

ЕДИ МАРИНОВ A FEELING

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It is sunny outside — a magnificent day which gives life to the slightly ruined plaster of the shabby, stripped of color over time, but otherwise beautiful buildings in the city center.

My thoughts are still covered by the blanket of wonderful dreams, but nevertheless, when I look into my day carefully I see it spilling around and inside of me — alive and bright.

I entangle in the birdsongs, in the smell of garbage bins, in the game that the sun plays with the trees...

And I smile.

I laugh, naturally, shameless, and the warmth of this smile fills me up, and I let it do it, I leave it to obsess me, to complete me, to play with me and to guide me — not towards the shores of dreams and reveries filled with rottenness and waste, dumped by the rendezvous of the impossible and reality, but to self-discovery, to the thought of an undeclared and not showing change, to the future that is inside of me.

Again, for just a short moment I become one with my true nature — the real one, not the memorized phrases of the dramatic role that I have chosen for myself long ago and have worn so often and for so long that it became imprinted on my face and inside my heart, on all the things I could be.

I charge myself with little pieces of optimism that even the gray everydayness could not wash away, I devote myself and I take my mask off — I just let the harmony that surrounds me to bathe my real face.

I feel I can unleash the clouds of glamour, the waves of charm of today's reality, of the Now, to romp as much as they want inside of me, to make my skin tingle, my heart beat filled with the pollen of reality.

In such moments I become the master of myself and of my life, I open my senses to their utmost without a fear of the possibilities, without questions about tomorrow, without caring

that I could get addicted to the diversity of life and thus to lose my own little theatre.

The feeling is incredible — so real, alive, singing a love song to my soul, carrying the taste of forest cones and the smell of winter in your hair.

A gorgeous day...

Take it, I give it to you!

София, 2013

ЗАСЛУГИ

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МОЯТА БИБЛИОТЕКА



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