

Elena Sinitsyna

PAR-Tea-S



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Аннотация

The text is a funny mind reading of an ex conservatory student. The time when your Internet access is off is probably the best opportunity to deal a mess with your head and heart.

Содержание

Part 1	5
Part 2	8
Part 3	10
Part 4	11
Part 5	12
Part 6	13
Part 7	14
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	15

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*Riddle me this: Why is a raven like a writing desk? –
Lewis Carroll*

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Part 1

NONFORMAT

I have small candles. You know, such tiny tin jars, filled with paraffin. Every evening when I open the cover of my laptop, seedy in long journeys, I take one of these candles out of the small box which is on the piano, set fire and with the abrupt movement put it down in a house-lantern with holes cut through its sides. I like to type, drooping my head towards the flaming candle, looking from time to time at the lively fire, because it has the natural riot of thoughts and images essence, which the pale flicker of the computer's screen is totally deprived of. At least, this is my opinion and there's no need to be agree with.

It has been almost the circadian since there is no Internet in our district. Just think – twenty times of sixty minutes, but I am aching all over, tightening and curling up owing to the impossibility to escape from this uncivilized city, virtually at least. This is an illusion but I like millions of users stretch hands for it every morning, pressing on the start-bottom of the comp. I want it, I eager for it because I desire to receive, to be with it, to be it self... what is IT?

WHAT is it? What IS it, if loosing it I don't find any place for myself, dashing between rooms and kitchen, poking bottoms of the TV set remote control; either rarely trying to drop off

to sleep, wrapped up in a rug or diving into the near-empty fridge.

Books become arid and tedious, they simple turns my stomach. When it all comes down, everything is read. Everything of there's at home is read off. Actually, I ought to visit library but I can't be bothered, and to buy in the shop is costly. True, something could be printed at home but then the sense of the book disappears and its content transmutes into the text, into composition of A4 size. But I don't like this size. It is truly to say I hate it sufficiently. Apparently there is an effect of the endless educational process, in which I was involved by the system. Every year you do write, invent heaps of ideas, endeavor to fix your thoughts on paper, defend all these essays and projects, degree works and research thesis of every sort and kind – and what for? For some years somebody will discard them sluggishly as useless sorting dusty folders? But in this dust – your dust – my thoughts are! My ideas, my expectations, for your please, as you like. Eventually my soul! But tutors need proper format, distance from sign to sign, punctuation, and violation could be always a very good reason to cut down pass marks, to trample an individual; to humble for execution, for format or more precisely for non-format.

The day before defence of graduation project I was taken the hint that there is no place for my name in graduation list. Oh, what a night I went through then! New-unrestricted, in a grayish hanging haze above the trembling lake... the water fragrance... Then slow-to-grasp morning and the bustling-dazzling day... but

full of joy and the boundless scope... For the first time in my life
I refused to fight, to overcome, to prove and to strive; to achieve
to be fit. To fit other standards, but not my own. Non-Format.
You are not the form. Form-no-t... No time and no form...
Thank goddess, hallowed be!...

Part 2

Buddha

There's just one trouble – the absence of Internet. Even tea doesn't cure for situation. The story goes Buddha was fond of tea, or his followers were – that guys that preached his teaching. As a matter, as we all are Buddhas per se and we like tea thus it tells its own tale – Buddha did like tea too. If I like tea it means I am Buddha too. Surely one should be a complete idiot imagining oneself as the Prince Siddhartha who is reborn nowadays next time in turn for the sake of all the living beings are well and happy. Because a prince isn't Buddha, but Buddha is the Prince. As for me, I am neither the prince or even the princess. I am a Buddha because I like tea too (or that's why). We are united by this fact which means, I am Buddha too barely do not make aware of it. And Gipsy women in the market – they are Buddhas too because they like tea as well. Yet... to be honest I don't know what Gypsies like. I don't know who they are – at all, because since childhood we have been taught to be afraid of them. But I think that if there is a strong probability of they may like tea as well, there is no need to be afraid of them, because they are Buddhas too, and as well as we they are do not assume it (neither everyone does). Somebody may suppose; may guess.

I also like the cold retreats when candles burn. February cold

beyond the window of the flat and the electrical cold of the screen window, which is opened into some other mock-bright reality, draws back facing alive fire. The reality, sure, is not bright in generally; nor that nor this, even online, i.e. on line. On thread, thin linen thread like silk that I will never wear – I am not the prince or even the princess. I am Buddha. And Buddhas don't wear silk. Buddhas wear garments of virtue and enlightenment. Indeed, I wear jeans gifted by good soul, long-sleeves T-shirt-wingspan, a sweater on the point of warming bad and shaggy-soft socks. There is, surely underclothing but there's not necessary to mention, because it is quite clear: Prince Siddhartha didn't wear such an attire but silk and become the Buddha. But is this a reason? Would I get a Buddha state if I do not have garbs which Siddhartha was wearing? True, it was told that Buddha was living like a hermit and only after that became a Buddha. But I am not a hermit nevertheless but want to be Buddha. Still I only don't see why, but the wish exists.

If that prince had Internet, would he become a Buddha, I wonder?

Part 3

I like...

I like Johnny Depp

I like milk

I like when doves coo

I like blue color

I like the fragrance of spring

I like mum

I like to live

I like to suffer (I should to admit it whenever)

I like to love

I like to love (yes, once more)

I like myself

Part 4

I don't like...

I don't like Quentin Tarantino's movies

I don't like blood

I don't like when somebody is warming-up the car under my window

I don't like loneliness

I don't like the fume from the factory

I don't like those who I don't know, but if I don't like those who I know, it is their fault

I don't like to not-live

I don't like to suffer

I don't like to be mistaken

I don't like to make mistakes with people (am I not a human?)

I don't like my own reflections

Part 5

It doesn't matter to me...

...

*

qwerty ui op [] as df

ghjk l; 'z x cvb nm., 1234567890987654321=-+=

=.....

No,

It is a matter to me

YES!

IT IS A MATTER TO ME!!!

Part 6

To sleep

Internet has not been connected yet.

turn off

Part 7

turn on

THE SOVEREIGN OF THE TIME

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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