

## LISTENING CHRONOS ...

Small notes of a shy Piano Fortes arise from nowhere ... they stay ... they wait ...

TIME FLIES, Time flies.

A sonorous atmosphere is surrounding me ...

The journey through the time has begun.

The time. What a strange thing is the time, usually that time is flying and sometimes it seems that it never ends, it flows peacefully like a quiet river or explosive like a stormy sea and frightens the heart.

I dive into the past (PAST), and there me accompanies a silvery sound, sounding like a spoon that strikes a glass.

The past... a distance that we already have covered and from where we look at the present and into the future.

In fact, suddenly an electronic and modern sound takes the upper hand, a sound that knows a lot about the fog and the future. The notes of the piano are like steps that go downstairs.

I notice that the notes played by the spoon are repeating and they accompany me like a guide through this journey.

I see again the games that I played as girl, almost lost games, wonderful, enchanting stories and unfortunately they are forgotten too.

I smell the scent of things that were and of many forgotten objects (*OGGETTI DIMENTICATI*). The notes of the piano accelerate and get slower again, like heart beats, whereupon faces, feelings and emotions emerge gently.

I stop and the piano tells me a new story. The notes are talking happily and it seems to me that they hurry, like each note wants to follow the other through the story, but has to take breath now and then.

The Way of the seven towers (*LA VIA DELLE SETTE TORRI*), a way that carries me far away and higher...

From there I can look at the present.

The present (PRESENT)..... a miracle.

At that moment I hear a set of essential sounds that make me think of breathing... of life ....

How many lifes in the present, how many breathes...

The breathes turn into voices and every now and then is one superior to the others. Then all together become milder and at the end.... silence....

How much silence ... how many unspoken words (PAROLE NON DETTE).

An uncertain and scarcely perceptible music tries to give voice to these poor, dumb words, but it seems scared ..... it stutters ... it stops.

Then she finally plucks up courage and speaks in a loud voice! Now the words have finally a voice!

Voices of notes that are speaking out of the many, countless viewpoints (POINTS OF VIEW), made of words ..... or looks ...

Looks that speak in the silence ...

A strange ticking becomes apparent in that silence... it slows down ... it stops ....

Then it starts again and together with the sound it penetrates into the future (FUTURE).

But from that tone, like it would be magic, arise small notes that fall like water beads slowly down and caress my face. I smile ...

It seems like this shower of notes wants to wash off the thoughts of fear that accompany the future.

A violin sings, but her singing is brief...

It's getting dark... small notes, like delicate flames, light up and by their light I see many, many white sheets (FOGLIO BIANCO).

These white sheets are our lifes.

Then the flames turn into small pens, which start to write beautiful things on these white sheets, but... some do not write...

I hear music, but strangely I nice silence too.... silcence from blank sheets...

The violin restarts its melody, but this time it is not alone...another voice accompanies her.

It seems, like it would tell me, that the hope is always close, that every day is a new discovery, that our life is music and that music is eternal. (MUSIC IS ETERNITY)

Now the piano unites with them too and together they invite me to look at the germs, that were born from the traces of the past.

It is true, time repeats itself, like after one harvest follows the other. (DOPO UN RACCOLTO NE VIENE UN' ALTRO)

The sounds intertwine now, they grow and dance happily for this new beginning ...

After the dance is over, they take off like birds in flight, her voice get lost in time. The journey has ended.

The violin greets me... now all voices have becoming to wind.

The journey has been beautiful... but the journey does not end.

Past, present, future, are always with us, in every thought, in every breath, every scent, every touch, mild as well as strong.

The past, the present, the future, I am, you are, we all are.

Anna Maria Pia