

## THE SILENCE

By Joseph Gueron

I could have said to myself what a fool I had been, or be kind and just forget about it and smile. I could have raised my voice, slapped her, or even screamed, but not, not what I did. Some times actions can be forgiven, if not accepted. But not to act, when an action is required; not to respond when a response is expected, that is a sin. And sinful I was in my silence and what a pleasure it was. What a pleasure seeing in those eyes, those pleading eyes, the need for understanding, or at least recognition. What a pleasure seeing in her face the pain of my silence.

Master I was, when lover I was not. Victim she was, when lover she was not, and in that negation we were what we always had been, perhaps what we always would be. Her "yes" becoming a "no", my "no" becoming a "yes". Both knowing it, both crying for it, both waiting for the end, when began we had not.

Her wordless pain was feeding in me that certain impotent-like rage, mounting, embracing, swallowing me, that paralytic me, that fastidious me. Knowing without

knowing I would win; not knowing, but knowing that in winning I would lose.

How joyless was the love making, how dry. The furtive eyes, the furtive sighs, the furtive touch, the furtive thirst, a poem of evasiveness we were, almost comic in our cosmic ritual. A mating act without lust, without passion, without love, without mates, an onanism performing couple we were.

Had we had any self-respect we would have parted, without even saying goodbye, but being two individuals trying very hard to be "well-adjusted", we were stupid enough to remain together, that is to say, separated but in the same supine position on the bed.

Having finished my beer with a greet demonstration of pleasure, burping and an equivocal fart, I lay there waiting, waiting for the everlasting "I must be going".

But it never came. I did murmur it as a Mantra,

"I must be going

I going must be

Must I going be

Be going I must"

I was close to reach Satori, so close to reach Kensho

I felt I was Bodhisattva, I felt I was Bodhi Dharma.

Siddhartha I was. I was the bed, I was the pillow, I was

the sweat, I was the semen, I was she. She was I. Both male, both female, a hermaphrodite duet of enormous ennui.

Alas, unable to reach satori we coupled again. At last sated the cigarettes were lighted, the breathing composed, the guts rested, the sweat sweated, the ceiling in the eyes, the eyes in the smoke, fish eyes, sad eyes, dead eyes. Eyes that never see, eyes that never let see. I longing for a mouth, unable to say it, unwilling to ask.

Was she silent? No she was not. Was she talking? No she was not. She was smiling and mumbling, smiling and playing with her hair tips, smiling and lying. I did like her voice. I didn't like her words. Her words liked me while her voice did not.

108 degrees Fahrenheit is the internal temperature, at which the body's vital organs began to fail from overheating, and the number of meanings a simple phrase like "I love you" may have. 15:1 is the probability that she uttering the words truly did mean it. .00015% is the probability of being served a Royal Flush when playing Poker and the measure of my pleasure when hearing those words. Somehow a mixture of panic and nausea engulfed me when I heard it. What should I have said? "Bull Shit" or at least "Get Lost"? Instead I responded with some trepidation, almost meekly, "I love you too."

Now a purist may disagree and insist such opposite words are not synonyms. In English 101 that may be so, but in the every day English used by a bastard like me, they are not only synonyms, but even homonyms.

However, how false these last sentences sounds now, this contradictory me, the 'me' who wrote them down. Faust would I be, if I only could, if I would be able to abandon myself completely, absolutely; to deny the very marrow of myself, to become one by becoming two, a Golem would I be.

Who will be the one to write the Name on my forehead? Who will invade my dreams, and slaughter this pretentious me, this narcissistic me. Who will smother this fearful, this spiteful me, and whisper life to the other one inside.

When I was a child, I used to dream of the man I would be. Now that I am an old man I try to dream of the child I never was. And may be that's why, today, I cannot remember what I dreamed last night, or remember my past, nor can I dream of a tomorrow.

My silence, my want, my desire.

Her need, my pain, her desire.

My need, her pain, my silence.

