To Cain
(Because they wouldn't have let him do it otherwise)
Some sights still hurt me, others don't.
Some deaths do, others don't.

Antoine Volodine, Small Angels

When the blue sun rises and starts to colour the light, the animals stop moving. 7 seconds pass in silence (one, two, three, four, five, six, seven) - then everything starts again; the cicadas begin to sound, the birds resume their flight, the worms start burrowing into the earth.
We hoped it wouldn't come back, but sure enough it returned exactly when the other sun, the one we knew, was only a couple of hours from setting. There is an astronomical distance between the two, and the sky seems to have an extra dimension - but from here I can see them both without moving my head. If I raise my arm and block the sun with my thumb, I have only to open up my hand and I can reach the blue sun with my little finger. At this moment, my handspan covers a distance of hundreds of light-years.
For a few moments they are at the same height along the length of the horizon; then one rises as the other falls. They're like two kings surrendering the vault of Heaven to each other, and us their alien subjects hardly believing that they weren't declaring war. Because down here it's a string of cosmic lights dazzling people, roosters and flowers and causing them to whither. There are only three hours of darkness and everything is leaving.
Having said that, understanding what's going on in the sky will be easier that figuring out happened here, on this piece of land which once held a population of people and bonds that made up a home. This is a realisation that you come to while examining pain, something which is all to do with disintegration.

Part 1. The Former Bond

Odessa Farm was built here following the decision my grandfather made on 27th September 1936, in the shadow of earth in which he is now buried. The story of what had happened - the shock, the pain, the sadness, the determination, everything at once - this was the prayer that we would say to ourselves all day long, in penance for a sin that never truly felt forgiven. I'd listened to it thousands of times, told by a voice that over time had become hoarse, coming out so feeble that it was no longer in a state to tell it, and so now asked us to do it. I had heard it so often that sometimes I felt like I had lived that day.
There had been two years of intense drought. Some still remember it, and they say that that was the reason. My grandfather arrived in a car with the dog on the passenger seat; the 515 had a crack on the windscreen running from one side to

the other and refracted the light, obstructing the view. While he sat he was having to crane his back and his neck, but cars were what they were at the time. He parked here, where the sun was starting to stream across the mountains, illuminating the forest that ran all the way down to the plains.
This forest, this opening out onto the plains.
There was no water in the Roburent, and even he reflected on that anomaly as he crossed the riverbed without the boots he had used to wade through it for years. Roburent was a region where it was easy to lose oneself, to become a gatherer. From then on, thanks to knowing life in the right places and the right ways, the collection of mushrooms started, which my grandmother would cook and seal up in cans all week long.
Someone else said that the drought had dried up a little underground basin, three or four metres deep and just over six metres wide. First it had been completely emptied of water, losing internal pressure; then, bit by bit, even the land that lost the humidity it had been keeping like a secret, it's spring and its resilience, becoming brittle. The roots of the shrubs and grass held the surface together, clutching onto each other like fingers to the edge.
Odessa, my grandfather's Irish Setter, always walked two or three steps in front of him, never more. It was an attentive dog with a delicate nose. She fell first, then my grandfather the moment after. The bark became a howl, then was abruptly strangled as my grandfather's body dropped onto hers. All in the space of a second. "I don't know if it was the feeling of emptiness, the fall and the shock, or if I lost consciousness; it all happened at once, like turning a switch on and off," my grandfather recalled. "There was definitely something in the middle, between the before and after. A before where I was up, content as I walked with my dog towards the sun threading its way between the chestnut trees. And then an after where I had crushed and killed her, I couldn't see anything, I could feel the dust in my eyes and throat and a ringing that had started in my ears after falling into that hole. When the noise and the shock had passed and the dust had settled on the ground like dry snow, finally I could see the cavity into which we had fallen by the light. And the light was full, without shadows."
My grandfather sat down, picked up Odessa and pulled her towards him. He stroked her, leaving her ears pushed back, closing her eyes. He stroked her from her head to her neck because he didn't have the courage to go as far as her chest. Up until her neck his dog was just sleeping. He kissed her on the nape of her neck, combed her hair as if she were a little girl, and only when he decided to leave her did he give any thought to how he was going to get out. He climbed the earth, his closed fists causing more of it overhead to crumble and fall, the roots, the ground, swallowing dust and starting to cover up the body for whom this house would become an inhabited tomb, and I like a madman would protect as best I could.
That is the place over which I live.

I have lived at Odessa Farm for more than thirty years, save the odd brief interval. I come from this place, and from everything done after I left here. If you dig into the ground, if you retraced my grandfathers work you would probably find layered strata of a range of sedimentary rocks. Adults, children, animals and trees had been here. Here two of our family members had died, along with seven

dogs, two cats and who knew what else. Insects, birds, water snakes, leaves - all in pursuit of that chemical balance, of dissolution.
All I'm trying to say is that the house is flesh, the house is consciousness, that my house is a way of saying something about myself.

The first name they gave me was Gabriel, one April morning in the year 1980, but it often happened that it would be reduced into a medley of less obvious ones. At the stat they had called me son, then brother, then the Guardian; finally the Hermit or the Madman. It had been a slow and gradual process, this disbandment away from who I was, as if all the people who had known me had sooner or later got on a train and, faces pressed against the window, had waved me goodbye as they pulled away. But not only had their voices got quieter until they were lost in the journey, but the semantics of the names used to greet me became increasingly distant, more distorted, more detached. From being called son and brother to being branded as a madman, the proximity between had become a wasteland.
Everyone had gone, and on the departures platform not even I was left.
And now in fact it is no longer possible to see what I was and what extravagant tale people would have had to tell themselves to single me out from afar. The suns dance, and there is a sense of an ending. Beneath them the dandelions refuse to close, nocturnal insects and animals come out to feed but end up being killed by some daylight predator. Thrushes and buzzards fly by a blessing that has upturned circadian rhythms. In fact their exhaustion is clear to be seen. The light keeps on, the night does not arrive, the animals don't sleep, and I can no longer whistle to silence the crickets. They kept me company like that.

The first time that I really became aware of this place was the day of my seventh birthday, when my mother deemed it necessary to invite some friends round for the occasion. She had asked for advice from the teachers, probably because I had never been able to tell her about those things: who I liked, who I spent time with at school, who made me laugh. Everyone and No-one. And so I had no right to dismiss any hypotheses.
To make sure I didn't bother her while she prepared the sandwiches and put the drinks in the fridge, she had sent me to sweep the stairs. Thirteen marble steps, which from the eighth became triangular to follow the curve of ninety steps that led to the hall. I swept them with great care and by the end I was enthralled by them. It was the first time I had noticed them. But they had always been my steps. They were of thousand-year old stone, smooth, solid, made to measure. There followed tenderness and sense of ownership.
The party came and went, and all in all we had fun with the presents, the used candles, the games set up and regularly disrupted, running behind a ball to the point of exhaustion and without much of a reason. But by contrast my focus on the steps remained as a kind of accountable and sensory re-awakening. What I learnt on the day of my seventh birthday wasn't only dedication to detail, but the steadiness with which they erode and the matter with which they become obscured. Looking at them at the end of the party, I was left surprised at how

little time it tad taken the dust, the earth, the dead insects, the leaves to resettle. Maybe at seven years old I believed that it wouldn't happen any more.

So every two or three days I took up the brush and swept, starting from the last step in order to get to the first, from right to left, sliding the residue along up to the point where I was pushing them as a waterfall into the dustpan, ready on the step below.
Then I started all over again.
I was a little Sisyphus, who in place of a rock shifted increasingly finer organic carcasses and dust. It didn't take me long to appreciate the great sentence in that obstinacy. Dust accumulated in a house, fruit rots, cracks appear, the mould behind the furniture grows, tungsten filaments burn out, the dishes become dirty. It was a sort of uncompromising law about disintegration on one side - the dust that falls - and the dogged resistance to decline on the other - sweeping the steps. The tiring, relentless and exhausting maintenance of the status quo so as not to accept its deterioration. Ultimately it is an insult to wisdom, and to patience.
When I was a boy I took on responsibility for the stairs for a bit. As an adult I escalated my duty, I became the Guardian, but even so the day when I would feel tired of it arrived. And it was from that, from the exhaustion, that I had stopped looking back and I began to take in the sky.
It was as if the sun had been lying to us all these years. About what colours things were, about the balance between day and night, about the fact that it was unique. You know the sun in the same way you know a father. That's him there, and only later do you understand what he his. Because there comes a moment when every child is told it is a star, and with a peculiar blind obedience the child accepts it, without asking himself in the night whether there are others suns that illuminate the celestial heaven.
Now it is about thirty degrees over from the horizon and away from the West. It's light is still orange in hue, the disc is yellow, but it you look at it for longer than a second or two it becomes white, its circumference pulsing. In a couple of hours it would plummet towards the Alps, it would bury itself between two peaks I know well. They wouldn't have any effect on it, and tomorrow morning it would be back repeating the same trajectory before once more facing those mountains that would not be left in the dark even after it had set.
The blue sun, on the other hand, rises in the east in the late afternoon, reaches its peak in the south in the early hours of the evening, and sets in the middle of the night.
When it had appeared for the first time, there was a constant and gentle breeze that ruffled the leaves of the magnolia under which I was catching my breath. My eyes were closed, I could feel the air on my cheeks, until I started to become aware of a new heat, a sensation I can't describe better than that. I thought that the bright, domed cockpit of a plane was reflecting the light onto me. But no. A second passed, and then another, and another, the light stayed still and I could hear that the animals were too. We were waiting for a huge stellar explosion, but nothing happened, and after a while everything started to move again.
At the beginning it seemed like an extremely bright star, a star in the middle of the afternoon. After an hour its incandescent glow was the size of a small moon. After three hours the light had become so intense that you could almost mistake

it for that of the sun - which now is the first step towards a perspective that didn't exist. When it descends you can't see its rays, but a single azure nebula filtering through from a different solar system.
What a sight, to see them together. A resplendent and magnificent scene, rendering the course of events almost mythical. Even if that wasn't the case at all.

Odessa Farm is a peripheral satellite to a town which is peripheral itself: an entity with its own small gravity field which we would have to fight through every day in order to travel beyond it, but which would return to draw us back; and so we came back there from school, from church which my mother insisted we attend, from friends, from enemies, from all the rather silly relationships of that age.
I don't know how many times we went back and forth from Lurano, first in our parents car or on the school bus, then on a bicycle, but we always found ourselves before the same scene: a town known to be dark and damp, a degenerate cesspit which was home to just over five thousand people from when I was born. The same number of contemporaries become adults, and the same number of adults who produced contemporaries.
I had thirty classmates in primary school, five from the neighbouring town where they hadn't been able to fill a class. I had three teachers, all from Lurano; we had two courtyards, two bars, and two newsagents. There was a little field where in the summer we tried to remain immune to the traps all around us, as we thought others could. But either way my classmates had mocked me for years, beyond primary school, into middle school, on the flagstones of Piazza Gramsci, on the barriers of Piazza St. Julia, inside both bars, and along the road that took me from one newsstand to the other in search of a poetry journal. But nevertheless my classmates overlapped with my friends, with my hate, with my anger or my spare time. They were the only kids there.
It was Banet who told me that now they called me the Hermit there, or the Madman. He would say to me, "Look, they wouldn't recognise you in town anymore. Your face is too thin and your hair is too long." But he would also tell me that I would have recognised every corner of Lurano at once. He was right.
My brother on the other hand had always been on good terms with the town, with the mist, the houses, the broken windows, the barking of dogs from behind the fences, and, despite all of it, the order and rigour of Lurano. He had stayed there for years before leaving, it was one of his gears. Well-oiled and mild, he was to be found playing at his friends' houses, where the mothers had the chance to get to know him and adore him before inviting him round again. And so benevolence transformed into relationships that touched all the activities this town had, and still has, to offer. One, two grades of separation made a friend of the baker's son, the brother of the owner of the fabric ship, the future bookstall keeper. It didn't take much to sustain the calculated self-efficiency of that sacred, exclusive system. Friends were neighbours and neighbours were just numbers in the basic equation where everyone did their job and became an adult without a fight.
I'm not going in for any sort of nostalgia, or maybe only for the things I remember, but it's worth saying that Lurano was just of an era, while its human population went from being compassionate to cocky, and cruel too, losing itself

in gossip, in daily bureaucracy, in trivialities desperately futile in the eyes of the cosmos – but which resounds among the stars and which we don't have the ears to hear.

And so, during summer when school and the usual hustle and bustle in the direction of the town died down, my brother Emmanuel wilted like the chamomile on the fields, while I came out on top because I was used to not having many friends. And no one when the field turned to hay. The holidays were just long enough for me to stop worrying about things, to leave behind everything that lay beyond the wrought iron gates of Odessa Farm: the fields all around, the dirt tracks traversed only by tractors and familiar neighbours, much less for the sights. We were left alone, my brother and I, and we would lose ourselves in the countryside and the summer. Emmanuel ended up suffering through it, but I was in my element.

On the first few mornings without school we were given permission to lie in. Our parents got up early like always and tried not to make much noise. It's also because of this that I remember the morning when my father woke us and asked us to get up while it was still dark outside. I was nine years old, and Emmanuel was six.

I remember that we felt cold as soon as we went out because here in June it's not yet fully summer and our father hadn't given us time to put something on. But he was dressed as if that was an issue he had been contending with for hours. We crossed the courtyard without asking questions, still unsure whether this was some sort of game or something serious. We took the wooden stairs that led to the vegetable garden and still no sun. We climbed to the highest point on the land along the road lined with beds where that year my father had started to grow carrots, onion, chicory, peppers – even if in June it was little more than the aspirations of an insecure hand. The occasional offshoot, the odd stalk as green and bitter as us.

A lot of things have changed since then. I built a staircase of stone and cement, I turned the earth every year, I grew a better crop. I took some animals from Fossano's market. It was that way because it had to be, because I believed that even the place you live must have a generation that can follow the last. And that it gets better. Otherwise they are just savage layers, tall and thick grass, insect invasions, and you forget everything in the meantime. But there has to be someone who fights with you or who you can benefit from. Otherwise you're the Madman who continues to sweep the stairs which no one would ever climb again.

When we got to the highest point of the house's land, our father made us turn around. I don't remember if I had ever seen a sunrise knowing that I was watching something truly significant. Only the sun's glow could be seen, to set the rambling silhouette of the Alps alight. Peaks which then were nameless to me.

It was exactly that gleaming thread stretching for hundreds of kilometres that had inspired my father's all too impressionable mind. "There," he said, after leaving a few deliberate seconds, as if he wanted to be solemn, "the light in this exact moment is the same as the light at sunset."

We looked at him, still half-asleep. So he said, “Don’t think of the direction – it’s only a question of degree.”
On the other side of the mountains which formed part of this spectacle – those that were in front or those behind our shoulders blocking Lurano from sight – beyond the direction of the light on the leaves, according to my father was the exact intensity of luminosity upon things and rendering the landscape false, excluded, anti-circadian. “The light of dawn or the light of sunset?” he asked us, as it if was a mathematical problem: a father has a vegetable garden, a house and three hundred thousand pointless thoughts. What will he leave his two sons?
I remember him looking once more at that ironic, poetic panorama, and then lowering his shoulders in a sign of resignation. Maybe he forgot about it a moment later. When the sun cleared the horizon, starting to lift the shadows from the rows of raspberries, we started to walk back towards the courtyard, leading Emmanuel by the hand. By now my father was whistling, looking down at his world, which in that moment was a patch of courgettes. We kept going, praying not to rouse him, but my brother’s shoes were worn through and on the descent he slipped on the wet grass, slamming hard against his back. He started crying, as children do, from the fright, as a reaction. My father kept his head lowered towards the wired rows while I helped my brother get up and sit down on an upturned bucket on the side of the path. I wet my first and middle fingers and rubbed his forearm. The grass stains here had never just been green marks, but living residue that we took away with us and then lost under the coarse sponges our mother took out every summer.
I don’t know how my father could think that we would have been able to see beyond our tiredness, beyond the age of understanding, to share with him yet another new digression. Certainly that was a lesson which, unknowingly, would one day be proven right: leaving aside the mountains, the monotony of the astral directions, the world, decontextualizing the object of observation; two poles, two opposing charges – the good and the bad – can have the same light.

It wasn’t difficult for my grandfather to start the work to build Odessa Farm. He was a construction engineer. He had a serious manner, cane-white hair sweeping from right to left, a moustache which displayed the same shades, from black to white, with large patches of pure grey, the colour most appropriate for his authoritative presence. It was an authority which was felt even in the house, based on a solid career, studded with resolute successes but spread out across time, as it was then. Things gave the impression of being laboured over, tamed by patience and vision.
And then he would go to his gentleman’s club with half the land registry papers. They would play at Scopa and smoke Nazionali cigarettes. The ashtrays were emptied almost every hour. He was particularly good because he was able to hold all the cards in his head, and the count of all the scores played – maybe the only thing which I had ever heard him brag about. Everyone knew why he wanted to buy that land and my grandfather joked with us about it, saying he would have made saved money digging the foundations. It was true and untrue at the same time. He contacted the landowner, a citizen of Lurano who was struggling even to cough, bought it from him at a proper price and with a bit of subterfuge – and with the help of friendships consolidated at the club – making it

suitable for building. The forward thrust of fascism, for which having a house is the basic unit of society, did the rest. My grandmother Emma followed him without many questions. She was a woman who had been brought up a particular way.
My grandfather encountered a few more problems once the works had started. The spring that followed those two seasons of intense drought was hailed as bringing heaviest rain of the last few years. Everyone expected it, and it was exactly because of this that my grandfather had reinvented the landscape with a project that would have changed the course of the Roburent forever.
He didn't care about cost. It wasn't just some whim or some grand feat of engineering. Odessa Farm had to be the transformation of a funeral right into energy. He had a series of loops dug a hundred metres either side of the point where the foundations would be cast. It was a rather tedious exercise as it required the torrent to push itself along that deviation from its natural course with its own momentum. In fact, at a certain point in its journey they Roburent had to follow a turn to the right, building up its pressure and releasing it on the next corner. From there it opened up into a broader bend, one which ran south of the house where gentle slope of the land helped the force of movement of the river along with gravity.
My grandfather called it the Tangent. It was thanks to the Tangent that Odessa Farm would always be safe. And it was really true, also because at the point where the torrent changed direction he had a barrier installed which cut across the old riverbed like a celery stalk. We went to look together every evening, without any real reason ("Let's go for a walk as far as the Tangent," he would say after dinner), but with such precision and dedication that even after his death I couldn't do any less.
The house was ready at the end of the summer. All that remained was to organise all the furniture and tools to maintain it and make it hospitable. Then gradually even she would have settled into the environment and the natural growth of the landscape. The vegetation would have tried to ignore its boundaries, and the animals would have crossed them or flown over them.

My grandmother Emma, born and raised in the city, was still taken with wonder by the smallest of creatures. She said the people in that place never saw them. For us it was all the same – animals were fellow-inhabitants of the same world, a diverse society that could speak within itself, create its own communities and which spanned generations.
Foxes, badgers, boar and deer were rarer, and there was an ongoing competition Emmanuel between and I for who could see the most. If we weren't together at the time, then whoever could tell the story of the encounter could consider himself the winner, and the other as someone from whom Fortune had taken something. It wasn't just a tally of wild beasts. I had almost forgotten, but there is a deep desire amongst brothers that they have from when they are children to share everything that is extraordinary to them. And in infancy it's almost everything - hardly anything is passed over.
The most sought-after creature was the buzzard. Because they were harsh and solitary birds of prey, and encroached on the sky above Odessa Farm as they circled it thousands and thousands of times. To their eyes were parts of fields that rotated regularly and patiently, mixed circles of grass, grain, parched earth

left to breathe; or bits of road made from earth or series of water that revolves around their centre of gravity without any sense of direction. But to my eyes it was perfection. We spent whole summer afternoons watching them, and then we would be forced to lie on our backs because our necks were so sore. Then, when they gathered up their wings, you could catch sight of it as it dived for a mouse or an adder, or – they were solitary animals – you might lose them as they drew away, quickly but with dignity, from a group of ravens defending their nests.

Banet helped us find them the first few times, shouting from his field. Following his arm outstretched towards to sky, we latched on to those birds of prey that took advantage of the rising currents and, leaning into the spread of their wings, completed their perfect flights.

But now the last few circles of this buzzard were becoming increasingly irregular. It's difficult to love with these whimsical lights: they overlap each other, they don't let you sleep and they drag the day out up to twenty hours, maybe more. They suffocate the night, which now was all but lost – it doesn't divide or separate anything anymore, it's just a small repeated line scattered across the day.
Every now and then the buzzard seemed to retract its wings, reopening them only when its altitude plummeted dangerously and beating them to regain height. It was like a horse or a sleigh on an light up merry-go-round turning in a fairground in some seaside city, a city full of grandparents and children. But the push to return to its previous height pulled it out of its trajectory and so, as it went up and down the perimeter of its circle became distorted, turning into a polygon whose sides were little odysseys of tiredness.
The impact on the ground is shocking. There's a lot of blood, more than I thought bird of prey would have by a kilo. It's tender and disgusting at the same time on the stones of the courtyard; in fact it's frightening because the blue sun was growing inside it like an alien, it had drained its strength and instinct, making it lose the sense of orientation honed over thousands of years. Its blood was black. It had fallen from exhaustion, like in the most banal of human daydreams. Once more life revealed something to me about the difference between infancy and adulthood: I had never thought tiredness as ending in death. I think that for every buzzard that dies of exhaustion there's a owl that dies of hunger. For every grass snake that dries up, a mole burrowing underground is getting ever closer to the centre of the earth. My goat has stopped making milk.

Until a few days ago I would have taken it away from there. I would have scrubbed on the stain with some warm water and detergent and I would have stopped to look at the stones on the courtyard. Irregular, but placed and chosen with care. In the summer my grandfather would sit on a fruit crate and pull out the weeds that were growing between them. Then he would get up, move the crate along a few paces, sit back down and start all over again. At the end the courtyard was like a perfect puzzle of rocks glittering in the sun. Without blemish. Maybe it was because of this that I had called them tiles from when I was little. My house was spreading beyond its walls. And so my grandfather would say: "They aren't tiles, Gabriel. Can't you see they're stones?" "They're flat," I had replied. "It's because they're slate," said my grandfather. One day we

went behind the house where there were a dozen slabs he had kept as spares. "Call Emmanuel too," he said. With a hammer and scalpel he cut into one as he would have done in the first dusty stages of work, sealed for centuries: "It's all because of the crystals – look at them closely. Those that are glittering. They're formed from intense pressure, but they are all facing the same direction because of the magnetic field." It was that, exactly that, which created the strata that his works placed on the roofs of farms and huts, or on the grounds of some public garden. And which my grandfather himself had laid here, on our courtyard, many years ago.

But now it was no longer the time to fight against the chaos. The Roburent had flooded the cellar, the boiler room and the laundry room. The fuse box had blown, the water had entered the casings, rusting the telephone lines, and on the walls there were already watermarks that seemed like the shadows of the people who had abandoned me. I don't know if and when the substance of the blue sun would arrive on these fields and these azure flowers. I won't be here any more and I wouldn't have wanted it. Where I was, in fact, and where my substance and that of Odessa Farm would always remain, is here, in this part of the land cared for up until yesterday with love and desperation from the sickness of abandonment. Even if before long no one would even remember that it existed. And so I don't dislike that the ruin that is falling upon this place, the natural neglect to which I had restricted Odessa Farm, would also include dead animals in the courtyard. Together with walls that swell and crust, and the basement full of water, it had become part of an outlandish panorama. And it's not out of place if the world is ending.
Other buzzards, perhaps to avoid the scarecrow, had moved on to circle the forest. The chestnut trees are flowering.

When the second sun is left alone, roughly around eight in the evening, things could still be seen with the same clarity. It brings to mind a lightning bolt, which just for an instant completely illuminates the landscape during a nocturnal storm. The horizon and everything up to it appears, even if nothing can be seen beyond the troposphere. Now we live almost like that, plunged into a light that comes from deep space and never relents.
The urn towards blue begins in the late afternoon and lasts about two hours: it's a muddle of bright light, that of the sun which dwindles and that of the second star which grows – but it's also a confusion of colours: orange and blue no longer seem so complimentary. In the end the colour settles, the grass becomes algae filtering the light of the sea, my house is shrouded in a layer of starry aniseed, the birds' flames of oxyhydrogen racing along the magnetic field.
Even the inside of the house is unrecognisable. At the top of the blue sun another was appearing. And so I thought I knew Odessa Farm not only by its full and empty spaces, but also for how these full and empty spaces reflected the light. And it is a profound way to know something, in so far as intimacy with inanimate things isn't a waste.
The water flowed across the basement with a regular rhythm. There are times when I feel like ending it all, then the words Emmanuel had said before leaving would come back to me. And so the water escaped through the broken windows and went back to running where it used to flow from before '36, beneath the

shade of the sound chestnut trees, and reappropriated its original bed, dragging the odd object with it. The others, the lighter ones, drowned in the same place that before had protected them.
My family were split into small pieces first, then into bigger pieces, like layered earth in the hands of a child that was growing old.
Years have passed, everything had to be.