

had
Later I
ence I did
of the dai-
someone not
David and La
I brought the
I opened it at the
letters of text, wi-
images were to be
words, so one can

daimonos and not the king himself, the king of writers and poets, and his name is David, called and appealed to him as so many have done before me, in all the different ways lamenting or singing and praising. Even the great Florentines did so, elected him as their spirit already before Michelangelo and until Ketty La Rocca did. So I went up and stayed there in Florence, Jerusalem and followed them and made all these works in great urgency. Like Michelangelo, but he liked the young David, the one killing the Goliath, which is great, some like the story about how he and Jonathan loved each other so much and stayed for days and nights together in their favorite hiding place in the cave during long and hot summer years, like my smooth and rebellious Florentine cats in their comfy cardboard box. Some like the idea of his return one day in the future when all injustice and repression will fall from us, may the day come soon. But I prefer the older one, the urban poet and singer, the one after the long years of his life sometimes has to deal with the memories of faux pas and episodes of misdemeanors, resulting in mood swings of desperation, waking up in the middle of the night captive of painful sadness and one night as he woke up that way again saw the big moon of his Jerusalem behind the window and then the moon came closer and came to the window and started himself playing David's guitar left in his bedroom, hanging from the wall and the moon was singing the earlier poems of the king and it relieved with great comfort the worried spirit of his heart. Writing these ways a bit like passing along the streets connecting his spirit in the Tuscan city of David, wanting to say that writing in general might be like meandering around, or invoking something and in the end there is an image made by the text but the image nobody might be able to see.

I
was
walking the
streets and
lots of things went
through my head. I was on the
verge of desperation before I had
started my walk, but I should be short and
refuse to tell what my thoughts had been in
fact, before my moment, before it happened.
Whatever I decided to change my thought and
to start in a new fashion again although belie-
ving I would not be able to do so just by myself.
So who could be included in my continuous
thoughts. Then I remembered there was this story
of Socrates where he mentions that during most
of his life he was feeling that he was accompanied
something he calls his daimonos. ...
The street was hot and I walked on the side without
I tried this kind of conversation and really it see-
work, talking like Socrates did. Just after a few more
while passing on a number of closed shops all with
metal doors deep down to the floor, some probably
august holidays but most seemingly closed forever as
suburban neglected street away from the fashionable
while passing and trying to connect to my daimonon,
steps before me a shiny white envelope slowly moved
one of the quiet neglected doors appeared through the
crack and stopped moving half way and remained. I could not stop my
walk. I should not participate in such a game, I thought, not allow my
life getting distracted by such incidents. Told myself not even to turn
round and look at it carefully, but still, when I looked down a last time
the moment I finally passed I felt the presence of a hand behind although
I did not see anything. The envelope looked very common. In fact to me it
looked almost too common, now I believe it was such an uncanny moment
that it appeared to me too uncannily like the most common envelope. It just
printed the payment already on it, instead of a stamp, like very official.
wondered first, how come that from the beginning of the whole new experi-
ment, someone being invisible?
Rocca.

by

shadow.
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their
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centers,
just two
out below
slim tiny