

Angel Seat

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A man walked down the dark and humid streets. London, as grim as always, was covered by a gray curtain of pouring rain. He remembers to this day the circumstances that followed that evening. As strange as they were, the souvenir that left in his mind was of an absurd calmness and fulfillment. It was a memory silenced by the roaring thunder, and blinded by the iridescent lightning. He walked alone Grosvenor st, unbothered and unconscious of his own footsteps. He looked like a sleepwalker. It was in order to ignore the rain that hit his hollowed out face that he adopted the attitude. This man had nowhere to go, nowhere to stay, and was as lonely as a ghost. When turning to the corner at his left hand side, a park. He staggered towards it, shivering, feeling miserable towards himself but for a reason that was unknown to him. Maybe to an exterior spectator, his drenched and feeble body and the awful conditions he seemed to live in, automatically made him a subject to pity. Nevertheless, he was completely unaware of the picture he portrayed in other's eyes. The smell of the fresh grass made him forget the unpleasant weather, that seemed to even melt away his bones some minutes ago. He continued walking, slowly, through the passage of leafless trees towards a desolate bench, a cement gray bench. It was adorned with the sculpture of an angel's face, he honestly didn't mind it. Soon enough, the beautiful face was covered by the stranger's legs as he sat. Thoughts came and went by, none of them lasted long, but rather, chased after each other, since no effort was made to contain any of them. He had no desire to make his head a prison of thoughts.

-I covered his face, he mumbled in a soft and gentle tone. If he were living, would I be rude? Would a supposedly pure heart, a divine heart mind this act of ignorance?

The stone of the seat was cold, just like everything around him, alive or inanimate. He was completely secluded from all. Nothing ever came close to him, nor did he make an effort to become a part of. The angel was a young boy, almost inevitably, it led the man to his childhood.

-People are once children because they are somebody's child. Such an obvious statement blurted out can seem meaningless at first. But having a blood related parent doesn't give you a family. The man started again - I was never nobody's something.- It's true, on no occasion had he been a relative, not a son, not even a friend. Where was he from? He had awoken one day from a deep sleep. And from then on, lived a life filled with a void, one of such loneliness, he wasn't even acquainted with the meaning of the feeling itself.

Abandoned, discarded by humanity, thrown out by his own self-awareness out of his body. He profoundly hated himself. But paradoxically, living a dissociated life might actually come closer to attaining real happiness, than any other way of life. Except that the person is off-balanced, always one step away from falling into the abyss.

The man shifted his feet, and crossed one over the other, the statue's eyes were now unveiled.

-I, see...-Yet he saw nothing. The rain deformed the world. While his starved sensitivity was engulfed by the never-ending flow of his ideas. In awe of his abstraction he continued:

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-I never existed, nobody can prove it but my reflection, and she can not talk. Mirrors, glass, puddles can only project something physically present before them. And in the case the figure was once before them but they moved along, these materials do not have a capacity of retention, they don't have, so to say, a memory faculty. But, if a stain, for example, were to sully the said reflective surface, and then it is washed away by the rain, or corroded by the wind or any kind of exterior motive, was it ever really there? It saw itself. But the rest of the world never minded it. So did it exist? Or was he a product of the corrupt human minds? For, to justify flaws in nature there needs to be an initial wreck, the very first flaw. Can a man himself be the "the official defect"? Perhaps assuming this label in reality makes this individual a megalomaniac that is just so senseless, so meaningless, that he aspires to find for his miserable existence. Attributing himself to a position of servitude to whom caused him to be the way he is.

Whilst the wind caressed his frozen nose he put an abrupt end to the flow of his consciousness and softly bent down to look at the marble sculpture.

The boy, the shiny marble boy, had a partial smile, and big sad eyes. Out of the blue, the icy lips blew him a kiss, the man jumped, had he never seen such a paranormal activity take place before his eyes. Nor had he heard of it, no stranger's words had ever been directed to him to grace his ears. Unnatural as his actions seem he stood up and looked at the sky. Nothing. He sat back down, holding his face between his hands, and sticking it between his knees. Applying some pressure made him calm down a little. This position was a way of controlling his impulses that he had learnt over time. He stayed quiescent, and, while listening to the echoes the rain made when hitting the back of his ears he started to sink into a state of conformity. All of his body dripped alongside the water that poured from his thick dark hair.

Many minutes passed until, at last, he made an effort to lift his spirits and his corpse. But it was impossible, he was as stiff as a tree. His eyesight started to get worse by the second, the ground under his feet was now spiraling, up till everything became dark.

-What is happening to me? he gurgled, his voice seemed far away and deep, the noise was asphyxiated, agitated. Some tears were running down the stiff man's face. He kept asking this question over and over again, yapping in an exceptionally desperate tone. Only a mysterious whisper was there to answer his pleading questions. Calling him back to nature, imploring to let the human mold go, in order to regain an appetite for life. Could it be that the angel seat was indeed an entity out to get him, punishing the fact that he never loved as he should love? but love is not necessarily real, it is a social barrier people created in order to feel contained. Such an ideal and it's veracity depends on what we choose to believe in. But more so than "love", another word reverberated in his mind : "Punishment" he thought, again pulled out of the physical world and drawn to the taciturn reality of musing. This word is so familiar to people, no one can escape it, the mere thought of life is punishment according to religion. But how can one accept this declaration when an illusion such as the world could be so hauntingly beautiful. Facing life as a punishment is what common people do, he said to himself. He was out of the ordinary, he was uncommon because of his alienated disposition. As he did not believe in anything he had only his glass eyes to prove him the truth, and to create his morality. No man, no god, no form of life was above him, nor was he above anything, he conformed with existing.

His bubble was pierced by an acute pain. The whispers coming from his seat were growing louder, they roared, not only under him but they became his surrounding. How many voices can be in one's head? At this point they had revealed a great deal to him, to such a simple man, because reason doesn't do justice to the immense flowering plain which is his head. This "simple" affirmation can also be denied, all is a mirage. His feeling,

his existence, the world, every single one of the alternative beliefs people defend, his nature, reality, the seat he had laid upon, everything to its most minute detail. As the universe is infinite, then infinite questions can arise to create more instability, and make life a constant state of disturbing discomfort, again a sort of torture, a “punishment”. Likewise, it is possible to live according to our dreams so that pain turns into pleasure.

Shivering, he perceived a gentle touch on his right ear, and the tingling the vibrations of a voice let out made him understand the following words:

-Now, you have transformed into a child of wood, may you rest.

And so he had.

In the following years, people from all around the world visited him. They had even placed upon the bench this ghastly hybrid of human and nature sat, a bronze plate. Written upon it read “The monster of roots from London”.

Our character was now deprived of most of his senses, only could he hear, and to him life seemed much more intense now. The loss of something, did, in fact, mean the gain of another.

In the present he still stays there, omnipresent and unclaimed by time. Just like dreams do. He has lived past a century, he has left mortality behind, in order to think.

Thoughts are now his only refuge. All of the energy and source of life he has goes into thinking, he lives off thoughts and for the yearning hope they provide to him.

**Un homme n'est qu'un homme s'il se conçoit comme tel, et pourquoi voudrait-il l'être?*