

The feta on the slipper

Prologue

03/01/2013, Bari – Italy

Gosh! I was finally ready to leave for Greece and I was so sure that I would have been involved in such an amazing and interesting experience! To be more precise, I was sure that the formula languages + interculturality would have given as a result a certain intellectual euphoria... and not only! Infact, I was conscious of the fact that certain sentimental drama could have bursted out.

–Elixis–

Ermis... A Messenger? He who – sent by the gods – spreads messages, information and knowledge?

However, going beyond these silly definition attempts,

I could easily state that, once I met him, I felt “something”, as if he was special somehow; since the very first moment, I saw something different, something intriguing in him.

I knew that all of this sounded extremely banal, but my body, my mind... and “the organ which takes care of blood irrogation in our physiological system” – also known as heart, my dear enemy – kept on sending me signals that I couldn't

ignore although I would have loved to! These signals were clear and, nevertheless, ineffable, translatable into a stream of consciousness bound the body, an effluvium which inebriated me and involved my ego in all of its totality; talking about these last elements – after this encounter -, its emotional component had been extremely corrupted, infected and hurt ... and not by accident I guess!

Ah! Emotionality... vague word ... yet incredible source of chaos! It has always been hostile towards me ... or was I towards it? By the way, its ambiguousness and irrationality made me feel indeguate, insecure and unease in front of its immortal deadly army/platoon: feelings.

Nevertheless, Ermis could arouse a deaf yell of a lost sensitivity which, in the meantime was confronting and decimating my soldiers of denial, could define itself as a new-born and censored one. Furthermore, it couldn't admit to itself even the existence of pleasant but destabilizing sensations tied to the exertion – dominion, a pure egemony over me, an unbeatable magnetism... relentless, inescapable and deadly.

“Am I able to love?”

Mellifluous question filled with stagnant sentimentalisms, but – although I was totally convinced of this cold criticism – something indefinable in my chest was

dragging me towards the opposite direction and, so, to the answer to the dreadful question up above.

I would have discovered it at a later stage, or maybe not, howbeit in that moment I wished that – even though I hadn't many certainties and the few of them were staggering – Ermis would have given me the chance to understand, live and listen to that “dark” craving, such a strong yearning, an overwhelming thirst which was finally about to be satisfied.

He was the only who could be the definitive panacea, able to heal the long and concealed agony of my fragmented soul; without realizing it, I was completely subjugated to the most intriguing and, at the same time, upsetting query ever known by human beings...

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