



DEEP DOWN IN THE PUPILS OF INFINITE TIME

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© edition: La Lluvia de una Noche

Cover design: La Lluvia de una Noche

Original title: *Al fondo de las pupilas del tiempo infinito*

Translated from Spanish by Sebas Tian.

2014

...my letters will live breathing the air of your existence in the retina of the infinite time which accompanies my soul in its eternal journey from generation to generation.

Gonzalo España, *La canción de la flor*

Synopsis

The plot revolves around two passionate lovers of life, skins, waves and desert, and around a secret and remarkably strange organisation which plans to assassinate God. Two lovers without so much as an identity, memories of themselves or a reason to be in this world other than the immense affection, passion and tenderness they both feel for one another; two lovers who will nevertheless go through the game of a lustrous and uttermost intense seduction and through the deepest requirements provided by inner feelings of revenge. Will, thus, those two lovers of life and fate murder God? Will they be able to love each other at an overwhelming speed and cross that way the pupils of infinite time?

DEEP DOWN IN THE PUPILS OF INFINITE TIME

One

That spring was the sweet mother of the most beautiful flowers and that each star owned its own cosmic tail of heat, were truths little Susana sensed, one way or another, in her little solicitous heart.

Nowadays, nobody knows for sure how she disappeared. Some neighbours in that coastal region, so rich in reefs and wistful horizons, where such a little girl of bewildering dazzling eyes and frizzy brunette hair used to live, have ventured to comment one thing or another to explain what actually happened to her.

They've said, for instance, and always in a tone suggesting hearsay, that Mr Rodrigo Buenaventura, the father of that girl who used to unveil tenderness through each of her pores and fibres, sold her one day to a people's trafficker; one of those who tend to seek brand new merchandise overseas. They've also said, always in a tone suggesting hearsay, that he, that is, the father of the beautiful child, used to sexually molest her during the frigid cold break of dawn, the warm and weary afternoon hours and through the uncertain opaque incomprehensibilities that take place underneath the stars. One night, rumour

has it, before the puzzled stunned glance of a silver moon, he went too far, both in the exploitation and the clobbering he administered his little child, to the point he wound up taking her life all of a sudden. It's been said that he then proceeded to conceal her somewhere on the beach, under the sweet droning of some breezes which wanted to turn into the moon's donning, and the incessant flight of some seagulls infatuated with the sea.

Naturally, only Rodrigo Buenaventura could possibly give us a clue, with some certainty, about what actually happened that inauspicious cloudy afternoon when Susana disappeared as if by magic. A hint that would help us substantiate the way those events, undoubtedly cloudy and covered by the seminal unsuspecting essence of mystery, took place.

That day, the sky was utterly pouring and it seemed like it was mocking the very passing of time. When Rodrigo returned from work as usual, he found on the main table of his house a note where little Susana notified her whereabouts. That was a common occurrence. Sometimes little Susana left notes for her dad saying 'I've gone to town to buy some bread' or 'I've gone to draw on the sand in the beach.' The fateful note Rodrigo had in his hands at that moment, however, merely read 'dad, I've followed the voice of the horizon.'

In that instance Rodrigo went out looking for his beloved daughter, the only company he had at home, since his wife (i.e., Susana's mother) had passed away a few years earlier. He did thus go out looking for his little child amidst an arrhythmic rain damping his thoughts and drenching the very fabric of his heart,

when he saw her in the distance, just when a furtive wave took her away after fiercely crashing on the beach and turning back towards the ocean. A wave of aggressive strength which only left a haze of incalculable size in Rodrigo's ill-fated grief-stricken heart.

There hasn't been a single dusk since then without Rodrigo standing before the sea to listen the wind's howling with his taciturn distressed gaze and with the only certainty that his little kid's dreams would be forever ploughing through in the bottom of the ocean the same way seagulls fly over on a daily basis in a sky open to a limitless colourless hope and with an incessant perennial beauty which tends to hide, for some reason, a shade of innocence.

Shortly after Susana's disappearance, Rodrigo Buenaventura perished. If anyone had ever known him well enough they would've said the cause of death had been grief.

When fourteen years passed since the absurd and mysterious departure of such little girl in that coastal town so rich in riffs and many fortuitous unexpected encounters with destiny's absence, she showed up, aged over twenty, on a train, with a red outfit and not knowing or having the most remote idea of who she was exactly.

Two

His eyes were slowly opening. Within himself, it seemed like time had been lost in some dark and hazy abyss and was gradually returning like the good son coming back home. The sweet light of day, by its side, covered him all of a sudden with its brightness. Sounds from people and the general milieu, on the other hand, slowly reached his ears as brief sustained whispers. Then, after some seconds of regaining consciousness, in which either he or she could have heard the sound of breeze amongst petals which in autumn fall on the floor, assuming he, or she, would have wanted to and would have been in the right place for that, the first certainty showed up: he or she, or whoever it was, was travelling on a train, there was no doubt about it. Next to him – or her – there was a window by which a landscape full of trees with green and dense attires could be seen. The vehicle where they were being transported was also producing a mild sound, just like a train, very similar to a modest babbling river.

‘Who am I? Who on earth am I?’ Was what he asked himself at first after discovering he was a man who for some reason was travelling by train. In that moment, the fractious waters of his being hastily twirled within himself with an impetuous overwhelming strength. ‘Who am I? Who am I?’ He asked over and over again, as if he wanted his heartbeats to turn strong and desperate enough for his true identity to be revealed.

At this point it's yet to be known if two or three minutes – or perhaps even more - passed after that, all that is clear is that the man who'd just woken up without any memory whatsoever about himself, after having quietly cried a bit, uncovered his face from the hands that had wrapped it as a gesture of anguish and at that moment, over a little table that was right in front of him, a sheet of paper with something written on it powerfully caught his attention.

He took it and started to read it, not knowing that by doing so, a fear of unsuspected limitations would invade each and every one of the fibres and nerves of his body, and with good reason: that sheet had something addressed to him, a note, filled with lines that kissed the contours of some unidentified complexity and which read:

You might be asking yourself, dear friend, who you are, why you don't remember anything about yourself and why you're travelling by train on your own. Do you know what? All we can certainly tell you is that those questions will never be answered unless you fulfil a series of steps which we'll now indicate:

First, you must remain on the train. Should you get off or should you issue any comments about your situation to anyone, asking for help to somehow search for your identity, which by the way will be in vain, someone who's discretely and quietly keeping an eye on you will shoot you right away, so I'd think twice before I left this game if I were you.

The next thing you ought to do is look for a very attractive woman wearing a red

and really tight one-piece suit and whom you've got to take to the third wagon of this vehicle before three o'clock in the afternoon. I'll let you know, by the way, that only by telling her about the wonders of the landscape run by the illustrious train where you're at will you be able to persuade her to join you.

Last but not least, I shall warn you that if you don't want to lose your life this very instant, you've got to immediately burn this paper using the flare from a candle which is located quite near you. Good luck.

Building up the strength coming from his vital centre in order to encourage himself and be filled with hope, such amnesiac man got up from the chair where he'd been sitting and went out to the corridor of that train wagon where he was travelling without knowing why. A man wearing a tie, a hat and a smart dress was passing by said corridor in that moment, which is why our amnesiac friend took the chance to ask him for the time. 'Half-past two in the afternoon,' was his response, and it was then that our amnesiac friend's forehead began to be moist by some drops of anxiety-generated pearly sweat.

He started thus to hastily look for the attractive lady in red and, while doing that, bumped into a mirror and was able to grasp in it the reflexion of a young elegant good-looking man who should be around thirty. That image of himself didn't disturb him; on the contrary, he was quite pleased with it. After having seen himself in the mirror, he kept looking for the woman dressed in red by walking towards the last wagon of the train.

Eighteen-to-three in the afternoon, our amnesiac friend had reached the last wagon without finding the woman he was searching for, which meant said beautiful woman wearing red was in one of the first three wagons of the train, where he hadn't looked for her yet, by the way. To add insult to injury, he was in the eight wagon, so he had to sprint as quickly as possible to get to the second and third ones.

She wasn't in the third one either and it seemed that everything was going down towards the darkest limbo. What if, for instance, the lady in red had been in the fifth or sixth wagon and when he searched for her there she happened to be in the bathroom? What to do or how to act before a misfortunate event such as that one?

Yes, everything would've definitely gone down towards the darkest limbo hadn't he suddenly found the woman he so briskly sought in the second wagon, thanks to a favourable effect of destiny, fate or who knows what. She looked quite stunning while reading a newspaper, it has to be said.

Since the beautiful woman wearing a red garment was travelling on her own, our amnesiac friend sat in front of her and casually greeted her whilst trying to conceal his concerns and anxiety. The adrenalin that pumped through all of his body helped all of his senses to be enhanced, as his life ultimately depended on everything turning out fine.

"Have you got the time?" He asked her after a long minute of silence he spent

thinking of an ice-breaker.

“Ten-to-three in the afternoon,” was her response.

“It’s now or never. There’s no time to slow down,” our dear amnesiac friend thought.

“Do you know what I like the most about this beautiful journey in such a fabulous train?”

“Tell me,” she inquired interested, as luck would have it, her eyes moving away from the newspaper she was reading.

“That splendid and marvellous landscape we can see running through these crystals.... Do you know what? There are things you can only see at this speed, such as the perennial tranquillity with which trees, downright fragrant flowers and pensive mountains reveal their thought and all the grass is being left behind.”

“The grass as well, you say?”

“Well ... what I actually mean, since you seem to be keen on this subject, is that travelling at this speed is, partly, being like the breeze.”

“Like the breeze?”

“Yes, sure, for just the breeze knows the woods’ green floury signals she’s running through every day, you know? I think, in fact, that all her desires strip themselves in the beautiful and unparalleled nature. Breeze does get naked and recognises herself in each and every one of natural life’s trembles.”

The lady in red gazed at one of the windows of the train and contemplated the landscape. Some seconds later, her eyes were stifled with an exotic mixture of sweetness, beauty and life.

“Come with me”, inquired our amnesiac friend to the woman wearing red, all of a sudden.

He didn’t demonstrate any emotion or doubt whatsoever at the moment he was making such request, the same way she didn’t disclose anything when she got up from the chair where she was sitting and joined him.

Three-to-three, both the lady in red and our amnesiac friend reached the third wagon, where one of the train employees told them a small and cosy cavity had been reserved for the two of them. They walked in without asking a single question and, after an uncertain moment of silence in which they both seemed to be examining each other while they were waiting for something to happen, or perhaps while they both devoted themselves to recognising each other’s spirit, he approached her, she approached him and then they kissed. Intimacy followed, in which they went through small segments of eternity. That’s how

love and passion gradually boosted in that petite train chamber. He then swore an intense love, which she requited with a grin and an absolute and placid devoted hug.

After many minutes of harmony and recklessness in each other's skin, he confessed her he'd woken up in that train having no previous memory of himself and with no indications of anything other than finding her and taking her there. She consequently admitted she'd also woken up there, in that train, without any memories and next to a piece of paper advising her to pretend to read a newspaper up until three o'clock, if she wanted to live; she'd also been instructed to wait for a man in a suite whom she'd then join if and only if he eloquently and poetically mentioned the landscape that could be seen outside the train.

"I can't believe it!" he whispered. All of this is truly strange. But strangest of all, I feel like I've known you for ever."

"The same thought occurred to me", she said, shortly before an employee knocked on that room's door where they were both naked in order to hand them a note.

Our amnesiac friend then read the note out loud, which was vanishing in the convexities of all and nothing, and which had the following content:

Let me inform you that, despite the two of you not having met previously, your

souls had already been, many a time, intensely loved each other in the deepest realms of infinity. You don't know it but it's the cravings of your hearts which have partly brought both of you to this train which seems to be going to said sublime infinity. Now, what I want to tell you is that you can recover all of your memories if you feel so inclined, you only need to get off at the next stop, although I'm sorry to say, dear friends, that if you make that choice I'll be forced to send someone to take your lives. Not everything's so lugubrious and dark, though, for there's an alternative: underneath one of the chairs in this cavity there's a considerable amount of money and some provisional documents with fake identities which could be useful for you in the future. If you decide to take that option and remain together and alive, all you'd have to do is stay on the train up until its last stop. That's it, dear friends. Loads of luck!

"What do you reckon?", he asked her when he finished reading that note.

She turned around and gazed at the outer landscape which could be seen through one of the windows of the train and said:

"I think it's quite beautiful and romantic to have a view like that from a train going towards infinity."

"Yes, you're right," said our amnesiac friend after a brief and quiet moment of meditation and while he brashly smiled.

Infinity, by its side, seemed to be turning into the enthralling aura that stems

from the deepest and most intense yearnings of drowning in a skin.

“I think,” he continued, “that only by being now and permanently next to you could I ever know who I really am. I can always, for that reason, deduct myself in your skin whenever I need to.”

“I say the same,” she claimed shortly before initiating a game of love with incalculable passion, as incalculable as infinity itself.

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