

31 the Color of death

Was he conscious or not, alive or dead,
more had absolutely no
matter because for me its more
did not exist. It was then, in the same
the moment when the sound of music resounded
over the surface of the sea, she found him and found again.

Marguerite Duras

My novel is about to end. Having filled more than one pen, I finally found a longed-for sense of freedom, the feeling of soaring and flying, when flying headlong skiing down a mountain slope. The sense of liberation with a strange touch of sorrow.

I can not predict the fate of this book. After all, she's a part of my life over which I have no control. I am no longer responsible for the behavior of my characters and the outcome of the story, created by my imagination. Now when I released them into the wild, moving on paper, it's time for them to lead their own lives and to decide how it should end.

I'm depressed and exhausted and don't want to look at myself in the mirror.

It's been two months and eight days, became Tian-Tian, but I'm still not leaving a ghostly feeling that he's somewhere near, I always feel his invisible presence.

I'm making coffee in the kitchen, and suddenly from the bathroom clearly heard the sound of running tap water. Probably, Tian-Tian again taking a bath. Rush in there, but there is only emptiness.

Sitting at a Desk and leafing through the manuscript, you feel his gaze. See how he sits behind me on the sofa and with his usual tenderness watching me. But I'm afraid to turn around and scare him away. I know that he still dwells in this room, sharing my loneliness. He stubbornly waits for me to finish the novel, the writing of which he insisted and which had such expectations.

Nights are the hardest, penetrates the ears of someone rustling whisper. I thrash on the bed, clings to his pillow and praying to even see him in my dream. The window softly creeping grey mist and soft, heavy paw touches the forehead. Someone in the ringing silence distracts me. He's coming dressed in white, still as beautiful and always loving, and we soar skyward, respostas transparent wings. We hover over the grass, over the houses, over roads, And are carried farther in the jade sky, where flows the bright light.

Dawn breaks, heralding the end of the dream and the ruthless awakening. In every corner of the earth, the night dissolves in the future. I Wake up, and favorite again there. Only the inescapable bitter the tenderness of heart and moisture for tired lashes. Since early morning I woke up and saw beside him the dead Tian-Tian, the awakening turned to me in endless agony.

On the day of departure Stamp from Shanghai I took refuge with my parents. The next day went to

our apartment on the Western outskirts of the city, not taking anything out of the given mark. Only wear platinum engagement ring with blue sapphire, which was secretly removed from his finger when Mark was asleep. He was so upset and depressed on the day of departure that it is hardly noticed that I stole the ring. Yes, and what did it matter? Maybe it was my last trick, or I just wanted to keep something to remember him by.

The ring I really liked, but it was too big, and kept only on the thumb. On the doorstep I took it off and put it in his pocket.

Tian-Tian was watching TV. On the table in front of him was a pile of popcorn, chocolate and cans of Coca-Cola. When he saw me he spread out his arms and joyfully exclaimed:

- I thought you ran away, and I'll never see you again!

With these words he hugged me.

- Mom made us wontons. Want, I'll make them for you? - I asked, shaking the package.

I want to go somewhere and have a little lie on the grass, ' he replied, and laying his head on my shoulder, he added: - you.

We took sunglasses, grabbed a bottle of water and a taxi drove to Fudan University. Here was a delightful lawn and breathe much more freedom than in a public Park. I'm always happy and warmth remembered the atmosphere of the campus, his freedom-loving spirit, elegance, and refreshing purity.

Sitting in the shade of the camphor tree, Tian-Tian wanted was to read some poem, but not one remembered.

- Wait till your stories will publish, we will be able to come here and read them aloud so everyone could hear! University students like these things, right? he said.

We've been lying under a tree, and then even had lunch in the student lounge. Near the dormitories of foreign students on the street Janton a bar called "Rock-pub" where often is the rock group "the Maniacs". The owner of the establishment, the guitarist Zeng Tao. We wanted beer and we went.

There were a lot of familiar faces. Our friends are younger. Soloist of "Maniacs" Zhou Yuna has long not been seen. Last summer we with Tian-Tian was at one of the concerts of this group in the East China Polytechnic University. From their post-punk music we have a little roof did not go. We danced like mad until I collapsed on the ground.

The Spider appeared in the company of young people, like foreign students. We hugged, exchanged greetings of "Ni Hao, Ni Hao" and came to the consensus that brought us together for a happy occasion. The last time Spidey had a lot of conversations with foreign students: due to the downturn in the computer business, he decided to drop it and go abroad to study. And now quite brisk spoke English pretty well and French and Spanish.

In the bar there was music by "Portishead". Some visitors were dancing, but all their faces were pale and expressionless. Patrons of bars that spend day and night in these places, all on one person, impersonal, and indifferent to everything. I was listening to music, and Tian-Tian slipped away to the toilet and after some time came out unsteadily.

I knew what he was doing there, but was not able to resist his self-destructive stubbornness, to see his face a mask of dull indifference, as if his soul already left the body and disappeared in the dark. And then I got drunk. To be near him when he's high, is possible only in a state of extreme intoxication. Each of us found a means to forget, to get into a private sink and there to fight with yourself, writhing in pain and not knowing her place as a frightened ray of light in the darkness.

At about midnight after an exhausting dance of madness and exhausting narcotic euphoria we returned home. Even without taking a bath, threw clothes and collapsed into bed. The air conditioning was turned up to full power, and in the dream I was haunted by the annoying, like the buzzing of an insect, the sound of its running engine. It was the only thing that disturbed my sleep.

With the first rays of the sun I opened my eyes and turned to Tian-Tian, to kiss him. My hot lips froze from the cold, touching his stiff and white, like ice, the body. I was shaking it with all his might, calling by name, kissed and shook the hair. Then, naked, jumped off the bed and unconsciously jumped onto the balcony. From there, pressing his forehead against the windowpane, a long time staring at the bed in the bedroom and on the motionless body of my beloved.

In the face with a stream of tears streamed down, I am biting my fingers. And cried to him:

- Wake up, dummy!

But he didn't react. He was dead, and I do too.

At the funeral many friends and acquaintances Tian-Tian, but his grandmother was not. Everyone was awkward, I was very nervous and worried. I did not fit in the head that Tian-Tian is going to happen something. I didn't understand how is it possible that his body suddenly turned into a bunch of insensitive weightless ash. It was hard for me to imagine how his soul will get out of a terrible underground dungeon, where there is death, and rise to the heavens. Probably somewhere high up in the sky, there is created the Creator of the abode of pristine purity, a world of other thoughts and feelings.

The funeral was doing Connie. In a mourning-dress and with a black veil, she looked like the heroine of the film. Held firmly and with dignity, but somewhat aloof. It seemed that her grief was more external than internal. It was crazy confused, desperate mothers, who lost his only son, and only of noble and restrained sadness attractive middle-aged ladies dressed in mourning. The behavior of any woman is very important is the sincerity. Dignity and good manners a little. I suddenly somehow become a nasty expression on her face and the tone with which she pronounced the funeral sermon.

When my turn came, I hurriedly mumbled a poem dedicated to Tian-Tian.

At the last moment to look at the image of cute

The face of the impending silence.

Pain to survive on the edge of the grave

To move past sweet dreams

And relive your breath.

Barely room soulless glass

And flown away.

In silence – goodbye.

But words are not necessary. While their gone...

And then disappeared in the crowd. I was totally confused: met so many people, so many strangers, and they came not to the feast... all of this became reality and nightmare, my heart was torn to pieces.

I wanted to run and hide. But Tian-Tian was no longer in this world. And in our shelter where we were hiding from the world in the four walls, there was no sense.

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