

# My Window

By Suha Naimy Haddad

**-What** were you doing?

-I was watching the rain, listening to the music outside and to the music inside.

-What music outside and what music inside?

-The music of the rain. I can hear it playing rhythms on my roof. What music it has! And the music inside, the cozy warm rhythm of my heart and the flow of blood in my veins. The waves inside me are not clashing nor crashing at this minute. I feel tranquility and peace.

I have been watching the rain for the last thirty minutes. Tchaikovsky's concerto number one is on. How serene! I lean my head on the window pane where the rain makes a Picasso painting. Rain is dropping. I am following this drop. It fell on my window. It seems young, sliding down quickly and in full strength. Does it know that it will soon end? Why the hurry, then? It is still sliding until - ouch! It hits the iron frame of my "outlet" to the world. Maybe if it weren't for this barrier, the drop would continue its way to the center of the Earth. Who knows? Maybe it would extinguish a teeny-weeny "drop" of fire as big or as small. Am I a drop of water, of rain, of dew, dropping on a window whose frame I shall collide against?

Here is another drop. This one is slower than the previous one. But it did not collide with the edge of the window; it just melted and lost its shape, but I can still see clashes, its left-overs. This is how I will lose my shape into another thing, but my essence will remain there. I know it will.

I believe that nature is the grand master. It reveals messages to humans about themselves, their existence, their post and pre-existence, but they are - I am - too blind to see. My death is not my end, just like the death of this drop of water on my window. I saw life

ending and beginning on my window tonight.

Once, I wanted to be like the water, lucid and transparent. I worked on it.

I still have a long way to go, but I have achieved one millionth of my dream, that of being like water. I don't mind the incessant arduous trials. I don't mind the long way. What really keeps me going is the shy progress I achieved.

I need ages to accomplish the rest, to obtain clarity. I am not complaining. Some day I will fulfil all my goals..

-You know, (silence) I wanted to be like the sea.

-The sea? How is that?

-I feel that the sea has so much anger, even when it is calm. It expresses so much rebellion and revolution, in silence; and in its anger, there is so much silence and confidence. So, I decided to to be like the sea.

-Did you succeed?

-To some extent. But I was never exactly like it. The more I worked on myself, the more I shrank. My world grew bigger and wider. I never realized that I could have such wide dimensions. I myself was an endless sea. The more I dug, the bigger was the treasure buried in the bottom covered with sand and wreck.

Through my persistence, I was able to blow away some webs, but I was not able to know what was under the thick blanket of sea dust. I tried to link myself, to imagine every cell in me linked to every drop of water in the sea, the universe. I felt strengthened. Again, the more I dug, the more certain I was I could never be like the sea. Echoes of the water around me echoed in the flux within. Suha! Did you hear that? The sound of blood flowing in my veins. . . It was . . . no word to describe it . . . simply beautiful; it was identical to the sound of the sea produced from a shell. I have a sea in ME!

I was getting more and more attached to my world; it was widening gradually; my horizons were elongating and spreading endlessly. This cannot be seen . . . My world was so immense that I realized I really Am a world of my own. How rich I am!

With time I was gradually loosing social contact. I lost friends. I turned down invitations, did not return phone calls, and refused peer groups. I was isolated and to myself. It did not bother me one bit. I was completely satisfied. I felt my silence. YES, I FELT IT. Socially speaking, I was defined as passive and cold, but I was not. I was more alive than any other time. I was melting in the sea, being unified with it. I was silent; silent in my words and silent in my silence. I was losing myself to the bigger realm of myself. My rivers were joining their sea, their center, their self. The millions of Suhas were decreasing in number. I wonder how much time I need to be only one Suha. Definitely ages and timeless moments. I cannot exceed, surpass nor trespass time. I guess the Suhas will keep on struggling inside. Their struggles are less nowadays, but they still exist in me.

One day, I was pinched. A voiceless echo screamed in full-strength through my system. I woke up dizzily. I was drifting away from the outside world. I should not. I should keep a certain distance between my world and the external one. I tried to socialize again. The silence in me was still there but the silent-angry, angry-silent sea was weakening. How much silence do I still preserve? Does it have a value, a meaning? I don't know. I know it is the world to me. So, answering your question if I succeeded in imitating the sea, I would say I partly succeeded and for a short span of time. One day I will completely melt in it •