

notes from a dream

by Juan Carlos Pareja

Sorry to disturb. Have you seen God in here?

No, not of lately, no.

Shit.

Why, is it urgent?

Kind of.

Would a cup of tea be of any help?

Always.

Man in the living room goes in the kitchen, space and time suddenly shift, man in dream does not know where he is, man in the living room has a crazy feeling that man in dream is Leonardo. We all are.

I know you.

Are you sure?

Yes. Positive.

If you say so. To be honest you popping in my house and asking about God is the first I've seen of you.

Your tea is delicious.

Thank you. Now tell me, where do you say you know me from?

Nowhere.

Now mister, that sounds a bit like crazy talk to me. Nothing against crazy talk, just making a point.

I've seen your reflection before. I've drawn it in the past.

Now sir, I don't mean to be rude but you come in here, my living room and claim to be some sort of painter, claim to know me from the past and talk some sort of crazy talk about my reflection. That just don't make any logic.

Logic?

Yes logic, have you heard of it?

No, never.

Man in living room is bemused. He is bemused because he has been secretly looking for his reflection all his life. How can this crazy man know his reflection? Has he come from another dimension? Is that even possible? And if so, how can he be sipping his own tea? This all fascinates man in living room.

Reflections hold secrets, don't they?

Yes.

Nobody talks about it.

That is of no importance.

Have you ever painted my reflection?

Maybe.

And what did it look like?

I cannot remember. It is very old now. It has been five hundred years.

There goes the crazy talk again.

Yes. I'm sorry.

Man in living room takes a good look at the master himself. He does not look like anything he expected. The afternoon fades away and conversation is made irrelevant. Time is made more obvious. Five hundred years have a certain weight on things in real life. Man in living room falls asleep. Man in dream goes to wherever the hell he came from.

