

INTRODUCTION

♪ - Max Richter – Confrontation (Disconnect Soundtrack)

Through the window, dark and copper-coloured streaks were painting the horizon.

Invisible to her were the curves of the Outside, for the prison she was living in for many years only allowed her to see the world's detritus. It wasn't a beach: no more soft and thin sand which had, on occasions, tingled her sensitive feet. Through the hard, painful pieces of metal, it wasn't a forest, which she could have imagined, or become. In between the cramped white walls, there only existed: a work desk, on which a cut flower was dying in a vase, stripped away from its origins; an untidy bed - messy because of her anger; and a few open notebooks, torn apart, spread out on the sheets.

A slight stinging feeling, the hairs on her uncovered neck slowly rising, as the wall was subtly rattled by the opening door. Rambling and lingering in the haze of her medically restrained thoughts, she guessed a juvenile "Hello". She suddenly felt the warmth of an unexpected hand, a human

body, a tiny little face. A child, gentle and kind, blowing on the strands of her hair.

She thought, for a second, that she recognized the small dimple on the child's cheek. But the detail just went away so quickly that she felt dizzy. "Why do the details vanish so suddenly, with such violence, and with deeper and deeper sorrow?" she wondered.

In those questions remained the hope, the impossible hope, that someday she would find her way back to the details and the memories.

She knew for sure her eyes were open...and yet somehow her vision was tainted, blurry, eaten, burned around the edges.

"I have these blades dropping in the corner of my eyelids".

A name echoed in the room, a musical name, that seemed to be hers.

Helen

Helen

Helen

"Yes?" - she struggled, so eager, to pronounce this short, simple word. But she couldn't. Surreptitiously, the word "Mom" travelled along the smooth litany of her name. It had been whispered into her ear, caressing. Something broke, her eyes were dripping, and she felt on her cheeks the