

It presses. It pushes me, softly, down—in my solitude.

And there, it allows for certain openings, certain moments of release—  
of hope?

Yes, it presses and releases, as a continuous, small-range variation  
of pressure—as a soft contour line holding me underneath—or  
disappearing for a moment—crossing continuously this atmosphere like a  
northern light.

Pressing different surfaces of my body in different ways. Vivifying,  
sometimes. Neither grasping nor trespassing the surface. Not today.  
Not here.