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the two flowers

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(Text not included in the book)

- Printed pages are not the size of the book.

- The book’s texts and drawings are provided only for its reading, and for no other use.

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the two flowers

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the two flowers

...a story taken
from the white book...

texts & drawings: The Dolphin and the Gull

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They weren't but two flowers.

Two flowers that were blooming timidly by the side of the forest. In the middle of the winter that surrounded them.

They weren't but two flowers rooted at the edge of the forest...

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They were showered, I remember, every morning by the same sunbeam. They were woken up by the same blowing of the wind. So close...

So that the one could smell the scent of the other.

So far away. That never before had two flowers been found...

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And yet if you asked the animals in the forest they'd tell you that they were side by side.

She said to it then: "Touch me"

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It set out to spread its leaves. To stretch its body, in every blow of the wind, towards her. Set out to stretch its petals, to stretch its fibers and the small black handful at the part of the heart.

And she bent her body. She spread her leaves — leaves trembling as the wind was blowing...

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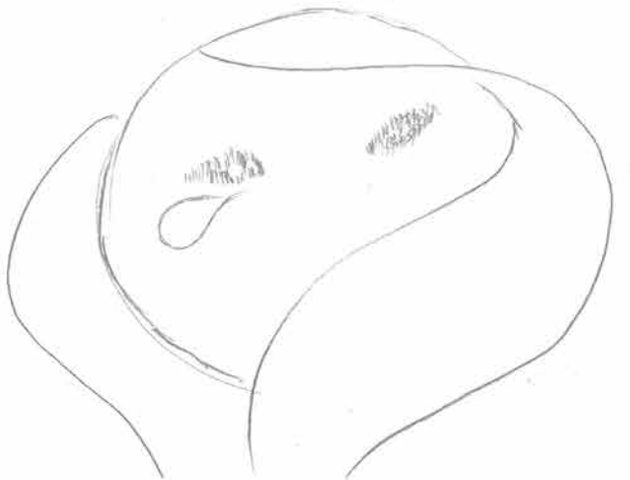
Two flowers spreading their hearts —two such tiny handfuls of coal— in the winter that was coming, that was all around them...

"I can't" it said to her, and a dew drop appeared in the corner of its eyes.

"I can't" it said to her and its petals closed, its leaves wrapped themselves around its stem and its roots pulled themselves timidly back to the soil that was bounding them.

...They set out then to spread their roots, to roll them slowly in the soil which was separating them. They felt pain in their every move. But they didn't care. They were only two flowers spreading their leaves into the wind, spreading their roots into the soil...



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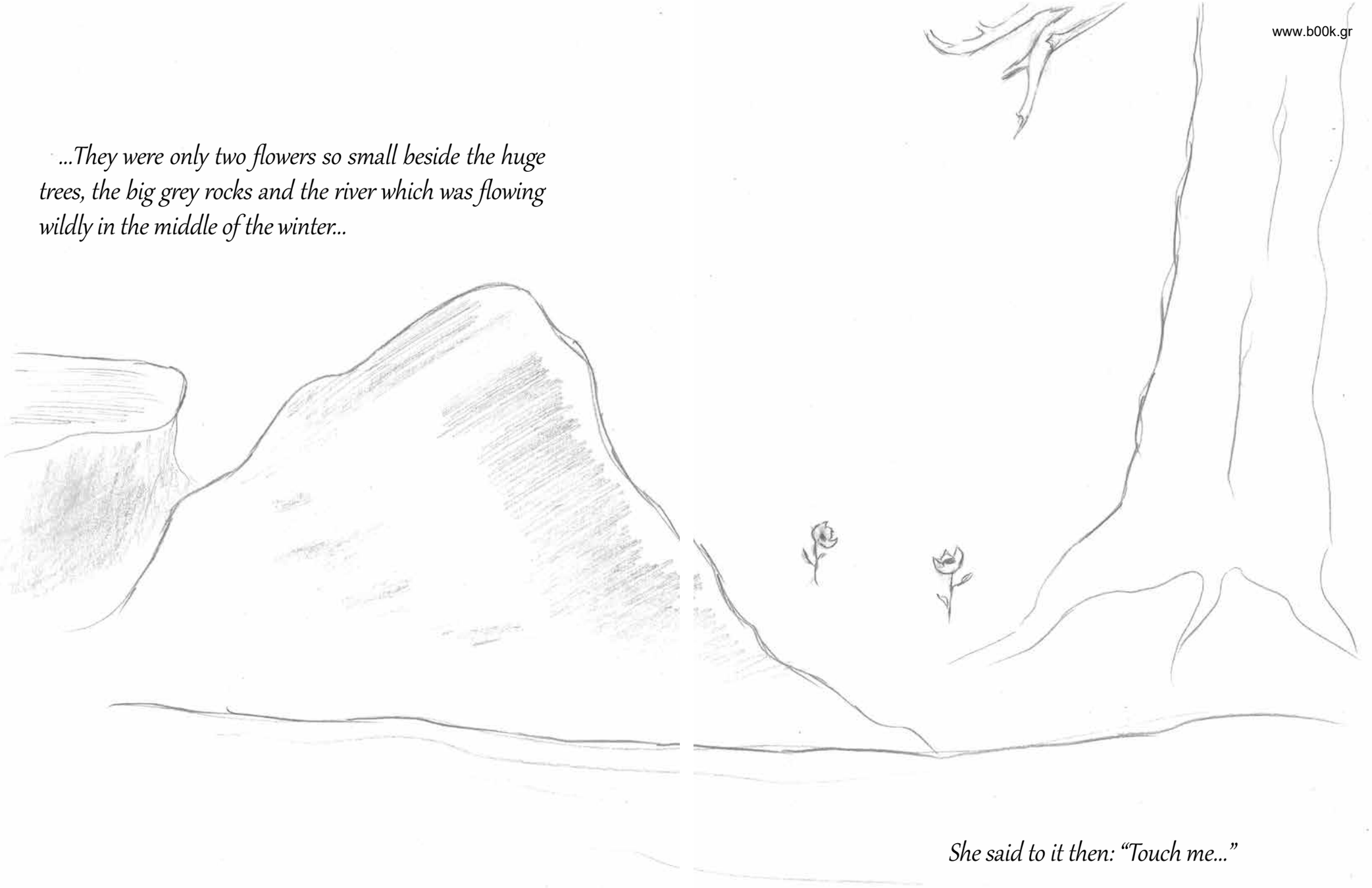
...They were only two flowers so small beside the huge trees, the big grey rocks and the river which was flowing wildly in the middle of the winter...



She said to it then: "Touch me..."

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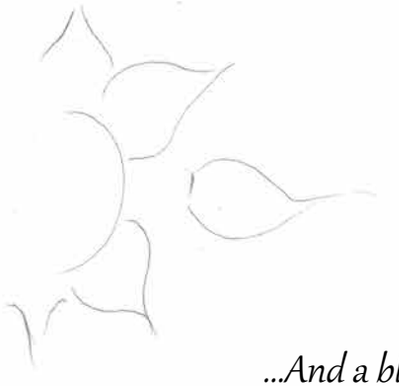

...And a blue petal slipped into the wind.

It fell on petals closed — petals that opened. It rolled on leaves wrapped around the weak stem. On leaves that opened unexpectedly.

And fell on the soil, on tired roots that were about to rise and catch it.

...But the wind had already taken it.

But it had already thrown it in the river which was also flowing —unworriedly— at the edge of the forest.

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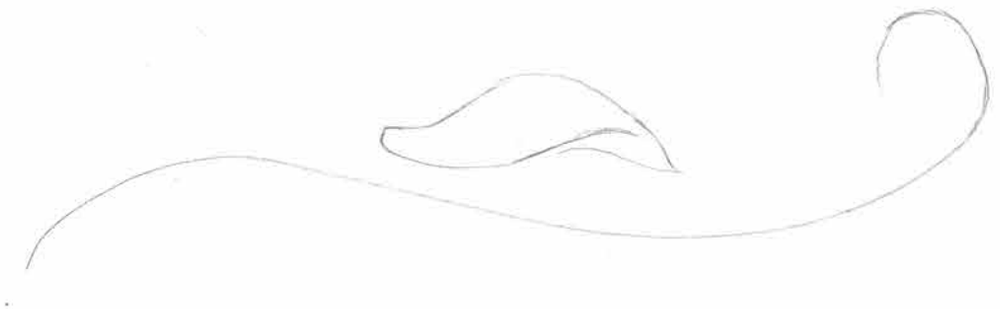
...And whenever the wind happened to change direction, you could see petals travelling together with it.



Held back for a while by leaves sustained by two weak stems, held back by roots foolishly taken out of the soil into a heavy winter, so heavy for two lonely flowers.

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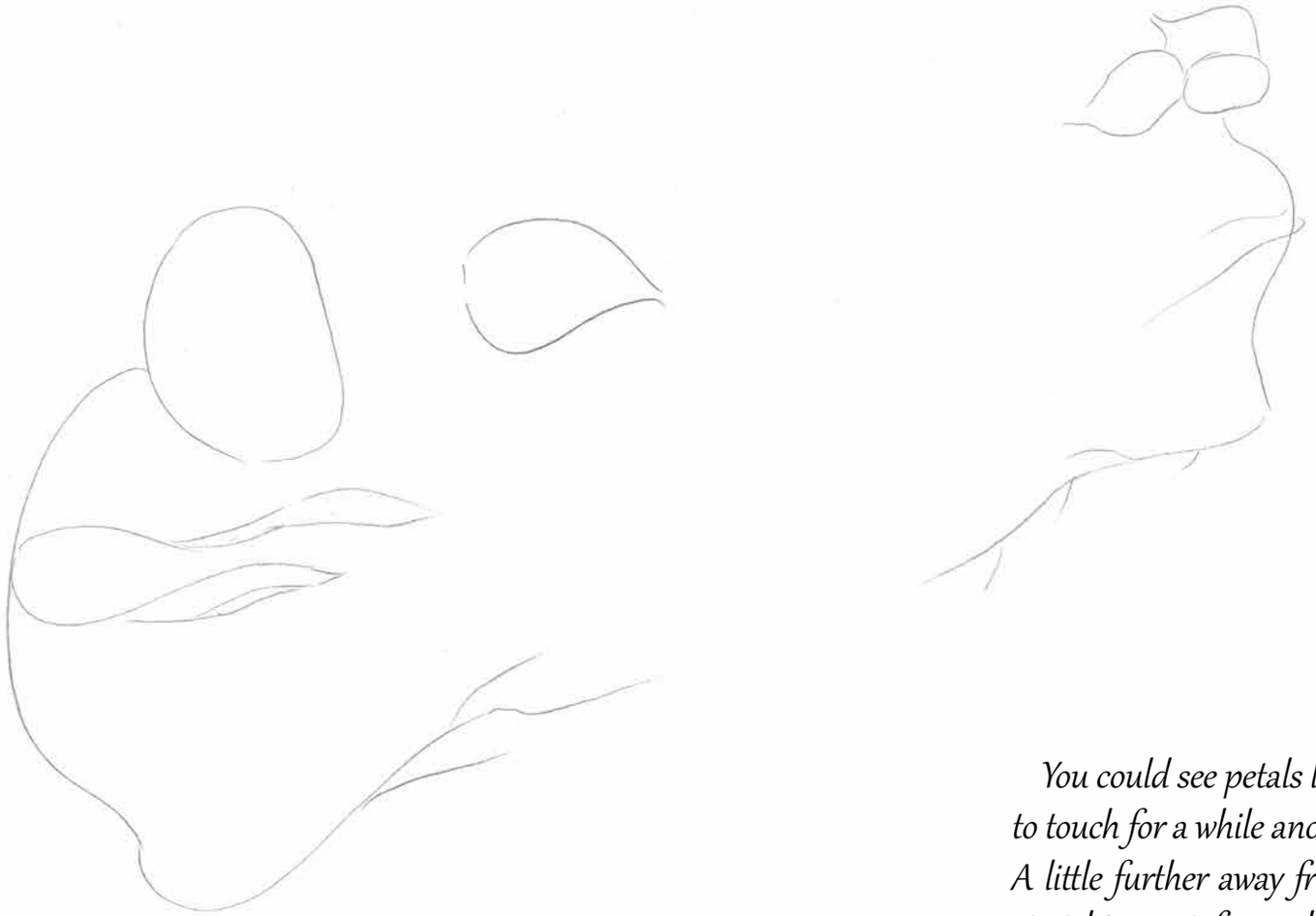

You could see petals leaving from the part of the heart, to touch for a while another heart standing further away. A little further away from where leaves can reach when stretching out, from where roots can reach when spreading in the ground. So far away...

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And yet if you asked the animals in the forest
they'd tell you that they were side by side.

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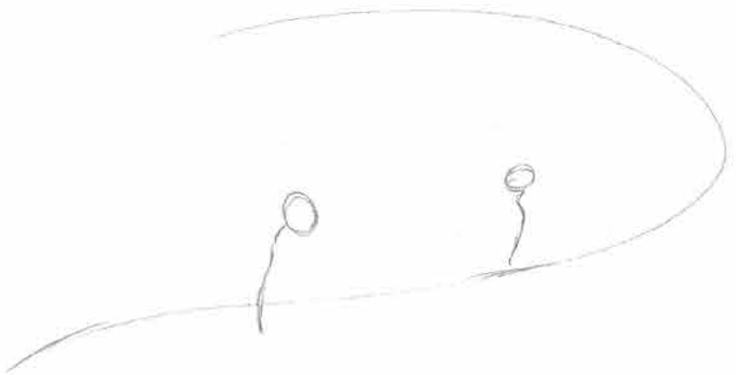
The seasons went and others came. They aren't but seasons only.

And they, they aren't but flowers only. Two flowers which bloom and wither at the edge of the forest. Two flowers which are always blooming and withering at the edge of the world.



And they are always, I remember, two flowers without petals.

Because their petals, once they are filled with colours, travel to the flower facing them. They are always but two flowers naked, I remember, at the edge of the forest.

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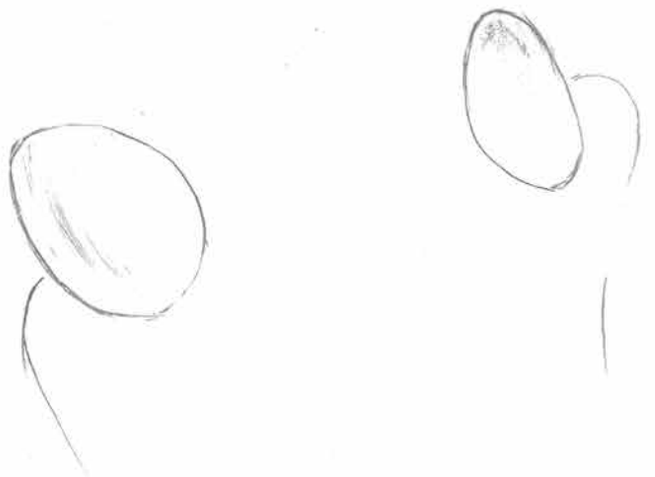
They are the hearts only —two such tiny handfuls of coal— of two flowers.



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...And even to this day, should you pass from there in the middle of the winter, you might hear them whispering to each other:

"Touch me"

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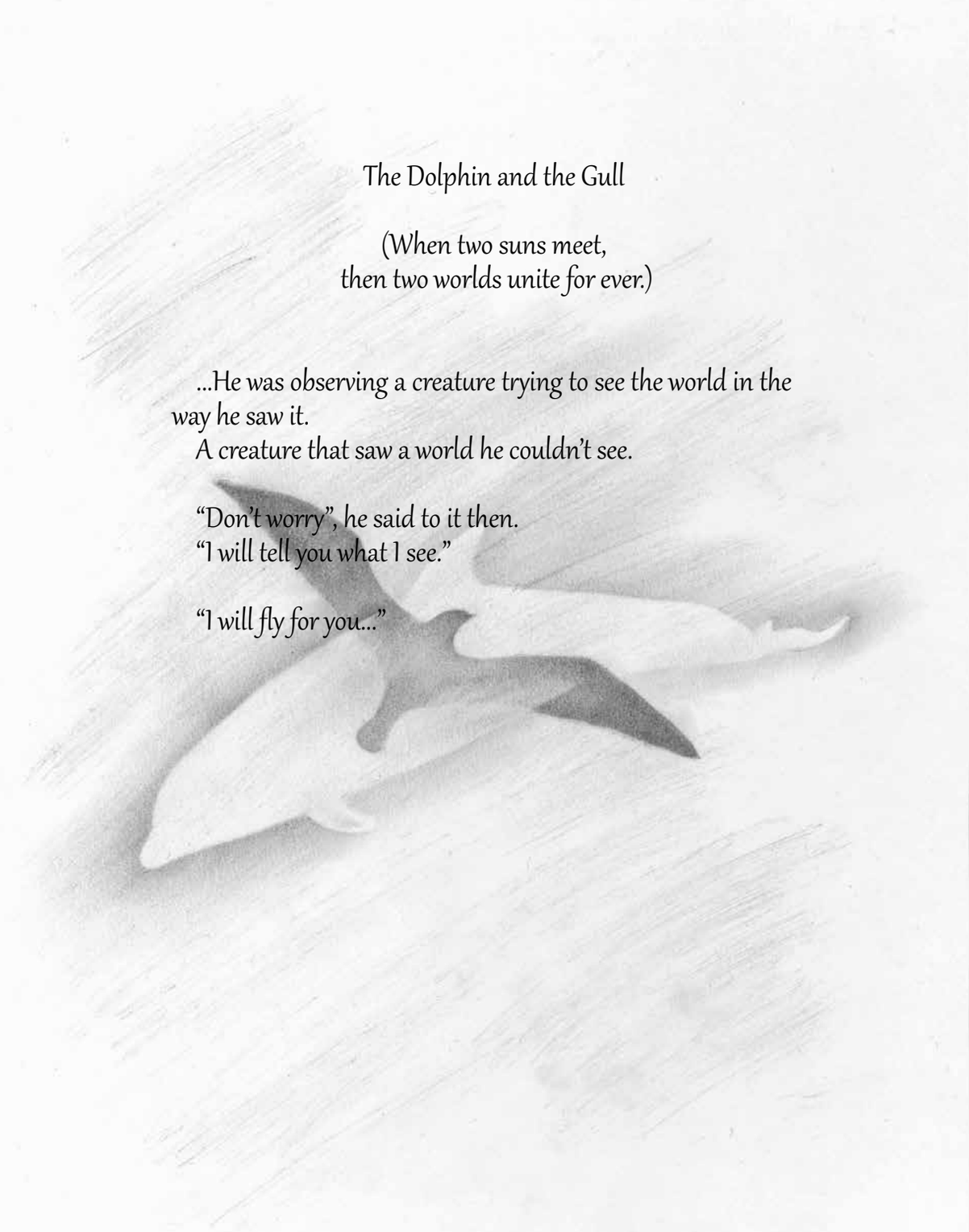
The Dolphin and the Gull

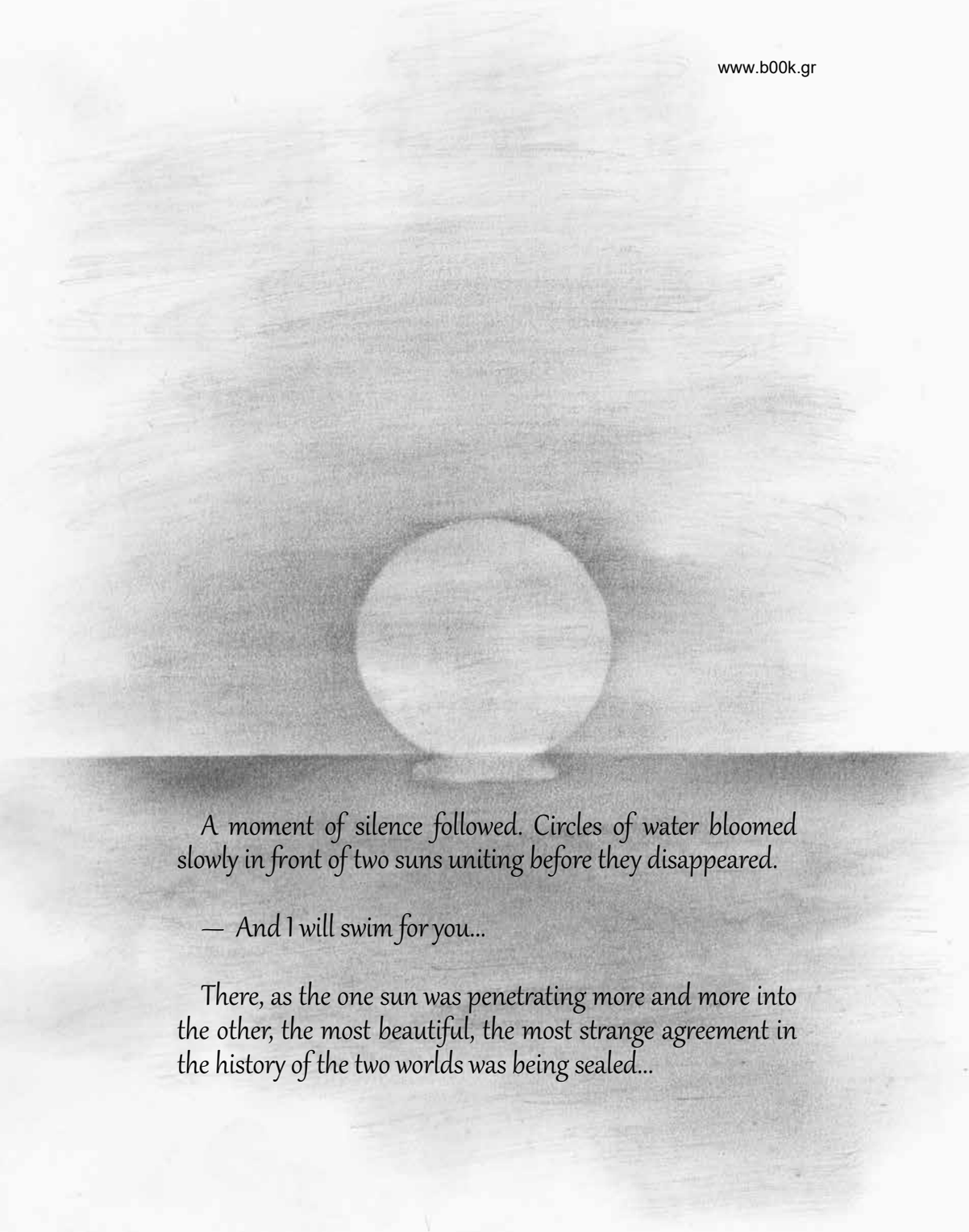
(When two suns meet,
then two worlds unite for ever.)

...He was observing a creature trying to see the world in the way he saw it.
A creature that saw a world he couldn't see.

"Don't worry", he said to it then.
"I will tell you what I see."

"I will fly for you..."





A moment of silence followed. Circles of water bloomed slowly in front of two suns uniting before they disappeared.

— And I will swim for you...

There, as the one sun was penetrating more and more into the other, the most beautiful, the most strange agreement in the history of the two worlds was being sealed...

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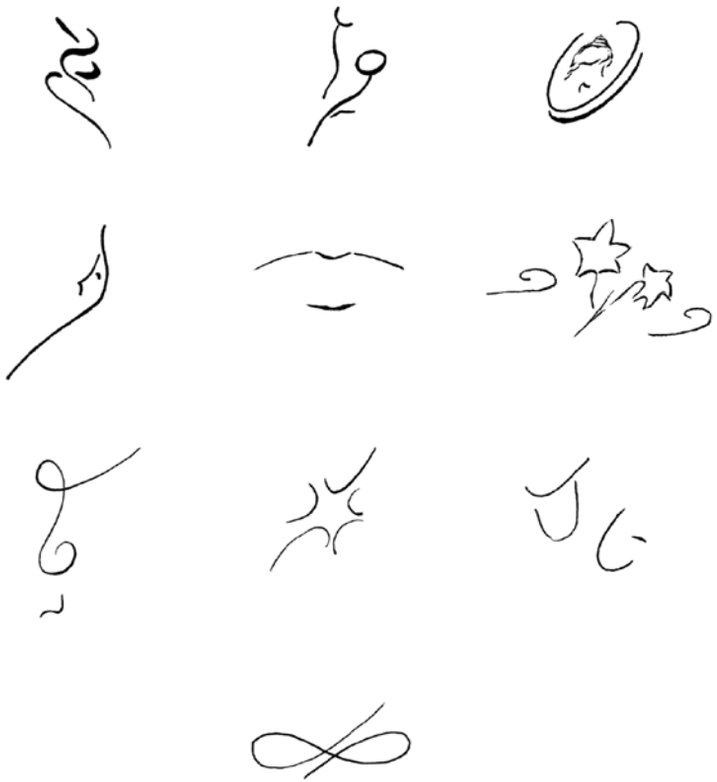

Touch me...

The sun while rising shone on the silver coin.

That moment, it opened its eyes suddenly and stretched numbly after so many hours of deep sleep. It was so damp up there! Up there, over the tile roof of that two-storeyed cottage at the edge of the village.

"Good morning", it said gently to its other side...

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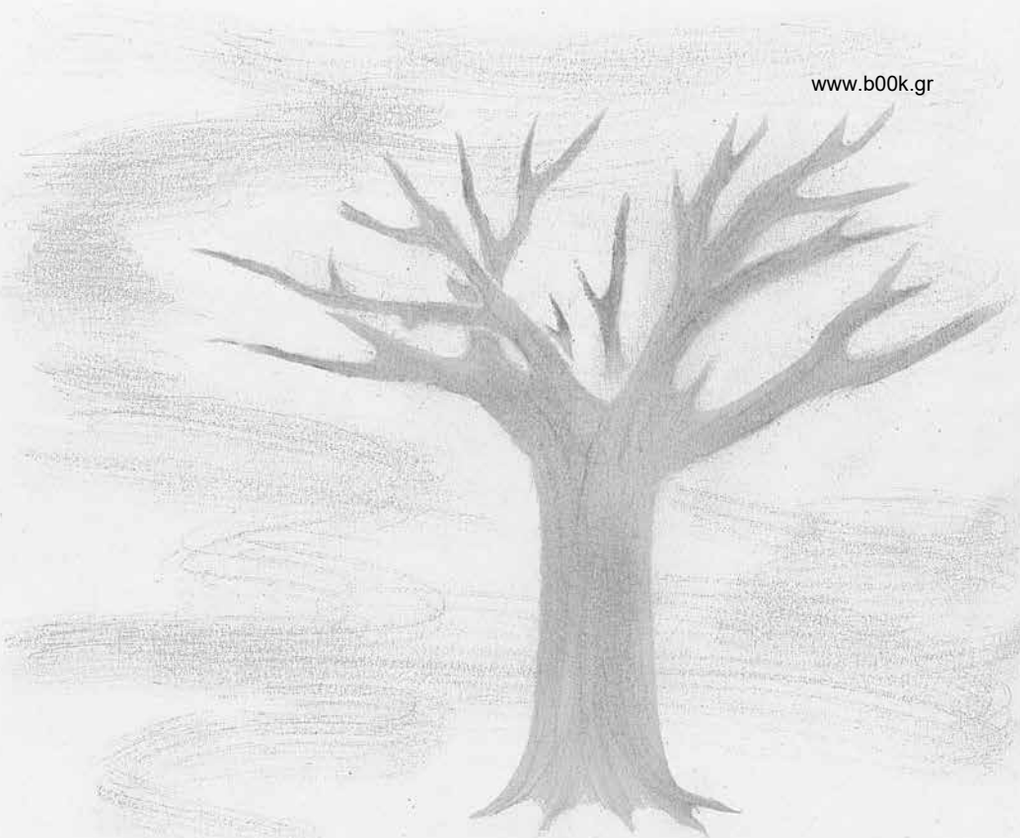
The blue butterfly

(...To those whose small bodies, big wings they wear...)

His voice spread warmly around her.
"When you were flying" he said to her...
"When your small wings were opening to the wind, and the sun was passing its rays through them, they were then taking the glow of the sky.
And the moment they were shutting, —as if shade was covering the edges of the forest— they would take the deep colour of the oceans... That colour that isn't alike anything in the forest..."
"Stay near me small butterfly..."



"No one else, can see your beauty...
Perhaps not even you.
Only I..."

"Fly for me a single moment, and then leave..."

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The Underworld
— bilingual edition —
lyrics

Back at the playground of our youth,
playing with words, we lost the truth,
Forgot it somewhere in the mud,
while growing old, and growing sad...

Φύγε από τη γη (Οι άνθρωποι νεκροί...)
— δίγλωσση έκδοση —
στίχοι

Στης νιότης πίσω τη δροσιά,
μέσα στην παιδική χαρά,
Με λέξεις παίζοντας και πάθος,
ξεχάσαμε σωστό και λάθος...

The Blackboard

...You are still young. Your body has not yet undergone the deformation of gravity and in your gaze infinity still shimmers.

Your wings, those unready, rudimentary wings await above all the blood of your heart to be blooded and strengthened. To dare to defy every wind. The choice of your course and the height of the flight lie ahead of you.

Don't be afraid of the sun...

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Everywhere Absent
(in film version & in play version)

– I'll be where you are... We will always be together...

– But, will I know it?...

The Mountain of Immortality

– Eyes deceive. This is why people are dazzled by the lie...

– Then, let me see the truth...

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To All the Young

...Αυτό το βιβλίο ήταν ένα βιβλίο που δεν ήξερε ανάγνωση...

…色とりどりの一つの光が青い惑星の間を旅している…

il pianoforte

...Wir sind nur die zwei Seiten einer Münze.
Sprich mit mir...

Goodbye Sky

Ils se sont plongés dans le nectar que je leur ai offert et se sont contentés de l'ivresse leur vie entière.

...O kitabın kendi hikayesi vardı...

...La Sabiduría es el sueño del Conocimiento: El Conocimiento soñó con la Sabiduría...

...هذا الكتاب كان كتاب لا يعرف القراءة...

Shadow of Myself

...Бабочки из моего сада говорят, что я знаю всё. И что у меня есть ответ на все вопросы...
Почему ты отвергаешь меня, маленькая бабочка?

...This book was a book that knew not how to read...

As letras, como veem, não falam senão àqueles que as sabem ler. As letras são tão, mas tão orgulhosas!

那儿，介于两个世界之间

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(written with zeroes)