if I am the one the mirror shows me but I don't. I follow him into the living room.

"Let's sit on the floor. Take that cushion if you like."

I take a cushion from the sofa and put it on the floor. I sit on it, mimicking Losco. I laugh because the water has created a perimeter around us and the little waves inside them are dancing in unison. Shimmering. Harmonious.

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes. Do you see it too?"

"I see. But I've experienced it before."

"In short, you won't go any further."

"No. I'll stay here with you. Always. I'll guide you. And when you come back, after the mother wave, you'll find me exactly where we are now, but it'll be a little different."

"How different?"

Smile a little. "You'll find out."

"It's gonna hurt."

"It will do its job. There's no going back from here, my friend."

"I don't think I want to go back anymore." I'm serious. The past I persist in forgetting has the features of a pained body three times mine.

"You must accept the events."

I nod. "What should I do?"

Losco crosses his legs and joins the index finger and thumb of his hands in the form of the Buddha that was painted in the picture hanging on one of the walls of the room.

"Do as I do and follow my voice."

"Alright."

It's an uncomfortable position. I recall a moment when Lisa and Giulia were discussing Yoga. They wanted to take a course, did the first free trial session, but after that stopped going.

Why?

Left eye. From the kidney belt, going up counterclockwise, the eye shows us the healthy state of the spleen and pancreas, then the lungs and...

"Now, close your eyes."

I had already closed them, I had closed them to think of my eye, of what I had seen, of its forms that created other forms, perhaps my most hidden memories. Possibly they are right there behind my tired irises or hyper-dilated pupils.

Orthosympathetic, the pupil dilated.  
Parasympathetic, pupil narrowing.

"Follow my voice."

He says that because he must have heard me laughing to myself under my breath. I'm a naughty little boy.

"Bring your concentration to your breath now. Do it. Don't let your mind wander. Things talk to you, but they're like people who are all talking at the same time, wanting to say something to you. We have to shut them up, make them talk one by one harmoniously. Before the mother wave comes."

I'll try. It's hard. Hard to be in this position with your butt sitting on a flat, uncomfortable cushion.

"Breathe in. While you're doing it, think you can inhale this room with all its stuff."

I'm laughing. I'm not stopping.

"I'm sorry."

Losco laughs too. "Don't worry, I know it's weird."

"I'll do it."

"Now. Inhale."

And it's the moment. I can hear those notes coming from a piano, I dragged them from the bathroom all the way here and like submerged ramparts rising up from the waters of a dried-up lake, they flood inside my head. I see her in my right iris. Her hands, her pose. Lisa, in fact, is sitting in our living room. I'm watching TV with my headphones on, listening to the documentary on the destruction of coral reefs. As a scientist, I loved those programmes. I wanted to travel to get to know the world, but then I never did.

Why not?

Another question I can't answer.

At the lab, I was earning pretty well. Not at first, of course, but then things got better. Yes, I'm sure they did. Even if I saved up enough money to buy a new car without a loan, I never went to see the coral reefs I dreamed of. We had a holiday in Egypt. We stayed in the village for a week, sunbathing, going down to the beach, doing a few laps and eating all day. We stayed offshore, in the open sea, we wanted to dive to see the coral reef but I didn't feel well. On the way back, we climbed on a rock and threw ourselves into the sea from several metres up. Lisa ran in front of me and bravely hovered in the air. I hesitated partly because I felt nauseous in the boat and partly because I was cold. However, the real



truth was a third factor: the height. It seemed to me an impossible distance to do in free fall.

I breathe in.

Like that memory, my air-filled body seems to move in slow motion. Time slows down.

Lisa called me from below, said I was a wimp, that the water was fresh, bright and, finally, I could see my reef. I wanted to dive, I wanted it with all my heart, but I left that rocky pedestal and made my way down to Lisa on the beach below. She was curled up on the edge of another rock, her body directing me to the fish – gold, purple and who knows how many other colours – swimming between the bottom and the surface. She had skinny shoulders. She was wearing a distinct swimsuit, a bright colour, maybe yellow. Her mother gave it to her and Lisa decided to wear it to please her. We sent her a picture of us on the shore. Lisa didn't like it. She said it made her feel old or like a schoolgirl. But she was glad to make other people happy.

This memory shakes as I reach Lisa at the rock to see her face. I want to look at her face, not the fish. The fish can wait. She, on the other hand, has no more time. Everything moves under the pressure of a multi-dimensional earthquake, like when you agitate the water in a bottle or your computer screen while watching a movie.

I reach out my hand and try to hold on to Lisa's right shoulder, but the suction of my breath is dragging away this beautiful dream too.

I don't want to leave you anymore, my sweet love.

I don't want to leave you alone, not even for a moment.

So, I think if I breathe out now, I'll be there with her again. But even when the room has been sucked into my nostrils, my lungs have been filled with her and my hopes have been pushed to the limit of endurance, I simply cannot bring myself to exhale.

"Have sweet dreams, my friend.

