

Tis “the witching time of night”\*  
Orbed is the Moon and bright  
And the Stars they glisten, glisten  
Seeming with bright eyes to listen;  
For what listen they?  
For a song and for a charm,  
See they glisten in alarm  
And the Moon is waxing warm  
To hear what I shall say.  
Moon keep wide thy golden ears  
Hearken Stars, and hearken Spheres,  
Hearken thou eternal Sky

J. Keats.

\*Quoting Hamlet

Dear you,

The busy time has just gone by, and I can now devote any time I like to write you this letter —this beginning is also by Keats. The last few days, sprouts started to come up again, and a soft interbalanced smell of humidity and gentleness arrives at my window while writing. How are you feeling during this transit into the spring? I hope my words find you well, comfortably reading or listening to this. I imagine you reclined on a soft surface, not knowing or not not knowing exactly what this is but trusting this voice and your curiosity. I have been selecting these words meticulously to relieve my desire to spend some time together. Therefore, I am very pleased about your willingness to share this exploration with me.

It is right after dusk and the light is bright yellow. Near the horizon, I can see Mercury, which will be visible only for a while; you will find it as well if you gaze west. We will share the night with a full supermoon in Pisces. The supermoon happens when she coincides with perigee —the closest that the Moon comes to the Earth in its elliptic orbit. Her effulgent luminosity may complicate some of the observations we are meant to do, but her puissant forces will favour others, and she will help us delve into other states of our selves. All is calm now, the night has already surrounded us. The celestial dome unfolds its creatures and phenomena while you are looking at the sky. Try to listen to your breath as you listen to these words: while inhaling, our lungs widen your thorax, while exhaling, your diaphragm reveals a very similar dome to the one you are looking at. Feel the air subtly touching your nasal cavities, it is fresh when it arrives and warm when it leaves your body. Just breathe for a moment and sense the different smells and textures that the air carries.

The light is silver-grey, it tints your skin and clothes and they become brighter. The crystalline surface of your eyes reflects the stars that have already appeared above you. Some familiar constellations are sharing the sky with the giant Moon, your eyes perform a small dance wandering

from one constellation to another: Cassiopeia is near the zenith, a little bit to the left and down from her is Polaris inside Ursa Minor, down from there, towards the horizon, Ursa Major, and drawing a diagonal right and down, crossing Gemini, is Orion. Your gaze stops on him, looking around his stars: Betelgeuse and Bellatrix are his shoulders and Rigel and Saiph are his feet. Your mind enjoys imagining your figure fitting his, the width of your shoulders, the length of your legs, a bright belt around your waist.

A shooting star appears at the distant top of the dome and traverses the sky towards the south, it dissolves near the ground. Right there, your eyes encounter another body of increasing luminosity crossing the sky as well. It has an irregular twinkle, it seems to sound but it is almost inaudible yet. It stops just above you and, changing its trajectory, starts to descend, slowly, coming closer to your body. Consequently, its light is brighter, its size is bigger, its sound is louder. You feel its pleasant heat all over your skin, the heat dilates your pores and expands your contours, willing to host this other body. It starts to melt over you and slides through your flesh, your fascia, your muscles... like dense lava flowing inside a volcano. The flow meanders through your organs, surrounding and caressing your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your intestines... You feel a light pressure while it edges its way through your viscera towards your hips. Its movement evidences the existence of your inner flesh. Your hips turn into a carnal vessel where a solar flare occurs. It feels voluptuously warm deep inside. The explosion spreads crackling sparks throughout your limbs, just underneath the skin. A trembling light is visible through it. Once they are all at the edge of your fingers and toes, they colour your nails with a flashy-fleshy red. They also climb through your throat, they hit your uvula sharply and burst forth through your lips.

Immersed already in the deep night and in a deep silence, your body, pleasantly bare, contemplates the resonance that stayed.

So silently, it seems a beam of light  
Shot from the Galaxy; anon she/he sports—

Keats again

Yours, unfeignedly

Irene.