

Pessoa

by Juan Carlos Pareja

Pessoa, wake up, I need your help!

I want to be the universe, I *need* to be the universe. And somehow be no-one at all. I want to expand and be everything and not be tragically held by One. But I need your help, old man, because my words are not enough to make me forget that I am I.

Here I come! (I would say). Save me this last time. Help me find redemption. Take me with you to that place where your words float in my being and allow me to scrape immortality.

But, alas, the glass must shatter and I must crawl back into my shell and watch the horizon escape from within my grasp. Once again, I must live knowing that I'm the other one, the defeated one, the cruel enslaver of the universe.

Pointless is to fight.

