

28 Tears of my beloved

All the jokes, all the missing pictures...

Allen Ginsberg

And when they passed the dark night,

resistance became useless.

Love has been unstoppable.

Marguerite Duras

I opened the door, a gust of emptiness and silence. From the wall to the ceiling over dolgonogi. In the apartment everything was as always. But Tian-Tian was not. He's probably still in the restaurant. And maybe, came back and saw that I was there, left again.

It dawned on me that my disappearance was probably a fatal mistake. The first time I was left without a plausible pretext. Tian-Tian is probably called, and if no one answered him... I didn't have the strength to even think about it. I took a bath, drank two tablets of a tranquilizer and went to bed.

I had a disgusting broad and dirty river, a raging yellow stream. Nearby can not see the bridge, only a fragile bamboo the ferry, which guards the bearded angry man. I crossed a muddy stream on the ferry, and besides me there was another man, his face I have ever seen. In the middle of the river we were swept by a huge wave. I cried in terror, because's still wet and I almost choked. At that moment behind me grabbed someone's strong hand. It was my unknown companion (or companion?). And unknown (male or female?) the voice said, "fear Not!". And someone still unseen, and framed my shoulder and supported, so I didn't fall.

We rolled out a new, more terrible shaft. And suddenly I woke up from the annoying phone call with a start of surprise.

I didn't want to take up. I was still in the power of a terrible dream. Who was the Savior sailing with me? There's an old saying: "to be sure of the reliability of the friendship, just ten years to ensure fidelity and love - is not enough for a hundred."

Heart pounding. Finally, I rallied and answered the phone. Connie Called. She was alarmed and asked if I knew where Tian-Tian.

Chest ached from the painful feeling.

- No, I have no idea.

The sound of my voice - utterly false - was disgusting to me. If Connie knew where I was and what I was doing for the last few days, she did not deign me even a single word. And if it is true that she had a hand in the death of her husband in Spain, she could hire some thug to beat me to death. Her loving mother's heart, brave and capable of a desperate act that inevitably had to tell her that her son, whom she adored and who was so anxious, shamelessly betrayed the woman he idolized.

- I called several times, but no one came to the phone. I'm afraid that with you something happened!

Of course, she meant much more than uttered out loud, but I pretended to know nothing.

- I went to my parents for a few days.

She sighed:

- How is your mom: the leg heal?

- Thank you for asking. She's better now. And suddenly I remembered: - But Tian-Tian had to paint a wall in the restaurant?

- He was quite a bit, but suddenly he dropped everything and left. I decided that he was back home. Do you think he's okay? asked Connie with concern.

- I think so. Don't worry. Maybe he went to visit someone from friends. I'll call and find out.

The first thing I thought of was Madonna. Called her on the phone he heard her hoarse voice. Tian-Tian was really there.

- Tian-Tian said that he would like to stay in me for a few days. - Voice felt that Madonna is not telling. Isn't he going back home? Maybe he just hate to meet me. Due to my sudden and unexplained disappearance, he could call my parents and know that I'm not there. In this case, my fake alibi burst.

In the strongest excitement I paced the room, smoked one cigarette after another and finally decided to go to Madonna and will certainly speak with Tian-Tian.

Sitting in a taxi, I tried to invent some plausible pretext for such a long absence. But to no avail. To mind justify one more improbable than the other. Well, who would believe that I slipped out of the house and without telling anyone, immediately rushed to someone's wedding in Guangzhou? What fool would take at face value the story that I was taken hostage by the robbers wearing masks, broke into our apartment?

No, it is not necessary to stoop to lies, it is better to come clean. I'm just not able to shamelessly lie to the man so madly in love with me, so smart and talented and at the same time pure and naive, like a child. And having made this desperate decision, I resigned to its consequences. I was prepared for the worst - the fact that a few days will be all alone, and the two closest man will forever be out of my life.

I have always conceded, compromised, lied. But still take life and love in a romantic light. Think of all the women in the world with a University degree I was the most sophisticated and desperate creature. Quite deserving of the rector of the University revoked my diploma, and Chairman of the Association of novelists uttered the epitaph on my grave under the approving applause of God.

All the way to the house of the Madonna, I was talking to myself. Okay. The courage and admit it. You need to say: "Tian-Tian, I can't take it. I love you. If you think I'm despicable stuff, just come and spit in my face". Thought we'd never get here. I was desperate and totally exhausted. From a tiny mirror I watched stranger - chapped chapped lips and dark circles under the eyes in a strange face. The woman's face, ravaged by incurable disease because the cause of the disease is a painful mental disorder and cowardice in love.

Villa Madonna is buried in all the colors of the greenery of weeping willows. In its order, the builders erected an unusually long driveway to the main entrance as one of the photos in the American magazine "Style". It is considered very elegant and prestigious, if, after passing the gate, you have to go all over the site before showing the facade of the house. However, the home lovely, clean,

spacious and azaleas and willow negate pretentiousness of the original intent.

On the intercom at the gate, I called his name and asked him to let me through.

The gate automatically opened, and at me furiously barked sitting on the chain watchdog. I immediately noticed Tian-Tian. He was lying on the grass nearby and smoked.

Carefully avoiding the dog, I approached him. He opened one eye and looked at me.

Hey! he said in a sleepy voice.

Hey! I stopped in complete confusion.

Madonna in a bright red house dress descended the stairs from the veranda.

- Drink? - she asked, smiling widely and lazily. The maid served a tall glass of Apple juice with red wine.

I asked Tian-Tian as he felt the last two days.

"Fine," he assured.

Madonna yawned, and said that the house has absolutely everything you need, offered me to stay with them, it will be fun. On the porch one after the other showed a few silhouettes. And only now I realized that actually there were a lot of people, including several laowai, including Johnson, number Five, his girlfriend, and several tall and slim girls look like models. A tangle of poisonous snakes guarding his lair.

From their behavior, from the whole ambiance of this place was suggestive of drug intoxication. I felt the smell of marijuana. Went to Tian-Tian, but he was lying on the grass like in poluzabytogo, immersed in contemplation. He was like a hero of Greek mythology a Titan, son of Earth, a detachment of which threatened him with imminent death. Sometimes Tian-Tian seemed to be the embodiment of universal sorrow. But in his heart he raged rampant hidden rage.

- You don't want to talk to me? - I touched his hand.

He moved and spoke with their puzzling me smile:

Coco, don't you know? The pain in your left leg is given in my right.

So Catholic treated love one of the most beloved writers of Tian-Tian Miguel de Unamuno [112].

I looked at him, unable to utter a word. I looked into his eyes and drowned in hazy abyss of overwhelming bitterness and sorrow. And from somewhere in the depths of this abyss, from its very centre, beneath the gloomy veil shaky, enduring the cold and bright light glittered two diamonds. That light revealed such wisdom and despair that I realized that Tian-Tian understood everything without words. He was the only person in the universe, always intuitively finding the way to my soul. Each of us was a continuation of the other. We strung one nerve, and if Meria was sick left foot, then it started to hurt right. We don't have room to lie.

In the eyes is blackened, and in complete exhaustion I collapsed on the grass next to Tian-Tian. Body became weightless and alien. In a trance I saw a thin, pale face of the Madonna, bending over me like an overturned sail. I picked up and carried somewhere grey rococo wave, and like a huge shell, came the echoing call Tiana-Tiana:

Coco, Coco!

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Waking up and opening my eyes, I was in the middle of the silence, like a pebble, polished by the surf and thrown by the tide on a deserted beach. Lush mattress, I recognized one of the countless bedrooms in the house of the Madonna, decorated in brown tones, the luxurious, but completely useless things.

On his forehead lay a wet towel. I looked away from the glass of water on the dressing table, the headboard of the bed and on the sofa noticed Tian-Tian. He approached, gently touched my face and gently removed the towel:

- Are you better now?

I flinched from his touch. The nausea had not subsided, I was terribly exhausted and depressed. Tian-Tian still sat beside the bed and stared at me.

- I lied to you, ' I said barely audible. - But I didn't lie in only one, I gasped, and stared at the ceiling.  
- That I love you.

He was silent.

- You Madonna told! In the temples I knocked. - She swore not to say a single word... You think I'm shameless, right?

I was on the verge of fainting, everything collapsed. You should try to explain. But the more I talked, the more stupid and legavenue sounded every word. My face rained down my tears soak through the pillow razletevshihnya strands of hair.

- I don't know why. I just wanted for once in your life you feel whole, because I love you so.

- Yes, honey, love will keep us together forever, was quoted Tian-Tian place of Ian Curtis committed suicide in 1980.

Tian-Tian leaned over me and painfully gripped in the arms.

- I despise you! he said eagerly, CEDA through his teeth, every word, russakovskii the air like a whip. Because of you I feel myself nothing but contempt - he burst into tears. I can't truly love you. My whole life is a shameful farce. Don't you dare feel sorry for me. I just have to disappear!

If you have a sore left leg I have a pain right. If you start to drown in the turbulent whirl of life, I also go to the bottom. If the desire to Express your love you will sink into the black void, I too will be petrified and forget how to love. If you sell your soul to the devil, his dagger would pierce my heart.

We had not opened her arms, as if merged. We are, we exist. And besides us no one in the world!

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