

**Inreparabile Tempus**

by mazaher, 2009

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*A very short musing, already posted on this site as part of the 2001-2010 collection; now translated into English at the kind request of irisbleuific.*

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Death is a peace without events.  
The recently dead are curious.  
They want to remember how it felt: heat of sunlight on skin, munching on bread.  
They crave for news about those who are left on the other side.  
But soon they get distracted. They forget.  
When they remember, and focus on life once more, they can't recognize much. The places are different, the people are strangers.  
Time has passed, and we've been unaware.  
The outcomes of the choices we made dissolve, like concentric waves around a pebble thrown in a pond. They don't touch us anymore.  
Forgetting, we can rest.  
But something is rousing me now.  
I strain to identify what it may be.  
I can smell the scent of wood and paper of a library.  
I can see the vellum binding of a book I recognize.  
I know I once wrote down a gloss on page 153. The pen's tip just cut, the ink too diluted. The flame of the lamp.  
Why this memory? Why now?  
The book slams shut, closing suddenly on a death.  
Not my own, but it pierces me as though it were.  
Someone has found the moth which I crushed between pages, two hours after sunset, September 14th, 1567.

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The volume is described in SILVIA GASPARINI, *Theatrum Bibliographicum. Il fondo bibliografico antico del Seminario di Storia del diritto, 1, Gli Incunaboli e le Cinquecentine*, Padova: Imprimeria, 2011, pp. 150-151.