



I was walking the streets and lots of things went through my head. I was on the verge of desperation before I had started my walk, but I should be short and refuse to tell what my thoughts had been in fact, before my moment, before it happened. Whatever I decided to change my thought and to start in a new fashion again although believing I would not be able to do so just by myself. So who could be included in my continuous thoughts. Then I remembered there was this story of Socrates where he mentions that during most of his life he was feeling that he was accompanied by something he calls his daimonos. ... The street was hot and I walked on the side without shadow. I tried this kind of conversation and really it seemed to work, talking like Socrates did. Just after a few more steps, while passing on a number of closed shops all with their metal doors deep down to the floor, some probably just in august holidays but most seemingly closed forever as it was a suburban neglected street from the fashionable centers, while passing and trying to connect just two steps before me a shiny white envelope slowly moved out of the quiet neglected doors appeared through the slim tiny crack moving half way and remained. I could not stop my walk. I should such a game, I thought, not allow my life getting distracted by such myself not even to turn round and look at it carefully, but still, when I time the moment I finally passed I felt the presence of a hand behind anything. The envelope looked very common. In fact to me it looked now I believe it was such an uncanny moment that it appeared to me like the most common envelope. It just had printed the payment already of a stamp, like very official. Later I wondered first, how come that from the whole new experience I did not consider David to be the addressee for my David and La Rocca.

away to my daimonon, below one and stopped not participate in incidents. Told looked down a last although I did not see almost too common, too uncannily on it, instead the beginning of metaphysical request, instead of the daimonos of Socrates, him instead to be the one to be asked, if I ever would ask someone not present, someone being invisible?

David and La Rocca.

I brought the book of Ketty La Rocca with me, as someone asked me to write about her and I opened it at the page where she was writing a text like a drawing, an image of David, just made of letters of text, without lines, dots or anything like that, like the images in Talmudic reprints, where images were to be avoided as idolatry, the lines and contours of the figures represented are handwritten words, so one can still see and defend it as text and not as images. Well, I thought, why did I contact the daimonos and not the king himself, the king of writers and poets, and his name is David, called and appealed to him as so many have done before me, in all the different ways lamenting or singing and praising. Even the great Florentines did so, elected him as their spirit already before Michelangelo and until Ketty La Rocca did. So I went up and stayed there in Florence, Jerusalem and followed them and made all these works in great urgency. Like Michelangelo, but he liked the young David, the one killing the Goliath, which is great, some like the story about how he and Jonathan loved each other so much and stayed for days and nights together in their favorite hiding place in the cave during long and hot summer years, like my smooth and rebellious Florentine cats in their comfy cardboard box. Some like the idea of his return one day in the future when all injustice and repression will fall from us, may the day come soon. But I prefer the older one, the urban poet and singer, the one after the long years of his life sometimes has to deal with the memories of faux pas and episodes of misdemeanors, resulting in mood swings of desperation, waking up in the middle of the night captive of painful sadness and one night as he woke up that way again saw the big moon of his Jerusalem behind the window and then the moon came closer and came to the window and started himself playing David's guitar left in his bedroom, hanging from the wall and the moon was singing the earlier poems of the king and it relieved with great comfort the worried spirit of his heart. Writing these ways a bit like passing along the streets connecting his spirit in the Tuscan city of David, wanting to say that writing in general might be like meandering around, or invoking something and in the end there is an image made by the text but the image nobody might be able to see.