

Preface

Down the corridor,
I do not perceive the end,
But dozens of doors.
Gates,
From which my bunch of key should be giving me access,
Without any effort.
Yet, it is with heavy pockets that I move slowly.
The more I progress, the more I seem to retreat.

I was born owning all passes.
Once my first cry out,
I have been tenderly placed in an ivory cradle, garnished with silky sheets.
On its bedside,
My name was meticulously assigned.
After my second call, my mother leaned with grace above me.
She took me into her arms and carried me to her teat.
There, blissed by the love of this beauty,
I feed myself gluttony.
And while consuming her youth drop by drop,
I made it mine to hold.

My third move was my first word:
“No”, or the consciousness of my being.
Now defined by a capability of development,
An ability for adjustment.
In other words, intelligent.

Therefore, before knowing how to walk, my path was already drawn. What good fortune and genetics offered me, the sensible world transformed it into three rewarding keys:

The gift of beauty,
The gift of intellect,
And at last, but most envied,
Wealth.

I was the incarnation of a promised success. A standard, reflecting the values of a whole society.
A pride that my parents were pleased to walk in a park.
A prize, held in my father's arms.

There, I watched others with condescension.
I was so big in a world so small.
Yet, I raised my head and saw the sun above me.
As much as I stretched my arms, it remained inaccessible to me.
A primitive frustration,
The famous illusion,
That drowned Icarus for his foolish exaltation.
Humankind often mistakes their seat by seeking a godlike gift.
But “Failure is an option”, would say, Napoleon.
Yet sometimes unavoidable.
Or is it just one’s perception?
This day was like a betrayal.

My father was no more than a column,
Where comfortably sitten,
I was separated from its root.
I knew nothing more than a bird’s eye view.
What about the rest?
In a world where all is worth and value,
Which virtue are we granting to integrity?
Unity has no key.

Black Chapter

In introspection,
I explore my anger.
No pity or compassion,
I shell each layer.

Could it be a disease?
“The choice is the plague of society”,
Said-I, cowardly.
Or is it our faith to wander from door to door,
To diverge, from floor to floor?

Some say that when death conquers us,
Dragged in a long and bright corridor,
They are no more doors.
Only harmony and love submerges us, abruptly.
So what to think?
While some give up all hope in their last breath,
Others arrive on top of the pyramid,
Left breathless by this insane race.

And by their bay window, they contemplate now.
A happy and brief sensation,
Soon to realise the gap under their feet,
Splitting them from the essential.
Shortly to understand the space above their peak,
Dividing them from the stars.

What would someone so foreign to it think of our society?
A key, that has the only purpose of opening a door.
A door, that has the only utility of setting ownership.
We would explain to him that as the multitude of trees existing, we have an immense
variety of doors. Each, corresponding to a specific key.
In our culture, it is what represents the achievement and credit owned by someone.
He would answer, probably giggling, that he can not understand such a thing.
For him anyway, one day men will have cut all the trees.
And to this day, the doors that he had raised with it would be the symbol of his
despondency.

Until then, it all seems the same.
I can not help but envy this priest, sitting so serenely,
Who, since his twenties has kept a modest, yet powerful key.
Certainty is the answer to fear.

White Chapter

So what would be the point to look for the key to our identity?
If to choose, urges us to renounce our integrity?
In this narrow corridor, the dogma of the division reigns,
Looming over each door,
Like what a room number stands for.
And yet, how to divide the indivisible?
Without one, none would be possible.

The unfortunate is nothing of a lemon.
The key isn't an approved protocol,
One's individuality is not what he has performed.

Yellow Chapter

My eyes had only been a refractor,
Blinded by its own filter.
I have tried to fill a pierced glass
It worked a bit but didn't last

Like every particle,
We are uniformity.
Simple,
Yet fooled by its complexity.
And I am part of it.
The choice I make will not question my eligibility.
Meritocracy promised equality,
But I'm afraid, it is just the plaster of a community,
Which covers the wound that it has created.
The key to self-esteem lies in our sense of inquiry.

Red Chapter

So look, and see.
The meaningful has no key.