



# **Observing Reality Through Desire**

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**Dedicated to all the muses of inspiration**

## **Synopses:**

Nina's a young attractive girl who's got to search for the love of her life, according to a mysterious airtight female clairvoyant, sooner than three days from now. In order to fulfil said task, Nina's scheduled to visit some of the most excellent geniuses and virtuosi of painting, photography and other visual arts alike; some geniuses who would get inspired by her, her glance, the beauty of a muse who irradiates her slightly wavy hair or her fragrant skin of pearly moon. This is, therefore, a story moored in the deepest desires of a damsel who's been consecrated with such matchlessness and splendour. Or rather, of that woman who could well happen to be the reincarnation of Calliope or, otherwise, at least of all those corporeal shrewd certainties hidden behind the loom of yearning.



## **Chapter 1: Desires of an existentialistically-probing dazzling sensual muse**

They met under the luminescent fiery glow of a cerise nightfall, a crimson dusk quivering with passion and overflowing in radiant strokes above life's very own bewilderment. There was, at that moment, a delightful moon overhead, meaning to bathe herself in the eyes of a star or, who knows, perhaps some infatuated romantic. He approached her having all his senses been somewhat distorted by such reality that can only be woven by longing. He drew near her with remarkable chivalry. He called her Calliope. Some cats meowed in the ceilings, as if they were chasing an utmost bare plucky mystery with their feline music. Shortly afterwards, soon after they'd met each other under the shining sizzling spark of that hitherto crimson dusk, both of them decided to submerge themselves in passionate waters and vertiginous currents, which belonged to the unremitting surge of entreaty. Thus with their lives following that strain of spine-tingling and every so often overpowering breezes, on one occasion of pulsating unswerving collective appetites, while she fondled her beloved's

chest, looked intently into him with eyes of enchanted muse. Then, just some few seconds afterwards, it occurred to her to ask him this:

“Tell me, my love, why do you call me Calliope? Who is she?”

They both remained still. There was a silence leaning on the fringe of an unsuspecting layer of doubts. However, a fleeting moment later she, supplying her voice with a withdrawn magnetic nostalgic harmony worthy of a tern amidst the zephyr, suggested:

“Tell me, my love, whether she happens to be another lover of yours.”

“Calliope, sweetheart” he faced up to reply, “is, according to Greek mythology, the muse of poetry and eloquence, the most prestigious and beautiful, you see, amongst all the Olympian muses.”

“I want to know something.”

“Sure.”

“Do you see me in her, or do you see her in me?”

“I wouldn’t be able to tell you.”

As soon as she got out of the sweet bed belonging to that artist who was comparing her to one of the Olympian muses, more precisely to who was



supposed to be the most beautiful and prestigious of them all, our beloved beautiful Nina absorbed with her profound rubicund glare the spring warmth through a bevelled window and through the very path of desire's mystique. A strange silence, meanwhile, swirled around her unstoppably. "What you just said, as if with some poetic tone, my dear artist, makes me think you dream about me", she said as if just for the sake of it, with her body exposed and removing from her face some wicked locks of wavy hair.

"That, lovely Calliope" he said, "means you are that driving force that turns me into a virtuoso who takes the chisel, shapes the clay and mixes the paint with unparalleled genius yet to be seen in any other artist."

Nina was still naked over the artist's bed, an act that, unbeknownst to her, instated on his tongue the unstoppable yearning of exploring her breasts' softness which, by the way, portrayed a perfect contrast, and it could be said nearly in a passionate and sublime sense of harmony, with the hardness of her erected delighted nipples.

Outside that room, by the way, as we can remember, it was spring, but for one reason or another, it was autumn inside our dear gorgeous Nina's soul, which was ploughed with trade winds and other less undecipherable breezes. She didn't stop meticulously analysing the words of that artist although, it has to be said, she seemed to be rather wrapped up in some uncertain deep thought.

"I've got to go," the beautiful Nina said, when recalling the cold sentence a mysterious female clairvoyant had made the previous day. Then she let him —

the artist who compared her to one of the Olympian muses— observe her sweet and soft naked female body for a few more seconds, during which he tried to retain it in order to sculpt and paint it hundreds and hundreds of further times from that day onwards and throughout all the life still ahead of him. She then proceeded to get dressed after taking a short refreshing shower. Something was telling gorgeous dazzling Nina that said artist was not and could not ever become the love of her life. Of course, he just saw in her a walking poem called “Calliope”, quite flattering, yes, but quite outside reality, which is why she had to consequently chivvy along. Time was running out according to the warning of a mystifying female clairvoyant, whose glance was immeasurably diluted in the realms of Oblivion, which meant the hourglass of Nina’s loves could stop any moment. That’s why she’d got to hurry and look for the one but, shortly before leaving, the artist took her by the arm and asked her for one last sweet soft good-bye kiss. Against all odds, she declined. He then told Nina, in a desperate attempt to keep her next to him, that her sweet female kisses actually were what made him dream, and that charming exquisite flavour of her skin was what gave him that determined inspiration he was talking about some minutes earlier and which made him paint like no other artist elsewhere.

There wasn’t any way or means for him to persuade her to stay, as she left him lost in the company of the sour seclusion found in he who knows to possess an unequalled extraordinary talent and who knows he must only work on it. Now well, if the female clairvoyant was right, that bewildering female clairvoyant whose glance was immeasurably diluted in the realms of Oblivion, Nina had less than three days to find the love of her life, otherwise she’d never do it and would remain forever alone and with the massive distress of having lost, even in

her youth, her very last big chance. There wasn't, thus, a lot to think about or consider, the warning from the mysterious female clairvoyant of immeasurable glance was, in its moment, squib. How did this whole story of the female psychic and Nina looking for the love of her life in less than three days start? Simply enough, it all began with a dream that profoundly fretted the beautiful striking Nina in such a way that she opted to consult someone who could make sense of it. That day of hastily roaming clouds and the bluest stationary sky, as a consequence, a rather wary and sceptical Nina respect whatever the fortune-teller she was about to consult could say, said to herself this: "You ought not to believe an absurd fallacy out of nowhere Nina. You should trust your instinct over anything else". What gorgeous Nina didn't know was that her intuition would wind up backing up that terrible forecast given to her by the spiritualist and which from then on left her drifting through an uncertain deceitful limbo.

What was that mysterious and distressing dream of Nina's about? The one dream, that is, that she wanted to be decoded by a female clairvoyant of immeasurable glance, as if it'd been diluted in the realms of Oblivion, or at least she wanted to be pointed in the right direction and then get to know herself a little bit more. It was, in fact, about a reddish twilight of quite an intense tonality, and full of echoes which were just as perplexing as they were unsuspected, as well as about what had happened under such sunset, which was Nina walking down the streets of a forsaken city. In her dream, she didn't notice how strange it is for a city full of high buildings to find itself as empty as it was. There were, by the way, some disperse clouds in that sky of red tint. She, beautiful dazzling Nina, was looking at the livid and serene clouds when someone placed a hand on one of her shoulders, someone who also drew closer to her and whispered:

“I’m here, dear Nina, as an iridescent rite of light made by the shadows, and if you don’t turn around, I’ll be gone forever taking all your love while you, dearly beloved, will be carrying a heavy lumber from here to the rest of eternity and infinity”. Nina heard that voice in a state of true perplexity, and even when that stealthy voice warned her so categorically about that, she didn’t turn around to see who was talking to her. She was paralysed, though not completely so: in that instant, at least, Nina was able to somehow recognise it was but a dream from which she’d wake up sooner or later. But she didn’t wake up, and instead began falling into a red thickness; in other words, falling into an overwhelming red intensity from that sky spread with white and largely bruised clouds. She shouted and desperately tried to hold on to something, because she’d one way or another been announced, deep down, that she’d be permanently gobbled by such sky of a red so intense as her most intimate ardent passions.

Nina awoke shaken up and that same afternoon, after leaving the restaurant where she’d been waitressing for some months, she decidedly headed towards a female clairvoyant, or channeller, or something like that, who, according to what Nina herself had previously learnt, is very famous and respected in that city. Yes, Nina chose to go to some mysterious female clairvoyant for her uniquely disturbing dream to be interpreted, and also to speak to her about love, affection, unexpected reencounters, mysterious surprises and, who knows?, maybe infuse some optimistic vibe into her tumultuous and agitated life. Anyway, in she went, that warm day, to the vaguely lit lair of the aforementioned female clairvoyant. In that den, it has to be said, an inner, mysterious and startling lassitude seemed to be breathed, but a gaunt light haloed everything there and that gave that lugubrious place a phantasmagorical aspect.

The female clairvoyant spoke with a voice as rough and remote as those memories that provoke the most heartfelt tears of their mystical supernatural and somewhat nostalgic existence, lost in foreign destinations even being aware that knowledge of no fate teaches life to perfectly unfold in its complex breadths. But even then she —the female clairvoyant of immeasurable glare— had something strange and truly peculiar. Had anyone other than Nina been there in that enclosure, they would've sworn to have seen female clairvoyant the stroking Nina with her glare and being utterly smitten by her, biting her lips with lewdness and thoroughly-examined sensuality, and Nina at loggerheads.

## **Chapter 2: Desires of a beautiful sensual Muse existentialistically involved in unfounded passions**

“Your kisses, which are still suggestive even when they’re on your lips, are passionate and inspiring,” said to Nina the second man she decided to visit after she’d seen an artist who was a virtuoso of painting and sculpture. Said second man, who also made love to her, is incidentally a politician, and not a very affable one by the way, as he over gesticulates with his hands and speaks in a martial tone. As he was opening his main door to Nina, that man felt the bouquet of a passion that burnt his loins. To her —that is, to beautiful dazzling Nina—, as it is customary, that politician talked about all he knew, which was, himself. He then, customarily as well, took advantage of one of the chances he found in the conversation —if such a thing can be called a conversation to begin with— to unbutton the silk blouse gorgeous Nina was wearing, liberating her breasts, which then overflowed as only the most impetuous of the passionate rivers ever could. Then he played as he wished with her ardent chest and slid one of his hands towards the moistures and different pleats of her sex, which not only damped the politician’s hand a bit but which also seemed to somehow satiate a remote instinctive thirst. He made love to her thereafter over a

threadbare mauve-coloured carpet. All throughout that time, beautiful Nina said and uttered naught.

“Listen to me, beautiful: if you don’t toss yourself as if entering the ocean for the first time, you’ll lose the will to love for good. Be careful, though, since it won’t be easy at all to choose the right person.” That was precisely the last advice given to gorgeous Nina by the mysterious female clairvoyant just the previous day when interpreting the former’s dream. “Oh, something else”, added the baffling female clairvoyant right at that moment: “You’ve only got two days starting now to do what I told you to.”

“I want one more of your gall kisses,” said the politician to gorgeous Nina. “What could you want another one of my kisses for, if you’ve had me for long inexorable minutes of passion,” she replied. “There’s still some inspiration missing, my dear, a kind of security to be able to talk before any audience and any congress”. “I’m sure, sweetheart, that you’ll get it elsewhere,” concluded beautiful dazzling Nina, shortly before walking out permanently from the politician’s house and his selfish life.

Passionate storms are now chasing uncertain invisibilities of feeling as they also drag gorgeous Nina towards some man who used to be her boyfriend at some point and who’s always worked in theatre as he intends to find the curtain hiding the exact staging of desire... of carnal desire, of course.

In fact, beautiful Nina thinks about him so intensely that she can't ever forget about a letter he once wrote to her and which she still keeps in an old drawer in an old cupboard at her small comfy apartment, next to other very precious correspondence from past loves and next to some soft palpitations of dreamy life. Nina's saved, by the way, love letters dedicated to her by several men throughout several years and which make her want to fly between the clouds and then feel life doesn't stop softly and unconcernedly stroking her. At that moment of rushes and doubts, however, gorgeous Nina only thought about that love letter sent to her once by some man who's always been devoted to his theatre work and which says:

I don't know if you remember this Nina. I was Hamlet, in a world far from history, at one of the impalpable untraveled corridors of life, avidly, imperiously and enquiringly asking myself whether to be or not to be, when suddenly, I looked up as if staring at a hoist horizon of opalescent stunning appearance, and I saw you as the most comforting, sensitive and extraordinary of facades. Yes, I found myself wondering in those instants whether to be or not, whether getting on or not with existence or denial or whether choosing the contents of absolute, or by the indefinite unsuspected shape of nothing, when I saw you there, in the middle of the discontinuous figments of a feverish pulsating tide of heartbeats. There, at one of the galleries of such enormous modern theatre where my soul began someday a while ago to be pursued by the



soft silky breath of dreams and where I've been practising as a director, as a lead actor and occasionally as a skilful gifted playwright, more exactly whenever fragrant inspirations of vaguely forbidding muses want me to.

What was the first thing I thought when I saw you for the first time? Well, I thought you, with your gleaming amber eyes and pearly skin, were as beautiful and hypnotic as those aforementioned vaguely forbidding muses, as pretty as the most flirtatious and fickle of the Sylphs. What was the second thought that came to me then? That I had to become someone completely independent and concrete as well as physically situated in this complex universe as an entity that is immerse in life's very own sudden character, and in the refulgent glow of sidereal eyes of this earth. In other words and to make myself be better understood, I thought in resuming doing what I was doing: acting, which I did until the last second of the performance, until the very last moment of that dexterous dramatisation.

The next day, before starting off the respective function, I saw you again at the same place, in other words, the same box seat. In that instant I told myself "Focus! Set yourself to delve in the outmost dense, burnished and intangible ocean of the staging". I remember, come to think about some details relating to you, that my workgroup and I were going to portray Reasons of Being a Starless Firmament during that new afternoon function of that day. That was a musical about detectives and

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