

Take heart

Take distance, take measure

Take heart is like measuring the size of your own heart, what the heart is able to feel and act, “to be”; just once is enough for everything to change.

Small stones unroll themselves pushing each other along the valley, some accelerating the others again, they meet in the clinking of the stone resonating like an echo across the channel.

The wind and rain had blown the stones into that channel, some were anchored to the moss, rubbing and crushing the flowers and tall grass of the late spring with boldness.

In that forest the Man walked along a path having already forgotten his name, he had rarely succeeded in meeting anybody able to call him. He was sure that with his height he could admire the mountain and he told those whom he met accidentally on the trail, that when the night fell, he left the house to hear the sight of the immutable mountain.

Not seeing the reflection of his face on the walls, he seemed to compare himself to the unalterable mountain and wanted to hold that immense height that in his embrace.

The Man always carried out the same daily work, without receiving sudden joy, or anything unexpected, knowing no game or empathy for someone who had never existed.

But one day everything changed; he walked on some shingle and his feet sank into those stones as if he was walking on the sand, at each movement the larger stones rolled forward. He stopped, noticing a stone particularly different in shape and color, and picked it up, threw it forward, far away, almost losing it from sight, and then picked up three more well-polished round stones and began to throw them one by one, trying to get them closer to the different stone.

Those noises of stones falling to the ground echoed in the long gully.

The gestures were repeated many, many times; collecting the stone, running forward chasing the others which were falling further back or nearer to that obscure place.

The Man had not noticed that now he was down in the valley, he had left the immense mountain behind him, he was in an unfamiliar place, but it gave him a sudden joy that he had never felt before; now he was far away from where he was born, finally he had found himself hopelessly alien to a past that would never come back to look for him.

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