

Luc Delfosse

The Man Who Had Been Looking For Love

Roman



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COLLECTION CARACTÈRES MOBILES

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Novel


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À Philippe, mon Cousin

To this unknown woman that I met, one morning; when I was not looking for love

The Man Who Had Been Looking For Love

*“The self-centered man who speaks to himself is hateful.
He is worthy of being listened to only when there is a song in him;
only when he sings, in solitary secrecy, but confesses only music to others.
Let's quickly talk about something else and let everything be modest.”*

JEAN CAU

Prolog, Distraction

Prolog

Dear Reader,

In most countries, in many movies, any story ends up with a song. Operettas start and finish with arias and choirs. The present relation creates allusions to many songs. Could it be a reminiscence of the Greek tragedies?

In my story, that you might be interested in reading, I have included, after this distractive prolog, a few episodes – the chapters in fact – and, in many chapters, a few dialogs – some are versified – a few singings also, in the rain, in the sun, or in a rainbow, when joy and hopes are back to the lover's heart. To support the writer, some invisible choir, in special chapters only, will try to round off the characters of each lover. The main song of the choir will be the song of the heart. Sooner and later, a chant will appear in the three epilogs. Then, exit.

Like in an old tragedy, there will be three actors, the protagonist (or narrative writer, a bit naïve), the second protagonist (the beloved lady, very beautiful) and the third party (the soul of the writer looking for his soul mate, his lady's). The lifeblood of the writer will also be supported by the choir and its coryphée. Last but not least, the soul of the male protagonist will be involved in all the intrigues concocted by the writer – her partner. The soul is both a player and a witness, sometimes despite herself. In an airway, she is the hub of the story, she is also some kind of an airbag if the traveler is driving, or flying too fast. One travel agent can cross many people in a hub, but *inward life* is usually restricting its contacts to the ones, one loves.

- Ooh my soul, my dear lady mate^①, I know that you cannot play it all and bear with me permanently. However, I know you will interfere and share the tribulation of both performers, the beloved lady who wanted to be a dancer and her lover who wanted to be a singer.

Finally, in order to respect the Greek Tradition, the author didn't add players other than our two heroes, in what could be taken like a play, a modern tragedy, or maybe a comedy. If he would make exceptions, these supernumeraries would remain almost quiet, still and mute, except – this are the exceptions within the exception – a couple of nice stewardesses who are more talkative than the author. We shall meet them in flying chapters.

Please, also note that a few interferences can pop up. High in the skies, the Moon might stand still and mute – as already mentioned – but it will smile. Shooting stars will speed up, because a philosopher told us that the starred sky is turning around men and women to disclose their destiny to astrologists.

- You just said that your intrigue could be compared to the one in an old tragedy, but now you are saying that this is a modern one? This seems to be contradictory.
- Another philosopher said that *'Theater is the biggest machine ever invented to absorb contradictions'*. 'Old', in 'old tragedy' doesn't stand for 'age-old', I would rather mean 'ancient tragedies', 'antique plays', from the Greek times. These writings are still modern, like the music from Chopin and Tchaikovsky are.
- Do you intend to portray anyone?
- Not really, I am just looking for someone.

Now, let me write a last note: although the stationary song, in a tragedy, is usually linked to emotions, feelings and events, I skipped it here, as both my heroes love dancing. They are not able to stand long without moving, I mean, without dancing.

1. A soul can be an angel, neutral gender. However, our wordsmith decided that, in his present book, starting now, the gender of 'soul' would not be neutral but feminine. As one knows, in English, as far as gender is concerned, there are a few exceptions to the rule: a boat is 'she', a cat is 'she' and my sweetheart, she is wonderful. When forging words, one can become a lord smith for one's lady.

- In this case, why don't you write a musical comedy?
- A third philosopher said that the comedy is the upper form of theater, but I would advise to take my story as a simple entertainment.

Distraction

So, now, as a distraction, dear Reader, and as I already proposed in one of my earlier books, you may try to ferret out all the songs and choir chants that the writer refers to, directly, or, indirectly.

If you can find all of them, you will be rewarded the complete works of the author. Winners can be multiple.

Also, be warned, dear Reader, they are so many songs and lyrical nano-partitions all along my story that it might be difficult to take this challenge. The author himself is not sure of his ability to find the winning number as it can be close to the Golden Ratio. But, nothing is impossible especially for real lovers. Lovers can be funny, they love to count, together, the number of stars in the night. So, they may also have fun counting the songs tonight.

Therefore, in order to increase your chances, in addition to the song pack, the gamblers can make a list, preferably on a Mac, of their favorite movies candidly connected with love, provided the said movies have a happy ending. So, to be clear, don't include, in your own selection, films like *'Love Story'*, very beautiful indeed, but too sad to me. *'A Summer of 42'* can be singled out and not only on a CD, because anyone can feel like going back to Massachusetts. Why did she have to go and leave me standing on my own? If, one day, I land in Muscat Gate Island (pronounce *'Muskeget Island'*) in the County of Nantucket, I will *tell the Moon to wait and the Sun to linger*. That day, I will be a rich man – Agreed Charlie?

Dear Reader, when sharing openly with you my distraction, you may think that I am just trying to close out my unsold books. Therefore, as it is the case with an inheritance, feel free to accept or refuse this cumbersome collection, a bit hush-hush and confidential, but not stodgy. This is not a catalog. This is just that, as my sweet friend Marilyn told me once, 'I have the impression that you didn't want to finish your story'. She was right, I didn't want to.

Part I

The Start

She was new and unbelievable

Usually, the beginnings of a love story are beautiful, even if it is a love affair only. Departures are not always easy – sometimes they go slow, very slow, there are no take-offs. Sometimes, beginners collide and, finally, all what they get are scrambled eggs. Wise men keep away, like some people keep off the grass. *Only fools rush in.* They are not the only ones, thanks to God. No matter what happens! Personally, the memories of love that I have are always wonderful. A woman can be only an appearance, but to me, she is always an emergence. In case of a fast happening, one can speak of love at first sight. Whatever love speed is, it can be, physically, considered as a fourth dimension. And if, in mathematics, it is a dimension like any other, in the heart of a lover, it is some kind of a fifth element. If it is analyzed by the game theory, it will end up in zero-sum games. The winner might take it all, or be generous, and share. And the winner is... But, who is the winner? Do we need a winner? Can we try to make it a win-win game? *Whatever it takes, if you take me to the top, I'm ready.* God speed your love to me, so, let's start now!

Chapter 1

A Smile in the Sky

The sky was unbounded. It was black. For whatever reason, he wanted it painted dark blue. The sky had lost its stars. In an unusual way, far away that night, but inflated, the Moon occupied, alone, the infinite space. For him, forbearing was a difficult exercise. However, like one of his ancestors, who would had been looking for a secret wrapped in golden chains, he had the capacity to stall for time. He was patiently waiting for the ascent of the missing stars. They couldn't be gone forever. When the gate is closed, when the flight is departed, one can still take another flight, go to another destination. This is destiny. Upon their return, the stars would probably tell him a fairy tale, in which there would be no destination, only a wonderful journey of two people, hands in hands. A man who had been looking for the lady of his heart would make her *appy*, sorry happy. In a settlement, smaller than a village, he remembered a recent love affair, like an invention told by an idiot, full of rounds and lure, another lesson. Like a joke on a singer, in an old song, he realized that he was himself the idiot. Gees! He should have understood faster. The bee was too beautiful. Would he be a student during his whole life? Could he not learn the language of 'Love' in 90 lessons? He had been searching on Kindle for such a method, but all the promises that he would be operational within a few weeks, and able to speak a broken love language, was rubbish. How to assimilate the art of love?

He had a different attitude. His first reaction, under this type of circumstances was always to start, one more time, crossing poetical roads. Then, in order to try to forget a bit what he now accepted as a new disappointment, he went coveting overseas beauties, in an island depicted by Gauguin. He was

also lusting for loveable women painted in Paris by Amadeo Modigliani, a long time ago, in a room, under the roofs. He was admiring nudes, he was dreaming of a warm lady covered in a sand castle, and what? Maybe God would be clement to him. There, in Brittany, once more, he was beating around a burning bush, inside his jail, trying to be a man, rather than a lover. But he also knew that soon, he would go for another world tour, he would look for her again, trying to enter her own world. He was going to write a book for her, not an apology, but a love story.

His patience and prayers were rewarded. The sky was still black, but as it was welcoming the stars, it began to show a bluer shade. One after one, like heroines who would come back to their native land, like prodigal children, the stars were reborn.

He started to give new names to most of these resurgent luminaries. Of course, being not a scientist, he would avoid using comparable figures to 4-digit PIN numbers, or 6 character combinations, especially the ones including symbols (@, #, \$, %, etc.). For the stars he would choose poetical names, not passwords. He still didn't understand why one of the most distant stars had been called *MACS J1149 Lensed Star 1*, when it would have been so simple to call it Icarus. Whatever, among all these sparkling ladies, he decided to first rename a shooting star that – he was sure of it – would send him an enigmatic smile, as the Moon sometimes does, when it is back on stage, showing up, after it overshadowed for a while, or even disappeared. (It is clear that, in this case, the Moon wants to outshine its rivals after its pagan escape.) This happened that night, on October 24th, in a leap year, amid all these beauties who had lost their identity, he was stopped by one luminous dancing body with a mysterious look. His emotion, that he tried to hide, was so strong, that he had only one solution to get out of his confinement, in his dark pyramid. He had to drink a love potion number 9-billion. This situation was a little similar to the one when Obelix was exceptionally permitted to drink a full drum of magic rum. While drinking, his hands were shaking, but he didn't stop praying. This unique shooting star had an enigmatic light, as he anticipated, it was coming from India, there, was a smile up on its top face, this was the flash of a fascinating lady that he would meet soon. Her name was Kanika. Before Kanika would totally appear to him, he would have to follow a long and winding road strewn

with pitfalls. But he knew he would meet her. He also knew that if the stars would disappear again, he would just have to look at Kanika's eyes crossing the skies to keep flying. Kanika had a magnetic smile. Who was she?

Chapter 2

iCubes

- Please, turn off your lights and listen! Listen and open your eyes! The movie is starting... Stop eating your popcorn! Finish up your Coke, I don't want to hear you sucking continuously your ice cubes.
- But Dad, they are not ice cubes, they are iCubes, a new virtual invention from Apple. They are lighter than a fugue written by Bach and speedily played by Glen Gould. One doesn't need to be suckling nonstop, the iCubes are fresh and silent.
- That's fine, just keep quiet then... The music is already on...
- Hey! That's a great music!
- Please don't start dancing on your seat! I'd rather fasten your seat belt. You! Unruly!
- I am just trying to compensate the turbulences disturbing our flight.
- There are more turbulences in your head than in the skies.

Today, long after, in Long Island, at the movie theater, he was still clearly remembering this scene on board this Boeing 707K, he was flying first time with his father. His dad was now gone, so he started to speak to himself:

'My mother should know. My dad had taken me on a trip, my first flight overseas, provided I would keep silence in, and gossip out, or vice versa, I am not sure. I just recall that movie, on a screen, on a plane. The outside turbulences had stopped, the ones in my head were still active, they would never retire. And inside, my heart was agitated. Today, in Long Island, in the theater, there are no more turbulences, neither outside or inside. When the movie started, I was not able to focus on the mega screen – I don't know why. In exchange, the very first picture of *Forrest Gump* came up

to my mind – you know this guy sitting on a bench, at a bus stop, near a park, in Savannah, Georgia, and saying something like... *'Life is a box of chocolates, you never know what you're gonna get'*... He also added *'Those must be comfortable shoes... I remember my first pair of shoes... I have been running my whole life...'*

These statements, by Forrest, made me think of the love declaration of Cyrano to Roxane, except that Forrest was looking for tenderness, when Cyrano was looking for love. Is there a big difference? Since that movie, I ran so many races and haunted so many places, up to that fantabulous leap year when I met Kanika. If I look back to that year, if I browse again through all the places where I had been, that year, if I open the 7K rack on flight 2410 to Kanika Island – the rack of my memories – then Kanika constantly appears, she is the heroin of my K-story, animated by her deep eyes, her enigmatic smile. Near me, she would always stand by, please stand by me, Kanika. While I had been loping in so many races, you took me to your places, you took me to dance, you took me to swimming, what a swing, sharing beers, cheers! Now, let me take you to our K-Story.

Chapter 3

Once upon a time Kanika

Back and forth between past and presence, inventing future, he finally found more interesting to ascend the time and speak again with his father, rather than to speak alone:

- *Don't we all do that?* – I whispered to my father's ear, while silently suckling my iCubes. Funny enough, although my father had instinctively put his finger on his mouth, he answered me by telepathy: *'yes, we all fall in love, one day, and this woman that you will love, like no other, God will send her to you, one day, one night, without warning you.'*

I added: 'and if my Global Positioning System is not performing or even working, how will I find her?'

- *'Then, you will use one of God's GPS called God's Pinnacle Surprise, my Dad answered. 'Remember, God is always hearing you.'*

Years later, in another happy period of my life, I would never watch TV or movies when flying. I still don't. Flying is sufficient to make me dream, read and write. In the future, aboard future giant airliners, I will possibly also run. Planes can be compared to these charming places called *'Bed and Breakfast'* or *'Running and Dancing'*.

So, once upon a time, above the clouds, flying back home from O'Hare with United Airlines, cocooned by one of my favorite stewardesses ever, Betty, having written all my daily mails, tasting a last glass of Champagne, I was going to try to sleep, when, all of a sudden, the beautiful face of Gwyneth Paltrow appeared on a screen. I decided right away to make an

exception to my movie abstinence and I began watching '*Shakespeare in love*'. Was he, he, Shakespeare? The one who fell in love? I don't know, but me, I immediately collapsed in love with the beautiful face of this blonde woman, with her blond long hair, with her blue eyes. It was rather strange to me, as I have always been exclusively attracted by brunette women, with their black hair, with their deep brown eyes. In fact, for me, this first scene on the screen, aboard this plane, was like going again to the Louvre, or to the Met, or to the Pinacoteca, on Sundays, as I used to do, in Paris, as a child, in New York, as a teenager, in Munich as a student. I was going there, to the museum, just to have the opportunity of seeing beautiful women faces, many of them being, through their inviting smiles, full of mystery, rather than fury. At the museum, their luminous bodies were irresistible, magnetic, soon mine? They were all fascinating.

But, what I didn't know, is that, one day would come, when only one face would captivate me, whether I would be looking at her picture or I would be stuck on her smile, appearing on my mind or at the window of a flying-in-the-night-jumbo. I was stuck because her smile to me was enigmatic. I was hooked, her smile to me was devastating. Strange, we wouldn't be strangers. Where was her coming from, who was her?

Back to the magic movie theater, is the guy, *Forrest*, there, seated on his bench, going to go on, with his chronicle? Or will a Bollywood motion picture, which could start on my screen anytime, plunge me back into the same sound record atmosphere? I didn't know that the K-story, I was going to be absorbed in, would totally change my life. It did. And hereafter is what happened in the first key moments, the K-seconds.

Now, in my new chronic dream, I am looking at a black haired, deep black eyed young woman, not to mention her incredible attractive lips. Then, sitting by her, I am trying to hide emotion, she is so enigmatic. At that moment, a voice off starts to tell the story. It was like a poetry bang, a big shot, like starting running a marathon under the thunder, there in Moscow. One after one, words were born in my heart and directly transferred to my mind:

Once upon a time
In the mystery of India
A little blue bell had chimed
A baby girl was born, there in India
She was made of the finest atoms ever
No eyes whenever
Were more luminous... They were jewels,
They were black diamonds
The baby girl was born from a love seed
Her name was **Kanika**

Chapter 4

Born to love

He was born to love, like others were born to run. The day of his birth, he had been told, by an angel, that love was in the air. Therefore, he refused to drink his first baby bottle and he immediately started to breathe heavily, like a gigantic Gargantuan. But, unlike the famous greedy giant, he was not demanding any food or drinks, he was looking for love. Since that instinct – sorry, instant – the very first minute he was born – he had never stopped his quest, he was constantly stooping and praying: ‘Oh Lord, won’t You give me love?’ Since that day – his birth day – he had been looking for love every single hour, that makes a lot of days.

What happened then? Then, his favorite color became the blue, just because the wings of the angels are said to be blue. When buying clothes, he would choose any color, provided it was blue. Blue is also the color privileged by those who love music.

He grew up with the intimate conviction that Love was the most precious stone to be extracted from a volcanic basement. It was the Holy Grail, that so many adventurers had been searching. To be honest, first, it was only an impression, but very soon, it became a sensation, a sensational one. So, rather than rushing for gold, he would rush in Love, maybe like a fool. During his pilgrimage, sometimes, he thought he had found love, he was enthusiastic. Other times, sadness was showing up, he was just feeling like a loveless child.

Born to love Kanika

Later, he would discover, that he was born to love Kanika.

Later... would it be the right time? would it be love for real? would it be love for long? The strange thrill, the new impulse he had felt since he had met Kanika inclined him to believe so, at least, to think about it. He was no longer a beginner, she was not either. But, he was still a child. He would have loved to have met Kanika when she was still a little girl, with bunches or pigtails. Later he would see her wearing a ponytail, sure he would be fascinated. In the old days, a child always had sweet dreams, I hope that boys and girls of today still have these sweet dreams. Every night, before turning off the lights, his mother was telling him a story that would end well, he usually fell asleep before the end, Mum sang a lullaby, or, sometimes, a refrain. The nightmares were not long lasting, Mum's perfume was. His status, as a child, protected him. The little boy who remained in him was, on all occasions, optimistic. This time it would be the right time. He was neither looking for the why, nor for the how. Only, the personality of Kanika, her assertive, adorably feminine character, interested him. Only her enigmatic smile could intrigue him, distract him. She was the heroine of the film that made him turn around, beat around a burning bush, when Audrey Hepburn had played Sabrina. Having said that to himself, his never-ending thinking habit brought him back to his love for Kanika. His never-ending thinking of her made Kanika live inside him, or would he be living inside Kanika?

He suddenly recalled his longtime friend Inna. It had been years they didn't meet, but their friendship was still the same. Inna was a specialist of mathematical probabilities. Using mathematics, rapidly, Inna became known, and even famous, in the 4W_BB (the Writer of the Wide and Wild World, born from a burning initiated after the Big Bang) for being successful in ejecting regularly the author out of his personal iCloud – full of too many data – and to make him enter a new fresh atmosphere, back to a sensitive universe, where data were substituted by emotions and analogical pieces of life. Life is not logical, is it? This performance was achieved only using a simple therapy: dancing. Inna took him dancing night and day within seven days. During the performances, they would drink Champagne.

Between two parties, a couple of beers. Strange enough, he would soon understand that Inna was announcing Kanika. Both were born the same day. One day, Inna went away, she had to, she was looking for a brand new start. What a wonderful world she offered him before disappearing. What a friend! One day, Kanika would be his, he was her future. What a lover she would be.

Besides helping her friend, Inna also used to calculate probabilities for herself in order to estimate her chance to meet her own lover, and, incidentally, to know when this would happen. It was a unique experience but she stopped it after a few years, she had discovered that love was simply waiting for her next door. On his part, the man who was looking for love was doing something similar. He was inventing his future love as Apple Inc. is producing our global future. However, he never really found love. But now, in the presence of Kanika, as a player of the game of go – a go game – he would balance between art and mathematics, he was able to stop speculating on probabilities and to focus on the most important event since man walked on the Moon, his encounter with her, his dream of her, looking at her only. Geometry was a lovely simplification, especially after they had been dancing together. First, an intense pleasure was produced by their combined movements, after-which he could appreciate her physical restful presence. He could admire God's geometry. She was pretending? No, she was not. It was not her style. She was cautious. He would not blame her for that. Once she could be herself, she wouldn't be cautious any longer but would remain reserved, and one cannot sit at a reserved table without being permitted. She was ironical? No, she was not. She was beautiful? Yes, she was, she was very beautiful, she was more than beautiful, she was an enigma. She was a bit distant, not standoffish. Occasionally, she was trying to tear away, she would almost vanish. Thanks to God, she couldn't do it radically. Most of time, her distance brought him closer to her – it was magnetic. Back to his hotel, after dancing, still excited and followed by a shower, his strange desire of her would discover who he was and what she could become for him, *what she was already*. He would love her the way she wanted to be loved. What he found remarkably fascinating in her personality was that, although she would never show it, in the way most people do, she was emotional, absolutely emotional. Attempting to convince her, he was attentive to grasp,

either a smile, or an attitude, or a couple of words expressing her stock of love: "*I was looking for you this morning*"... He wanted her to grasp him, as her bottle of champagne, *Chardonnay, blanc de blanc*, promising a taste of pleasure. He would never slip from her grasp. He simply wanted to be eligible to her love. If she would become a she-cat, but she would never, he would manage with her deep-seated sense of insecurity, he would be the one conquering Kanika, his new Kate, sorry, his new Gate.

She had a qualification for love and she was also looking for love.

He had now got up to this point, as an alpinist reaches the top of a pick, when, all of a sudden, he was literally transported back a few years ago, maybe, many years ago, at a time when he was still a boy, some kind of a happy noise maker. A scene, at the pool, came back to his mind.

Chapter 5

At the pool

They were at the pool. The Sun had joined them, taking advantage of a blue sky. Did the Sun outdate the Moon, one more time? As usual, the Sun arrived early. Her lover gazed at her legs and her bathing robe. In her swimming dress, she was delicious, elegant. She looked like a butterfly ready to enjoy freedom. He suddenly remembered the day when he was holding her back down there above the clear water, at Wadi Shab. It was a rare moment, so strong, that he had the sensation of enjoying physical love, just because he could hold her back. Then, he started recollecting moments from the time of his teenage years, at this age, when sexual pleasure seems to be one of the fastest drivers of a relation between pretty young women and men. He would however first recall his unsustainable need for tenderness. It was a passionate instinct. It was more than a youthful affection or a juvenile curiosity. He was looking untiringly for the seducing soul of his partner, for her striking mystery, it was like an outstanding pleasure in suspense. Of course, his discovery of the woman's body, this unveiled wonder calmly offered by Indian gods, and this miraculous hidden hollow, which was now opening slowly, blushing before burning up, in front of him, this woman's body that he would imagine protected by a dragon, of course, this body had an undeniable attraction on him. He had to control impulses coming from unknown origins. On another hand, this only part of her body that he was permitted to hold, he was thinking that his love for Kanika shouldn't be a passion, although he would irredeemably play with love and move around her, even when they were not dancing. Finally, his feelings, growing irreparably, would be discreetly going through all the steps of a spiral staircase that they would climb up together. Sexual greed rather than sexual anarchy, or,

reverse? Sexual greed had to be accepted as a succulent dark chocolate that one cannot resist permanently. He was dreaming of offering Kanika seven boxes full of black chocolates. Maybe one day, one night, she would accept a K-box – a K-box is a promised pleasure box. Promised pleasures were wonderful. But, by the way, what is pleasure? A component of happiness? A mix of caresses and tenderness, an experience, like a consumption that would be made before the mental investment in a relationship? The Kanaka sisters of his debuts, over there in Tokyo, overflowing him with their sensual frolics were gone with the years. They had left the brown and yellow leaves of the Japanese autumn fall behind, and they wouldn't be back. He knew that the greatest pleasure was the one prepared by a long and winding road.

He didn't want his love – their love – to be a passion, except for short moments. It should be romanesque, not at all romantic, not a silly soothing potion, rather a love potion number seven. Would this K-Love – K for Kanika, naturally – be the love that would fill up the sentimental expectations he had been feeling from day one?

Naturally, he was dreaming of their first kiss, of course he was moved each time they would go for a hug, a long hug, a tender hug, in a hub, at the airport, when saying goodbye, see you soon. These exceptional contacts were rather spaced out. Kanika, and he, would also limit their body contacts while dancing. He was accepting her choice as a teasing approach of the progressively strong relation he was hoping to fashion with her. He was then concentrating his attention on her face. Her eyes were speaking to him. He would get all the right signals but he couldn't be sure of what Kanika meant when she was using one of her enigmatic smiles produced in her intimate workshop and strongly wrapped around a golden apple. Her teeth themselves were shining at him as a white dancing piece of lace. His anticipation was huge. He wanted to push up to the extreme edge of pleasure. Fertile imagination, refined approach, à la carte appetite, privilege.

Eventually, that morning, like every morning, he wanted his next life to pay a tribute to Kanika's mystifying beauty. She seemed to live in a fortified town where the mystery of loveliness was kept. Sometimes she would share smiles in the garden of a castle, sometimes she was hiding away in the highest tower of the fortress. She had put his heart in a stronghold but he wanted to speak

to her with his soul, with his whole body. They loved dancing together, he wanted to love her while dancing. One more time, *encore une fois*, he wanted to say 'good morning', to repeat 'good morning, good morning' because every new day was giving him a chance to love Kanika the way she wanted to be loved. He thanked God that, miraculously, Kanika had entered into his world to save his dreams. His today fondness for Kanika shouldn't be a passion? Of course, it was. It would be what she wanted it to be. Mother Mary, 'Let it be'. Although it was a marathon, no need to qualify. Their love was a frenetic dance, it was a rapturous bubbling. It was a meditation.

He wanted to sing out: '*Kanika, please let me love U the way U want to be loved*'. From now on, every day, together with Kanika, he wanted to write their rare and dancing relationship on a sheet music, just because Kanika was now his unique web, his Wonderful Enigmatic Beauty.

They were at the pool. His mettlesome imagination kept crawling.

Chapter 6

K-Intrigue

If they happen to read this book, some pundits may look for an intrigue, or for a mask, on the magician's face. What for? Imagine my K-Story would be only a symbolic novel, then, no need for a plot, it would be self-sufficient. Does life need a plot? Detective novels are all the same. But, of course, first, life is movement, life is certainly a series of interrelated sequences. If we add to this that my nature is, say, a bit romanesque, I will definitely insert a few actions along the painting gallery presenting Kanika's beauty in the light. Therefore, there is a little bit of a plot, which could be inspired by Don Quixote deeds. We may also cross Richard III, looking desperately for a horse. Even an old horse would be useful, or a donkey... Why a horse? Just to kidnap Kanika. Kidnap? No, Kanika requests a dancing horse, to free her, for me to ride with her. On a carousel, we could also jump on two horses, maybe, to ride one only would be better, you know, these big white horses dancing up and down while a flon-flon music makes it necessary to shout and laugh louder, the two lovers can hardly hear each other, they don't mind, their love is in the air, Kanika is wearing beautiful flip-flops to go with the flon-flons. It is a sunny Sunday, Spring is waking up in all senses, they are free, they will travel like Mary Poppins. They can accept a bit of a rain, so that a bluetiful, or a yellowtiful rainbow arises. On the carousel, after a few circles, the white horse will take us to a nice, peaceful, luxury place, with a touch of voluptuousness. Naturally, I have to be Kanika's knight, even if it is an old cliché, somewhat ridiculous, should I say absurd?, never totally gone. We have to break a few rules – not all – not at all, we shall honor tradition and be *Happy Kool* together, and we will. We shall dance in Hong Kong.

Back again to the magic wood: white was the dove, who lost one piece of her dress, a white feather falling down, slowly, transported by the wind, in a caress, in a carousel, in America, saved by a helping shoulder and picked up by *Forrest Gump* who will carefully store it in his book, full of immaculate clouds. In another dialog, on his bench with his neighbor, in a scene which was canceled when the film was edited, *Forrest* asked: *'How many seas must a white dove sail?'* Bob Dylan never gave any answer to this question, but I would have kept this scene in the final montage. The dove could have put her best attire on, as a sign of assent, on a music accord.

- I thought you would have a preference for black color, black hair, dark deep eyes, black horses... Are you shifting to white? – my Soul intervened.
- *Why art thou thus attired in discontent?*
- You really enjoy Shakespeare's theater.
- I do. And also, *Shakespeare in Love*, as you will remember.
- Ah, hum, in that movie, you were rather in love with Viola.
- Hum, ah, to answer your question regarding horses, Pegasus and Ben Hur's horses were white, the horse of Henri IV of France was said to be white too, but, on another leg, an unexpected winner is said to be a black horse. I am not sure of Don Quixote horse's color. I just remember that Rocinante was pretty skinny, not to say scrawny. By the way, do you remember the name of the donkey of Sancho Panza?
- I'm afraid, I don't.
- Maybe it was a she-donkey, like in Jesus creche?
- Never mind! For hair, definitely, black is my cup of coffee, no milk today. Each time I see a red door, I want to paint it black...
- I know this song!
- Of course, you know it.
- Rocking and rolling were the stones. It reminds me several songs.

The voice of Melanie suddenly arose from nowhere...

'She would never say where she came from... Yesterday doesn't matter if it's gone... While the sun is bright... Or in the darkest bright... No one knows, she comes and goes...'

He had a few reasons to listen to the song: while Ray Charles gave a

memorable piano solo interpretation of our yesterdays, *'Yesterday doesn't matter'* was singing Melanie... He wanted to keep only the good memories of yesterday and to enjoy any single intimacy with Kanika.

Once, she had looked into the palm of his right hand. She did it furtively but she seemed to have checked it, like a suitcase, before leaving for a trip, not like a custom officer inspecting private things, but as an adorable female character studying all the inherent guess-works to a theater-work. Was she looking for their future? Did she see herself, hands in hands, together with him? Obviously, he didn't want to know about his future, except if she, Kanika, was including him in her plans, provided she was his prospective. Habitually, he was taking her hand – she wouldn't mind – this time she had taken the initiative. His hand was in her hand, he was delighted.

- Hey! What about the action?
- I didn't take any decision yet, I need information first.
- An information about the color of the horse on which you will fly on with Kanika?
- That's one part of it.
- Could it be a yak?
- Could be, if we share a yakety-yak.
- You mean a 'rackety' yak, a talkative long-haired ox?
- We can take it this way as long as it doesn't grunt.
- Just mute him. Did you choose your next destination?
- Grand Canyon, Arizona.
- And then?
- We didn't choose yet. Where we come from is the past, where we go is freedom.
- Will it be a jump race?
- No, I kindly remind you that we are on a carousel. It is like to be discovering the Earth and its wonders traveling in a red balloon, at a reasonable height. All scenes are different, the approach is always the same. The happiness, that one feels on a carousel, is due to the combination, the balance, of two movements, one horizontal circle and one vertical up-and-down move, creating a perfect figure, some kind of a continuous dance step for two. My ballerina is Kanika, she is my serenity.

- I see only a movement, very bluetiful, certainly, but no action.
- Wait, wait a second!
- Done!
- The screenplay is classic: the two protagonists want to unite but they have a long road to hit, some kind of Route 66 but pretty winding.
- You mean they will get their kicks on Route 66?
- He will protect Kanika from any kick, using a K-approach.
- What's that?
- They will be riding the horse we were speaking of, a while ago, this horse has wings to escape from any place anytime.
- You said it could be a yak.
- I didn't, you asked if it could be and I contemplated this possibility as well as the Punjab mountains, if we would go there. But, in the present case, we need a speedy horse, eventually also flying.
- What about the color?
- Still not decided. Could be a rainbow horse.
- You mean a winged rainbow horse?
- Some kind.
- Do you plan to kill all the chimeras? Be careful then not to fall in the sea.
- We will not. First, I don't want to be a God: I prefer to be a man, her man. Second, I don't need to approach the Sun: I now have Kanika, my Shooting Star.
- I totally agree on your shooting star fascination but why not to become a god?
- Joke: there are so many gods already... ☺ A God has power, a woman or a man, they have a destiny. And, if they want to change their destiny, they must travel. I don't need power, I just want to share the world beauty. Kanika and I, together, we will win.
- That's the power of love!
- I accept the contradiction. If two beings, human or not, share love, they share power, they share it all.
- So, you just need a plausible plot to keep writing your novel.
- Again, why do you need a plot? Do you see plots everywhere? I told you already: fighting the evil is a detail, the last detail.
- Fair enough, I let you go for a while. By the way, is Grand Canyon on

Route 66?

- Me, I am intrigued, maybe spellbound, but I love that plot. Grand Canyon is on State Road 67.
- How far?
- Only 10 hours and 10 minutes driving, but we may choose to fly there.
- Is it all your intrigue?
- Of course not, be patient. Also, I remind you that it is a K-intrigue.

Chapter 7

I was looking for you this morning

I will never forget the day when I met Kanika, I will never forget the round table we were sitting at – I will always remember the very first moment when our eyes crossed. To save time on this first account and make this silent minute shorter than 60 seconds, I was stupidly sending mails, probably looking for business, when Kanika had just arrived discreetly, just the time for me to lift my eyes on her. She didn't know, I didn't know either, that she had lifted my heart. She was sitting by my side, just as if God would have decided to make me start a new dream that day. Just for you to be aware, I am a specialist of dreams, but I am not the only one. Take Freud, for instance or Oenone – not Paris' lover but Phaedra's nurse – both could interpret dreams. A lot of people love Paris, I do too, but love more, (and more) Kanika. I will always remember her eyes. I immediately looked at the skies and the skies lost the game to her. Then, I stopped by her long black hair. My sudden hope could not ignore her lips.

- Kanika, do you like the beginning, our start? But, between you and me, with you, there has been no start, only a wake up, my reawakening, my revival. Not only beauties can be sleeping, it happens to their lovers sometimes. There will be no end to me and you. You seem to be born there, in the infinite. Take me there, it will be like going home to find love in a Fantasy Land.

The next day, the day after they met and danced, it was already midday, looking at him in a charming way, she said: *I was looking for you this morning*. These simple words, put together, in a sentence, became like a conviction to love, it was like one of the arrows slowly unchecked by Cupid.

If Kanika would now read this telling, almost a recital, if she would listen to these innumerable notes on my piano, maybe she would be interested. Maybe she wouldn't be. Her lover has a debt to her and the net proceeds of all his assets sold to an idiot, by a crook, would not be sufficient to cover this Chapter 7, except if she would be mindful of my song – neither a lament, nor a complaint, just a lullaby for grownup who is still a boy – composed for her on a CD record. Maybe her heart would open again, as it might not be closed for ever. With a little bit of luck, what is locked, in or out, can be unlocked. With a little help of myself, I can get high with Kanika. Perhaps we could go dancing again. But this is too early to say. Dear Reader, wait for Chapter 11. A second chance is always given to lovers.

“God unites those who love each other”

- Hey, *I can hear your Mama call*, and say: ‘I already heard this tale through the grapevine...’ Hey, no, Madam, this tale was told to me by a bard, there in a little village, in Ireland, a seer, a poet, a prophet of Eros who said he was speaking with deities. A prophet is a messenger, isn't he? Maybe he was not chatting with deities but it was God who told him to write a book, another book about love, a good book.

Chapter 8

Maybe's

– Maybe she appeared to me too beautiful?

Dear Reader, don't you now remember the words of a crazy Roman emperor who said he was in love? Some will ask if an emperor, especially a crazy one, who, incidentally, started a fire in Roma, would be able to fall in love? Why wouldn't he? Look also at King Kong, not a monster, not really a beast, a soul in love.

Dear Reader, don't you recall a song? The singer? He said that his beloved woman was so beautiful to him. I could either way refer to another singer, who wanted to light up the fire of passion in every single heart.

Maybe, he was like this famous gardener who, for the sake of a rose, became the slave of a thousand thorns.

All the above makes a lot of 'maybe's' but let them be.

Chapter 9

Images, Icons, Goddesses

- Like a human civilization, love is mainly built on images. The only difference between the two is that the image-builders are often the lovers themselves. They collect the images for themselves, not for others. They don't want to format others, they don't want to make others become slaves, they only take the risk of becoming slaves themselves. Then, never satisfied, they will sing something like '*Unchain my heart, baby set me free*'. Who knows why?
- Hey, Mr. Paper Writer, are you back to one of your monologues? What about words, speeches, declarations, statements?
- Please, kindly let me finish my monologue, let me be her Teddy bear. So, I resume. Where was I?

First, if I remember well, under any pomp and circumstance, standing around her, sitting by her, in her car, caressing her hand, while she was driving, dandling around her, wherever, I was taking pictures of Kanika. This was like illustrating all the future albums that I would create to decorate the room of our memories.

- You mean, of *your* memories...
- Not at all, I know, from day two, that Kanika has been sharing our memories, wherever she has been or I am. Can I write further?
- Please...
- Thank you.

I called the pictures of my future albums my 'K-pictures' as they were keen and key to me. To prepare my collection, I have been looking for all the

K-pictures I could find. On her side, depending on her mood, Kanika was sending to me a few iconic images she had kept. I was also adding all the visions that my storming brain was capturing when we were dancing pretty close, when Kanika was emitting an alarm by producing an enigmatic smile. Objectively...

- Stop here, a lover is never objective...
- So, subjectively... Kanika was telling me: 'Maybe later, as I am enjoying dancing with you, but not now.' She was my *Little Queenie*, wearing so many throwing crowns. I wish she could invite me to her feet, at the foot of her throne. I was still standing by my record machine, accumulating my memories.
- You mean your memories, Kanika's and yours.
- Ooh, my soul, thank you not to let me alone... Ooh! Kanika, ask your soul to '*Gimme, gimme, gimme all the love you got ooh*'.
- Go ahead with your Enigmatic Resonance Imaging.
- When I was a boy...
- You are still a naughty boy...
- I resume, when I was a boy, during the whole week, I would keep all my credits to get a beautiful print on Thursdays, using the pocket money that I had kept the whole week in my small bag sewn into my shorts, I was going to *the Blue Bookstore*, there at the corner, where I would buy color images, as later, Janis Joplin would ask The Lord, to buy her a color TV or a Mercedes Benz. Later also, I would discover unforgettable escapes in Japan, just ringing a blue bell. I have been taking thousands of photographs of Kanika, and now I am writing a song, clicking here and there on my piano, trying to distil a melody, the same way I was collecting colorful notes. I am just a fan of her, as John was just the jealous man of Yoko, but me, I am not a jealous man.

Chapter 10

Mythologies, Legends, Goodness

- *My heart is able to love the whole world...*
- Who said that?
- As far as I know, two persons, or to be precise, one god and one person. In fact, our God didn't say – but He acted as if He would have announced this miracle. Modest, He simply recommended to everyone to love one's neighbor. I agree with His legacy. I love my lady next door.
- Who were this god and this person?
- Regarding the person, I can easily answer you. It was Don Giovanni. But regarding the god, this is more complicated as I have to take into account a Trinity. Also, divinity and divinities can be multiple: several gods and a few goddesses enjoyed a lot of love affairs. Just focus, for a second, on Olympus for instance.
- But their loves had different natures?
- Yes indeed! They were pretty sexy. So, it is easy to make the difference. Some people say that Jesus was not a god, but, according to me, He was divine, while Don Giovanni was just a man.
- How do you know that? Any evidence?
- Jesus never wore any masks – so, He was not an actor-, while Don Giovanni did have a mask, on certain naughty occasions. And, as you may remember, in Latin, '*persona*' means '*mask*'. So, Don Giovanni is a person.
- Good demo!
- Thank you!
- What is your position as far as Olympus is concerned?
- In Olympus, the picture is totally different, or, in a way, we are halfway

between God and men. if I can venture such an image, I would say that we are facing gods who behave like humans. But I would prefer to ego center on other points: it reminds me of Lamartine writing *'Limited in his nature, infinite in his desire, man is a fallen god who remembers heaven.'*

- OK! And where did you get these pieces of information?
- I read and also copied-pasted, in the left side of my brain *'Mythologies'* by Roland Barthes. Let me quote him: *'The material of this reflection could be very varied (a press article, a weekly photograph, a film, a show, an exhibition), and the subject very arbitrary: it was obviously my news.'*
- I see... And then, have you been creative with the right side of your head?
- My intention was not to burlesque Barthes, how would I? I just wanted to inspire myself: it was my way, not my news. For the Good News of Jesus, I would only refer to the Good News Bible published by *HarperCollins*.
- I have a last question.
- Please.
- What can you say about Odysseus?
- Odysseus loved witches, or I would rather say he has been loved by pixies, hexes and goddesses, Circe and Calypso to mention a couple of them. But he kept his love for Penelope as I will keep my love for Kanika. Did I answer your question?
- What about Nausicaa?
- Grey area. He could have loved her also for her kindness, but she was a human being. He has less excuses for this relation, compared to the ones he had with Circe the witch-goddess or Calypso, a pure goddess.
- What about you, now?
- Why Kanika would not love me? I just need Hermes to give me a tie, as he gave a piece of moly to Odysseus.
- Why would you need a tie?
- It's not a tie, it's a magic tie. In fact, I mean a magic link.
- To make you *ting-a-ling-a-ling*?
- Yes, when Kanika will hug me and kiss me again.
- But she did already?
- Not like a lover.

- Why don't you use moly, as Odysseus did to protect himself from Circe?
- I don't need to protect myself against Kanika, I love her, it is a choice, not an obligation, that's freedom. I am the one who is chasing her. But maybe, you are right, my dear, maybe, Kanika and I we should use this mythical herb with white flowers and black roots, to protect us from the Evil before the truth of life is interrupted.
- Can I cut you?
- It wouldn't be the first time.
- And the Devil?
- Kanika could be my Miss Moly, sorry, Molly, and we will be appy,
- sorry, happy, together.
- Are you a polytheist?
- For Kanika, the polytheist that I am would be able to become a monotheist. I don't want to make much ado about nothing, but I would love to be a hero of Shakespeare to her:

*God of love! I know he does deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man,
But Nature never framed a woman's heart*

- I do agree with this last statement, but never say die, take her to Stratford!
- I will.
- *“And therefore, certainly it was not good. She knew his love”*
- I disagree. I am happy that the woman I love knows that I love her.

I am also happy that we ended up with your intellectual interview.

Chapter 11

Love Bankruptcy and Swot Analysis

- “Hear ye, hear ye, good folks! Read ye, read ye!” Chapter 11 is the only chapter in this book, which gives a chance to the lovers to escape love bankruptcy. It is all about Freedom. Just make a SWOT analysis, ye, and you will get it all!
- How come?
- Just buy a free ticket and listen to my story.
- How do I buy a free ticket?
- Just like you buy a free application on App Store.
- Which one?
- You know it, this story is all about a woman who came to stay in my heart. So, you can buy the *LoveMeDo* App for instance. To get it free, just sing ‘*Someone to love, someone new, someone to love, someone like you*’ and the App will appear automatically on your Maxi-Max iPhone.
- In fact, you want to avoid love liquidation, right?
- In fact, as you say, it’s not only about love. It is also about freedom, as already mentioned. A few, among Greek philosophers, encouraged to explore freedom, as the best way, for men and women to be happy. This is a power, a good power. Is the power of love so positive as the power of freedom, when not claimed in a beautiful song? Who knows? Again, the Greek philosophers we now refer to consider freedom as an absolute power of man, whatever he or she faces. As a recap, love is a powerful and positive story, as long as both lovers are lucky enough, freely, to love each other. Love is a two-way traffic. But let’s be a little more specific: in the case of a non-shared love, how can the lover be happy? Honestly, this not a tragedy, and if it is, it is not a drama, a

tragic man sees the reality as it is. Like Nietzsche, he can say 'Yes' to the tragedy, especially if it has been written by Shakespeare or Racine. If this man has taken the decision to love her, that's ok, as he will act consciously, accepting reality of love, with its pluses and minuses.

- Why, all of a sudden, you say 'he' only, and not any longer 'he' or she'?
- Because, most of time, when there is one or several question marks in love – and, usually, there are more than one – women will finally decide. But, let me go on and tell ye about the birds and the bees and the flowers and the trees...

Off-records comments :

Before we let our hero speak further about birds and bees, it can be useful for the reader to be told (briefly) where the hero took his latest love brain wave and advice:

In his relationship with Kanika, he wanted to come closer to perfection, the same way Kanika was delicately brushing against her hair with her hands in the air. So, he started to look for any book speaking words of love, amour, passion, cupid, courtship and sexual intercourse, keeping away, however, from romance and love affair, which were not really his business. He would also avoid words like sugar, honey, and all this kind of sweet factors. He would privilege his favorite 'darling' as the main ingredient of his fruit salad, pretty, pretty.

Interpreting his own way The Kamasutra, The Banquet, The Satiric on him, The Perfumed Garden, he would accept the conclusion that Paradise is definitely the women's body. Therefore, he would try not to be only a knight to her, but a soldier of love, a defender of love – love was his supreme value, his strength and his weakness. Why not take the opportunity to be simply a man in love, and remain a free man? Neither her, or he, would sacrifice freedom. Opportunity must always overcome Threat. Faced with the present dilemma, he thought only of the wonderful feeling it would be to be offered to become the lover of his Kanika. He had an idea: why not to come back to Year 1 of our Era, before the official Christianity of

Constantine, and follow the classes of Ovid? Ovid would strongly recommend to preserve freedom within a love story. Mr. Lover was on the road again, and ready for a new subtle initiation to seduction. To follow the recommendations of

Ovid – ‘Amare’ meaning ‘to be the lover of a superwoman’ – he was a volunteer to read ‘The Art of love’ and study this K-value, Love. What was particularly interesting in Ovid was the combination of didactic tips, poetical dimension and sex stories only available, upon request, in Mythology. He would ignore any masochistic behavior, respecting the will of Kanika, but still dancing around her, as her man, trying out desperately a pure love experience made up by freedom. I hope that this tentative clarification is helping our reader. The writer will now let the hero go further and speak about birds and bees:

- Now, let me tell ye...
- Before you do, a last question please.
- Go ahead.
- What about Madame de Lafayette, who recommended to run away from love?
- I understand what a woman living, and writing in a French classical century, could feel about love at that time, but I will never run away from love, especially from the one I try to develop today.
- With Kanika?
- How do you know that?
- Just an idea.
- For the moment, Kanika and I, we share a gallant fellowship that should end up, at least, in a loving friendship. I am incorrigible.
- *Sympathy is what we need my friend.*
- Sympathy is not what I need.
- I know. All you need is love. What about love versus duty?
- You were permitted only one additional question my dear. There are so many directions with love that we better stop here for the moment, as I said earlier. Bye for now, my dear Soul.

And now, my Kanika, just listen to the Jewel:

*“Let me tell ya ‘bout the birds and the bees
And the flowers and the trees
And the moon up above
And a thing called ‘Love’
Let me tell ya ‘bout the stars and the sky
And a girl and a guy
And the way they could kiss*

*On a night like this
When I look into your big brown eyes...*”

To end up with the writer's inspiration, among his other playbacks, I have to add a few other tracks. I will first mention a rare book on which he came across at the Library of The Met in New York, '*Poppet The Pilot*'. In fact, this is a comic strip, but also a real book, I mean more than a series of drawings in boxes, this is a true novel. In his plot, the unknown author opposes Poppet the Pilot to Popeye The Sailor Man: Popeye the sailor is definitely belonging to Ms. Olive Oyl while Poppet the pilot is not depending on his lover, as Snowball is not a doggy, but an inseparable companion.

Later, in another cartoon, our writer will dance a *hula*, on an *oli* chant with the sex-symbol for all ages, Ms. Betty Boop. Further, in Croatia, to be precise in Hvar Island, he will dance again, and again with Kanika, at the *Hula Hula Beach and Bar*. The next day, in order to let her know how wonderful she is to him, he will propose her to share a dream tea for two, in fact, he will propose her. Their conversation is reported in Chapter 12, here after. He plays the role of a fisherman

Chapter 12

Conversation between two word addicts

- What is a kaiku? I cannot find this word in my dictionary.
- Change dictionary...
- I cannot do that!
- Why?
- I love my dictionary.
- So, do I... So, I will explain.
- One second gear, Please! I need stationary!
- What for?
- To take notes on your explanation. I also need a pen or a pencil.
- Why don't you write directly on your iPhone? You'll save time.
- Why should I? I have plenty of time. What about you?
- I always run out of time. But for you, on my side, I will borrow as much time as I need, either from my meeting machine or from Time Bank Inc.
- This is so kind of you. Do you have good terms?
- Money is not an issue.
- Yes, maybe, lucky you, but time could be. What type of time loan are you looking at?
- For you, I will ask for unlimited credit.
- Thanks! But don't forget to explain to me what is a kaiku.
- It's a specific form of haiku and it is more.
- So, be specific please!
- Wait a minute!
- I did already!

To be continued at airport...

... Continued at airport...

- For you to get it well, before I tell you all about the kaikus, I will first refer to the K-Sonnet, a special way of expressing feelings through this type of poem. Considering a bit of Shakespeare and a bit of Ronsard can be of utility.
- Are you sure that it is better for me to be first told about the K-Sonnet?
- I'm positive about this! I will make it simple by giving you an example of a K-Sonnet.
- OK!
- Here we go:

K-Sonnet

*Won't U remember?
 Maybe U won't, but I do
 I remember U
 I remember U and me together
 It was our first time Kanika*

*It was in Bathinda
 At my round table U sat
 And what?*

*Our eyes crossed
 U looked at me
 Completely
 Silently...
 U said it all
 U sent me a red ball*

After he wrote and read his K-sonnet, his soul spoke in their conversation, (the soul of Kanika would not interfere, her soul is educated, she would not show up in a private exchange without her permission). So, his soul asked him:

- Do you know if Kanika got it?

- If you didn't, definitely Kanika did, as she gets any message any time.

Only because of you, now, ooh my Soul, I will add a full definition :

A 'K-Sonnet' is a special sonnet, invented by a man who had a dream. His dream was no secret, he wanted to become the knight of his – by his heart – already elected princess. The K-Sonnet can have many variations inspired by a baroque musician whose name, contrary to the dream of the man, has to be kept secret for the moment. Any curious reader will learn a bit more in the K-Story still to be written. However, this K-Story has been started in a beautiful hotel with a few stars at the reception. Moreover, it has been inspired by a shooting star whose name must also be kept secret for a while. Only my heart knows her name. The K-Story is presently continued in Melbourne airport. It will be then continued in a few other international air drones in order to feel close to my lady princess. Up to the moment we will meet again.

The knight is impatient to meet his promise again but he lets God guide him to her. I am sure that the reader, the one who really likes fairy tales, is asking: *'But what kind of a knight is this man?'*

At this stage, the writer cannot tell it all, once the knight and his princess will be on the mountains, over the hill and everywhere, he may tell more, but today, it is too early.

- I got it all. What about the kaiku now?
- Sorry, I will write further on, but at another airfield.

Chapter 13

Mama, that's all right!

- Can't you write it in Melbourne?
- No, sorry! It's too late, I have to say goodbye, it's time to go, Flight Love Her 2410, sorry, Love Air 2410, say LA 2410, is boarding at Gate # 29. So, I will have to write on, in the plane. Hey! I didn't queue up. Somebody used a magic wand to get me seated, could it be Kanika? Hey! Hey! I'm seated 7K.

I love the letter K more than ever... and tonight it's 7 times K. Shall I Tell you why? No, I won't... By the way, a few details about the personality of the knight can be revealed, but only a few notes...

- Great! Tell me then! Is he the great pretender?
- Hey! You said, she's not for me? That's all right! Mama, that's all right Papa, anyway I do. I can be her knight, a knight who lives in another land, who can land in any place to join her, who loves any story about knight and girl, every night and day – that girl who came to stay – I can be her nightingale. My lament will be supported by a melody and red balloons. When she started singing: *'I kinda need a hero, is it you?...'* in a way, I compared myself to Don Quixote, except that I wore no metal plate on my head.
- You said, you would add only a few notes. That's done, you can stop here. It's time for me to repeat my question. So far, you didn't answer it: *what is a kaiku?*
- As you understood what a K-Sonnet is, you can guess what a kaiku is. This is a K-haiku. Now you can see where it comes from.
- Give me, please, an example!

- OK! Here you are, it is pure improvisation :

Can't stop thinking
Of U
Can't help dreaming
Of U

- I thought that a haiku has usually only 3 verses.
- Hey! You got it! This is not a haiku but a kaiku! So, a kaiku can hold more verses while still trying to keep the spirit of haikus. For instance, a double haiku could be considered as a kaiku. The one in my example has 4 verses but one verse is repeated so it is not a '3' verse little poem but a '2+1' verse poem. One can invent as many variations as he wants. One can also add a red rose to his words.

At this moment, a baroque music came out of the bathroom window. It was Bach and Gould.

- Was Gould playing with a silver spoon ?
- You're kidding, of course.
- Of course, he was using a spoon? – whatever be the metal – or of course, I am kidding?
- I will not answer this question.
- Can one add a piece of music?
- Yes, like a sonnet. To end up with the K-sonnet description, let's say that, as for the kaiku, one can play with variations: emojis, additional quartet or tercet... But remember, I am just trying to describe, my best way, what K-sonnets and K-haikus are. Writing them should be based first on intuition and inspired by love.

Chapter 14

Annotation Chapter

The chapters of this story are sometimes (rather often) interspersed or dispersed with beloved delusions generated by a curious Shakespearian desire. Dear Reader, don't be surprised. These delusions will be easy to overcome, taking, most of time, the form of poems as diverse as the desires of a rebellious man who has many appearances of Sisyphus. This man stands up at the border of his tale, in a way, he looks at it from outside. During his whole life, he has been looking for beauty beyond art, he found it in a woman, Kanika, immensely loveable, incredibly beautiful, she now stands up in the middle of his story – not only in the middle, she is standing everywhere – he keeps shouting silently, his thirst for being two in love is inextinguishable, he refuses to consider it like an illusory discovery. He is a believer. This (almost) constant irruption of poetry between conventional chapters is necessary. The choir is momentarily sleeping, it cannot sing. Labor laws protect employees against burnout. Therefore, the present annotations are written – not sung – by the author. It is no delirium, even if the breathtaking verses of Charles Baudelaire are reminding us that love cannot be stopped. These short poems are a tribute to the enigmatic smile of Kanika, to her noble outlook, to the catlike way she walks, to her manners and maneuvers when she dances. With such a woman, life is not to be lived, it is to be danced. Kanika would rarely write to me. However, once, she did: 'Have a fantabulous day!!'. I obeyed.

Just as a quick illustration, here below is an example of what a poem-haiku-message can look like :

(Little, Little Haiku)

*Imagine
Soon
U and me*

Chapter 15

Innovation

*“Failure is an option here. If things are not failing,
you are not innovating enough.”*

ELON MUSK

Everybody wanted to help the man, who, after so many years and 14 chapters, was still looking for love. He entered a chapel, not for crying. Even the coryphée tried to encourage him to look further. In this chapter, which stands as a theater scene, the maestro is located in the middle of the stage. He spoke in, without stepping in – I mean, still motionless – when our follower said to himself, in a low voice: *‘I want to innovate’*. Automedon, the CSO (Chief Song Officer) asked him :

- What did you whisper?
- I want to innovate.
- Innovate?
- Yes, I need to. I want our love to develop. I want my reserves of love-apples to keep growing. To make it short, I need to K-woo her.
- Why love-apples?
- Because they are red like a balloon and sweet like a candy sugar. I still remember those wonderful red *‘pommes d’amour’* that my Mum used to buy for us, at the amusement park. It was *‘La Foire du Trône’*, we were young boys. Later, I kept buying an apple a day. To keep the doctor away, they had no excess of sugar. But, maybe, as a consequence, it also kept love away.
- Why don’t you ask Tim Work to help you? With his friend Steve, he

did a good job for their company.

- I prefer to cook it myself.
- Are you progressing nicely?
- We were.
- Who we?
- Kanika and myself.
- So, what happened?
- I think that, as far as relationship is concerned, I didn't keep up with the pace of innovation. One must be funny all times, sometimes discreetly, but constantly in a way. As a queen, she was entitled to have a Queen's fool. Therefore I wanted to become her clown, but, at the very beginning, it was not recommended, she was too serious.
- Do you need a new iPhone?
- I have a new one. I love my iPhones, I never throw them away, I keep them all. They always helped me a lot, but here, it is a different affection.
- But this is not your only sweet passion, you just confirmed that you also love apples?
- Yes, I do. Especially, the One, which has not been bitten.
- So, why don't you go for her bite?
- One to One?
- Yes!
- They canceled the One to One.
- Who did that?
- The ones who exaggerated.

All of a sudden, the sleepy choir started to sing. The coryphée stopped it immediately. Was it a punishment for abandon of position? In fact, to be fair, our CSO had been dialoguing with the lover just before we started this chapter, so, he forgot to guide the choristers. *Mea Culpa*.

- Please, just for a moment, my Choir, keep quiet! – the swingle singer boss said.

Although it had been introduced by Automedon, at the very beginning of the present scene, the choir had to stop singing its contrapuntal composition.

- So, you think you cannot go back now to Kanika on a face to face

encounter, proposing an odd number of dates to share?

- One day, I will really date her. I will make it clear to her heart. But, first I need to innovate.
- Innovation becomes an obsession to you.
- Among many personal touches that she has, her perfume is obsessing me. Can't you smell? Musk is all around...
- I am afraid I won't be able, I caught a cold.
- So, you cannot sing, either. Whatever, what do you suggest?
- Sing her a song, or send her a link by WhatsApp so that she will listen to it and feel like dancing again with you.
- OK! Good idea! I'll do that.

A few minutes later, the coryphée resumed their conversation, like one resumes workout. (He had not move from the center of the stage during the sending of the link via a short message service.)

- So, did you sing her a song?
- Yes, I did!
- And what?
- No news!
- Give her time, as you know, Kanika is not only pretty, she's pretty secret. I hope you didn't sing her a song that was a hit before her mother was born.
- She respects tradition.
- Hum... Which song did you send her?
- If you want to know, go to Chapter 78.

Chapter 16

“I am much more me when I am with you”

(UNKNOWN)

Imagine, when I will hold your hand, soon, imagine, we are running in the sand, collecting empty shells, looking up at a red balloon, hand in hand, there, we will be waiting for the morning, to the Moon, we will say goodbye.

In Dubai Airport, his K-Story continued...

- How are you today? – the ground stewardess asked him.
- I am 7K today.
- What do you mean by 7K, your seat number?
- It is the case, but it is not what I mean, not only.
- Do you mean that you are 7K over your regular weight, or that you have a luggage excess of 7K? – she added smiling.
- Not that much, I’m running a bit and I travel light. I can also *rock around the clock*.

At that moment, my thoughts stopped wandering. A bright voice was starting singing.

- Was it raining?
- Hey! No! It was Procol Harum! *A whiter shade of pale*... Listen!

The stewardess was not listening anymore. In fact, she had disappeared. In fact, this time, the question about rain and tears had been asked by my soul. So...

- Can you keep a secret? – I asked my soul.

- *‘Nothing is weighing more than a secret. To keep it long is difficult for a lady...’* And I am a lady.
- If you say it... If you are a lady soul, I wish you were Aretha Franklin. (I didn’t know that my soul could be a lady, maybe it was the feminine part of me, if any.) Anyway, my soul challenged me, so, I had to go the further step... But Jean de La Fontaine is not that macho... He added: *‘And I know a good number of men who, on this matter, behave like women...’* And I am a man.
- I know. But I also know that you want to become a knight, or a clown.
- No, only a knight, I am already a clown. To breathe, to live, to simply survive in this mans, man’s world, I need to meet My Kanika on a regular basis.
- Exactly! And to be precise, you just want to be Kanika’s Knight, but, this cannot happen overnight. And you must keep your secret. Don’t be her clown, be her Klown.
- Hey! You learn fast on K-terms.
Of course, I will keep my secret, I am talkative, but extremely discreet, especially with love in the air: I am exclusively speaking to U ooh! my soul, my alter ego, my sister, my confident.
- Exclusively? Hum... You speak a lot with stewardesses.
- Don’t be a jealous soul! Please kindly consider that: for me, chatting with you, it is like speaking to a priest. In my mind, it is a religious act, I always try to think about love with a touch of philosophy, say, a certain *détachement* (in French in the original manuscript, we decided to keep it) but, at the same time, I also try to be deep rather than artificially driven by too much of virtuality. If I am lost, I pray. Oh! Lord Ganesha! I know you know.
- Why did you say, ‘when love is in the air’. Are you singing?
- I said that because I am flying. I kindly remind you that we are on board KA 2111, sorry LA 2111 trying desperately to catch On Air to be On-Line.
- Nice confession! Are you a flying priest or a flying Dutchman?
- No, I am not a priest and I am French, but I envisaged a few times to become a monk.
- Why didn’t you concretize this option so far? You already lost part of your hair...

- That’s a gift of my father.
- Catholic?
- Not that much, furthermore, my father is not a priest.
- Fair enough! Go ahead!
- So far, I think that I didn’t become a monk because I am a talkative guy, as, some others, are jealous guys. In the monastery where I wanted to apply, a new monk is only allowed to say three words per year. I agree that it is enough to say ‘I love you’ but I have so many other words I want to sing when I speak to Kanika. Furthermore, I was told that there were neither a *Bed & Breakfast* nor a *Running & Dancing* option available, that the food was not good and that the bed (without breakfast) was not comfortable. You get my dilemma?
- I do! Go ahead with your story!
- It is a K-Story... OK! So, here is the secret, but it is only revealed to you, my confessor, ooh! my Soul.
- I am not a nun, but go ahead. :
- ‘I am 7K’ means that I have at least 7 reasons to become the 7K-Knight of Kanika. As you know there are several levels in the knight ranking. For the moment, I am actually a 2K esquire (Knight Klown of Kanika) but I will work on to reach the 7K level. ‘I am 7K’ can also mean that, to me, Kanika is, at least, 7 times loveable, or if you prefer, it means that Kanika has 7 rare qualities to me, especially when I am looking at her eyes, or to the skies, if her eyes are not available^①.
- To reach such a level, I mean the 7K Level, would you be able to behave like 007?
- I would try. With Kanika, we went already to several night-clubs. For instance, I would be able to fly nonstop on board of a Triple7.
- If you would do that, for sure you would reach, at least, the 3K Level. But why?
- Just because I promised Kanika to write nonstop to her. Basically from airports or on flights, even from a landing strip in Jeddah. Hey! Sorry! I have to board on Love Her, sorry Love Air, Flight number LA 2410, sorry LA 2111 to Jeddah, at Gate K7. I will write further, in a few

1. For more words about Kanika’s eyes, please kindly fly to Chapter 25.

minutes Inch 'Allah. If the flight is delayed, then I will write longer. Sorry, this is the last call.

Effectively, a few minutes later, on air, in the iCloud, our K-Story writer reappeared:

- Hey! I am back! Wake up!
- I am not sleeping!
- Come on! You are. Whatever. Wake up now, *lift-up your heart and sing me song that was a hit before the mother of my mother was born*. Your mother should know. If not, just ask Paul or Ringo. Anyhow, I'll give you another example: to reach the 7K Level, I would be able to dance nonstop a minimum of 7 hours with Kanika. Just to be on the safe side, I already danced 10 hours when training.
- Wow, are you serious? This would lift up your heart this time, not mine.
- Of course, I am serious. I have to admit that, after these 10 hours, I slept 22 hours. But, you are right, to reach progressively all these K levels, I will need to use a lift, a fantabulous lift in a magic mystery tour. (By the way, if you have missed some details just click on www.lonesomecowboy-in-the-wind.com). But now, let me really wind up and tell you more about *the girl who came to stay* on my mind, let me call her 'My Kindy Her' as a code name. So, as already mentioned before take-off and before fastening my seat belt, Kanika has 7 rare qualities to me: First she's enigmatic.
- It looks like you are going to make the portrait of Kanika?
- In a way, yes, with my words! But one cannot portrait Kanika that simple, simply because her first lure to me is her incredible enigma.
- You mean, she's incredible?
- I mean she is deeply enigmatic to me, but she is also incredible to me. When I was a naughty boy, I knew that such a woman was breathing somewhere in the world, to be precise in India, but I never met her before this encounter of the seventh type in Bathinda. It was like riding on the back of a magic horse or on an elephant's (I love Jumbo jets, in one night they can take you to anyplace, even to the magical mystery control tower, they can *take you today*).
- OK, I think I got your first point. Second point?

- Do you know White Snow?
- I saw her on a show, but I never met her personally. Why?
- Just to save time on the points.
- Is it key for our conversation?
- At least, you know that she was sleeping in the house of the 7 dwarves?
- Yes, I remember that.
- So, to me, Kanika is like White Snow, she is a 7 K-Enigma. I am shy with her... She is joyful... I am impatient... She is simple... and finally we are learning from each other.
- Are you writing a new fairy tale?

Dreaming of Kanika, the writer didn't pay attention to the above question. He kept going on with his description:

- She is charismatic, she makes me feel constantly like a winner. But before anything, 'Kanika is Kanika', she is my UK, I mean my Unique Kanika, my KW, K-Woman, like a cantata by Bach, she is a shooting star, which, when I needed it most, crossed my Chocolate Way.
- OK! Holly Spirit Knight, your confession is beautiful but it has to come to an end. You could play trumpet like Gesolmina.
- Hey! We landed already, K-Story will be back after clearing some traveling-on-my-mind-suitcases still full of details. For those who are still awake and want to read this confession up to the requested end, they can go and click-click on a bewitched clock, discounting the days, on *www.blowing-inthewind-with.Mr.Blow-or-withMr.Wind.com*.

Chapter 17

Shortest Interlude

One night, she wrote:

- This is the longest and most beautiful WhatsApp message I have ever received. As I am a slow reader it took me 15 minutes (then break) + 20 minutes to read it.

One morning, he sent her a 4 X 4 U^①:

One evening, he asked her:

- Why are you nonstop dancing around me? Why is your enigmatic smile looking at me nonstop?^②

One day, he was singing:

'Meanwhile, I was thinking, She's in the mood, No need to break it, I got the chance, I ought to take it, She can dance, We can make it, Come on Queenie, Let's shake it'

1. A 4X4 U is a Sonnet in which the 2 final tercets have been replaced by 2 quatrains so that the poem is composed by 4 quatrains.

2. Not to be confused with 'Don't Stop by' Fleetwood Mac.

Chapter 18

Jai Guru Deva Om

After, she made this most unexpected confession to him, upon reception of his SMS, it was his time to read avidly the longest and most beautiful WhatsApp message he had ever received. As he was learning from her, it took him 15 minutes (then break) + 20 mins to read it all and reread it several times, i.e., to be precise, a total of 35 minutes. Was it a meditation? Because of this SMS, in which *the words were flowing out* like a timeless song by the Beatles, he started to play with the world of that song, using all the atoms and free electrons available in his own universe. Although his own world was not that huge, *waves of joy were drifting through his open mind and pools of sorrow* would wait before darkening his blue sky. He was moved like he had never been for so long. It was her, who was waiting for him at Muscat Airport, it was her who took the initiative to give him a hug, their first one, a hug which made him all shook up, like a fresh milkshake – she was his *milkshake mademoiselle, cool as she can be, woo, what she did to him!* She was her, who took him for a ride on a bike. In fact, he had never been singing this song, in such a way, for her:

*Let's go for a hike, let's go on the scene, there you'll sing me that song,
a song about U, I'll put on my green Nike, no more spleen, only your
bond to me, the initial 'Om', only U, like a spell on me in a Ding a Dong'.*

For certain, she would invite him to a *'limitless undying love which would shine around them like a million suns'*.

Nothing was going to change in his Kanika's world.

If you are not convinced, dear Reader, just read carefully the next chapter.

Chapter 19

Ooh! My Soul!

- Ooh! my Soul! Won't you leave me alone for a while?
- Just for a while?
- Yes! I need to be alone.
- Yes! I know! You want to be alone with Kanika.
- How do you know that?
- Remember! I am your personal soul, your exclusive alter ego.
- Why not my sole agent?
- In a way, I am already your travel agent.
- Hey! Wait... Wait... There is a flight departing to Muscat!
- And what?
- It's flight number WHY 2410 Gate 29.
- Are you flying there then?
- Sure, I will, as soon as I can fly to the gate.
- Why not now? It would be a hype.
- I need a balloon.
- What type?
- A red balloon, full of oxygen.
- Why?
- It's a WHY flight.
- You mean a flight operated by WHY?
- Yes!
- I know WY, Oman Air but I don't know WHY.
- I don't know why you don't know WHY, it is a sister company of WY, the gate is invisible to normal people but accessible to jumbo dreamers, like Platform Nine Three-Quarters, or Love Potion Number Nine

Two-Thirds.

- What does the ‘H’ between ‘W’ and ‘Y’ stand for?
- My ‘H’ is there for ‘Haiku’. WHY is the acronym for Oman Haiku Air. You can find it in the Stamford Dictionary.
- And then, whatever flight it is, what do you do right away?
- I just changed my mind. Flying to Muscat now would be too emotional. I would become breathless – reason why I need a red balloon full of oxygen – and also, I would remain without Wi-Fi on board.
- Nonetheless.
- What?
- It is Muscat!
- I know... I know... *My Hindi Her* is there.
- So, when will you join her?
- Anytime she will welcome me again! The particularity of WHY Airlines is that all departures can take place from any airport in the world but the final destination is unique, like Kanika, and it is always Muscat. When the airport is saturated, you can still use a USB port to send your love to your sweetheart.
- What is Kanika doing there?
- Hopefully, she is counting the days.
- You do too, don’t you?
- Not the days.
- Naughty you!
- I mean, I am counting the hours, sometimes the minutes, and even the nanoseconds.
- Good man!
- Please wait a few nanoseconds.
- What for?
- Emotion...
- Breathe, breathe slowly! OK! I agree with you! Before you meet again with Kanika you need a full balloon of oxygen.
- A red balloon.

Chapter 20

JFK-Star

Red balloons are close to the stars. JFK was a new star found in Kanika's Constellation by a telescope installed in a red balloon. This was a shooting star. This was his new destination. Hey! JFK! It is just beautiful – in his mind, it meant Joyful Feminine Kanika. It was like adding a new star to the American flag.

The following Monday, he would be flying to Hong Kong, his next stopover. But his soul interrupted him with a question (As you have noted yet, dear Reader, his soul had many questions. It was a talk soul, maybe inspired by some TV shows.)

- Next destination, Hong Kong? I thought that from now on, you had only one destination, Muscat? Only one destiny, Kanika.
- I do, but life is not that simple. First Hong Kong is not really my next destination but my next direction, as I have a certain number of so called obligations. But, from any point marked on a map, I can write to Kanika every day, anytime. In front of my eyes, anytime a shooting star is flying in her eyes, I can see a full moon.
- Say no more, Roger.
- Hey! I am not a rabbit, but I have to cope with my pace – some kind of a dancing pace – I write to Kanika permanently. As I spend most of my time in airports, I do rush in, I do write very often in all these stopover areas.
- Got it, but today is Saturday, and you fly only on Monday. By the way, when I said Roger, I was thinking that you were playing your 007 part.
- Today, I listen to my SNCF.

- What's that, a railway radio?
- No, it's my *Saturday Night Cool Fever*, a sort of a WhatsApp specialized in dancing places.
- What's a cold fever, what for?
- Hey! If you are not a dancer, you cannot understand. Kanika and I we constantly look for dancing places. This App is rated 5 shooting stars.
- OK! So, then, you still didn't tell me how you will manage to wait, up to Monday, to write a poem to Kanika?
- Simple! I am going to create a VAP.
- Can you be a bit more explicit?
- A 'VAP' is a Virtual Airport Port, like a USB port for instance, so that I can reproduce an airport, wherever I am. From this virtual airport, my final destination is always Muscat – even if I fly to Hong Kong tonight or Manila tomorrow, and, my constellation is Kanika.

Chapter 21

Private and Sole Conversation

- Are you using your VAP constantly?
- I do.
- Aren't you afraid that an over use of your VAP could break it, or at least generate a bug? It is just a tool.
- No risk! This is not a toy, even if, sometimes, I may look childish. On the top of that, this is an unbreakable tool!
- Sorry, nothing is unbreakable!
- Ooh! My Soul! Listen! Once, a New York Immigration Officer told me: 'My friend, you are living in a plane'. If I am living in a plane, you, my Soul, you are still living in the 20th Century! Wake-up, it's all over. With the new technology's that exist, a lot of precious tools are now unbreakable. It is a little bit like eternal values, whatever be the Stuck Exchange.
- I hope that you are not referring to the Stock Exchange...
- Not at all. I do not. I said '*Stuck Exchange*'. I am stuck on her.
- OK. So, please give me a good example!
- My suitcases for instance.
- I was sure you would refer to travels.
- Why not? It's no trouble and it's a good example, as per your request. Nobody can break my suitcases – except me, by the way, I did recently.
- How did you do that?
- I was overloading one of my big suitcases, a black one, with too many dreams I guess, too much music and too many songs also, but still, with not enough pictures of Kanika.
- And?

- I broke the zipper! I broke my heart. I love my suitcases. Not the same way I love my *'Stuck on Her'*, but my cases are among my best friends!
- How come a suitcase can be your friend?
- My suitcases are my home away from home, as my iPhone Cup 1024 Kanika Giga Plus is my K-Connection. Start traveling and you will understand!
- Is it the brand-new iPhone?
- Yes!
- 1024 Go?
- Yes! The one created after the XS Max, which was a wonderful device, but only provided with 512 Go.
- Hey! That's a very powerful machine! What about the screen?
- The screen is 6.7 inches, a sensitive number to me.

But not so powerful as The Power of Kanika on me! I like this number 1024. By the way, I forgot to mention. When I look at Kanika, the 6.7 Screen grow up to 8.6 inches.

- You love iPhone Cup 1024 and Flight LA 2410. What does 'Cup' stand for?
- Cup? Cupertino, of course.
- Tell me more about Kanika?
- She is a clearing bomb. She entered into my world, she cleaned it up and changed my inner life.
- Which type of a bomb? I hope not a nuclear one: the first was the A-Bomb, it was followed by H-bombs.
- Hey! Me, I prefer 'Bomb Bay' and K-Bomb. I like Bombay and I love my K-Bomb.
- For Bombay, I can easily understand, but how can you love a bomb, and on the top of that, a nuclear bomb.
- Come on my Soul, you have it all wrong! You are the one who keeps speaking of nuclear. To be just more transparent on my transport, my K-Bomb is not a nuclear bomb, she is my Kanika, or, say, my core bomb.
- How come you call Kanika your bomb? I mean your K-Bomb?
- Before asking, you should see her dancing. She is the most beautiful bomb who ever danced, and remember, dancing is a *'pacific'* behavior.

When I dance with Kanika, she becomes my ocean. She is my K-Bomb because of the explosion she produced in me when we met in Bathinda. Of course, in a sense, you are right, a K-Bomb is more powerful than a H-Bomb. So, you can imagine the power of Kanika on me. But I'll tell you what, Kanika is living on my mind, she is living in me. Her power is infinite and this is a fantabulous sensation.

- Wow! Let's cool down a bit! Otherwise you might not survive to your K-Bomb. I have no idea of the number of times you pronounced her name, *Kanika*, during our present conversation.
- Me, I know, I am a *mnemopath*, an adept of Mnemosyne.
- Let me go back to travels. You said you broke a big black suitcase. What did you do then?
- I had no other choice than to zip another suitcase.
- Do you mean that you compressed your suitcase again? Why did you take such a risk?
- Before going and flying, I had to download all the pictures of Kanika, as they were dancing in my head.
- Tell me more about your favorite suitcases.
- You seem to be so interested in suitcases as I am. Do you want me to tell you also about my bags?
- No, no, let's start with the suitcases, if I want to be able to start considering traveling one of these days. For the moment, like many people, it's only a dream, not even a plan.
- My new suitcases are branded *Suns_On_Nites*, they are unbreakable. You just have to look to any AA and you'll be convinced. It's a proof.
- Why do you say 'Hey! Hey!' with a French accent?
- An AA is not a Hey! Hey! It is an Advertising Advantage!
- An advertising is not a proof, this is simply a promise. Some ads are only promises, sometimes they are nightmares, but advertising advantages are PTPC.
- What's that now? A new invention? Innovation?
- It's a pity that you are not familiar enough with the PC world. Never mind! Go to *S_O_N.com* and write down PTPC, you will discover the '*Promised, Tested, Proven Concept*'.
- Fair enough. But the suitcases are one example. Let's come back to your VAP, another tool when you travel. How come can it be unbreakable?

- It is unbreakable because I want it to be unbreakable. I prayed the Lord. My VAP is my link to Kanika. It will never break. I will always stand by her. By the way I call it K-VAP now. It is unbreakable because the 21st Century has given birth to many virtual things. It is stronger than fiction. The 21st Century Wolf for instance is a great company! I bought many shares.
- OK! I won't argue any longer. When did you connect with Kanika last time?
- How many times shall I try to make you understand that I am permanently connected to Kanika. Of course, this connection is discreet, as I try not to bother her. It's a high speed connection only when we dance, or when Kanika is ready to receive my signals. So, I am never disconnected from her, and any of her own signals is a stimuli for me. I even sent her a poem, the night before, to try to frame this new fantabulous phenomenon to me. She is so present to my eyes that it reminds me this crazy emperor who believed he was speaking to his princess – it was not the case – and he finally put a whole city on fire.
- You mentioned him in other conversations. But you, you wanted only to impress her, right? Tell me the truth.
- No, no need to impress her, she is already my Empress. I don't want to impress her, I want to love her. With my words, I just wanted to express my enigmatic trouble in her presence and outside of her presence. It is like a midnight special, a strange, strong, but sweet feeling, following Kanika's print on me. Now, *'Let the midnight special shine an ever-loving night on me'*. That's my credence, my clear water, my revival, my traveling band. I am waiting for my shooting star to come and say good night.
- Did you succeed squeezing out your sensation?
- A bit... Maybe... I am not sure... Hopefully for her... But I am still looking for the right combination of words to voice the fact that I miss my miss, at night, in the morning, early afternoon, late afternoon, late evening.
- It might be because of your permanent jetlag?
- Don't make a fool of me because I miss my miss.
- OK! Hey! I let you go! Your A 330 is about to take land... By the way, why did you choose an A 330 jet, this time, to fly over the sea and over

the green, green Philippines?

- As you know, I always take Flight 2410, this cannot be changed. But my VAP, sorry my K-VAP is a flexible tool. So, I have chosen to honor the 330 million Hindu gods during this flight. I like symbolism.

Chapter 22

Travel Meditation on Beauty Channel

This time, he was flying to Seoul. The K-Story is not only a story of a man who has been traveling, I can reconfirm that it is the telling of a man who had been trying to buy many things, including services, just smiling. The below conversation that we are now relating can prove it. Part of it can be taken like a private conversation, as the one we revealed in Chapter 21, but I didn't have time to ask the operator, not to record it, even such records are kept in order to help improving services. If I would have asked, I would have been automatically told that, so no need to lose time.

Sometimes, it is amazing to imagine how humans can beautifully behave, just to help other fellows.

Welcome back, Sir! – The K-Ocean stewardess, dressed in a smart Korean OBS said to him.

An OBS (Ocean Blue Suit) is the K-version of the Japanese Kimono integrating a small invisible Korean chip in the obi. It allows changing the color of the obi itself. However, the color of the kimono would not change, as, in this company, the ocean blue is the right color code. K-Ocean was a new low-cost high charming airline created on October 24th, 2017. It was its first official flight and, because I look for innovative concepts, as you know, I decided to try it. After all, having experienced many iNewTech items, I could easily jumbo-jump to the next product and service generation, *the K-ones*. Also, since I met Kanika, I was irresistibly attracted by any K-adventure. 'Low Cost' (LC as a shortcut) didn't mean low quality. It was also a 'High Charming' (HC) company. The service was as good as aboard

any other Asian airline. Why pay more? Fly with K-Ocean for a LCHC experience.

It was just a personal economic or e-comic comment, but let me prove further the quality of K-Ocean service on board: extreme courtesy, smiles up on the stewardesses' faces and greetings down up to the ground floor from the purser. In fact, 'Low Cost' is not something like 'Cheap but not Chic'. It is a high level service for a reasonable cost. One more time, the smiles on the cheeks of the K-Ocean stewardesses, slightly animated by a wild hydrating color combined first with the quality of the pumpkin soup on board – not to mention the K-Chicken, a Korean interpretation of the Kentucky Fried Chicken. All this was a new Korean loyalty program called 'Hello', a K-Service concept, accessible on Beauty Channel. Everybody could enjoy the range of proposed amenities. One had just to become a member of 'Hello'. Definitely, the Korean philosophy of business was *'high investment in service research'*. Very soon it would happen to be a key tool, not to say an absolute necessity for any traveler who wanted to say hello to Tomorrow. Definitely the smiles and the free miles, the free meals and the courtesy were making obsolete the Key Performance Indicators supposed to help appreciating the real quality on board. KPI can be still used by company controllers who call themselves 'management *experts*', but I would strongly recommend to drop the 'K' and just call these toys, sorry, these tools, PI, Poor Indicators. A second loyalty program was under construction. It was called 'Goodbye'. For both 'Hello' and 'Goodbye' a mid-tier syllabus, named 'Hello-Goodbye', warned the loyal members of the danger of pernicious competing programs. It was sponsored by the former Apple Company, the one founded by the Beatles, a few decades before the Mac guys, if my vinyl records are still valid. Anyway, long K-Story short for the ones who have no time, 'LC' was a consumer oriented service at low cost. This 'LC' policy was recently reconfirmed by K-Ocean in an irrevocable way.

- Hey! I thought we would only fly with LA 2410? shouted my soul, almost panic-stricken.

The stewardess added:

- Welcome on board K-Ocean. Our flight MK2 with destination Seoul is

now ready for take-off. This flight is operated in cooperation with Love Air flight number 2410. My soul apologized:

- As always, I reacted too early.
- If you persist, I will call you Mac 3. But for now, you'd better fasten your seat belt – I told my soul.

[My soul was flying to Seoul for the first time in her soul's life. It was all a symbol for her. As far as I was concerned, it was not my first time there, but it was the first time that I was flying to Seoul with my soul. Would it make a difference? Of course, I was feeling less lonely. Even if my soul was more talkative than me, as a whole, it was a nice travel companion. Also, moving on, anyplace, without one's soul, is a little bit experiencing the syndrome of Faust, but this is a more complex attitude, as I would never sell my soul, neither for a plate of lentils nor for a golden apple. If, by accident, this would happen, I would rather buy my soul back with a smile].

Whatever be the reason, for the first time on my 4-wheel trip of a 4 week duration, I had a clear vision, (even when reading any difficult book or newspaper.) Not only I could feel Kanika's presence, but I could also see her, in a way. It was not an hallucination, it was of course my imagination at work, but soon you will understand what happened, dear reader. The plane was being pushed back now. Like each time I was on board of a K-jet, I was feeling more and more the dancing presence of Kanika. Take off! Champagne on board. Two glasses, a piece of cake to go with. I was constantly looking out at my back to try to capture a glimpse of Kanika, so strong was her presence in me. In one nano second, although I was merely set up, up and down by Kanika's density in my mind, I stopped looking behind me. I had another intuition, as a coming visit. Kanika, for sure, she was the one who recommended me to do so, I looked through the window of the plane – another 330 by the way – and, all of a sudden, above the white clouds, Kanika came across my window on which a tiny beetle was sleeping, she was protected by a silver dress, a very elegant one, and she said to me that, being her p-K (personal Knight) she was bringing me a new armor, of silver color too. In fact, to be precise, Kanika didn't bring any real armor, she only said: 'your brand-new silver armor is now available on this airline on-line shop, or on a round table, specifically designed for K-knights in my country. Would it be in Oman, in India or in the highlands of Scotland?

Let's keep the secret for the moment, as 90% of my mind is precisely busy with the image of Kanika, which jumped on the jumbo directly on my seat K7. As a pixie, Kanika image disappeared through the opposite window. Kanika however turned her beautiful face back to me before flying out, and she had this enigmatic smile that was killing me from Day One.

After this fugitive interruption let me come back to the quality of K-Ocean... Sorry, it's too late, we are beginning our descend to Seoul, I must fold up my round table, I'll send you some pictures, as soon as possible. But for the time being I must also fasten my K-belt and shut up for a while. By the way, I was so absorbed by Kanika during this flight that my talkative soul made no talk show. She kept totally quiet. I think she understood that I had to stay, immersed, alone with my Kanika.

To be continued in a next combination of flights and airports...

Chapter 23

Resolutions

- I took a resolution.
- I hope you took a 4K?
- I took a much bigger number of K's.
- Really? Hey! It's going to be gorgeous. We'll watch again our favorite movies.
- What do you mean?
- 4K is today one of the best resolutions on the market.
- I have only one resolution and this is to make Kanika the happiest woman across the universe.
- I thought you were referring to movie beauty, I mean to the best HD. Sorry about the misunderstanding.
- Don't be sorry! Of course, on the movie side, Kanika is a BB.SS, a Beautiful Bollywood Shooting Star, and each time I imagine my own movie about us, on my personal virtual screen, the resolution is HHD, so far above 4K. And, since I discovered that Kanika can change herself into a wonderful pixie, I need at least one million pixels to cope with her pace.
- Can you be once more specific?
- Kanika is able to write a program like no other, and on the top of that, she does it at an interstellar speed.
- What about, then, my modest 4K?
- OK! you'll get it! That's my second resolution tonight.
- Thank you.
- My little soul is always welcome.
- It looks like a revolution in your head, isn't it?

- How do you want my head not to be satellite-styled?
- You mean, orbited?
- Yes, all my looks are focused on Kanika, I feel like Gagarin. Even when I am sleeping, I can see her in all my representations.
- I can see that myself. How will you implement your resolution?
- My Master Resolution is split into infinite pixels to catch up with the 2410 dancing jumps per minute of my pixie.
- Yes, and then?
- Each pixel contains a nomad program for Kanika and myself to enjoy. We have plenty of ideas.
- An infinite number of ideas?
- Yes! And, we have a lot of back-up plans looking at KK-day's menu.
- What's that again?
- A travel platform based in Taipei.
- When will you start your first trip?
- We did already. Firstly we met in Bathinda. Secondly we both traveled to Dubai to meet a second time. Third is... That's a secret...

Chapter 24

Janis Joplin and Gwyneth

- OK! Keep your secret... In the meantime, let's watch a great movie: what about *Shakespeare in love*?
- Done! I saw it already, but as an exception, I will watch it again with pleasure.

At that moment, me and my soul, we were a little bit like Janis Joplin and Bobby McGee, we were feeling good. Looking at the pictures of the movie that we had seen several times already, listening to the music, to the poetical words, all this was making us feel good enough. My favorite princess had dark black hair, as black as Gwyneth's hair was blonde. This was fascinating to me. Even my soul was keeping quiet. I was waiting, one more time, for a happy end, as I love happy ends, with lots of kisses, a few flowers around and a great alternative music. When the happy end came up, once more, I couldn't control my heart.

- Hey! Hey! we take off...

After she wadi-shaped him^①, he was holding her hand, playing with her fingers, hiking with her in the sun, swimming her in the stream, almost touching her body, respectfully picturing her, videoing her, singing with her, dining with her, she was wearing her orange red dress, drinking one Mexican Heineken, one Keineken. She wanted to be close, he wanted to be closer, dancing her again, breathing her, dreaming her.

1. 'To wadi-shab' is a neologism, very trendy, meaning: 'to invite someone to Wadi Shab'. I was invited there one time and I felt like a young man in love with nature.

Yes, she was his everything, everything he hoped for, everything he needed. The voice of Joe Cocker was filling up the vacuum of the room, no Hoover would be able to stop the singer, everything that had been torn in his heart was going to be sewn, he was not alone anymore:

The (Happy) End²

2. When Joe Cocker stopped singing, he, the writer writing in English with a French accent, he was able to pronounce the 'h' with an exhalation of breath. This, had been made possible because he was nonstop breathing his Kanika. From now on he would never feel lonely. One cannot feel alone when one is waiting for one's love. He knew she would come, he was only waiting to hear the voice of her steps. When she arrived, more beautiful to him than ever, he just told her: 'I was waiting to hear the voice of your feet.'

Chapter 25

Kanika's eyes

First, Kanika eyes are deep and infinite. If I am a writer, I am also a reader. She reads in my hands, I read in her eyes. I don't want to read on her lips, I want to kiss them, I am not mute, I am a talkative man. Second, I do collect all Kanika's pictures that I can have access to, but of course, without excess. Thanks to my brand new G-DRIVE slim SSD USB-C, I can look at my pictures anytime. If, by any chance, my iPhone is shut down while flying, I would just have to dance in the plane to simulate turbulences and stimulate my imagination, and then, Kanika's eyes would immediately appear there, somewhere in my head, where I reserved a lot of space for sharing beautiful moments with her.

- I don't know why, but for a while, I have been thinking of Bette Davies' eyes.

He would never forget what he could read in her eyes the day before. It was like a shooting jet coming from Bathinda. It was like a flash, like a big splash in the middle of a clear water they had been swimming in. Born on a Thursday, he could hear number seven. He was back to Muscat, he had disconnected his K-VAP as he had landed, five minutes ago in Kanika's promised land. Muscat airport :

- I will never check out of your eyes. You will never check out of my heart. We are all these numbers that we share. I am your K-believer.

Chapter 26

E-What

- What are you doing now?
- I am going to Grand Canyon.
- You’ve been there already.
- And e-what?^①

These K-lovely-points being specified, let’s pay a Key-attention to the preoccupation of my soul. Her remark was : ‘You’ve been there already ‘to which I answered ‘And e-what?’. My soul added :

- I just wanted to double check that you effectively remember your first trip to Grand Canyon.
- I do. And I even promised to myself, at that time, to come back to Grand Canyon with the woman who would become not only my

1. An ‘e-what’ is an electronic ‘what’ delivered faster than a conventional ‘what’. It belongs to a larger group called ‘e-questions’. The advantage of the ‘e-what’ is not only the speed (thanks to God, we are not yet driven all the way down and through by robots, are we?), the main advantage of the ‘e-what’ is that, if the recipient is not available immediately, this unformal form of a question can be stored in the skies, which means above the common clouds usually provided by most cloud providers, and, whoever, at night, pays attention, can instantly read in the skies, and look for his or her favorite constellation, my favorite one being the K-Constellation, as it has been mentioned earlier. My soul doesn’t always listen to me the right way, or the full way, so when I use the ‘e-what’ my soul can understand me. If she is not sure of the purpose of my e-question, she still has a second chance to grab its meaning, looking at the skies... Personally, I look at the skies when I miss too much Kanika, and, on daylight, I look at Kanika’s eyes, even if she is far away, as I never check out of her eyes. Last but not least the ‘e-what’ shouldn’t be confused with the ‘i-what?’ An ‘i-what’ can be only used on an iPhone, or better said, between two iPhones. The advantage there, is that between two iPhoneists the ‘i-what’ is free of charge. All other users must pay cash, with one exception to me, Kanika. Whatever be the brand of the smartphone she is using, my ‘i-what’ will be always and well received by Kanika because she never checks out of my heart.

favorite but my unique one.

- I got it now, but I can see that you are very busy, what are you now doing? And be careful! Not only you have one foot on the train and the other foot on the platform, but you carry this heavy load.
- E-which heavy load?
- Your three suitcases plus your back-pack. You should download the new application for frequent flyers called:

MyiSuitcaseOnMyiPhonePlusMyiBagMax

- What's that?
- Your suitcases travel alone and you get them all back at your hotel.
- How come?
- They go through e-Customs, etc.
- Tell me more!
- Your suitcases are zipped!
- U mean, compressed?
- Exactly! Not only closed with a zipper.
- But I compressed them myself already. I told you that I broke recently the zipper of my favorite suitcase.
- No worry! The zipper of your suitcases is also zipped and customized to avoid a break, when, upon arrival, they are unzipped.
- Is it free?
- For Platinum Members, yes! Got it?
- Yeah!
- So! Subscribe now and get it! By the way, don't treat your love one like a suitcase!
- I would never, but one friend of mine used to say: 'when I am traveling with you, I travel like a suitcase'.
- Did you sometimes unzipped her?
- We were friends, not lovers.
- More seriously now. Can you tell me what makes you do so many things at the same time: carrying three suitcases, one bag, and writing on your iPhone...
- I am playing a new game.
- I thought you would never ever play games on an e-machine.
- Come on... I don't play e-games, that's it... But I am a player.

- Are you global?
- It's fashionable. Guess...
- Did your father was a gambler?
- He's never been neither to New Orleans nor to Grand Canyon. Anyway, that's not the point, for your personal information, I am playing Blue Jack (or K-Jack). This is a game where I can win a free ticket to Muscat on board of LA 2410.
- Never heard of this game.
- You should draw your curtains and open your windows from time to time. One can play The Blue-Jack provided, he or she, is blue dressed. So far, I only played one time.
- Did you win?
- I did! I met Kanika!!!
- Wow! That's an incredible gift!
- Kanika is a gift from Heavens, *she's my guiding light that shines in the night...* You know one of my favorite love songs? *'You are so bluetiful to me...*
- I do.
- I now remember the blue mosques in Muscat, yesterday.
- Hey! Come back on earth, the captain just announced our landing. We are back to Dubai...

When he went back to Dubai, the sky was different. So, one more time, he took the next flight bound to Muscat. The light was different there, so were the colors.

Chapter 27

Not only...

A couple of hours later, early morning, he took land in her promised world.

Muscat was waking up. The mountains, around the city, were getting their makeup from the rising sun, he said a little prayer for Kanika and he confessed to himself: “her body is my promised land.” He could imagine her while combing her long black hair and wondering what dress she would wear that day... and what a barely bearable pleasure it would be for him to take away her blue dress.

Not only she was the only shining light over him in his sky, but every single morning, she was his morning, she was his everything. To get relief after his sleepless full of dreams night, he wrote a bit:

If U would be the night
I would tell the Sun to go away
If, from me, U would be kept away
I would become your knight
I will fly, I will sail
Opening your jail
Asking the nice dragon
To let us go on
Under your sway
Riding on your Chocolate Way
Propelled by your kerosene love
I would escape with U, my flying free dove

After his poetical breakfast, there at The Grand Hyatt, as he was still hungry, hungry of her, he prepared, in his room, his morning black hair South African coffee with two croissants. The croissants were the same half-moons he used to buy in Paris, years ago, at the little bakery around the corner. They were succulent. Then, he jumped back into his bed. That was the right time and the right place to be with her again, even for a few moments, savoring his double breakfast. Obviously, he didn't make enough dreams during his late flying night. Funny enough, although morning was almost totally awake, he wanted to be back to what he now called Nighty Kanika Time, NKT. He instantly had alternative hopes in which fresh words were playing. He started dancing with them.

Chapter 28

Like a boy, impatient

“The great ambition of women is to inspire love”

MOLIÈRE

Like his buddy Donald, to whom his Mom always recommended not to be that impatient, he would answer: ‘But Mummy, I can’t wait’.

When he was a little boy, his heart wanted many kisses. When he became a teenager, his lips wanted even more kisses, more sophisticated than simple *bisous*. The number of desired kisses is not mentioned in his personal diary – that he never wrote and would never write – but regarding kisses, he wouldn’t follow any private diet and he wouldn’t put any limit. As a proof, today his heart is still calling upon kisses. He wanted K-kisses, like bridges, like a buoy, to save his mind, to bring him closer to her soul, for their souls should be together. It was 10:24 p.m. in London. How come had he arrived in London? Probably his K-VAP had new settings. The spiritual part of his life was full of her. He fell asleep. A couple of hours later, he woke up with her, looking at her smile upon her beautiful face. Her deep questions about love appeared in every single look she had at him. Like Chantilly lace, on a colorful red square, he could see her ponytail dancing in the air, following a wagtail. The company Love Air, the flight LA 2410 was waiting for them. He remembered when she made her first pony tail to him. He saw then a mermaid swimming close to him. He would never forget these three days. That night, they were dancing, she was looking at him like no one looked at him ever before. She was irresistible. She was dancing him. Does she remember that night, dancing him like a gipsy? She reminded

him of Esmeralda. Esmeralda was a dancer, he would never forget a scene, in which Gina Lolo Brigida was pirouetting. Esmeralda wanted to inspire love to Phoebus. The sun guy, snugly installed in his life, as a civil servile servant, would only take her body, when Esmeralda was offering her full soul and body. One more time, being so close to Kanika, that night, almost obsessively, he could easily imagine that, endowed with metamorphosis, with the help of Merlin the Wizard, he would be able to transform his knighthood into Kanika's allover-herbed shower shampoo. That was the last night they shared.

Chapter 29

She wanted to become a dancer

“Lost is the day you did not dance once”

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

When she was dancing in front of him, before he would catch her hands to roll her over and reel it all, she would smile at him in her ‘UU way’, her unique and unspeakable way... Her glimpse was absolutely inexpressible, even the words, which, so far, had been his best friends, were not able to translate her connivance with him, it was like an invitation to love, a nonstop teasing, a subtle interlacing of their looks; he was fascinated by the waves of her arms, by the crossing of their fingers, by the dance of her nice belly, by the movements of her eyelids, they were parallel to the horizon line, he was illuminated by the warm and glimmering light, deep in her eyes... Her eyes... They were a bit kinky... All of a sudden, one more time (obsession is back), like an emperor in love, he was excited by a curious desire, by the fleeting pause of his hand on her hip, by the fugitive touch of his forearm on her back, by the fluid message of her whole body, telling him: *‘Love me, if you dare, but be careful, this is not free, you owe me a poem, you have to sing me a song, ok, now you can catch my hands, play with my fingers, reel and rock me, devour me with your eyes, breathe me, live me tender, love me deep and, maybe, unexpectedly, one night, I will consume all your enchanted food, I will eat you up, I will be consumed’.*

Although she was constantly smiling, he was not able to define precisely and properly her smile, he was simply feeling love, softly deeply strangely positively, as if, he would have, finally, timelessly, found the *bluetiful* lover

to respond to his high demand of love. Of course, Kanika would fill up easily his love gap; by her own and only presence, she would feed up his heart, she was so strong to him, around him, all inside him... Whatever he was doing in her company, dancing, going out for dinner, going for a hike in Omani mountains, or for a swim in a stream, a promenade in the green Salalah, from wherever he was looking at her, taking pictures from different angles, he would discover and cover a multiple woman... He also felt, as a strong evidence, that he had met her already in the past, in a forest or in the K-Story he was writing every day since he had allowed his heart and his soul to download his love and unload his feelings, inhaling, exhaling, inhaling, exhaling...

How could it be that, anytime he needed a break, a piece of poetry, a balloon full of oxygen, a pint of beer, he just had to join her, wherever she was, in the skies, at the swimming pool, at Wadi Shab, or dancing in his arms. In fact, she was always standing nearby him. His heart could feel her presence, his soul could share her ubiquity with him, his eyes could watch the movie. For the first time in his quest for love, he was getting, constantly, imprints and printouts of her enigmatic personality. For the first time, since they shared their sweet intimacy, he had not written about her lips, or so little. Why was it like that, especially since he was gently constantly driven to her lips? In fact, it was no obsession, it was moments of delight, admiring her lips only, they were fast dancing, rediscovering their Rosie restful color, their delicate drawing, their barely noticeable skips and hops. Why that? Simply because he desperately wanted to steal a kiss from her but he didn't dare. Sometimes he was watching her intensively, trying to get, not an approval, not a sign, but a hidden 'yes' to his silent request. Once more, he was neither daring to steal Kanika a kiss nor even imagine it would happen one day, one night. How would it be? A kiss is a promise. So, he wrote a kaiku-dialog that we publish here below... just to keep the light on the today daydream of the writer:

- Would you compare her to Salome?
- For her incredible sensuality when dancing, of course.
- Are you afraid she could behead you?
- She did already, softly, with her dance and with her eyes. I am overhead, or, differently said, I lost my head to her.

- You mean you are losing your mind?
- I don't know, but what I say, is that she is on my mind.
- Did you want to be a rhythm and blues singer?
- She makes my soul sing rock and roll.
- Can she bring peace to you?
- Definitely, but I would love to bring peace to her too. She wanted to be a dancer. She is. On her red lips, like a promise, I can visualize a stolen kiss while dancing.
- Hey! Together with Kanika, you could play in a musical comedy.
- Why not?
- Which road would you hit?
- In my life, I had many roads to cross, but if I would play a musical comedy with Kanika, to make her mine, I would choose *'Road to Utopia'*.
- Headed to Chester?
- Yes. There, my hard-headed woman will dance with her soft-hearted man.
- *'For the love of a rose, the gardener becomes the slave of her thousand thorns.'*
- What's that?
- A Turkish proverb.

Chapter 30

Acronyms and dreams

Since he had met Kanika, he would multiply, and even multi-chat his daily sending of SMS to her, her... his incredible discovery, there in the skies, deep in her eyes. As a daily mirror, he would supply Kanika daily poems and pictures. As a consequence, he was also using new acronyms, not that he had to, not to save money – money was not an issue – not to save time – he had plenty of time for Kanika and, anyhow, he would write her full speed.

- So, what for? Suddenly interrupted his soul.
- What for what?
- Why are you using new acronyms to express your dreams?
- Just to send her different words, K-words, more K-images, more poetry... Like it happened a few centuries ago, during The Renaissance...
- A few centuries ago? He didn't answer this question. He was left, gone to her... For him, writing had always been a renewal, like a winning morning. This time their encounter had been a rebirth, there in the sun in the south by the sea. He would never forget their first look at each other. He stopped playing with his iPhone Plus... Less and less. He would only use it to write her his first morning words, there in the secret of his heart, his poor battling heart. He would only use it to take millions of pictures. Was it reincarnation?
- How come acronyms could be poetical? his soul insisted. He seemed to wake up and to be back to reality.
- They are poetical! Acronyms are a whole new language and a language cannot be complete without poetry. Kanika herself is a poem, she is a K-poetry, she is a multiple of poems by the simple way of me looking at her, she is a K-haiku, a Kaiku, she is a K-Sonnet, she is my UST, my Unique Stanza, like a permanent USB Key plugged into my iCam, my Personal Camera or my CIA Cam, some kind of a computer-internal-aided webcam that was installed by Ganesha in my brain when I was knighted to Kanika. Kanika she is my *Kween*, the Key to open all the doors in a labyrinth, she is my amazing dancing maze who keeps me fuddled, dazed and confused, among green paths and hedges, like

in a song of Led Zeppelin. Ooh! my soul, don't U get it?
– I do.

As Kanika was magic, he would try to be magic too, maybe a different way maybe the same way, jumping, dancing, here there and everywhere, around her, like an imp, as she did when she appeared at the window of the Air Bus on board of Love Air 2410, wrapped in a blue and purple and red dress, she was the most delicious and attractive pixie. He would be using both ubiquity to keep close to her, and distance, to bring her smile in their daily mirror, the one that little Alice had gone through to enter the magical mystery tower.

Acronyms and dreams... That was the One million Omani Rials question... He left Reality, he forgot to answer his soul and left it in his virtual world, he then started browsing in his favorite network, the dream stream... He didn't have so many dreams anymore: he had only one dream left, a unique one. He called it his UD, a kind of K-dream (a K-dream is a key dream to be appy, sorry, to be hapy, sorry again, to be happy, I mean, really happy – he had always had aspiration problems, maybe because of too many aspirations?) If he could, he would focus on his UD permanently with his CIA Cam, like a violinist playing the same note menu in and out... Long K-Story short, he wanted to see Kanika as often as they could. He was able to change all his plans in one nanosecond, or even in a K-second, to fly to her, to dance her or to see her during One K-minute, one K-hour, to cuddle and cocoon her during one K-Life. He could move heaven and earth, jump in a K-Spacecraft to come up and play his love part in *A Midnight Summer's Dream*, there in Bathinda again. He would take her to Stratford-upon-Heaven, the secretive Shakespearian village masked by Stratford upon-Avon and located in the Gloucestershire, near the market town of Chipping Campden. There, they would be together, side by side. He would learn to count in Hindi. There, he wanted her to be snug in his arms. Because she was his pixie, a dancing pixie, he was her sprite, her brownie. That day, at seven o'clock he was up, he drank the full content of a red bull can, started nibbling a brownie and went out running unrequitedly in the snow to find her beyond his winter midnight dream. He decided he would propose to her, he would proposition her to create their own business, their K-business, just to be together. Imperceptibly he needed to see her more and more, to hug her on

a regular timing, that was a doctor's prescription to a love-sick man, taking a soft medicine every day, at the same time, at 11:15 in the morning. She was so loveable that he wouldn't have to bite in any apple. She was so feminine that he could stay by her, years and years, admiring all the movements of her eyes, of her hands, of her hips, of her lips, dancing a hip hop around her. He was lucky. His K-prescription was alternative, like their favorite dances, he could store enough energy and then come back like a whale inhaling air, exhaling a water spring in the sky and then diving right in his love like in a song whose title is perfect...

- Stop! stop!
- OK! This was just to illustrate the danger of dreams... Look what happened to most dreamers, Martin, John, Oenone...

Chapter 31

Hands of the Kanika

- On another hand... – his soul went on.
- Which other hand? Both my hands and my ten fingers are permanently busy, either writing to Kanika or taking her hands, hands of a princess, comparable to the still hands of the Mona Lisa, but the hands of Kanika are moving – I could write the screenplay of a movie whose title would be *‘Hands of the Kanika’* or *‘She wanted to become a dancer’* – her hands are seducing me, hypnotizing me, when we are dancing, they are waving, bowing, hailing, they are sparkling, clear like in Wadi Shab waters, her hands make me feel the caress of her skin, the agility of her fingers...

His soul kept quiet. He was the one resuming the conversation :

- So, OK, on another side? What did U want to say?
- On another side, what about Kanika’s dreams?
- I am never sure. I could tell you only about mine.
- Read her hands. She had read in yours.
- She did, but when would it be my turn? I am too busy playing with her hands and I have no time to read them. I feel them. I get it all caressing them. Our fingers tie and untie. It is a question of tiering.
- Don’t you want to know about your future?
- No, I prefer to discover it, step by step, hands in hands...

There is so much to say about Kanika’s hands, that the writer will add a special chapter in the second part of his story, which will be dedicated to the hands and other charms of Kanika.

Chapter 32

Kamala Khan

- By the way, taking into account all the details that you told me, she could be Kamala Khan?
- You want me to burn bones and write another story?
- Not at all, but I learnt that you love reading comic strips and writing with Indian ink.
- I do, and if you wish a love tattoo, it has to be made with Indian ink. But Kanika is not Kamala Khan. I told you already, Kanika is unique. I don't want her to change her beautiful shapes, even if she has a talent to pupate as a chrysalis.
- I am not saying that Kanika is not unique, but she must remind you of Kamala Khan.
- Come on, I know how much you admire the great Agatha, but, in order to understand me better, I will introduce you to my friend Paul Christie.
- Is he a relative of Agatha?
- No, he is not, but he is my best English friend.
- I know, good friends understand you the way you are.
- They do, and they accept who you are.

Having said that, I have to admit that your allusion intrigued me.

- Which allusion?
- Your innuendo, or, if you prefer, your reference to Kamala Khan. In a way, you might be right. Sometimes, Kanika is reminding me of a super heroin. Can one fall in love with superwoman? with an inhuman creature? Would her shapeshifting capability be complemented by a

conversing magic potion so that she would also become a human being and so make it possible for both to love each other on this Earth?

To feel stronger, like a teenager, he would keep chewing a fat pinky gum, shooting a fresh air out of his blue mindset, singing an Italian aria just for her, she would appreciate the beauty delle canzonette. That would be his way to confabulate and keep himself appy – sorry, happy.

Chapter 33

‘Where the sunlight cannot reach The writer can reach’

*“Jahab Na Pabuche Ravi
Wahab Pabuche Kavi”*

LA 2410. Early morning. Flying to Kanika Island.

- Sir, what will you have this morning for your breakfast drink? Coffee?
Tea?
- Coffee please and Tea too.
- Tea for two?
- Yes, soon...

The waitress at the Lounge went away for a while...

While waiting for the promised drinks, he was thinking of Kanika, when his talk-show soul started her day:

- Are you thinking of Kanika every single day of your real, virtual and dreamt lives?

Definitely, his soul was a bit too curious, almost inquisitive. He decided not to answer. He said to himself: “This is my K-MT, my Kanika Morning Time. Nobody should steal from me one nanosecond of this unique moment. Whatsoever, that new day, he was completely surrounded by her smile, this enigmatic smile that she always had, each time he intended to open, not the red door of her world, but her window. At least, he would have liked her to draw the curtain of her pane, so that more light could penetrate in

his private praying room. If God, or one of His priests, would sell tickets for a raffle in favor of the man who had been looking for Kanika, he would buy all tickets. He would print a picture of Kanika on all tickets and watch at the top of the wicket while waiting for his miracle. Through the Hindi poetical approach of life and love he had tried so many times to apply for a piece of wisdom. Once, it was proposed, on a little rectangle on the screen of his MacBook Air: "Apply now". He did. Was wisdom today stronger inside of him? Who would know? But he was feeling some kind of a blend of peace and excitement, a blend, not a cocktail. Regarding the use, or even the management of imagination, often he would repeat two verses, they were filling him up with hopes. Maybe you don't need a dream but you need hopes. Maybe you don't need a dream, I mean, a particular one, but you need to be dreaming, sailing, flying, and swimming, from time to time, in the clear waters of Wadi Shab.

The waitress brought black coffee, black tea. He was looking at Kanika's black eyes. He was imagining breathing in Kanika's black hair. He didn't pay attention. Mechanically he thanked her.

Kanika, as his official shooting star was able to make him reach the sunlight stronger and faster than his own imagination. And this light, their light, was brighter than the Sun, it was the luminescence of an ancient star. It was a multiple glow. Was it humanly possible?

He could feel so many things in the company of Kanika. He was wondering, while he was wandering in his PCL (Personal Cloud), what would it be, if one day, one night, she would welcome him in her intimacy? – this part of her, full of femininity. Kanika was incredibly feminine. She was all the more feminine, as she was, in a way, unconsciously, hiding her femininity. He would never forget that night when she was wearing her red orange dress, that night when they went dancing on one of their favorite music. Kanika was absolutely perfect in her tight dress that night, like in a song, always the same song, this song, which was dancing in his head, it was almost a physical sensation. In these moments, once more, the devil would suggest her lover to take her dress away, whatever be its color. Here, the writer is not repeating himself, he just transcribes one of the obsessions of the lover. He, too, the writer, 'he had found a woman stronger than anyone'. He knew 'she

was sharing his dreams'. He wanted to share her world. He hoped 'someday they would share their home'. The following day, she was bluetiful as every day. Another dress.

- Stop, stop! No more stripping! Please, only comic strips!
- OK, OK! Let me play a variation: he would have loved to be one of her dresses, to be her fingers. His own lips were hesitating... How to kiss her? Kissing her hands or her lips? Her hands, he had kissed a few times already. Her lips he would kiss millions of times, during a full Moon night. When the waitress came back to check if everything was fine, he was gone and lost in his thoughts. She shouted at him. Hey! Sir, you didn't drink your coffee, nor your tea. Hurry up, your LA Flight 2410 is now boarding. He had to rush to the gate. Sitting in a bus, seated in a plane, 7K, he was going to see Kanika again, not soon enough, because one hour was an eternity when desiring her presence.

Part II

Runaway

*“There is always a little craziness in love.
But there is always a little reason for craziness”*

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

In another movie, *Forrest, the runner*, had moved. He was now sitting in Central Park, New York, having a daydream in the middle of his night, and recounting his life story to other strangers, also in their night. Why lovers are not wise persons? Why do they rush in, as a singer? Why are they looking for love? The same way Forrest keeps telling things to whoever accepts, for a while, to listen to him, our lover, in this second part, will go on with some kind of a love analysis. *Feelings, nothing more than feelings*. There is nothing wrong with that, is there? Once, Paul asked if there would be anyone who wanted to listen to his story. Before him, Jean-Jacques, a solitary walker, wrote for us his Confessions, he also described for us his unfinished reveries. Reveries have no end.

In this Part II, the lover keeps traveling. So, dear Reader, be attentive, as he will alternate flights, long promenades, optimism and silences, pauses. His soul will be a guide in his permanent peregrination, looking for Kanika.

Reading, as a teenager, *‘Albertine gone’*, I wouldn’t remember details, only my global sensation of an immense emptiness left by her departure. Here after, we will follow the thoughts, the illusions, the hopes and other mental constructions that the man who was looking for his beloved runaway.

Dear Reader, in this second part, you may find the some chapters redundant

or overabundant, even excessive. Just remember that when a lover is looking for his runaway, he becomes immoderate, unreasonable. You might think these chapters were not needed or useful, but to skip them, would equal to forget the reality of love and life in its greatest wealth. It would be a pity to put aside thousands of details, which make our memories beautiful, even when happiness seems to be gone.

Chapter 34

K-network

He didn't want to leave Muscat. He didn't want to leave her. She had offered him so many smiles, so many perfumes.

He was sad? And what? He had been so happy during a few hours. First, he would thank God. Then he would add this one and a half magic day, not to his favorite memories, but to his unique memories. This was a new category of memories, just the unique ones, the K-Memories.

- Staff ground, please leave the aircraft... Cabin crew close the doors please!

He closed his eyes for a few seconds. When he opened them again, he had lost network and wouldn't be able to send her messages for at least a couple of hours. How come? He wouldn't wait that long. He asked his smart phone to join any open-minded network.

- Hey! You! Smartie!

His iPhone answered:

- Hey! I am not a colored chocolate!
- Hey! you, if you are smart, just prove it tonight! Join any network, make friend with it and get me a line, plus kindly note, I don't want to queue up.

Her soul interrupted:

- How can you speak to your favorite iPhone this way?

- U are right my Soul... I apologize to my iPhone so plus, so favorite...
- Did you try CC writer new speaking system? – the iPhone replied.
- Not yet! I hesitate as my aspiration of the 'h' is not that perfect.
- You don't need to pronounce any 'h'. Just focus on your favorite 'k's.
- I don't have favorite 'k's I have only a Unique K.

The On-line services on board were not available on this flight, he would complain? No, he was not a professional claimer, he decided to invent a new network, the K-network.

In his mind, the K-network had a unique advantage, it would keep him connected with Kanika upon request. As an example, that night, he wanted to say good night, like every night: would he repeat the same 'good night' during 1001 nights? That was not his point that night. Kanika was loving living in the present time, so he would not ask silly questions, as most lovers usually do. Kanika and him spent a few loveable moments. Would God keep offering them plenty of lovely intimacies?

In his K-network he would insert so called inanimate items, such as stones, new empty shelves, picked up on the Omani beaches – Remember Venus was born in the sea and emerged on a shelf. These items wouldn't be for sale, some would be written articles. But, using so called inanimate things would multiply his possibilities of communicating with Kanika, that would be really innovative. More importantly was to convince Kanika that a new world was always possible to create. He would work on and reach this target. Just because he had never met such a strong, delicious, fantabulous woman, he would propose to her any impossible dream, he would invite her to dance nonstop, up to the ragtime, when she would fall in his arms after some rock-and-roll passes up in the air. No need to buy the latest model of Nike Air shoes, his Mizuno were propelling him and Kanika would fly soon in his arms, and when up in the air, another smile up on her face would confirm that he was making her the *appiest*, sorry, the happiest woman ever.

Chapter 35

Flying in a red balloon

Confession, avowal, declaration, showing, statement, claim, persuasion, religion, shrift, absolution? Absolutely!

That night, as he couldn't dance with her, he was writing to her, and, as he loved to say, *I am writing U*, he was writing her, as he would have photographed her or painted her. Suddenly, he was full of hopes and strength again, he was no longer that man he used to be one minute before, that half a man in a song of yesterday.

That night, lonely with his iPhone plus and minus 7070, alone in Dubai, in Dubai... where they had been dancing some weeks before, where they briefly shared their first one to one lunch, he was meditating on love. A few memories now were agitating his imagination. Love was probably in her bubble, or somewhere else, but his favorite idea, his almost unique one, not to say his mania, was that love was to be found within her own world that he would visit soon flying over in his red balloon. He would stop there and take her with him to the mountains, over the Muscat hills and everywhere in Oman on board of his special Red Balloon Flight that he chartered himself, Flight Number RB-2410_7K. During the flight, he would watch again, with Kanika, *'Shakespeare in love'*.

His love was in Kanika, it was with her and could not be within anybody else. For him, the dance of life was choreographed by love. But it was also animated by freedom. The dance of life was symbolizing the balance between love and freedom. This could be the reason why both were appreciating dancing, dancing together.

He would definitely respect Kanika's freedom, but he wanted her love, not just a piece of a never expected passionate relationship, they needed a full pack of love including dancing and traveling. Kanika was a lovely strong woman, her nature was to be free, she was free, I mean, open, independent. Her strength was impressive to him, her substantive existence too, but he felt that... but he dreamt that... he would become her devoted man, because super woman also needs protection, from times to times, because he had the feeling that she needed love, that love was the only thing she was missing. And he? Of course, he was missing love, as he had been looking for love, like a desperate, for so long, this love that was lost or hidden somewhere in the skies, appearing uniquely as a shooting star, one night, the night of her birthday. And he? was he still capable to love? He had thought this wasn't possible anymore, but deep in him, he knew that nothing is impossible. While playing most of time with his iPhones, just to make the others believe that the door of his heart was closed, that he was not available, for whoever, up to that very first moment, in Bathinda, where he dropped his mobile phone instantly as he crossed Kanika's eyes. He would only keep his phone around as a camera, his best friend. He would also keep it to SMS her. Today, was he still free? – being unable to give another name than 'Kanika' to the lovely queenie of his K-Story. He didn't want to hide her too long anymore, even if he had to be discreet, watching over her charming bashfulness. He was even unable to give another title to his K-Book than simply 'Kanika'.

Kanika was a bit secret, she would tell a few things about her life but would close again herself like an oyster, keeping her pearly pearl for herself, playing some kind of a precious glass bead game. She was holding her heart, remaining enigmatic to him as no other woman ever did. Not playing, praying. Of course, he could understand anything from her. He was only trying to make her accept a little bit of help, not from a friend but from a lover. They were sharing connivance and it seemed to him that, like him, she was not able to reopen the book of her intimacy. She was not sleeping but she was not dreaming neither. He would call her by all means 'Dreaming Beauty'. To try to open her magic door, did he need a key? Piotr, his Russian pal, had given him a golden key as a pledge of friendship. He was keeping it with him in all his trips. One way to open to each other was to write the K-Book, a book of alchemy, combining the chemistry of words with the

magic of Kanika's smile.

When he was dancing her, no need to speak, when he was playing with her fingers, he could have caressed them indefinitely, tirelessly, no need for words, when, during a few seconds, their eyes would cross and stop, they were suddenly using their K-language and his pleasure of being with her was the beginning of a rapture, it was a rhapsody, not in blue, but whose color was hidden in the middle of a rainbow, like Platform Nine and Three-quarters was hidden at King's Cross Station.

Each time he was sending a few words, lyrics, or a video to Kanika, he had only two reasons, first, to say hello, and then, to let her know that he loved her, that he tried to understand her – but he would never try to understand why he was loving her. He was thinking of her and just wanted to send her positive waves within flowers. Should they kiss? He loved their relationship, he was hoping to make it progressively even more *bluetiful* that it was today. Every day more? Sure, but above all, every day better, so that they would share the best of life and enjoy the real thing at any moment, whenever they could grab this jiffy together. Her strength he admired, her challenging spirit was amazing, any detail in her was Beauty. He was keeping all these minutes in their K-Album. When she appeared to be stressed, down a bit – however, never for long, she was a ping-pong ball – so, whenever she felt weird, because of the bullshit created by others, he would try to back her up with his messages: words are beautiful, and they are simple, or, better said, they are like notes of music, they become wonderful when they are composed together by a lover who makes us hear their melody and listen to God's wisdom. This is the way he was surviving, reading and writing poetry every single day. In her presence, he felt constantly (h)appy as she had so much beauty in her... He decided they would enjoy the Beauty whenever it would knock at their door.

She had unconsciously and completely fascinated him. He was wrapped in her golden hands. He was rapt on high. God had made them meet, dancing made them know each other and unite.

Interlude

Interludes are usually inserted to keep waiting impatient viewers or readers. They are usually boring, not to say sickly, the interludes, not the viewers, or the readers, or the listeners.

The present interlude is just to confirm that a certain number of the above chapters might look a bit recurrent, not to say repetitive. The author explained already that he did it on purpose, he couldn't find another way to describe the growing intensity and the specificity of this unique love that one can trace in the middle of the skies, in the vertical of the City of Love localized at 48°51'24" N and 2°21'03" E. Obsession is there, but not only, and the best way to get rid of fixation is to explore all the nuances of this passion.

One cannot be content with a telegraphic and commonplace message such as: 'I love you'. The same emotions have to be expressed several times, from different angles. It's a little bit like when I take dozens of pictures to appreciate the full beauty of Kanika. I tried to compensate the risk of platitude by tagging a few touches of poetry, as a painter in the street would add retouches to get a paradoxical open finish. I plead guilty.

Chapter 36

Kindi Lesson

- Can you tell me more about Kindi language? – my Soul asked me the day after I had my first Kindi lesson.
- A key aspect or K-particularity of Kindi is that Kindi is accentuated by love, Kindi is not spoken, it is sung.
- Can Kindi be danced?
- Of course. Kindi also uses musical analogue language, bluetifully illustrated when dancing. And Kanika is such a dancer that she speaks Kindi, not only fluently, but perfectly.
- How come do you love so much dancing with Kanika?
- The very first time I invited Kanika to dance was not a piece of luck but a full pack of luck. It was like winning the jackpot. I wouldn't have had enough room to stock that incredible luck, even filling up my biggest suitcases and all my back-packs. I am sure this was God's decision to make us meet and dance. Since that moment, we have been dancing wonderfully, up to the point that we could create, of course together, a place that we would call *'Meet and Dance'* with variations such as *'All U meet is dance'* or, if we add a food option at our place, something like *'Meat or Fish... But for sure Dance'* or *'Beering and Dancing'*, if we restrict it to drinks only. If we are sponsored, our place would be *'Mexican Heineken and Dance'* and once a week *'Red Bull and Dance'*. At our place, we would propose alternative playlists, we would show how to invent passes up in the air upon request.
- Hey! What a place!
- This will be *The Place or The Palace*, if I add one of the two magic 'a' from 'Kanika'.

- Hey! That’s imagination!
- Kanika loves things beyond imagination.
- OK! Any start is fantabulous but are you sure to keep this huge pleasure, dance after dance?
- For sure we will, as long as we have our favorite playlist. First of all, dance is celebration!
- What do you celebrate?
- Oh! my Soul, you are so slow tonight! We celebrate Destiny, we met!!!
- Sorry, I forgot.
- Second, Dance is emotion, emotion means motion, movement, we are moved when we dance, moved to another place, another planet, the big wheel keeps on turning.
- Which planet?
- A planet that turns around our shooting star. If we would be scientists, we would call it 7K SSP 2410.
- Strange name!
- Not for a planet, we already spoke of that. You can kindly refer to the official list of comic trips, sorry cosmic strips. Third, dancing is expressing K-Hasya.
- What’s K-Hasya?
- K-Hasya is K-Happiness. Then, for me, dancing with Kanika is *K-Adhbbhuta*.
- Translation, please...
- It is like listening to Louis Armstrong singing: ‘What a wonderful world’.
- You mean: ‘What a wonderful K-World’? I suppose.
- I do! Oh! my Soul, you woke up now, you could learn Kindi fast! *K-Adhbbhuta* is a K-Wonder, a wonder only belonging to Kanika.
- Finally dancing together, we give each other... pleasure and serenity, which, in Kindi language, we call K-Shanta.
- You always told me that you can get serenity just by listening to the music of Bach. Would you now say that dancing is also providing you serenity?
- If you keep questioning me this way, you’ll become soon a journalist. Is your conscience shouting at you?
- No, why do you ask me that?

- I just remember the words of the Witch to Mac Beth. But never mind, I will answer your question. What gives me serenity is dancing _with_ Kanika.
- How come?
- I don't know, and I don't want to know, but, if you want to know more, I will tell you that, not only, *dancing Kanika* brings serenity to me but the simple fact to be with her, looking at her, touching her hand, dreaming of our first kiss. All this is more than serenity.
- Is it K-Serenity?
- Exactly! K-Serenity and K-Beauty.
I have only two ways to escape a stressing situation and to find a refuge, I either try to discover Beauty, wherever it is hidden, I can then go and visit an art gallery, or go for a ride in a canyon, or I simply have to look at Kanika's eyes. It is a delicious moment. When this conducive moment comes, Kanika looks at me with her pixie smile, silently she tells me with her eyes something like *'I know... you now want to enjoy a few seconds of intimacy, OK, I am ready to share it a bit with you'*. Then she will start questioning me with another of her incredible smiles, this one says something like *'What do you want to know?... If I am happy here dancing with you?'* And I answer her:
 - *'I would love you to be happy with me, here, there and everywhere'*. Sometimes, this connivance just happens when, say, I need it, drinking a Mexican Heineken with Kanika at a pool bar, sharing then a cold for a few days, Kanika there, me, over there, flying somewhere, beating in the skies, around Kanika, on my 7K seat, but both, still drinking a beer after the buzz of a hard day has gone. This connivance is full of K-serenity, our souls seem to feel, together, at the same time, a bit of this rare happiness that our human predecessors have lost after biting an apple picked up in a green, green garden. This short serenity is absolutely new to me. Being back to Kanika... is like living an adventure, which provides me with K-Hasya, K-Adhbhuta and K-Shanta. I never ever experienced such a sensation before. Again, when these rare moments happen, I would like to recite verses of Baudelaire, telling her: 'No, not over there, but here, now, with U, *all is luxury, calm and voluptuousness*, then, for Kanika, I would reproduce the dance of Matisse.

- Last question: ‘what’s the difference between Hindi and Kindi?’
- Just a letter, a key one.

Chapter 37

Changi, a silent airport

Singapore Airport flying on LA 2410, Gate Sea 24, Seat 7K. He was trying to forget silence. His soul could feel he was a little bit weary. So, nicely, she broke the silence. A few words, a smile, from a stranger, are sometimes enough to start a conversation :

- What is Gate Sea 24, a gate at One Harbor Bay in Hong Kong?
- No, 'Sea' stands for 'C', but it is more poetical, people have the feeling they are sailing.
- Hey! Why are you so silent?
- I am not totally silent.
- I know, for you, this is almost impossible.
- Nothing is impossible, neither for me nor for anyone. I am singing internally.
- Can you tell me what you are singing?
- *'The Sound of Silence'*
- I appreciate your sense of humor.
- I am silent because my Kanika is silent.
- Are you worried?
- Not at all. I respect her silence, I copy/paste Kanika's quietness. I am just silent too. As you can imagine, it is a K-Silence. I am motionless.
- I can see that. You are not even moving a muscle, you are inanimate. Good that you are already at the gate.
- I am not inanimate at the gate, I am looking for the best way to date Kanika next, I am singing internally, and now I also speak with you. Thank you for your kind interference.

- It would be better to say that ‘this is me, who speak with you’...
- OK! You speak to me.
- How come can you sing internally and speak to me at the same time? I will never understand you.
- My Soul, You are not supposed to understand me, but to help me with your charming conversation, or to sing me a song before your mother was born, to back me up the way you are. Don’t you know that I don’t understand women?
- I know you don’t, and I know that you don’t want to understand Kanika, you just want to ‘live’ her, you want to love her. But never mind! As always, I’d like you to be more specific on the meaning of K-Silence.
- In Kindi language, ‘silence’ has a deeper meaning. It covers pure silence but also the sounds of silence, the meaning of a silence. Like in law, silence doesn’t mean yes or no, it depends. It is some kind of a conversation, in the present case between Kanika and myself. Wait, wait, I heard a little familiar chime from my phone. It might be Kanika.

It took him some time to find his iPhone-7th Heaven Plus[Ⓛ], then, after a long break, he came back to his Soul:

- It was Kanika, I knew it!
- How could you be sure?
- Hey! Hey! Simple, the chime I use with Kanika is a K-Ring. It is like a joyful tune, like the ‘Sound of Music’. She always welcomes me with peals of bells.
- Recently, you were singing ‘*The Sound of Silence*’
- Yes, I did, but Kanika’s message – I read it 7K times in a nano-second – makes me feel like singing ‘The Sound of Music’ now.
- Just one message?
- Oh! My Soul, again you are so slow sometimes. Can’t you feel Kanika is *everything I hoped for, everything I need, she’s so beautiful to me...*
- Another of your favorite song now...
- So, any word from her is a poetry to me. Hey! I have to hurry up. The

1. A watchful reader will have observed that the lover has a passion for iPhones and he has a beautiful collection of these incredible devices. The 7th Heaven Plus, is a special and very limited edition in the iPhone range.

- airplane is taxi-iiing now. I need to send Kanika our daily K-Story!
- No worry, you will use On Air.
 - Stop kidding! It never works when I want to use it.
 - You are exaggerating.
 - I agree, the satellite networks have been progressing nicely recently.
 - Hey! Did you check your typing mistakes before sending your WhatsApp?
 - Sorry, no time, I'm flying tonight. It's gonna be tonight.

Chapter 38

Spinoza

- And what? Would you like me to stop being in love with Kanika? Do you think that I am writing without her by my side, oh! my Soul? Don't you know that I love Infinite, and that in Kanika's eyes I can see it all? Shall I accept any ethical lesson? If so, I would read again Spinoza. And you know what would be his answer? *'Keep loving Kanika! Love her, more and more, better and better, your love is a K-Love, a rare love, a limited edition, using only looks at each other and Kindi words, a language created by you two'*.
- By YouTube? – my soul interrupted.
- No, Baruch said: 'by you two'.
- Who is Baruch? A blessed person?
- Yes, in Hebrew, Baruch means 'blessed'. Here, it is only important to note that 'Spinoza' knows that Kindi was created by Kanika and myself.
- By myself too?
- No, sorry my Soul, this language is only for Kanika and myself, all rights reserved. It is made of K-silences, initiated in Bathinda, it came from India, one sunny morning, at first sight, shutting down immediately my iPhone, my head being right away full of pictures and memories that I had forgotten from a previous life but were back on the surface. They were further revealed by dancing, developed while traveling, sometimes the two together. From this language a book was born, on the very moment, when a shooting star was flying through the skies, the book was mainly written when I was sitting, on seat 7K, on Flight LA 2410 and blessed by 330 million gods. Nine months and a quarter are necessary to receiving the blessing of a brand new book.

'Love Kanika!' would repeat Spinoza, *because all she needs is your love to appease her spleen. The gods will help, devouring the grapes of wrath. Love your Kanika! because she is everything you have been hoping for, because she is all what you need, because she took you to Wadi Shab and to so many other places, because she is your unique shooting star, because, she is so bluetiful to you...* This is what Spinoza would tell me, if I would ask him his advice. But I don't have to, my heart is showing me one direction : Kanika.

Following Spinoza, he was not denying, neither the duality in Kanika – he loved it – nor his own duality. He only wanted to take advantage of their difference to make her happy, to make them fly together – with Kanika on board, his red balloon would turn out into orange. So, he would never separate their minds, from time to time, often enough, their bodies would join. Kanika was more rational than he was, but passion was still one of her enigmatic attractions to him.

He wanted to see her smile, not her sadness, she would always hide it behind her silent anger. He wouldn't complain – how come would he? – He would only make fun at himself, no hard feelings, ever, he would try to understand her, he would try to feel her.

He thought he should write a fable for her, the fable of their wish, between legend and fairy tale. This is what he did in Old England, the country of Shakespearian fables.

Chapter 39

Scarborough Fair

In London, he took the train leaving King Cross at 1:30 p.m. He arrived three hours and five minutes later in Scarborough, Yorkshire. As the Heath Cliff Hotel was located less than a mile away from the railway station, he decided to walk there rather than call Uber. He checked in, smiled at the receptionist who reminded him Kanika's face and went up to his room. He dropped his bag, finding promising the heath green, earl grey and white bedspread and its assorted pillows. Locking his door with the golden key held by a pompon that only British hotels can provide, he went back downstairs to the tea-coffee room, got an English breakfast homemade tea, and started to write a fable to Kanika. He decided that there would be no moral philosophy at the end, as there would be no end.

In many of his poems, he had become her knight. Poems make it possible to be happy for a few moments. Was it because, as an adorable exciting lady, she would appear in his fairy tales? Was it because of his fascination for Middle Ages? It makes me recall an album... Shall we go now for a ballad, dear Reader? Remember the flute, the Celtic harp?

*“Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
For once she was a true love of mine*

*If she tells me she can't, I'll reply
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Let me know that at least she will try*

*And then she'll be a true love of mine
 Dear, when thou hast finished thy task
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Come to me, my hand for to ask
 For thou then art a true love of mine”*

But time is flying, let's read the fable he wrote for Kanika, using the same typography as in the Sixteenth Century:

The Flowers, the Moon, the Balloon and the Chocolates

*Once upon a time,
 In India, before Portugal's time
 Every morning,
 A man who had been looking for love
 Would come and wake up his sleeping beauty.
 Flowers, he would bring at her feet I
 At her knees, he would lay down,
 Not that silent.
 The whole day they would rest.
 Then, when the night would come up
 They would look at the Moon, asking to each other:
 'Take me there...
 When is our balloon departing?'
 Not yet?
 Not yet!
 At midnight, they would rush into the sea
 He would swim all around her
 He would breast the waves
 If she would be cold
 He would bring a magic towel,
 In her eyes, he would see gold
 In her eyes, no more rowel
 He would then cover her up
 Wrap her, warm her up
 Then in the deep night*

*He would play with her beauty
 He would first shawl her
 After one or two beers
 They would dance on the waves
 At the end of the night,
 He would take her home,
 Before she would enter
 All around her,
 Heart chocolates he would lay up
 He knew that with her in his heart he would always feel warm,
 In a whirl, there, in Scarborough Fair in Britney shire, England, he was able
 to defeat the mills of Don Quixote without any spear.*

He wrote his words on a parchment with Indian ink and a goose feather. He took an envelope and went to The Post Office to send the beginning of his fable for her through the Royal Mail as she was his Queen. He copied a Gainsborough painting on a stamp and pasted it on his colorful envelope. Then he went back to his hotel and decided he would wait for Kanika, here, at Scarborough, as long as he could. The next day, he began visiting the city, of which, in a glimpse, from his sunny hotel window he had perceived the beauty.

There, at the Heath Cliff, he was the happiest lonesome man of the most charming lovesome woman. Every night, he drank two Keineken beers at the American Live Bar of the hotel, one for Kanika, one for him. On October 24th, 2018, Jean McComb performed at the bar. He still remembers her voice:

*Sometimes I run
 Sometimes I hide
 Sometimes I'm scared of you
 But all I really want is to hold you tight*

There, he waited for Kanika. She never came to Scarborough Fair. As he couldn't bear the cost of the hotel room for ever, he decided to go and try to meet Kanika anyplace. But, it would have been so romanesque to meet her in Scarborough, during the Fair.

Chapter 40

Pictures

“Love forgives the beloved until desire”

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Back home – but where was his home now? – Paris, London, Moscow, New York, Milano? His life was sometimes more mysterious than Fashion. Back home, he had a crazy desire to hold her tight. The only way he had a chance to feel this sensation and enjoy virtually this temptation was to look at her pictures. To him, any of her pictures was a permanent discovery, increasing her mystery, increasing the intensity of his passion. Back and forth, he took the K-shuttle to travel through all his Kanika’s albums. Why would he refrain his passion? Neither refrain, nor push back, except in a jumbo when flying to Kanika, nor to repress, just to hold, to tame, so that his emotions would become more enjoyable for him, lovelier for her. He was able to spend hours to contemplate her photographs. She was so slowly irresistible. He wanted, one day, one night, to go behind her mirror; for sure, there, beyond all imaginable limits, he would penetrate her world. One day, one night, she would draw out the curtain, red and black, like a door in a song, this curtain behind which she was hiding herself, protecting herself. One day, one night, he would make her curtain speak and she would bring him in her world. He would bring her back to love... God would bless them, when the time would have come. Yes, when the time will come, their two worlds will meet and he will keep her hands, and he will be full of this K-energy to make them fly high. He already made a K-booking, in an island where each night they would go dancing, where each night he would take her back to her bungalow, where one night, maybe, with her

smile, without any word, she would invite him to stay, they would drink a Mexican Heineken, maybe two, she would let him look at her, caress her black hair, she would look at him as she never had done before and he would become the happiest K-lover in her world. He accepted, days after nights, to become obsessed by her lips and her body. Obsession can have positive impacts on love. Combined with patience, it can produce rare pleasures. He was now praying to discover her, to softly shape her lips with his mouth, to uncover her body.

Chapter 41

Obsession

*“Love is life. All, everything that I understand,
I only understand because I love.”*

LEO TOLSTOY

His soul had been away for quite a long time – both needed a break. Probably she was traveling in the stratosphere when, one evening, around 9:00 p.m. she came back at a moment he was not expecting her, when the doubt was starting to spoil his natural optimism. Certainly, the Doubt is an emanation of the Devil.

- Hey! I am back, said his soul.
- Hey! Welcome back my Soul.
- What ‘s new?
- I have an obsession, a K-Obsession, as others may have a dream.
- What is a K-obsession?
- First, it is a very sweet sensation that I never had before I met Kanika. It could make me KO.
- An obsession is rarely sweet. It is a dark thought.
- Agreed. This is why I told you it is a K-Obsession, not a regular one. Nietzsche made it clear that *our thoughts are the shadows of our sensations*. So, I repeat, a K-Obsession is a sweet sensation. Second, a K-Obs is related to a mix of a dream and a dance, a dream, which, so far, didn’t come true, but is still possible. This dream is very pleasant, as it comes back and forth, starting rather slow, then going high, becoming frenetic, rapturous, eager, enthusiastic, like a rock and roll.

- Would you say that a K-obsession is closed to a K-emotion?
- Hey! My soul! Are you preparing an editorial or a thesis?
- I am just trying to know you better.
- You got it already! The K-Obs or K-O, is a strong emotion of mine, balanced by the desire of holding it and transforming it for the benefit of Kanika. I must only be careful so that this E-motion doesn't knock me out. This K-Obsession originates from my K-Album, my Kollektion of Kanika's pictures. I have two types of K-pictures, the ones I effectively took of Sweet Kanika with my K-iPhone 2048, and the ones that my brain is producing constantly – they are all dancing in my head. If I would try to stop the pictures of Kanika knocking every second at my door, it wouldn't work. But, what makes this invasion of pictures stronger for me than the hordes of Attila – I am ready to accept it completely – is that I don't want to stop their flow, whatever happens. This would be like trying to stop the waters of the Colorado River in Grand Canyon, this is simply impossible. Attila was stopped by Pope Leo I, then by the Romans, but one cannot stop water, water is life, we were born in water. Looking at Kanika's pictures is like taking a bath in a Jacuzzi where I would have first double checked the temperature of the water, so that Kanika would be relaxing and feeling totally warm, or it is like swimming in Wadi Shab Canyon together with Kanika, preceding or following her, adoring her ponytail, holding her slightly when she is floating quietly, I mean, almost quietly.
- I got it! But tell me! When did you get your K-iPhone 2018? And what is a K-iPhone?
- A K-iPhone is a limited edition of iPhone. I always subscribe to any Apple Invention.
- Which number?
- 2048 but it can be multi-number!
- What 's that?
- Simple. I made an agreement with Apple Inc. Each time they reveal a new iPhone, say for instance, iPhone 2410, at a Keynote, they reveal, at the same time, but only to me, in a K-Keynote, invisible to whoever except me, the equivalent K-iPhone i.e. the K-iPhone 2410 in our example. But, for the moment, the one I am using is the K-iPhone 2048.

- How come could you reserve, just for you, this limited edition of iPhone?
- It is a Unique Anonymous Edition rather than a Limited Edition. It is made in the UAE.
- This, I understand, but how did you manage this?
- Passion and Love can make miracles.
- If you say that, OK!
- I am a believer, I don 't know why, I will rise up, if needed, I will make it up for Kanika, whatever it takes, Kanika and myself we will start over, we will forget our yesterdays, we'll go walking on a wire, dancing in the dark, under the thunder, at the mouth of the Colorado River or of Wadi Ash Shab.
- Hey! In your journey, you are just missing the dragons, which are, sometimes, watching out at the door of caverns!
- No worry, I can imagine dragons.
- Can you tame them?
- Sure I can.

Chapter 42

Waiting for the Dragons

Kanika had the power to fill him up with hopes, images and K-energy. She was literally boosting his imagination. He could become the man flying to the K-Moon, some kind of a new flying Dutchman (French version) – if temporarily required by God. That morning, like every morning, he had been praying for Kanika, he had been asking to meet her nonstop during 1001 nights. In his mind, they would tell each other 1000 stories. One of the nights would be the night of their own story, the K-Story. Life goes on. Someone was singing that life goes on bra, obladi oh blah blah, but this seems to me reductive, although also true. So, K-Story had to go on. Before they would come to a point, when and where, they could totally surrender to each other, one of the 1000 other K-tales that my imagination invented – sorry, this is no invention, this is our world... Anyhow, this K-tale Number K-BWV 2410 was telling the long and winding story of a dragon, maybe there were several K-dragons. This fairy tale would take long to be written and told, Kanika and he, they would need to spend a few days in a K-canyon, trailing and boating through fjords, for instance in wonderful Norway, or in any wadi in Oman.

- Let me tell you this. At this stage, I will just bring it out for you my dear Soul.
- Before you go ahead, his soul stopped him – you said that there would be 1001 fairy tales and you have one numbered 2410?
- Come on Soul, if it's a K-tale series, the 'K' stands at least for 1000, so 1001X1000 makes...
- I am sure that you put no limits to your story.

- Why should I, if I want to love Kanika forever?
But let me go on now... The people who imagine dragons have a brilliant future, they say ‘Goodbye to yesterday’, they want to emigrate, they say, ‘Hello to tomorrow’, but also ‘No tomorrow without a yesterday’, they even sing, and we should all sing, with them :

*All these years I've been searching
Of who I'm supposed to be
All that time I've been wasting
It was right in front of me*

The Mystery of the Dragons

It was in the middle of the night, when he received an iPhone call from his soul. It was the first time she would call him so late or so early. He was so surprised that he thought it could a dragon, which was calling him. But it was his soul. She might have had a good reason. His soul told him right away that she wanted to reveal him a key secret. He stopped her :

- You mean a key secret or a K-secret?
- A key secret, I believe...
I know that Kanika has no K-secret to you. She is a mystery to you rather than a secret holder. Did she tell you about her predilection for dragons?
- She did. I told you already. Regarding her own beauty and the beauty of life, Kanika has no secret to me, whatsoever. When she is not sleeping, I can read in her eyes. If she is sleeping, I listen to her breathing, if she speaks to me, my brain welcomes immediately her words and a magical mathematical function transforms them automatically in honey spoons.
- How do you manage to guess her?
- In fact, when she opens her wonderful eyes, I can see a lot of things, I can read a lot of her thoughts, I can receive a lot of her messages. For Kanika, my mailbox will never be full, God offered to me a K-mailbox, which is in permanent expansion.
- Like the Universe?
- About the Universe, nobody knows it all, but I know about my K-Uni-

verse, I love to listen to the sound of K-galaxies across the Universe. 'Jai Guru Deva Om'.

- By the way, do you know when the interstellar message 'Across the Universe' sent in the direction of the star Polaris, which is 431 light years from Earth will reach the star?
- I have no idea. I love astrophysics but to be honest, every day now, my Unique Universe is Kanika's World, Kanika is my UUK star.
- Deep Space.
- Deep Love.
- Using any milk chocolate way, you can try to reach your Star aboard your favorite flight LA 2410. So now, don't keep me waiting any longer, tell me about the dragons that your imagination has been producing last night! Please!!
- You are really impatient, I have to go running now, but I promise, I will tell it to you soon, on the mountain, over the hills of Muscat.
- Are you going to run after a dragon?
- Who knows? If it is a she-dragon, it might be Kanika.

After a long training, in order to run out of his overflowing energy produced by his contemplation of Kanika's pictures, he opened a Mexican Heineken. While drinking his beer, some of Kanika's pictures became icons and the wonderful black hair of Kanika was flaunting to reveal an incredible femininity. His soul left him alone for a while, he was peacefully enjoying his beer. His contemplation of Kanika was almost a cerebration. But his soul finally showed up again:

- Hey! Already back from your workout? Did you come across any dragon?
- I did, across the universe, a winged dragon was flying, shooting at the same time fire through his eyes, mouth and nostrils.
- I know this type of dragon, I met one in Norway when I visited my friend and colleague, the Soul of Han of Iceland. Did you tell him that you were friend with the Flying Dutchman?
- I did, so he was nice to me.
- What did he tell you?
- He was in a hurry, as he had to be back to protect the entrance of a grotto in Manali mountains.

- What's the name of the grotto?
- Secret.
- Why don't you tell me?
- I told you: the name of his grotto is 'Secret'.
- Fairy tale enough... OK, the dragon was in a hurry but he might have had a few K-seconds to tell you what or who he is keeping in his 'Secret' grotto.
- About his grotto, he told me that this is a twin-place where two engines can dance.
- Engines should not dance.
- I think that in this sentence the engines stand for machines usually called hearts.
- Hearts are dancing?
- Kanika's heart and my heart do, they love to dance together.
- Is your twofold place a twin universe?
- If you send me a dragon ball, I will not play ping pong with you, as my universe is not a twin universe number 6 or 7 but a 2410 CK one.
- Why 'C' K and not your only K?
- Because my UUK Star is more than a star, especially when I look at her eyes, she is a constellation, as I told you already, she is my CK one or my KC one, either way. 'C' for Constellation.
- Hey! Kanika and you are lucky to have a dedicated dragon. What's his name? Nessie, Mokele-Mbembe or Ogopogo?
- Although I would prefer him to be, he might not be a lake monster.
- Did he reveal you the place?
- Not yet, Kanika and myself have to be ready to go there. He just said that it's a little cave located in a canyon or in a valley about 50 Km from Manali on the Beas River banks.
- Couldn't it be Wadi Shab or Grand Canyon?
- Could be too, as Kanika and me can jump from a place to another just dancing on alternative music.
- Like Mary Poppins, right?
- Yes, we will use, alternatively, a flying umbrella or a red balloon.
- Back to K-Nessie, what about your relationship with such a dragon?
- I like him. Dragons have been fighting for their freedom long before humanity became free, or say, partly free. They fought for their inde-

pendence but the Evil didn't let them go. Now, as magic door keepers, they protect lovers and their secret.

Chapter 43

Days without Kanika

One could think that, *action*, in the daily life of our incorrigible lover, was conditioned by the presence of Kanika, or, by her absence, which is the same thing, from a mathematical point of view, if one is using the inverse function – not the opposite function of course.

Just ask our suitor and you will see his reaction :

- Me and Kanika are not opposite at all, we are playing with the inverse function. I love our variations, they would never admit zero for value. Together we have a remarkable identity.

Isn't that a clear demonstration? Should I stop my hyperbole? Certainly not, exaggeration is necessary to exacerbate feelings. Also, I can't do that, Kant himself would refuse, for the pure reason that hyperboles accept the origin of love as a center for symmetry. I don't want to be critical, but the inverse function is said to be odd. Why? Maybe uneven, irregular... Just look at the curves of their lips trying to kiss, and you will see what I mean, on the graph. They are not opposite, simply inverse, and so, they are complementary. *Quod Erat Demonstrandum.*

Last but not least, even when Kanika was absent, his love to her was not without return. Even when she was disappearing, she would send him a piece of short message, hopefully a piece of her heart, a piece of her. Whatsoever he would receive from any part of her being, he would take it, he would welcome it, he would enjoy it. During these quiet periods, he was trying to remain himself, optimistic and a bit passionate. Soundless, he would love

her discreetly, sumptuously, with silent words. Silent words are never mute, never dumb, only noiseless. He would keep loving her deeply, sometimes with Flaubert accents, immoderately but still doing his best not to appear excessive to her. This was not an easy job for him, as, meanwhile he was practicing how to best behave, his passion was growing at a constant rate. A lot of companies would have envied the growth rate of his loving activity. When he was still a boy, and even later, his Mom, laughing, was telling him:

– You are a naughty boy, but you will be a good man.

Once he asked her:

– How do you know that Mom?

She answered:

– My heart sent me a note, probably a musical note.

So, according to his mom's forestation, he would be a gentle man to Kanika. His mother should know, she always got good intuitions, most of time when she was sitting on a bench in a little wood, or a park, a bit comparable to the ones *Forrest* was telling stories to whoever would be willing to listen to him. Kanika was on his mind, he was nevertheless feeling free, free to love her his best way, far away sometimes. After so many encounters and so called experiences, neither soppy nor weepy, on the contrary, often soulful, he was surprised and amused that his personal sentimental education was still going on, or at least, repeating. Did he ever learn? Would he ever learn? Was a talkative man able to listen? At least, to keep his love momentum and optimism, he was regularly listening to Trumpet Voluntary. Love had always had a magic power on him. Would he give up now? Kanika had just put a spell on him, not intentionally. Kanika was just like him, she would never give up, even if – this could happen – she would say she wanted to. He would never tell her 'I love U', and this, for different reasons. First, he would not dare, or better said, he was not able to tell it with words. Second, this was too easy to say or to sing: *'yesterday, love was such an easy game to play.'* Like Paul, he would believe in yesterday. He would also believe in tomorrow with Kanika. Like a friendly coral shark, he would not evolve, he would keep loving Kanika for a minimum of three hundred and fifty

millions years to come. They would keep swimming in warm waters. Third, to say 'I love U' to Kanika, would have not been enough, as this love, for his queenie, was not a limited edition of his capability to love, his love was demanding and it would accept no excuse, no limits. Silence. Kanika was silent. He didn't have her talent for silence. She was his silent Kanika. But he would be patient. He remembered an old song, like a ding a dong, in fact he could recall only a few words: *'People talking without speaking, People hearing without listening'*. Not only in the song, but in many ways, silence had a sound. It could be the sound itself. But for days, it seemed that he had restless dreams. Should he count the days?

For writing her, no need of anything, he would look at her, at his collection of smiles and invitations (he couldn't help taking some of her smiles as invitations.) Of course, his words to her were helping him, during those days without Kanika, but he was still longing for her own words, flying around him like little birds but never resting on his shoulders, he was begging a word, one word, from her lips. Meanwhile, he was still writing to her, still writing her.

He was bound to Muscat. But this time, for first time, since he met her, he knew in advance he wouldn't see Kanika there, but he would still meeting her in his lonely world, from time to no time. He didn't bring chocolates. For whom would he have done that? Only Kanika had a so delicious smile as a fine black chocolate. He had been seated on 7K. Was it a sign? A sign from her? As a bloody optimistic guy, he would answer 'yes'. However, he was asking himself: 'For which love the bell tolls?' The stewards were mumbling their usual messages, in several languages. But no one was speaking the only language that he would understand that morning, the K-language.

He had just landed in Muscat. His heart was beating at the same speed as a fast runner. He knew why. He then just could not, not send to Kanika, a new chapter of his K-book, a piece of his heart, a piece left behind.

Chapter 44

Another day

It had been another long day without Kanika, there in the fairy tale landscapes of Oman. He finally arrived at his hotel after flying back, sitting, not like a bull, but like a lion at 7K. He was so excited when he read Kanika's message that he had to start to go and practice his favorite evening exercise: he jumped in his bed and wrote to her, he was literally writing her the thousand ways she was, picking up, among hundreds of pictures dancing in his head, the bonniest ones, the ones when she looked happy. Or, better said, when she looked almost happy, because Kanika would never looked totally happy, she looked too beautiful to be totally happy. Sometimes, a glance, or a simple gaze from her, or the sight she had looking at her cocktail, while he, was looking at her ponytail, her question to her half empty glass and to his half-filled ginger ale, all these looks were adding to her beauty. What was moving him, what was turning him up and down, letting him all shook up, as an Elvis who would sing nonstop, was the fact that, in Kanika's eyes – even when she had reasons to be happy – when he was looking at her intently, he would always detect a bit of wistfulness, a piece of sadness, a track of *'I am not able neither to accept your feelings nor to avoid them'*, or telling him: *'you'll never grab a piece of tenderness in my eyes, in my enigmatic smile'*, *'even if I drink sometimes an overfull cup of softy feelings'*, some kind of a message like *'don't try to give me more, I am not that open'*. But he knew that inside a not yet open beautiful oyster, there is always a magnificent pearl.

Thanks to God, he was stubborn, like life can be. He wanted his heart to become the second home of Kanika, and his heart totally agreed on that.

– A second home? his heart asked him.

- Yes! But a very special one.
- I am sure, you are going to call it a K-Home.
- How do you know that?
- I am sure that it will be full of comfort, right?
- Of course, black chocolates will be available upon Kanika's request.
- And in return, you will be delighted when looking at Kanika's black chocolate eyes.
- Exactly my dear heart.

Sometimes he had to negotiate with his heart but, whenever it was about Kanika, he had never had to. Yes, he was adorably disoriented by the many facets of Kanika, he was definitely all shook up.

He would now spend hours writing to her, *if he could; if he only could, he surely would*. Writing to her was like to be with her. But, suddenly, looking at the sky, he saw a condor flying. This large murky bird, a bit white also, just to be friendly with the clouds, when they announce good weathers, was circling around, it seemed to be writing a poem with its feathers. Its flight was as bewitching as Kanika was, when she was dancing. The lonely man had been waiting for a new invitation to dance, and this invitation popped up when the condor literally airdropped it, like a surprise pouch, at his private drop-off system, a dizzy drop-off. He kept it like a brand new suitcase that you prefer to keep on board with you rather than to check it in. This was a beautiful invitation, full of promises, the promise of holding her hands, the promise of crossing one of her comic grins at an unexpected moment, his dream machine was active again, and he could anticipate and plan so much prospective, the first future being to be back to Kanika, it was an immediate future, his mind was randy, yes, he would fly to Muscat on LA 2410, seated on 7 K or any K, as long as it was a K, he could even be the flyboy rather than the flying Frenchman. Kanika would welcome him at a brand new airport, just recently open, just for them, the K-Airport, and as she had done when she had welcome him the first time, she would give him a hug, discreet, but strong, energetic like her, and he would start enjoying this hug in advance, and he would adore it when she would do it for real, and he would keep his uncontrollable energy for the moment they would be alone.

The K-Airport was some kind of his favorite JFK-place, a spot where their desire of starting a new life would have no limit, it would be just a new border, a location where nothing would be impossible, a starting point, with several gates at which no bill would have to be paid, a free getaway, on a beach where they would play, look for empty shells ready to be painted, lay down after running and go swimming. Soon, he would propose her a new date. Soon, he would tentatively, but openly, date her. Soon, they would go the next step, soon, they would go ahead. He would only bring a K-suitcase for two, apparently empty, but full of invisible accessories needed to travel as a couple, as a double one, a case available upon a simple move of her lips, and able to stock future memories. Only a full box of black chocolates would be constantly visible and open in this magic suitcase. Only two Mexican Heineken would surge when they would relax at a swimming pool, in a warm jacuzzi, pumped out from a mystery fountain. Finally, when they would be ready to travel hand in hand, after planning a long range for one of their new trips, the suitcase would say: 'Bon Voyage'

Chapter 45

Carousels

When he was a little bit of a boy, he would spend hours at the carousels shows. He was not able to say goodbye to horses. He was praying that they would never kill horses, would they? Like many young chaps – probably – he could even stay there for hours and hours, fascinated by this musical show of another time. He would stay there up to the moment when his Mom would have repeated several times something like, ‘It’s time to go’. It seems that, since they have been invented, carousels have always been belonging to other times. One reason could be that the fairy tales are not written for children only, they are created for all of us, they contain our truths. Most Americans understood this, they keep the child in themselves and know how to enjoy cartoons. Some years later, in the same way, he would be stuck in front of this painting, in Washington, looking at *The Last Supper* by Dali. He would not move for years and years, as the truth was somewhere here, inside the painting. Art helps us accepting the extravaganza of life.

He really loved carousels. Was he already beating around a burning bush, a bush of heart-fire, a grove for two hearts? How come? Could it be already the appeal of love? He was picturing his belle, the one of the future, he was desperately waiting for this after-time, his soul was quite active. It was not too early to speak of sexiness, as his desire of a partner for the dance of life was quite insistent, demanding was the beginning of what we can call his attraction for girls’ desirability, his body was able to conceive an up-to-now unknown pleasure. But beyond these considerations that we need to keep in mind when scrutinizing love, or simply scanning words. Like Ludovic, the accomplice of his youth, he just frugally enjoyed carousels, the music, the

colors, the perfume of sweets floating in the air, particularly the flavor of the candied red love apples, of the cotton candies and of the little gingerbread pigs. Was he already beating around a beamy bush? For sure, he was not only circling there on the big horizontal wheel, he was having a hell of a time dancing on this merry-go-round, on a black horse, up and down, trying to grab a white pompon or a red balloon. There, in Moscow, a wonderful carousel, near the Red Square, reminded him of the happy moments of his youth, wearing his roundabout, ready to travel. When he was riding his raven horse – no other color, he wanted it painted black – looking up, he was already catching a glimpse of a smile of Kanika, embodied by the charming glossy raven hair girl who was dancing next to him on a white horse. In these old days, he wouldn't mind the color of the horse that the pretty girl was riding on, as long as the girl would smile at him. Girls had a great influence on him, he was often questioning one after one, the scattered stars, looking every night in their direction, lost in the dark blue sky. To save time, sometimes, he would also chat with the constellations. He could imagine smiling girls then. They had an absolute priority to him. It was like breathing, he was a smile fan. Any gentle grin was like a flash twinkling in the night. Any given kiss would have been like a crystal bubble in a sparkling wine. He had a special liking for enigmatic grins and an absolute predilection for K-smiles. Was he already dreaming of that day, when it would be Kanika herself, who would be flashing at him and dancing with him, both forgetting anything except dancing. *They kill horses, don't they?* Dancing, dancing... One night, he was dreaming that, on their carousel, the horses had been replaced by dragons. Only one horse was left, Pegasus, on invitation, a kind of special guest. By the bye, regarding horses, he would definitely prefer black horses to white ones. In that old movie, he would recall his fascination for the dark horses of Ben Hur's opponent, one, among others, who treated his horses like animals.

Inside his cloudy crowdy black opaque hair women carousel, as a teenager, he had a crush for Miss Clawdy. With the King, he was desperately singing *Lawdy Miss Clawdy*. Oh! My Goodness, she finally ran away, but the Lord had mercy on him. Besides this carousel, there were two blonde hair women who were moving him, only two, whom he could have ever fallen in love with, Marilyn and Gwyneth. He could have, but he never did. Actually,

only black hair women were attractive to him. Over the years, this alluring affinity would become almost exclusive to him.

When Kanika appeared to him, with her magic brown eyes, on the very first moment, it was not only affinity on his side, it was a collision. Then she took him with her to another world, it was a kidnapping. They did not only look at each other but really meet each other. Kanika created a K-emotion in him. Was it a Kindred Choice? K-indeed! He wouldn't go wet or wild, or mad, he would behave, he would not show out any of his boiling feelings. But, like a hot Colorado river, issued by a torrent company, he was pouring his bloodstream out of a cascade. Usually, he was not gushing about everything, but this time, he started rhapsodizing about Kanika's enigmatic beauty. One of his best memories was a scene that he couldn't forget – why would he? – A scene reminding him of how sweet and attractive a woman can appear and how deep and charming she becomes when she is in love. This happened when, after a couple of memorable days spent together, the time had come for them to share their last beers, facing each other, in a sweet moment. He was full of a controlled sadness. When the dream is going, life becomes a simple nanosecond lost in the Universe. His soul was shouting: 'A dream is never gone forever, a dream is only gone in the space'.

- What is K-emotion? his soul incidentally asked to stop his wandering.
- K-emotion is a special move that overwhelms you suddenly and without emitting the slightest warning. It is strong enough to stop time and make the emotion-holder feeling sharply different. K-emotion is very tight but under control, driven by the heavenly spirit. So, as you can understand, K-emotion is key to me. It brings me happiness even before I drink a nip of Love Potion # 2410.
- Where did you get LP 2410? Who's making it?
- Love Potion 2410, abbreviated LP 2410 has a secret formula, only known by druids in Old Brittany and by Indian gurus in Punjab. I assume that I could find it, by pure chance, in Brittany but I may have drunk it in India, in a balloon glass.

If one day God would let him alone, he knew he would seek for the refuge of Kanika's eyes. He did it already a few times. Kanika had a power that no one else ever had on him, she could drive him in the right direction to discover beauty.

Chapter 46

Hands, songs and other charms of Kanika

For the first time since he had collected her pictures, that night, in Jeddah, he was looking at their album, the one that he had fashioned up, from day one, with his first photograph of her- it was in May – up to today, up to his last image of her. This picture was black n white. Kanika was celebrating life with a glass of wine, a window was open – not the one on her computer – but the window of her eyes. Looking at her, he was seeing precisely what she was seeking. She was wondering if love was calling her, for another try. At the same moment, he was listening one more time to her two beautiful songs, her wonderful messages, multiple ones; she had enclosed all of them, the day before, for him, in a SMS-balloon, as red as his passion of sailing to her or flying with her. Was this lyrical communication supposed to prepare him to a new attitude, would he stop controlling his romanesque existence and be a bit romantic? No, definitely, he was not a romantic person, he was a sentimental tramp, a romanesque chap. However, if she really wanted him to become an addict to her, he would go for it, as some addictions are just positive drivers. He would even accept to behave like his smoochy, sloppy, sappy lover. Never, never before, had he received such a piece of pure love, concentrated in two songs. He thanked the Mighty God for such a gift, in which Kanika had put all herself. It looked like she was now expressing her-not-hidden-but-so well controlled emotion. Her double message was a bomb to him.

Sometimes, her blessed and perfectly designed hands – her hands were really exceptional, comparable to the hands of a midwife, rebirthing him on a midnight special, they were able to produce a discreet deflagration

in his whole body, when her fingers were accepting that his fingers would play frenetically with them, crossing, de-crossing, merging. He had been meditating her words, the combination of the words in her songs. 'I'm only human, can't you see?' 'Of course, everything was OK, of course, he would never stop looking at her lovely enigmatic face'. They had been both living in their own, almost alone, world, they were on the verge of entering a crazy life, in a space, which would become the place where they would receive their food, their energy, where they would only have to add a few beers, a few dances and many full glasses of love, for breakfast, lunch and supper. He tried to make her laugh. He succeeded, the emoji he got as an answer was dying of laughter, he had light blue drops in his eyes. He wanted to be hers, only to protect her, to relieve super woman when times would be tougher. She could ask him to run any errand for her. He would go for it. It was a love that had to be cuddled together, it was a team work, a grooving exciting love, started in Bathinda. Yes, 'she caught him by surprise', or maybe it was he, who did, or both. He wasn't looking where he was going, he had no time for that as he was running, but it had been there, in Bathinda, where he stopped playing with words on his iPhone K, where he fell into her eyes, her deep dark enigmatic eyes. He hoped she wouldn't take to her heels. He would however offer her high heel sneakers to dance another swinging boogie-woogie. Yes, she came into his world *'like a cool and cleansing wave'*, yes, the songs she had chosen to send him *were now flowing through his veins*. He started to sing again. He would never stop:

*I'm addicted to you,
Hooked on your love,
Lost in your eyes,
Drowning in blue
Out of control,
What can I do?
I'm addicted to you!*

Chapter 47

K-thoughts

“I believe in the magic and authority of words”

RENÉ CHAR

Just in the previous chapter, dear Reader, you may have said to yourself, one more time: ‘Isn’t that too much of a passion? Why does the writer make so many descriptions of the lover’s K-addiction? Why so many words?’

You have been warned, dear Reader, this man was constantly busy thinking of Kanika.

Am I repeating myself? In a way, yes I do, I mentioned my K-Obsession earlier. In another way, I don’t. These are variations to try to explore Kanika’s beauty and to go to the extreme limits of sweet adoration. So, this is not a setback. Again, a passion cannot be described in one chapter.

Just remember, *The Gambler* by Dostoyevsky, and *this man who could sit for almost twenty-four hours at cards, without looking to right, or to left.*

In the same way, the man, looking for her love, was able to stay at least twenty-four hours rediscovering all the pictures he took from her, he was ready to check in forty-eight hours in advance to make sure he would have the best seat to fly to her. He nicely called this recent habit, down the rabbit hole, his K-thoughts. So, by definition, his *K-thoughts* were some kind of a package, a full set of intellectual abilities and a nonstop activity, a pure addiction.

His thoughts of Kanika were always clear, firm, speedy, lively, never weak,

there was no alteration in their run, they were never failing, no numbness or sagging of his thoughts could ever be observed. The image of Kanika was following him everywhere, in the air, in the streets, or, was it he him who was permanently looking for Kanika? Was he playing with 'her' thoughts? I wouldn't say that. But he would always try to understand Kanika's silence and silences. Were his thoughts playing with him? Whatever, he could not stay more than a few minutes without thinking of Kanika, as a scuba diver cannot stay too long under the water. She was really his new oxygen supplying also his red balloon, occupying his mind every night, systematically during a flight. Sometimes during a full day he would enjoy all the K-pictures that his memory had stored. Kanika was like a discreet tenant living next door, that he would hope to cross in the morning before she would go to work, and every night, on her way back, before dreaming of her dressing herself in the intimacy of her room before going out and rush to him.

When he was not by her side, he would send a short message saying 'good morning' or 'sweet dreams', depending on the time difference. Sometimes, he would not – just to avoid too much excitement, but his own silence was like a piece of peace dedicated to Kanika. His K-thoughts could be proactive, I mean, creative. They were able to form a to-do list, his favorite list being the enumeration of the attentions he would love to have for Kanika on their coming dates, including tiny presents, starting with black chocolates, the only gift she would always accept with a promising smile. Being creative was a way of helping himself accepting the long distance between Kanika and him. Should he send her another shooting star? Both writing to Kanika and writing Kanika were solid ways of being proactive, as a solid piece of ground. You can see easy Reader, the K-thoughts were not only a permanent occupation, they were loving attentions, ready to be converted into kisses, caresses and love-love-love.

He was prepared to devour his proud and loveable lady with his whole mind and body, all in one. He was prompt to make her *appy* – sorry, happy – if she could open her black door on the roof of her world and then the curtain on her fast asleep window. Her perfect beauty would get then new fresh air every morning and a sweet and cool nearness to him in the evening. One day, this nearness would become intimacy. That night, while she was dormant, he was reading poetry, the clear, strong messages of René Char

were guiding him into Kanika's direction, the words, full of hopes, would make him able to see the invisible, and to face the visible in Kanika. She was Art. He was looking for the best way to invite her to a voyage, buying a package at the *Baudelaire Travel Agency*, promising a luxury, calm place where they would enjoy pleasure and beauty. He dreamt their lives, it was high time they lived them together. He would keep praying Ganesha.

Chapter 48

A K-kiss

He was now ready to sacrifice his own kingdom for a kiss. Was he a king? Any child was awarded a kingdom when he, or she was born. It's up to her, or him, to play well – all children play – and to rule properly his kingdom, to keep it prosperous, and to pass it onto his children.

Although, as we had to insist earlier, he had tried constantly to be patient, enjoying innocent kisses, as if they would have been guilty, one night, he couldn't help dreaming of a passionate kiss, certainly, under control, but still, intense, ardent, as red as a rose of the same color, a real kiss after all. He knew that his abstracted kisses were not innocent. So, before any risky attempt, not behaving like a philosopher, and so, not sending any letter to his beloved countess, he decided to look into a crystal ball acquired on his App Store. This crystal ball was customizable, so he named this new subscription '*K-looking-glass*'.

He would not remember precisely when this happened, but, thanks to his application, helped by his sappy-sloppy imagination, inspired by one of Kanika's soulful glance, one night, his mind started to picture out their first virtual kiss. His fantasy produced many pics, from which he could figure out a complete scene, in a theater play, or a full chapter of their subtle romance.

At the very beginning, his imagination would keep for herself this so – long awaited kiss – I say for 'herself' and not for 'itself', because, as it was the case for his soul, he always considered his imagination as a person, and as the most feminine part of his mind. So, his imagination would keep (it) all

simply simple (it=their first kiss). But, let me be, not her teddy bear, but more specific. Presently, I am supposed to try to give a certain description of a kiss, which is today – shall I repeat? still virtual. Let's try:

As a silly writer, I will be honest: he, the lover of Kanika, dreaming or not, would be happy with any type of kiss, provided this kiss would be shaped and offered to him by Kanika just after one of her fascinating smiles. One reason was that he was desperate (but of course he was trying to hide it) to enjoy more of Kanika's beautiful soul, and, only a kiss can bring more than a smile. While kissing, Kanika could close her eyes or keep them shooting at him. Personally, I love both ways, but in the case of Kanika, I can imagine the intensity of such a move, when eyes are open, as greedy as the lips. Kissing would not only be touching her soul, it would be breathing her, listening to her silent sighs, looking at her when falling in my arms, savoring her taste for black chocolate. As a sample, let's have a big smack with a chocolate shake.

As an example of his open mind, and greedy growing love, just consider that even what I call 'the final kiss', in a holly-bolly movie, this cliché older than Nicephorus Niepce, would be praised by our lover. In a love story with a happy end, the final kiss is, in fact, very often, the first kiss, even if it appears at the end, on a large luminous screen, at the movie theater, where popcorn and ice creams have been happily consumed. This first kiss of this beautiful love story will jump up one of these days, with no premeditation; it will be a long-lasting kiss, the one and only kiss during the whole story. This kissy is the consequence of an intensively progressive relation, full of a warm attractiveness and warmer feelings between the two protagonists who have been beating at least two hours around a little wood, before daring to exchange a variable, but substantial, part of their souls. Of course, they would be able to kiss nonstop if the movie had no end, but it usually has one. They would finally stop kissing but, in his approach, he would compare their first kiss to the multi-thousand year old burning bush, there up on Mount Sinai. Up there, on Jebel Shams Mountain, as far as they would be, they would be dancing on a sweet non-extinguishable fire, some kind of a burning circle. Therefore, they would alternate nonstop dancing and kissing. But for now, again, at the very end of our movie, or theatre play, they couldn't resist any longer to their temptation. This was now connivance. For sure, Saint

Anthony was not so human as they are. While Saint Anthony, in the desert, was starving alone, they were, in Northeastern Oman, going down from Jebel Shams to Al Hamra Town where they intended to go dancing, to eat clams, and prawns, and Kamchatka crab, with a glass of Champagne, probably with several glasses. Then, after just a few hours dancing, a last fresh beer would be shared.

As a scoop, we can announce that the final scene of their movie will be comparable to many already made in Hollywood, or, in Bollywood. Dear Reader, you know well this type of final scene, so long expected, when after many days or years, the two heroes would exchange a golden kiss. Our heroes will have a K-kiss, which is a long lasting golden kiss with a touch of chocolate or a glass of Champagne.

Digression :

If he starts making a simple list, a short enumeration of a few unforgettable kisses he has been falling across, as a child, then, as a teenager, and later as a lover, the kiss writer hopes not to be accused of facility. But, how not to remember *The Kiss of Hayez*, *The Kiss of Cyrano*, *The Kiss of Brancusi*, of Klimt, *The Kiss* by Stephen Nussdorf, *Stolen Kisses* by Truffaut, or *the Annunciation of a kiss by Man Ray*?

End of digression ;

Finally, too proud to beg for a kiss, but desperate about getting one, or two, maybe three, the lover would have loved to add a delicious moment in his attempt of bringing forth their love. Again, after burning like a bush, dancing in the desert, drinking a Mexican Heineken at the swimming pool, their love should express itself further, only for them, either, through a quick little kiss or through a long, slow and passionate encounter of their lips, in chocolate ways or within chilly champagne bubbles. He would call this kiss, *their kiss*, a *K-kiss*, like a sweet cake, as they would be able to rip it up and to repeat it upon desire. In his fast version, it could be called *Quickie K-kiss*.

Now, flying nonstop from Paris to Budapest with only a 50 minute delay, let's have a happy landing, and let's add that, *his hoped-for kiss* would remain

a target, not an obsession. This is during this happy landing that his soul intervened:

- Why do you pretend not to be obsessed by Kanika’s lips, if you are so desperate that, she, one day, one night, kisses you? Also, how can you be sure, that, if you kiss each other, me, your soul, won’t escape and unite with Kanika’s soul?
- Are you jealous, my dear? All this, is mainly Kanika’s fault. Her lips are moving on, in such a fast way, awaking sensual appetite, that my eyes are not able to resist to the temptation of transmitting an image to a remote part of my brain, my K-Brain, which would then give an order to my own lips to catch Kanika’s attractive mouth.

The writer should not add any comment on the above answer, which is a clear statement, but some readers may wonder ‘what is a K-brain?’, as all parts of the human brain have been already discovered and described, even the most remote ones, even the hidden ones. By the way, this is not the case, yet, of the planets of our solar system. To avoid storms in the brains of our beloved readers, to help them to get there, not to wander too long in a desert invented by an Artificial Intelligence and inhabited by Saint Anthony, I will try to make a K-digest: the K-Brain is a kind of reptilian brain, which combines, among lovers, the basic instinct of kissing, with a more sophisticated approach, which incorporates the fire of passion. In a magic book, which has been burnt during an auto-da-fe, in Portugal, because, in that period, religious laws were draconian, this part of the human brain was described and called the Dragonian Brain.

He was still wandering in a land – you know, this type of virtual estate already visited by Alice in the Nineteenth Century, where two queens are confused and bringing confusion – when a little blow of horn announced the delivery of a personal mail with an enclosure. He was asked to accept the cookies, he did. The mail was proposing him to follow clown classes. Was he potentially a clown himself, or could he be virtually a mountebank? We asked ourselves this question already. He wouldn’t mind, as long as Kanika would first, virtually, second, potentially, third, really love him. Would she accept to kiss a clown? Should he wear a red nose, borrow Cyrano’s nose, play trumpet? Should he wear a hat or a cap? – *What is more beautiful than*

a hat? – In any case, he didn't want to kill the clown who was inside himself because then the puppet who was also living there, in his soul, would desperately feel alone. The clown was creating a boiling life, mixing emotion and passion. He just had to put some limits in order to keep the goodie-foodies of life in a reachable range.

One night, through the looking-glass that Alice had given him – to be precise, using a copy of the looking-glass that Alice had made out with her brand new 4D Printer – a beautiful machine – , he was browsing like a manager on the Kiss category page. There, on this page, like Jiminy Cricket advising Pinocchio to be noble-minded, not totally unstrained, in order to be sure that he wouldn't lie, and therefore not to get his nose growing, he could accept the limits imposed by the Blue Fairy. He would first see many kisses, some sweet, other formal, some pretty sensual, a lot looking like the ones one can find in the emoji-libraries, but he would select only one, the one he was looking for, as love, the K-kiss, as red as a rose of the same color. But, this kiss was not available. Maybe it didn't exist. Through his KLG (K-Looking-Glass) he saw nothing. He took it as a positive sign, as a message. Either the K-kiss would become available soon, or they will have to invent their own kisses as they had been inventing their own love game so far.

Chapter 49

Kanika's Invasion

It was her birthday. Kanika was there, he would have loved to be there. Was he not? He was always with her, she was always by his sunny side, either way. It was one more occasion to send her a message, another pretext to make himself believe, during a little bit more than a few nanoseconds, that he was her Valentine's candidate, specially that night, in Milano, desiring to dance with Kanika with serpentine coils all around. But Kanika was not in Milano, she was there. He would have loved to be there. Was he not? No, he wasn't. The only pacification he could find that night was to write to her, to write her. The more he was writing to Kanika, the more he was loving writing her. *'Writing her'* did not mean *'inventing her'*, like he used to do, when he was still a boy, looking at the stars to find his shooting luminary, waiting for his USB (Unique Star Beauty) to show up before it would be invented some years later. This was key to him. No, no invention, except maybe a short composition on his keyboard for Kanika, as she was his counter-part, but not a sinfonia. Kanika had miraculously entered his life on a few music notes. She was sweetly real, loveable, he felt he was born to love her, to sing her loveliness, to walk hand in hand on a beach where the sea would be refreshing them. No, no need to invent her, she was any place. His imagination was nursed, nurtured, entertained, nourished, and finally filled up with his unique lady. A strong desire to love her completely with fineness and comeliness was invading him. He loved her K-invasion, it was a wonderful evasion. Attila's invasions were nothing compared to Kanika's. Exceptionally, he would not mind to become a Kamikaze. He would accept any intrusion of Kanika. Then, he realized that he had only half an hour left, before midnight, to send her his e-mail of the day. He rushed writing,

as he used to rush to the Post Office, in the old days, to send her a royal mail when e-mails were not born. This Midnight Special was redundant in his love behavior. Maybe, it was a reminiscence of the famous pumpkin of Cinderella. But, when escaping, rather than an empty little glass slipper, Kanika would leave behind her, for him, a glass shoe full of Champagne. Finally his poetry-mail left on time. What for? His beloved runaway was still gone. Habitually, when invaders leave, the relief is immediate. But Kanika's invasion was more than temporary, it was fertile, it was pregnant, it was full of fruit. He had to bite in an apple.

Chapter 50

Another Smile

A grin, barely sketched, enigmatic, silently devastating, another smile.

He was collecting her smiles. As a child, he was keeping, in a secret box, the color pictures that he would gather here, in his dream-room, there in his house, everywhere, at school, in the fashion magazines, at the blue bookstore next door. Thanks to Kanika he now had probably the biggest and nicest collection of smiles that a man can hope to have printed in his mind from the woman he loves. God simply offered him Kanika's smile. Just looking that night to her latest picture, "how enigmatic are these eyes" – he said to himself. Only looking at this photograph brought back to his mind many memories, many moments that he had shared with Kanika.

He was impressed. For the first time in his life, in a relationship, when the smile of Kanika was back in front of him, each time they were far away from each other, he would feel again her presence. He would even feel one more time the single thrill that she had set off in him, when he had a chance to steal a real moment from her. For instance, in a trice in which he was caressing her hand while she was driving, or during that scene when he was holding her other hand, one evening, drinking beers. Each time, the physical touch of her hand and the softness of her skin were radiating him with a gentle warmth and his body had an unusual desire, a weird attraction. It was an unsettling way to feel love for her, it was mysterious, almost uncanny, but it was a real sensation. The next morning, when he woke up, he felt that the night before, just because of Kanika, they had really been drinking beers together again and that Kanika had driven him not crazy but into her magnetic smiling world. He wanted this world to be

perfect and perfectly expressing what a relationship could be between two human beings connected by a smile and in love with their dancing life.

He was looking at Kanika's newest picture, Hey! What a new gorgeous, delightful, exquisite photograph to celebrate her birthday. Her white bodice was fitting her wonderfully. He was dim, not gloomy – he would never be pessimistic – he was just uncertain. He had the feeling, one more time, that she could nonstop allure him, that he would stay long behind her luminous curtain. No looking-glass was visible, so, he took an invisible mirror previously handled by Alice. He knew he was right saying that Kanika had an incredible talent to reinvent herself at any time. She looked the same on all her pictures, but on every photograph, on every transfiguring painting of her, there, on his mind, her smile was different. Kanika had this rare capability to constantly produce mystery. To him, mystery equaled adventures, travels, unknown sensations, stranger than fiction. What he found exciting in a Bollywood Romanesque Love Story, as well as in an Old Hollywood Musical, both with a happy end of course, both with music, was the fact that he could always anticipate this happy end, waiting for the famous final kiss between the two lovers, the one described in a former chapter of this book. He was sure that, whatever long it would take, every nanosecond was one more nano-step towards their first final soul-kiss. Therefore, he was convinced that he had to identify himself to a modern cavalier, entering the temporary night of Kanika. In order to bring her back to Wonderland, to Arcadia, he would become a troubadour, singing in the 12th Century, riding a black horse in the 16th Century, with, on his mind, her smile up on her face, and finally starting dancing a slow foxtrot in the 20th Century followed by a breathtaking rock n roll in the 21st, yes, ooh my soul, he would, how he would. For Kanika, he was able to fight like the Lionheart, he would protect her with his lance and shield while she would challenge himself on her side. Within his arms and his heart, she would become invincible, her heart would be only visible to him, he would dance with her, faster than Fred ever did with Ginger, propelling her in the air, both energized by courtly love and rock and roll kisses. He had invited her to dance in Bathinda. It wouldn't be the last alternative, they would never stop dancing together. Kanika always wanted to become a dancer. Rocking and rolling, she would forget the past, every day she would receive

his poems, every night she would read them, she would offer him one of her magical mystery smiles, he would read her eyes, she would enter his future, with another smile.

Chapter 51

K-Story goes on line

A musical alert drew his attention. Could it be a sign from Kanika? Yes, it was, indeed. He just received an emoji, a cute one. His heart jumped out of his rib cage, he could hardly get it back to its place, but finally he managed, against the promise to his heart that he would right away write back to Kanika so that his blue heart could cuddle Kanika's pinky heart. Gradually, as the letters jumped from the keyboard of his iPhone to unite, his words for Kanika spread in the bubble of the new SMS he was writing for her. His throat tightened like never before, probably because it was chased by his ticker. His thumb was sprinting and hurdling among the letters, choosing the ones that would make together the most beautiful clump of flowers for Kanika. It was like a sudden spurt of love petals in his eyes, it was gushing out of his previous quietness. If he could find a factor of $1e-9$ somewhere in the air, and a bit of isolation, he would right away stop what he had been doing up to one nanosecond before, in order to write Kanika again and again, say, nonstop plus. He would be rushing to her, inventing that she was waiting for him, open arms, open house, open sky. What wonderful feelings he was experiencing, each time she was surprising him by a sign, a smile or a simple word like a triumphal opening chord. These feelings, once assembled, were transforming themselves in an incredible agitation. She didn't know how *appy* – sorry, happy – she was making him, when she was sending him a few words, even nano-words, even only one word, just one emoji, all these messages were beautiful twinklings of the deep Kanika's brown eyes. When she was sending him a new picture, that was not '*appiness*', I mean, happiness, that was a Gloria offered by Lord Ganesha. He was singing then, he would have danced with Kanika, if she would have

been by his side.

He would see Kanika again soon now, he knew that, but this soon was still far away, it was not that precise, not like a timing organized by Kanika, this 'soon' sounded like 'bukra' in arabic, it could be tomorrow or many years from now. He left the saloon where he had been *heinekenizing* for a while and went in a park to rig his red balloon like a chandler. He was decorating it and loading it with many presents for Kanika, but he would bring her only a few of them to respect their convention, always starting with black chocolates. Whatsoever, the list of his intended gifts to his Lady was, each day, longer, he was even preparing a voyage, out there in the skies, in order to get the Moon for Kanika and bring it back to her. He could write her for hours, when they would be going to Alaska. The only reason that would make him stop was his impatience in sending her his words, before she would go and sleep, or maybe, before she would dream of the too short moments they would share next, when they would meet again.

Chapter 52

Bewitched

"If I know what love is, it is because of you."

HERMAN HESSE

Among the wee wee hours, one was his favorite, it was the witching hour, when he was waiting for a sign from his lady. She was his beloved witch.

A sign? Yes, either a smile of her, for which she had the secret, or a flash, rather than a grin, or, why not a grin? In fact he would take whatever she would offer him out of her collection.

A sign? It could also be a short message, a WhatsApp typed on her screen, with her beautiful fingers, that, while he was writing to her now, he could remember, not only visually, but tactilely. Two days before, she wrote: *'See you in 11 days!'* So, today, he was starting feeling the first effects of Love Potion 1e9, nine days before hugging her at the airport. That night, before midnight, he had drunk a glass of *Les Comtes de Champagne 2009* to celebrate her new message to him. To be precise, together with the Mexican Heineken, this glass was their favorite K-drink, a cocktail of Champagne and Love Potion 1e9.

Soon she would take him to dance, they would share beers and later in the night, chocolates and kisses. Kisses are so sweet when they are perfumed with black chocolates, they taste wonderful. Then he would take her to a midnight special in a tonga light vehicle drawn by a black horse. But for the moment, in the wee wee hours, he had to write her, one more time, *encore une fois*. In the heat of the night, he took a picture of her, always the new one

she put on WhatsApp. To picture a picture of Kanika was like having her, by his side. That was a way to feel her presence, to go in the right direction, to go to her, that was the way he was feeling good. He loved the idea that she had put a spell on him. He would first refuse any spell, he would look for the best way to exorcise it, the best exercise, gym, run, dance, eurythmic. But an unconscious spell from Kanika – a K-spell – was like a Gospel, empowering him to love her the way she wanted to be loved. Because he was wonderfully obsessed by the beauty of Kanika, by her spiritual soul, he would sing Mahalia Jackson canticles when she was far away, there, in the mountains. Kanika was able to create harmony when she was back to him, as a shooting star making a stopover on Earth and taking him out of his slow red balloon to go dancing. As a little queenie, she would swing and he would make her roll, and he would reel himself in. In memory of Baudelaire most beautiful SMS^①, he was calling Kanika the Queen of Eurythmic. She was also the Queen of the Night, who got the thing he needed, she really got it. He would then try, for the rest of his time, to treat her like a queen.

1. *The ones who would have a doubt about the capability of Baudelaire to send SMS – back in the Nineteenth Century – should remember that The great Charles was able to sing his poetry in the night of his life. Victor Hugo did the same around a table and Bill Halley around a clock. Playing with patience, a comet would appear. If you can, just try to catch a comet's tail.*

Chapter 53

Marketing Plan

*“That morning, she came and knocked at his iWindow.
Who was she? Kanika of course”*

- Hey! Morning, Morning, this is Kanika, he heard through the speaker of his iPhone.
- Hey! This is a rising sun emotion.
- What is your market plan today? – Kanika asked.
- I want to put U in my basket.
- Be serious.
- U are a beautiful fruit.
- Thank you.
- I would like U to be an apple.
- Why?
- U know why.
- So far, U have been a forbidden fruit. The most exciting one to me.
- I am religious.
- Be my mantis but don’t eat all of me.
- Yes. But what are your plans?

[Wasn’t that an incredible answer?

A ‘Yes’ followed by ‘What are your plans?’]

- You mean, what is my marketing plan?
- Yes.

[Definitely, this second ‘Yes’ was a confirmation. He took it religiously]

- Today, I don't know, but I will need one soon, this will be my map, just in case I get lost, somewhere on the road, without U. Remember, if I am lost, I pray, or I build a marketing plan. Life is a combination of intuition and practice.
- Sometimes, I am lost too.
- And now?
- It's time for you to write me a marketing plan.
- For our love business?
- No, I don't need a business plan, just a marketing plan.

Kanika had a talent, among others, not to answer some questions in order to remain always nice and keep the door open, hopefully. He had a simple reply on his turn:

- U are my marketing plan.

A few hours later, both were working late, but that evening she stopped him. Strange enough, she immediately left her office and told him that she would rush to him. She said, laughing:

- Although I would love to be lost with you, only you, I want to work with you all night on our marketing plan, the one you were preparing before I joined you.
- So soon?
- You just told me that *'I am your marketing plan'*. Aren't you *appy*? Sorry happy?
- Please, rush to me Kanika.

When she arrived, in her red car, she was wearing a musk fragrance, one for work alcoholic. They started immediately to work together. They knew that the only way for them to survive was to have love in their lives. To bring it and make it grow, they needed a marketing plan that would control and predict all mechanical and poetical variables.

Presently, their marketing plan is not ready. This happens very often between love handlers (the initial love supplier is waiting for his partner to answer his love affair – sorry, his love offer – as love is some kind of a two-way traffic). Here, the most difficult variable to manage together is 'Place'. How should

we distribute love to each other? In this type of B to B relationship (Believer to Beauty), there must be no discount on love, just a joint adventure, as a frame, and so many variations of kisses, like fast and slow notes on my keyboard tonight, aboard Flight EK 86.

Chapter 54

Flashbacks

Regularly, when he was writing, he had to face memory attacks. Some were behaving like typhoons, others like male bees, drones and other kamikazes. The presence of Kanika was abolishing time. All his memories were fighting in his head, some against each other's in order to make him recall Kanika in all her beauty. From the first poem he wrote to her, up to the last one written this early dawn from Singapore, he had tried to keep beauty – not as a jailer keeps an inmate, or a jealous man keeps a bird in a cage – but as a lover keeps intimate words for his cherished beloved woman.

He was actually recalling the very first poem he sent to her. Certainly, a man would always remember his initial dedication to his *once-upon-a-time-was-born-for-me-my-unique-lady*, but, one more thing would make him not forget his first few inner words to Kanika. He was not the first one to experience such a rarity: Joan of Arc became famous for her inner voices. As well as, Hugo the poet, speaking words of wisdom with Albrecht Dürer the painter, both fascinated by the forest and its mystery, as Forrest Gump was amazed by a box of chocolates of which he could eat about a million and a half. By the way, Kanika could achieve the same performance – I mean, she was able to eat about one million and a half pieces of delicate black chocolates in only a few days – sitting with me, on a bench, at Chippewa Square, Savannah, Georgia, a place close to Norwegian Wood where Ravi Shankar could have joined the Beatles and played sitar.

So, his first inner words were born and had to be written, and had to be sent to Kanika. But during many months he didn't dare to send her any single poetical word. He was tempted to throw them away, as he used to do when

he was still a teenager, but he didn't. He had some hopes that he would be able to send his words, one day, one night, even if he knew he had to wait for the right time. One day came up when he dared. It was the moment to send his first poetry now, as he was missing her contact, whatever it be, for so long. He had been patient. So, to control his groovy emotion, just writing to her, it would be a few words only, the words which had been dancing with him, when she, his darling, was dancing that day in his head. He knew that the next day, many dreams ahead, this would animate their desire of traveling together, wherever. He would be her Shab in a Bollywood movie. She would be his Wadi in a French novel.

This time, he would not sleep without daring writing to her. Her, her, her... Before going to bed, he would literally poem her. This was half of his therapy, the other part of the treatment was to dream of her, to draw his own portrait of her, to take pictures, to catch glimpses. It was almost midnight. Finally, he was in bed. This was from where he wanted to write her. He had to join her now, it was the time, when the lions, in the jungle, go and get a drink, at night. Lions can drink different beverages, depending on the menu at the Lions bar. It was his time to be with her, to gather all his memories of her, with her and her alone, memories to recall, memories to go, memories to invent. That night he could remember her, dressed in an orange dress, it was almost a red door, one her nine doors. It was midnight. He just had to find the magical Love Potion 1e9. The next day, she was wrapped in blue. He said to himself: 'tonight, I will write a rhapsody, tonight... Hey! George, agreed?

Little Haiku for U

*Your eyes
The skies
Infinite*

... and she emoji-laughed. He took this piece of laughter positively. Remember, dear Reader, he is a bloody optimistic guy.

So, just to make fun at him, he double-haiku-ed her...

Writing...

To U
Traveling...
... Traveling
With U
Writing U

Of course, a purist about poetry – in a certain context – will reject this double haiku, for quality reason, and he would be right. But if he does it like in a spawning factory, where male chicks, supposed not laying eggs are rejected, the purist is wrong.

Chapter 55

Could it be love?

Flashbacks are over. He knew he would soon fly to Muscat. Before that, he would look at the Moon. They would chat. If no departing flight, or, if his flight would be delayed, he would jump to her in a red balloon. He informed her of his decision. She answered: *'Ha-ha, please fly in a red balloon. Just make sure to pop it at the right time ☺'* He added for himself 'and at the right place.' In order to achieve this, he looked at the skies and he could see a deep and full light in her eyes, a light like these gleams and glints, which are reaching the Earth after a voyage of millions of miles and years. He added for her: 'while we chat, I will work on that, just to capture all your enigmatic smiles, in your incredible eyes, and I will finally land in your arms. I wish I were your clown, just to get smiles, up on your lips, and then, a little bit later, laughter, as a starter. Brown are your eyes and red rose are your lips. Black is your hair. To see them again I will fly up and down in the air, I don't care if I face the rain, just because one day, it was in May, I crossed your way in Bathinda.'

While thinking of her, he didn't need a picture to see her. But, after a few moments, he would feel like looking again at one of them, just to rediscover her black pearled necklace, just to be dazed by her charming diversity, as her details were so exciting in his mind. He remembered. It was black Chantilly lace, wrapped around her white nape. He couldn't stop looking at her eyes, he never saw so many stars in the skies, he said one more time to himself: 'what an enigmatic look, what a wonderful book I will write around you Kanika. Strange feeling? Could it be love? Already? Just after we finished our dance, I started writing, like others would start making a joke. Our eyes

crossed. She tossed such a devastated look at me. Could it be love? Love is a God and music is one of His languages.

Chapter 56

Music and VAP dance

- Ooh, my Soul! I wish I were back to Oman.
- What’s that?
- I love Muscat.
- Why?
- Come on, you know why. We’ve been chatting so many times on this. There’s a lady there, with deep and luminous eyes. Hey! I want to see her again!
- Ok, Ok, be patient!
- No, no, I am impatient!
- I understand. So, what will you do?
- I will stand up and up, jump in a cab, go to my VAP, and get my red balloon or Kanika’s orange balloon bound up to Muscat.
- Really?

His soul wanted to start her queries, but he managed to escape away from her, for a while. Surprisingly, he had love issues – how come? – interrogations? Someway, his questions about love were similar to the ones asked by soul singers to themselves. Aretha, Amy, Janis, Whitney, Chaka S. Khan. In another way, he was just listening to baroque music, something like a concert for questions and orchestra. His searches were playing the part of solo instruments, sometimes so lightweight as a bow on a violin, sometimes so deeply expressed as in a Glenn Gould Bach interpretation.

That morning, for any reason, his soul was aiming at the VAP of her master, so she broke into his daydream and stopped the music up in his head:

- Did you also envisage to create your VAP with a CD Printer?
- I did. I just bought a small CDP model to make a try.
- Small? Although small is said to be beautiful – I would rather say ‘cute’ – nothing is small with you. The Chinese industry is now able to produce giant machines.
- Yes, I know. If you have some extra money, buy me one for my birthday.
- I wish I would.
- if you only could.
- So, with baby 3D printer, what did you do?
- Firstly, I learnt, I had technical problems to fix up. Then, I could produce a little mock-up, some kind of a Lego toy.
- Don’t you think you are too old to get a toy? Get a tool rather!
- Correct. However, I understood that a VAP is by definition, virtual, not material and I stopped printing.
- You want to publish it on line?
- Are you kidding, this is my personal VAP created on line, I mean, on the lines of my writing. It is strictly personal and it is a tool to be, whenever she feels like, in touch with my Lady. Thanks to God, she won’t be my Lady D’Arbanville. Anyhow, I realized that I had this VAP-Tool 3D-printed in my head in order to welcome constantly Kanika in my mind. I just kept the toy, the mock-up, as a token of my 3D printer among my recollections, a way of making fun of myself. This is a blend of whisky – sorry, of whimsy – with technology.

Chapter 57

Conversation with the Moon

One night, I just landed somewhere, after an above-the-cloud promenade. I might have been contemplating during the flight. I saw a good Moon rising and there, in the skies, beyond my skimpy, scrimpy, incommodious universe, I found Kanika's eyes.

- Hey, you see Kanika's eyes all the time, any place.
- Yes, I do and I love it.
- Be careful! Remember God's Eye staring at Cain all the time...

Cain's sons even engraved upon the gate of the fortress they built, these terrible words: "God shall not enter".

- I love Hugo's poem, but let me say it respectfully: What is looking at me constantly is not God's Eye, these are Kanika's pearls. I welcome them anytime, among other beautiful things belonging to Kanika's rings.
- Don't you see other things in your rings?
- I only see rings in clearwater. I am an optimistic guy.
- Don't you see, for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. Readers could find your – say-, long descriptions boring? The good Moon asked me.
- I enjoy reading Balzac, Proust, or Saramago. I love descriptions, digressions, and repetitions. They best express obsession. I always mention this to my soul when she makes this type of observation. In other words, cherishing Kanika's eyes is a way of describing any situation, simple, or nice difficult.

The Moon added:

- So, for instance, what do you see in Kanika's eyes?
- I see what God introduces in her eyes.
- What's that?
- I don't really read in her eyes, I can only feel.
- Feel what?
- The beat!
- The beat?
- The beat! The cadence of my credence.
- Are you a believer?
- I am. I believe in music. All what I cannot say with my words, I find it in music.
- Are you a music lover?
- Kanika is. So, I will keep up with our pace in our space.
- I see...
- Hey! Good, you start to see.
- You two will look at me, when soon, both of you will be in Wadi Shab.
- For sure Miss Moon.
- And there, you will read Kanika's eyes.
- Moon?
- Yes...
- You know what?
- Tell me.
- I never crossed such incredible eyes. It is not only that her eyes are enigmatic. Compared to them, the skies are a limited edition of Infinite. You know what?
- What?
- I have an idea.
- Tell me.
- I will make my contemplation reality. I will first shape all our dreams into virtuality, then virtuality will turn into reality, our vitality.
- How will you manage that?
- First, we will listen together to our words, words will create our worlds.
- How come?
- Traveling... Looking at you, Moon, we will never be lost.

- Will you make stopovers?
- Yes, we will, on the rivers. We will swim together, then go dancing. Hey! What about this program to make her feel happy with me?
- I have no comments. I will just give you an advice:

“Don’t speak that high but be on Kanika’s high peak.”

Chapter 58

Slow Reader

A slow reader is a reader who takes his time to let his/her imagination build his/her own images. Nothing wrong, it means deepness, just as the one I could see in her eyes. Every Saturday night, she was my satellite.

That's very sweet... finally someone understands me.

This confidence from Kanika was echoing in his head.

- You know what?
- No, I don't.
- Baby, don't say don't!
- What's that?
- A song by the King.
- Elvis?
- Yes, darling.
- You love it?
- I love you.
- Me too.
- U love me?
- Love me, love me do...
- U know what?
- Tell me my man.
- I became a bed man.
- What's that?
- My favorite time is my bedtime.
- How come? You become naughty now?

- No, I just mean that when the day is over, it's time for me to write to you and I do it during my bedtime.
- What will you write?
- I will write you.
- I will read you. I am ready.
- You are the Moon when I look for a smile. You are the Sun when I need a light. Your eyes are my favorite book, I can read you all, step by step, every day, every night, I will read you slow even when we will dance faster. Slow, I will uncover you. Slow, I will discover you.
- It may take you Eternity. Eternity is long lasting, especially when it comes to the end.
- That's one of the ways I want to read you, the slow track.

Slow or not, the Reader will have noticed that this was the second time that Kanika was giving hopes to her lover. This can explain why *'when a man loves a woman, he can't keep his mind on nothing else'*.

The lover enjoyed these times, which are not even credible to him. He didn't ask himself questions, he just enjoyed these stuck in soft small moments, discreetly stolen.

Now, he lives with these hopes, two times generated. He repeats to himself: 'Never two times without a third one...' If hopes would appear a third time, he would definitely steal a kiss from Kanika.

Chapter 59

Timeout?

One after-moon, his heart was overbeating. He decided not to refer back to a cardiologist. No need to check scientifically, a simple human analysis, followed by a diagnostic would be sufficient. He started to speak to himself. It was not really a monolog, rather a dialog with spontaneous answers, a little bit like these automatic messages that are sent back to the sender when one, or several of the intended recipients, are not at their office, and have limited access to their mailboxes. A little bit only, as, on his questions to himself and returns, he had a human control, he was self-acting, not depending on a device. Here after is a digest of his thoughts on that one after-moon :

– Maybe, you should take a timeout for you and your heart.

Be careful, not to go up to the rupture point.

‘No risk, we will never break with Kanika.’

This, I know. I mean, check up your heart.

‘How could I fail?’

You could fall on the ground.

‘Shall I make a test?’

OK! Let’s check!

‘Immediately?’

Right away.

‘Hey! My heart begins overbeating. Nice sensation. But I have to stop the jerks of my hands, as well as the agitation of my brain, I have to start writing. Wait, wait, what about dancing? Not yet, not alone, I’ve got to start writing.’

Be careful... Could be nonstop...

‘Here comes a hip hop now. I should keep one hand free, to carry on with my writing to Kanika, and one hand on the ground, as this guy who had one foot on the train and one foot on the platform Nine and Three-Quarter. Shall I find the way to turn around? It is like a spell, I can hear the bell, Kanika is there. She is everywhere. And I love that.’
What?

‘I love when I chat with Kanika, I do. When I write her, so much energy is unblocked, here in my heart. Now I can hear the music of her heart. This is more than music, this is messaging, this is emotion, obsession. My heart has been interviewed by myself, it will stop overbeating.’

The run was over. Timeout.

Chapter 60

The Day Kanika was born

For her birthday, the second he could greet her, that day, that night, he wrote a K-poem :

Hey! Today! This is your birthday!
In a way
This is my birthday too
I was reborn with you
Kanika
There we met
in Bathinda
Like on a painting at the Met
It was a beautiful day
It was end of May
It was the beginning
Of our Spring
Hey! Today! I want you to dance
Our dance
You are up in my head
On a flower bed
I celebrate your eyes
Bye the skies
Your eyes are telling it all
I am on the ball
Where is my balloon?
Up and down on the Moon

*You can play tam-tam
There I am*

This was for your Birthday today

Chapter 61

Little Prose to Kanika for Diwali

'To live is to persist in completing a memory'

RENÉ CHAR

If I look back...

If I look back to your first look at me, if I recall all the places where I have been, if I open the 7K rack on flight 2410 – the rack of my memories – then you constantly appear. We wrote our K-stories, colored by your hair, illuminated by your skin, like the snow in winter, enlightened by your eyes, questioned by your enigmatic smiles. I was in standby. Near to me, you stood. While I was running so many races, you took me to your places.

Chapter 62

Cubic Chapter

Magic Cube

KANIKA

ANIMA

NIRVANA

KANECHKA

Playing with your letters...

K like I want to be your Knight

A like Anima

N like Nirvana

I like 'Incredible Indian Woman'

K like Kanika

A like our Adventure

Chapter 63

Unchained Enthusiasm

Hey! There is no place where I cannot write to Kanika! No place! As an example, I am in a car in Dubai, on my way high, my car, in Dubai, it's flying.

- Why is it flying?
- I told the car, a black car, that I have to write fast to Kanika, I don't want Kanika to wait for my words, and the car can understand that. It is a new generation of connected car, connected to the road and linked to the obligations of the passengers.
- Are you playing black Jack?
- Black jack or black car, whatever, I see the black hair of Kanika, I see the deep black eyes of Kanika, that's not fair, I still have to wait so long to see her, assuming that I won't face a red door when I will arrive there, and if it is a red door, I hope Kanika will open it.
- And what?
- I am counting the days. I should get a discount in days.
- Did you apply for a discount?
- I asked for a promo code.
- I have a question: why do you have to rush writing to Kanika. She might be sleeping when you feel like writing her?
- She may even be dreaming of me.
- This is your dream, not hers.
- Thank you for bringing me back to reality. But, how can you be sure of that? Maybe she has the same hope that I have. Look at Martin, he had a dream, and a lot of people were sharing this hope, love and peace,

not on the internet of course, but in their heart. Sharing doesn't mean exhibitionism, as it is so common on social media.

- Maybe.
- I would add that, dreams are not motionless, they are like clouds.
- Only if it is windy.
- It is always windy. Nobody can catch the wind. Only Aeolus could. But, as a proof, the Odysseus' men couldn't behave. So, let's assume it is always windy, dreams move on. If Kanika is not dreaming now, she still has hopes. I share these hopes.
- Depends on the type of winds.
- Could be a tempest on my mind.
- Shakespeare or Dylan?
- Both.
- Lets' the four winds blow then.

Chapter 64

Triumphant Multiple Morning

On her beautiful face, there up, the dawn was waking up. No need for make-up, her first smile was up and he rediscovered her, just her, all around him, he could feel her invasive presence, he could breathe the subtle essence of her breath. The morning was cold but he kept her enigmatic smile all day long on him, as a warm blanket. Protected this way, he knew it would be a triumphant day, another D-Day.

When the night came, his hands would start moving, he knew that. They would want to go writing. He grabbed his iPhone. He gave them the right tone, and there, up and down, on his keyboard, his hands started dancing, like only a clown would do, you know, following the music, keeping up with the pace, and all of a sudden, falling down on the ground. But a clown would always stand up again, playing trumpet to cool down the tempest, as in a Fellini movie, playing saxophone to remain human. He was writing, and, at the same time, he would stick to his music clownish program, playing first trumpet on the net, like Johnny was playing the guitar, *just like a ring in a bell*, like Oscar Peterson was playing magic piano, one Moon day night, in Oslo. Then he told his iPhone to play the saxophone, just for her to hear his voice praying, and even the cello, so that both of them would reborn on earth. She would make her choice. He was impatient. How could he be patient, so long? Like a child, he was feeling wild, he wanted to run faster than her beauty. He wanted to see the magical rebirth of a star, the star she was. He decided to send her his nighty words, his words wouldn't be naughty.

Tam-tam poem-poem

'Like a holy psalm, love is singing, lovers are dancing, the whole world is opening, my heart is flying. Timeless. This morning, like every morning, on my board I need to score, like yesterday, like the day before. I am discounting, restless, waiting for my promised promo code. One day less. I have no doubt in, just praying, the night was coming, the Moon was smiling, a shooting star arose. It was you.'

There is nothing like...

Once, in Melbourne, in his hotel room, he saw himself many years before, as a child, in a train, reading the warning 'do not lean out of the window'. That night, he wouldn't lean out of the window, the window was secured, he was just looking through at the Church, outside, in the quietness of the Australian night, there was nothing like thinking of her, especially when the night was coming. This was always like loving life, the life with her, dancing in front of him, wherever she was, wherever they were. There was nothing like hoping they would dance, he would lose his balance. There was nobody like her, nobody but her, shining in his skies. The following morning, late morning, he wrote her a new kaiku.

He wanted to take Kanika for a trip to Aeolia Island, a magic place on the western coast of Sicily. There, he knew a nightclub named PepsiKore where they would go dancing every single night except one. One night, -the One Night he had been praying for from Day One – she would identify herself as the nymph Deiopea, the beauty with a unique enigmatic smile. He would sweetly call her K-D and Kanika-D would finally overpower him, softly, with her love. Juno would marry them and Ganesha protect their union. But, for such a voyage, he needed a special suitcase.

Chapter 65

In his K-suitcase

Was it a heresy to be in love with Kanika? Was it a tribute to ancient Punjabi cults? Whatever it was, it was intense. As the image of St. Anthony never left Flaubert, Kanika's image would never leave him alone. She was a saint to him, she was his icon. That seems orthodox to me. Wherever he would live with her, it would be his promised land. Would one call it a martyrdom? It would be a sweet one. No human being is the property of any other. However, inevitably, everyday Kanika's face was coming to haunt him, she was home in his kingdom, her face was his guest. He dreamed of mutual possession. Of course, possession could become dangerous if it were the demon's, but his favorite saint was Anthony as it can be inferred from previous comments. This saint would always answer his prayers and preserve them both. And also, Lord Ganesha was constantly on his side. Failing to satisfy his desire for this enigmatic woman, he tried to sublimate it. This is a normal attitude for a healthy heart. His daily visions of Kanika were not hallucinations, only he was sensitive to the miracles made by her particular beauty. In the extreme moments of his temptation, he thought of Flaubert's roaring privations. He said to himself, I should listen to Malherbe :

*C'est Dieu qui nous fait vivre
C'est Dieu qu'il faut aimer^①*

Then, he wrote :

*She is the one who makes me live
She is the one I want to love*

*1. This is our Lord who makes us live
This is our Lord that we must love*

The way she wants to be loved

As it has been highlighted in a prior chapter, the man who had been looking for love is a guy who loved suitcases. He called his favorite ones his K-suitcases, the ones which were carrying his dreams and energy, as well as his sport attire. He would consider them a little bit like the ox-hide bag that Aeolus gave to Odysseus. Inside, he kept his K-energy. One of these K-suitcases – his favored among his favorites – was hiding his love for Kanika. It has to be a strong suitcase, XXL size, Hermes blue color outside and Hermes orange inside. It was a quick-moving suitcase. Not only it was hiding his love for Kanika, but it was holding it, as his K-love was sometimes so strong and powerful – so energetic and full of forces as the winds that Aeolus had trapped in his gift bag. Fortunately, the suitcase was resistant but also very flexible. It had been invented to support heroes such as Herakles^② or Samson^③

As his love for Kanika started to become beyond control, he had to double-lock his favorite K-suitcase. Then, while he was traveling, he was bringing his Kanika with him, everywhere. He was still planning a 4-day break with her in Aeolia. He knew nothing better than to sing a song to reinforce his prayers. So, he let the Fats Domino four winds blow in his mind and in his favor. His tale was pushed and moved by tail winds in the right direction. His mind made another miracle. In an innovative dream, Kanika was going back to him. He would take his LA 2410 flight and she would catch her LA 2907 flight. These 4 days, they would never forget. K-Love was perfuming their bodies and K-kisses united their souls. The above described incredible miracle had been produced on his mind only, by the simple presence of Kanika in him. Unfortunately, the pictures on his mind were flying fast, they could make a very short stopover there, but after that, they would go away like a wonderful song.

2. Please note, Herakles is written here with a K and not with a C, as he is a K-hero.

3. Please also note, this chapter is written on a Samson quality paper.

Chapter 66

A romanesque Chapter

As an attentive reader will have noted, after having gone through the above lines, written one after one, as other lines are appearing, year after year, in a troubled aging face, since this K-Story started – the man in love with Kanika adores romanesque tempers, a bit wild, not extravagant. According to him, a romanesque character is always playing as much with love as love is playing with him or her. People often behave as two partners who love life. So, logically, almost mathematically, he couldn't help falling in love with Kanika, just because she was simply one of the most fanciful women he had ever met. He would, one day, write to Kanika, something like:

– *'Suffer, during our next encounter, that I steal one kiss from U'.*

He would then come slowly to her with red flowers and black chocolates.

- Hey! how can you be sure that Kanika is romanesque? – his soul asked him, without taking care or taking time to greet him.
- Hey! First, let me say 'good morning'. It's such a long time you didn't come up, he replied.
- I kept silent because you kept silent.
- I kept silent because Kanika kept silent.
- I know, I could appreciate and respect that.
- I respected her silence on my side, and I was rewarded, I could hear the sound of silence.
- So, how can you be sure that Kanika is romanesque?
- Because she is chimerical, fantabulous, she loves adventure, we have delicious moments, with or without conversations, she is imagina-

tive, she is just that real, made of this reality only bearable when fully accepted, without questioning any of her action or reaction, she is a bit lunar, not that much, she is poetical but she denies it, she is simply incredible... tender. Hey! what would it be, what would I feel, and what would Kanika feel herself, if, one day, she would accept that her cavalier, to be precise, me, would put an end to her night, to the dark places she haunted? This could happen after a swinging dancing party at Cavalli in Dubai ended on a SSD, a sensual slow dance, not a solid-state drive. This would be a sensation like the one I just had, one nano-second ago, on board of EK 859, flying to K-City.

- What happened?
- I was writing Kanika, when a song, by Elton John, 'Your Song' followed by another 'Your Song', this time by Rita Ora, came up on the network. I said to myself, I hope she wouldn't mind... Hey! Yes, I would love to steal one kiss from Kanika, maybe two, why not three? I love number series. Do you know the extravagant numbers? I could become an extravagant number to Kanika, a bit knightly exalted, calmly, by a cold night, when Kanika would need me close and warm, in the heat of our night. Kanika is a passionate woman. She loves to be challenged. And me, I would love her to challenge me.
- Let me ask: you said that Romanesque is not extravagant, didn't you?
- Sometimes it is.
- What kind of a challenge would you like to take out of Kanika?
- I would like her to let me prove to her that, after gloominess, without any white-yellow light to give us the right direction, if a shooting star is appearing on the day of her birthday, and if she messages me, then I will fly and fight for her happiness. That would be our therapy.
- I have a question.
- Strange, it is not that often with you.
- Hey! Remember! I am a frequent traveler!
- What is our question?
- Why did you say: 'she is poetical but she denies it'?
- Hey! well noted! Listen! The first time I dared to send a piece of poetry to Kanika...
- What kind of a poem?
- Very simple, a couple of verses, like a western haiku.

- A kaiku?
- Yes indeed!
- So, the first time you dared... What happened?
- She replied something like ‘I am not sensitive to any poetry’.
- She laughed at you?
- No, I didn’t have that sort of feeling. On the contrary, I could feel that, she was not really opening a door, but at least little windows. So, I could enter my passwords.
- This is what you did, right?
- Of course, I wrote a second poem, then a third, and that was the beginning of a series.
- I know, you love series of number.
- In fact, she loves poetry. Reason why I said she is poetical even if she denies it.
- Between you and her, now, she doesn’t deny it.
- No, she doesn’t anymore – I wouldn’t tell her anyway – but she can still disappear for a while.
- Like Albertine?
- No, Albertine, she disappeared for ever.
- So, when she reappears, what is the following of your romance?
- Our romance? It is rather a fanciful story, allowing Kanika and myself to escape together, either dancing, drinking beer or Champagne. Who made us meet? Made our lives a bit more effective? (Rather than separating us from real life.) Kanika is making me feel unstoppable. With her, I am not acting like a machine anymore, I can put away my *iPhone Less*, Kanika makes me breathe, she is beautifying my life, embellishing it without sacrificing values. And that is why Kanika has so much attraction, she puts a spell on me, like in a song, when we dance. She has an indisputable gravity sometimes, she is obstinate, she loves dragons, but first to me, she is so feminine, I love dragons too, I love her obstinacy, combined with her mysterious beauty and her enigmatic personality expressed by her incredible smile. She has the strength and a talent to create innumerable myths – by the way, she might be a new Indian divinity – she is offering me the taste of the evasion. All this will not be enough to explain what I don’t want to understand. I just want to enjoy this magic gift that Lord Ganesha gave to me, I want her to be

happy, with me. Wherever she will choose to go, I will make *her choice*, my choice.

- Get your blue swede shoes then, to match her high heel sneakers.
- We'll wear both sneakers to go dancing. Wherever we'll go, in a golden ring, I will bring chocolates, clams and prawns, for her dawns, and at her sweet gate I will wait.

Part III

The End

‘What wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness?’

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Partition written up to The End...

The third part of our story will start soon. Before that, let me listen to the J.S. Bach Keyboard Concerto No.3 in D major. Dear Reader, don't miss Glenn Gould playing now, join me for a few minutes, enjoy this music of life...

Wasn't it beautiful? *Allegro – Adagio e piano sempre – Allegro*, always...

In fact, I clicked on my blue Boss speaker connected to my iPhone BWV 1054, as this present and last partition of our K-Book Concerto will be a suite of chapters announcing *The End*. I thought that this breathtaking music would prepare a luminous sequence to show love to Kanika.

These last chapters are like the many rivers Jimmy Cliff had to cross. They are variations up to the end of my world? No, love has no limits. It is just, that, it is difficult for me to accept this famous End, except if it would be a *appy* end – sorry, a happy end.

In my opinion, this love for Kanika on my mind will have no end, but, of course, I am not predicting anything. Others did, before me, most of them were wrong. Let's remember, for instance, *The Book of Revelation*, and let's go to The Place, *Armageddon*, to look for witnesses. Where are they? If we try to quote a few others, the millenarians of year 1000, Nostradamus, the

millenarians of 1999, Apocalypse now, my conclusion is that they all failed. Why? Simply because, as long as I will feel love for Kanika, life will go on. Mahalia Jackson went to tell it on the mountain and over the hill, where a fool, perfectly still, was waiting for love.

Now, I have to hurry up, as our Part III departs from Unknown Terminal in a few seconds and flies to Temptation Island. I have 3 temptations:

Temptation1 : one could take my sequence of chapters in Part III, as a try to say 'there will be no end to my love story' 'Kanika, let's stop time and knock at the door of Paradise'. Personally, musically, I would rather compare it to the unforgettable suites of Bach and Handel, or, as an essay to understand the mechanism of obsession in love. Hope these suites will be as sweet as Kanika is. Actually, they could be taken as a collection of short written pieces, played one after another, in my theater place. They can also be considered as a collection of different movements, just like waves caressing the sand, just like a danceable music for Kanika and me. They could also remind the reader of the comedy-ballets created by the two Jean-Baptiste, Moliere and Lully.

Temptation2: one can laugh of this never ending story. Laughing is good and healthy. Dalai Lama laughs at least once a day. But one shouldn't scoff at it, because one could be befooled, one day.

Temptation3: Saint Anthony in the desert

- And where will you go then? In the desert?
- No, I'll keep dancing and singing on:

Time flies by in the yellow and green

*Stick around and you'll see what I mean
There's a mountaintop that I'm dreaming of
If you need me you know where I'll be...*

Chapter 67

A farewell to charms and to hands intimacy

Dear Reader, have you been looking for action while reading? You didn't find it? I am sure you did, didn't you? This was a wonderful adventure. Emotion was there. Kanika's follower has been flying, most of time on Flight LA 2410, seat 7K, but not only. He has been flying/sailing like in a song by Rod Stewart. Kanika has been flying too, maybe on another song, sometimes aboard Flight LA 29-007. They never flew together. However, together, they had intimate swims in clear waters. They believed in the revival of love. Love was on top. They also found it in the clear in the cool water of a swimming pool, in the warm water of a Jacuzzi. Together, they have been sailing, together they went for so many trips. Kanika took her great pretender to many places, she even drove him nicely crazy, nicely. Life, adventure, are basically made of different movements, including emotions. Hey! Do not forget that Kanika took her *I-would-like-to-be-your-sweetheart* to dance. He thought that it was the dance of life, the dance of love. In fact, it was a beautiful film, full of animations. In my movie, there were many flashbacks – I should say flash dances. The lover has been dreaming, dreaming a lot, too much dreaming? Yes, but not only. He has been walking on the Moon, he went back, jumped in his red balloon, and then he flew constantly in the blue sky, sometimes among the stars, a little bit like Peter Pan looking for Mary Poppins.

Dear Reader, if you still don't find the answer regarding the hidden action, just admit that, at least, and at the end – which end?, this story will have no end. This love was not virtual. It was spiritual.

Farewell

That was the day when he had to say bye-bye to Kanika. He really had to say goodbye. He would not shake her hands, as her charms could still be proceeding, they would not hug either. He would not even write to her. It had been a wonderful love story, a K-story. For the moment, he was looking for a KGB trick, a Kanika Gentle Bye. They had shared a lot. With a little bit of extra time, they could have shared more. But now, the devil had certainly taken it all. He, he would never take any other piece of love without reciprocity. Love is always energy, two-way love is beauty, but if she wanted to hide away, she would, he would not stop her. What for? So, they would not share love anymore? Probably they would, because whatever it maybe they had been sharing some kind of a love for nearly one year, when she said to him *'I was looking for you this morning'*. Love was there, by their side, between them, beyond reality. Love had not been a game for him – neither for her, he knew that – even if he would remember for long, maybe forever, the voice of Ray Charles, almost praying: 'Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play'. But the game was over. Wasn't it?

He took one resolution: he would not let his emotions weaken him, or reduce, neither his love for her nor his love for life. He would keep running and writing. But, would he run for her, as he did during the whole last year? But would he write for her? Would he soon sing a song because Kanika would have sent him a new link? Would her messages be a mutual confession, the announcement that, not going for love would be a mistake? Would it be the Annunciation of a new birth?

Chapter 68

Grand Canyon

Oops, they had not been to Grand Canyon... Lord Ganesha, how come?

- Wait, wait for me Kanika! We have to go to Arizona. We promised this to each other! You cannot escape in the Omani mountains before we go to Plateau Point.

She couldn't make up her mind. This, he could understand. Would he write new chapters? It could be an option.

- Dear Reader, if you don't close your book now, I mean, before the very end, you may read new chapters.

As he did many times, at the airport, he bought a new suitcase, a very elegant case, dark grey, almost anthracite. The suitcase was so beautiful that he called it K-Suitcase Number 1e9. He felt so strong, as Samson did before his hair-cutting party.

For the first time, he didn't forget to buy a sun cream at the duty-free pharmacy. This time, Kanika – his elegant dancing sunbeam – would not provide him sun protection – but, what was worst – this time he would miss her K-sweetness, i.e. Kanika's sweetness mixed up with her unique beauty. Aboard LA 29-007, operated by a K-Boeing triple 7, he took a glass of Champagne. Why? Probably because of the last photograph of Kanika, the black n white one, the grey area one, with her, holding a glass of wine at a window, with her, looking, not at the skies, but at the infinity. For the first time, when flying to Muscat, he would eat on board. He would not share any dinner there upon arrival. He looked at the menu and ordered all proposed

snacks. He changed completely his flying habits. In his imagination, Flight 2410 didn't exist anymore.

On board, a Spanish guitar was playing through the high speaker. This was a strange feeling to him as Spanish music had never made him fall in love before. He found the music exciting, but he would feel passion rather than love. That's funny – he thought. I refused that my love for Kanika became a passion. I wanted it to be pure love. Now, I understand the reason: passion is not love. The strong and quick movements of the hands of the player on the guitar were like an incantation to get love, while dancing together was already love.

– Hey! dear Reader, waiting for the end? Every story has an end? Not sure, anyway, this time, there would be no winner, no one should take it all. A book was born. Books were his best friends.

The plane took land. As Kanika was not there, at the airport, the aircraft refused to unlock its doors. It was not possible to leave the aircraft. He didn't mind. This was just a protest, a refusal, an outcry at the new airport. He faced so many demonstrations in his homeland that he had accumulated a reserve of patience, not a full tank, but enough to survive. Should he fly back? Of course not. He had to face reality and feel the emptiness of Muscat without Kanika, without his K-Cat, his strange beauty looking at him. He had to understand that oh those happy days were now gone, forever. He looked at the Moon. On the Moon, a cat was dancing. He called her 'Luna'.

It was midnight when he stopped thinking and writing. It was midnight when an angel appeared at his window pane. He or she, was asking the lover to look at the skies. One cannot ignore an angel's recommendation. When he lifted his head, a shooting star crossed the night, faster than any other star, as a promise of regeneration. He would always say 'live!'

His last dream was over. He would not invite Kanika to dance anymore. He was not sad but he knew they missed Love and they would miss it soon, he, when flying in his red balloon, her, looking through a bathroom window, a glass of Champagne in her hand. He thanked God for all what Kanika brought to him, in such a short time. He got a lot from her. Why would he complain? Alone in Muscat, he decided he would keep smiling. His whole

life he would be the man who had been in love. He said to himself: 'Bye-bye Kanika, what a wonderful love U made me create for U and me. This love is written not only in my book but it is shining in the Sun, it is refreshing in the raindrops, in our rainbow.'

One more time, the warm voice of Elvis was deeply expressing what love can produce in a core when under the addiction of a sweetheart, Elvis' voice was moving him, proving to him that he was still alive. 'Wise men say...' He would never be a wise man, what for? '... only fool rush in' He would always be a fool.

– Hey! Yellow bee, be a submarine! Bring my honey back to me!

Who said it was the last chapter? What about a new morning sonnet written in Grand Canyon when the Sun will rise?

Chapter 69

Epilog 1, Finally, who was he, he, who loved Kanika?

This is not the last chapter, not yet. But is it already an epilog. Could be a mistake. For the moment, say, it's Epilog 1 only. We've been running, swimming and cycling – I mean we repeated series of encounters and moves, between a man who is still looking for love and a skeptical woman whose beautiful eyes are enigmatic. It's a kind of triathlon. The man would love to hear Kanika singing *'I am a woman in love'* the way Barbara Streisand does. To be precise, this woman should be in love with him, of course. So far, he has been circling like a plane in the sky waiting to land in New York City.

So, in the present chapter, at this stage of his quest, what can be reasonably enough for a man who is looking for love?

First, *he can travel*, avoiding the evil spell of Circe. He read Odysseus by Homer. Second, when he doesn't go for a trip, or while he is traveling, *he dreams of her...* of Kanika (not Circe). He is not a backward-looking man, even if he might sing *'Looking At My Backdoor'*. He might be a dreamer but not only, he is not the only one – I think I read this statement already, or I heard it through the grapevine. Please note, dreaming of her is to be with her. Third, *he can dance, swim or stand with her*.

These three different types of actions are what an attentive reader may have observed so far. It might be interesting to try to draw some kind of a portrait of our man, or at least a sketch, a *croquis* from memory.

A portrait of the lover

'Poets have no biography' told us one of them. Poets are hiding away in their

poems. What about our versifier in love? Can we sketch a portrait? Can't we? Everybody can be pictured. Just take your iPhone and let it bleed. But poets cannot be framed. Neither can be women. I will try to refrain making too much ado about 'my love for love'. Yet, just remember the Hero commenting: *'But Nature never framed a woman's heart'*.

A painting can be made apart from a portrait. Take the picture of Dorian Gray for instance. Dorian Gray didn't want to be blue, so he was looking for beauty and sensuality – please note, up to now, I have seen no problem with such a quest. I guess, me too, my whole life I have been looking for beauty, I have been almost hunting for my true love (not like a hound dog, I want to remain the friend of Elvis). Why Dorian sold his soul? Other did, and not only Faust. It has never been a good deal. Our lover would never sell his soul. He would regularly argue with her (his soul), he would even be upset, silent and bad-tempered at her for a while, he would be sulky, but he would never split forever, he would forgive her, as she was the best part of him. So, it is fine to look for beauty and sensuality, but it would be nothing, nothing, without a woman in love. Nobody can change this man's world. Agreed, James? That's a mistake of Dorian.

– Hey, dear balladeer, is it an essay you are writing now?

Poets are like the winds. Nobody can catch the winds except Aeolus. Let's take one more time Odysseus as an example. Because of his companions, who were greedily looking for gold (they didn't know that love is gold) and stupidly opened the ox-hide bag given by Aeolus, it took him twenty years to reach back the green, green grass of Ithaca. And he has been lucky to finally succeed. Soul, blues, and rock and roller singers know about winds. Singing on the dancing music of Fats Domino, of which, he would always carry a little bit of a song with him, he decided, one more time, to let the four winds blow.

Was he a clown, a paladin, a minstrel, a mountebank who plays the flute upside down while listening to *Cocteau Twins* singing 'Seekers Who Are Lovers'? – Yes, he was a seeker, he was his lover. Who was he? A dancer, a buffoon escaping in his red balloon? A Pantaloon in red trousers, flying to the Moon? Yes, he would fly to the Moon for her, with her, on a round trip.

Today, as every day, she could have made his day. How come? Where from would she had come to him? He didn't know, but she could have stood by him, she could have told him that one day, she would be his, she had been so long in his mind. Where was she, today, beautiful her, incredible her, with her enigmatic smile? She was in his persistent dream, she was his breath, she was his unique love. He would not let her go. He heard the aria of The Minstrel, 'Exiled on Earth', but he knew she would join him soon, then he whispered the verse of the London prisoner:

'Ma seule amour, ma joie et ma maîtresse'

Chapter 70

Peroration before the denouement

Usually when a man is looking for something, to help himself, he may use a light – if he has one. He has a choice between a military torch, the white light emitted by the Moon or produced by a lighthouse in the middle of an ocean (please just remember that the white light of a lighthouse is incredibly powerful, not so powerful as the White House in Washington but still, very powerful). This man can also use his iPhone XL ('XL' for Extra-Light) or XTL ('XTL' for ExtraTerrestrial Light), as I do when I try to decrypt the full dinner menu of a trendy restaurant without using a USB key as a keyholder.

Another example of utilizing a light when looking, not for something, but for someone, was given during the Greek Times by Diogenes, using a lantern to find a man in the daylight. But, in the present case of our man looking for love, to be totally clear and even transparent, not to say luminous, we have to say that he was specifically looking for a woman, a woman he could love.

So, a simple lantern was not the right tool. The quest for a woman requires a magic tool, capable to originate a K-light. Not only a woman is, the sweetest invention of God on this Earth (here, the author is taking the word 'invention' very respectfully, in the artistic meaning of a 'piece of music' written by Bach), not only a woman is the most loveable being across the Universe, but when this woman is loved by a man, she becomes exceptionally beautiful. While I keep raving, if you don't believe me, dear Reader, the voice of Joe Cocker singing a song, which was a success before my grandfather was born, this incredible voice, full of sounds and luxury, can confirm this miracle, Kanika is so beautiful to me. She is so beautiful to me that, when this man, who had been looking for love for decades, would

be finally permitted to love this woman, he would not be able to keep his soul quiet, he wouldn't keep it for himself, he would want to share it with Kanika.

If you still don't believe me, dear Reader, just ask to Percy Sledge his personal opinion and I am pretty sure that he will also confirm the above.

Chapter 71

I was looking for you this morning

How do you want the lover to accept an inevitable end of his love story, after he heard such a sentence: *'I was looking for you this morning'*? Not only he heard it, but he kept repeating it for himself, several times a day, even in the night, like a prayer, like an essential part of his love diet.

So far, we have only explored a tiny piece of the visible K-love concept. Let's recap what we learnt:

We know that this man has been looking for love since he was put on this Earth, we know that, recently he met Kanika, in Bathinda, we also know that, the day after they met, the morning after they danced all night, he first refused, unconsciously, to look for her. But there the Sun came in Bathinda, Kanika appeared, and she said:

'I was looking for you this morning'.

These 7 K-words changed it all. He said to himself: *"Why have you been hiding away from her this morning, you usually look for beauty in the morning, don't you? Is it because yesterday night, unexpectedly meeting an incredible dancer, Kanika, you have been overcome by her beauty, almost saturated"*.

Effectively, a few months later, after she would have accepted a couple of his poetries, Kanika would become his blueberry, his little domino offering a double six, the smiles back to his face. He felt that the ice, which had been freezing his heart, was slowly melting, he fell not only in love with Kanika, but *in loves* with her, with her personality, with her enigma, with her intelligence, with her incredible charms, with her absolute discretion.

He started hoping, he started praying, one day, one night, a second day, every night, that she would fall in love with him, wouldn't she?

He knew he would have to be patient.

At that very moment of his sweet reminiscence of Kanika, a silent message appeared at the top of his iPhone's screen, announcing:

'Welcome onboard Emirates. Full phone & data services are now available. Please switch your phone to vibrate mode as a courtesy to fellow passengers. Thank you.'

He was already vibrating himself, but, right away, he switched his phone to vibrate – he felt enough K-vibrations already – and rushed to grab a few megabits of Internet in order to send a SMS to Kanika. He calculated that she had probably finished her After-Moon nap. He always loved Internet. But love is sometimes a cruel god. When he was trying to connect, another announcement reached him:

'Internet services are currently unavailable. Please try again later.'

He preferred to return to his personal K-connection, writing to Kanika, simply writing Kanika herself.

The light came, one morning, when he sat down by Kanika, it was daylight. Kanika was like a different Sun, a recently discovered star. First thing, which stopped him were her eyes, deep, beautifully dark brown, then her rose lips – he immediately began dreaming of the first kiss she would give him – then her hands fascinated him, they were more elegant than the hands of the Mona Lisa. Combined with her smile, and her lips, her hands should have been painted by Antonello da Messina. In her hands, one day, his fingers would be like refugees, they would beg her fingers to tell him all what Kanika was not prepared to say. Her hands were so soft that he decided that 'Kanika' would become the name of an umbrella brand proposing soft beauty products. The plane took land in Dubai.

During his stopover, he looked at an award-winning book – probably a best-seller:

'How to Convince an Incredible Woman?'

The book was showing how to win such a challenge. Convince Kanika? According to the author, success was guaranteed. However, it was not mentioned anywhere on the book 'satisfied or get your money back'.

He took a chance and bought the book. Worst coming worst, he said to himself: 'I love books', 'I love buying books'. He acquired a second book. The sales girl, at the duty-free store told him, never 2 without 3 and she offered him a third evasion: 'How to persuade a cat?' He opened the book, read a few phrases, the cat to be convinced was called 'Luna'.

Chapter 72

End to K-Story

He had given it all. He would never forget her. But was it reasonable to keep writing to her all time?

It should not be exaggerated, he was not writing to her all time... this writing phenomenon was taking place, only in the morning, or only in the heat of the night, or during the day if any detail would remind him of Kanika.

On her left side, did she really enjoy it? Did she love his way of telling her, without writing it, 'I love U'? He would hate annoying her or causing any inconvenience. Once, she said: *for sure, we'll keep building our relationship*. These few words, her words, had become an obsession to him, as any of the few K-sentences she offered him. K-Obsessions were redundant at him. Although, in many ways, he was *feeling her*, close to him, maybe he should stop his daily messages. He was not a newspaper writer, rather a paperback writer – remember that song of the Beatles? It was a hit before her great-grand mother was born:

Paperback writer, paperback writer.

Dear Sir or Madam, will you read my book?

It took me years to write, will you take a look?

Maybe his words were disturbing her, but words were all he had. To bother her was not even conceivable in his world. She was such a princess in all what she was: walking, dancing, breathing, over speeding, drinking a beer or devouring chocolates. He would not feel good annoying her. Who was

he to keep writing her? She was gentle, hopefully not only polite. Without using any direct speech – he didn't want to embarrass her – he had proposed to her whatever she would have dreamt of. Here after is a short extract of the virtual program he had started to make for both of them :

*'To live together, or at least,
To walk for a while on the same path, hands in hands, picking up,
for a little girl met on the seashore, white little stones on the sunny beach,
To go dancing but not only, even if dancing meant a lot to them.
Another option or cliché was to live and survive only with love
and fresh water (provided he could get, from time to time,
a couple of beers for them, a bit of seafood,
and a few destressing chocolates for her'.*

Finally, he had better to admit it. Or better said, as a song to himself, he had to admit it, it was not getting better.

But, he kept proposing. She kept postponing. Nobly, she kept refusing. The Beatles were gone and it seemed to him that they had been substituted by a boring beetle. Rather than a beetle, he would have preferred to become a crab, so he decided to turn himself into a crab, and, as in the Indian tale of *The Fisher-Girl and the Crab*, he would alternate his human shape and his crab attitude. You know, maybe, a crab is only a lover who has been drinking a bit too much of a Champagne Blanc de Blanc. Compared to her beautiful and so exciting swaying, his perambulation was the one of a rejected poet keeping writing for nothing. In his mind, he was not buying or selling anything. He was not a beggar, he could be a crab, desperately cracking to become a man, to be her man, just her man. She was diplomatically, nicely, rejecting that. Would Lord Ganesha help him? He wouldn't insist any longer. Who was he in her life? A satellite? He would willingly gladly turn her around, hoping for her pleasure, dancing in the skies, waiting for his shooting star. Once upon a time, he crossed her path, once upon her time... As a satellite, he wanted his orbit to be closer and closer to his Planet Kanika. She was a celestial body with irresistible shapes. She was a woman that he asked Lord Ganesha fervently to marry. She had been his most beautiful trajectory.

Chapter 73

Soul Happiness, Pagan Pleasure

“There is no happiness of the soul without a pagan pleasure of the body”

Who said that? I don't know. Cocteau? Jean Cau? I read this in an interview of Sharon Stone in Madame Figaro.

He was in love. So, of course, he was happy, but, not completely. He could get no satisfaction. He had a constant desire, he could of course, enjoy little pleasures, each time he was near her, these little discreetly stolen moments, but (there is always one but, sometimes two or three), besides the little accumulated enjoyments, real sweet treats, he was imagining a unique pleasure, given, offered by a unique woman, not extraterrestrial, just extraordinary, Kanika. He was wondering what she could feel, what sort of psychic metabolism could create this blend of doubt and need-for-tenderness in her smile, when she was seating by his side? He was fascinated that night. He could hear her voice. It was lovely to hear her voice. It was like rediscovering her. On the phone, that evening, she was different, that evening. His unexpected call might have made her sound more emotional. Unawares, she was not controlling herself, she was marvelous, she was sweet, surprisingly close to him, even if it had been for a few seconds only. Was it another illusion? He should hurry up so that it wouldn't become a lost illusion. Therefore he proposed to himself to date her again. He had to make this offer, she was such a flower. Once more, he heard her voice saying: *for sure, we'll keep building our relationship*¹. The only thing she had to do, and she could confirm it using one of her indescribable smiles, was to

1. *this sentence is a good example of the obsessional status of the lover.*

listen to her good mood. One day, her heart would be ringing and beating in her temples, as his own ticker was doing now. Then she would just have to follow her soul, it would bring her close to his breast, to his breathing machine, she would be able to rest her head on his chest, then she would slip her hand under his shirt, she would cool his skin down. Later, after a pagan pleasure, he would caress her hair. Of course, doing that was not so simple as clicking to accept the general conditions of privacy or to accept using cookies to ease the execution of a numerical program. But, love was partly digital.

Chapter 74

Destiny, or Esmeralda

Their destinies were first to meet. They did. Long fairy story short, they met, not on a ferry boat, but in Bathinda, a fairy place... Sometimes, but sometimes only, two people, who were intended to meet, don't meet, they miss each other. In such a case we can say that they were just supposed to meet. The other ones, the ones whose destiny is to love each other, they come across, it's a pre-collusion which ends up in a wonderful soft collision. But long story short, they really meet. Usually, when recounting such an encounter, the writer begins this way: 'Once upon a time...'

So, once upon a time, it was in Bathinda, I met with Kanika. But this man, that I was, at that time, he was greedy, extremely greedy, he wanted more, he wanted to become hers on Earth. Why on earth? The reason is simple: he had lost the key of Paradise and he had no other solution than to experiment this fabulous promised pleasure but on Earth. Of course, he tried to duplicate the Paradise's Key with his brand new CD printer, but it didn't work, there were too many firewalls and other sophisticated protections, thanks to God. But, never mind, he would try to enter his K-Paradise, the one haunted by his dreams of his lovely lady. Maybe, there are some angels in the Paradise, but after discovering Kanika and her smile, and her eyes, and her lips, he... he... he... (dear Reader, hopefully, you now know all about this woman who came to stay in my heart),... he had found his angel and his angel was unique, she was very sexy, classic angels have no gender, have they? Finally, even if he looked like, this man was not

greedy, he was simply hungry. Kanika was proud the way he wanted her to be, and he was hungry, eager for her, ever in need of her, always ready for love, always asking God to help him to find love. As Mario said, *'Better never stops'*. He was optimistic. He had some mitigating circumstances: he had been looking so long for love before he met Kanika. He then recalled *'The Hunchback of Notre-Dame'*, by Victor Hugo. It was all about fate – Hugo used the Latin word *fatum, destiny* – Who would really love Esmeralda for herself? Phoebus, Frollo, or Quasimodo? Sex, passion, or love?

The beauty of Kanika surpassed that of Esmeralda. Esmeralda means emerald. In Kindi language, Kanika means diamond. So, she was his Sun, shining like a collection of diamonds. And he, he was neither the hunchback nor the priest. Even if the bump of hunchbacks is said to bring luck – and his friends called him Lucky – he had to be Kanika's knight, at least one night. In fact, to avoid any risk of getting bumped, every single morning he was stretching. Therefore, no bump would be jumping on his body. He was a believer. He was not a priest. He would become a monk, later, later in his invented life.

In order to enter better into the fairy world of his Lady Kanika, as Lucky Knight, he started to read Indian tales. Ronsard has loved roses, Shakespeare has described passions, Goethe has explored affinities. Hugo, Musset, have invented only half of loves, even if these creations were beautiful down payments transferred to river banks through poetical words. Therefore, he had to go East. He felt he had to understand love in the Indian Culture, in the KIC, the K-Indian Culture. He liked particularly one of the stories that he had read in a Hindi paperback that he had bought at Changi Airport. This story had a *'appy'* end (sorry, a *'happy'* end). It would end up with the wedding of a poor lonesome man who had been looking for love. He would marry a princess. Appearances are sometimes misleading. In the tale, the man was stronger than fate, probably with the help of Lord Ganesha.

He had to draw a conclusion: he was born to run, to run after vanishing Kanika.

Chapter 75

A case

He had a case to solve. He was not a specialist of anything, except for suitcases. So, before parting, he promised Kanika to bring her a brand-new suitcase, wrapped in a bag and in a not too distant future. She could choose the color of her suitcase, provided it would be red. She could select a brand, provided it would be Samson. He felt he would be the right judge on this matter. Once she would have received her suitcase, he would take her to their K-Land, a kind of Legoland. A red suitcase? Which red? A K-red of course. But, in long range planning for a trip, he didn't know when he would be in a position to deliver her brand-new suitcase to Kanika. He could easily deliver a speech, he could set her free from the pollution, which was constantly emitted by the dumbs and the jealous guys, he could issue a freedom note to her, but, without meeting her anymore, how to deliver a lovely suitcase to a lovelier woman? He wouldn't trust any transportation company to take care of and forward such a jewel. In his mind, it would be a suitcase like no other luggage, it would be a flying suitcase, like a red balloon, in which they could hide away both, for a while or forever, before announcing the Good News to the World. To do so, they would use a Good Book – Louis Armstrong's or Melanie's, one of the two, maybe both. In any case – no case – he planned to case the suitcase in a reinforced bookcase. His lawyer agreed on that. But then? How would he deliver her, her own suitcase, without meeting her anymore? It was possible of course, but simply unacceptable. He wouldn't see her in a near future? Rather forget about it, about it all. Otherwise, he wouldn't have any future. Did it mean that she was not missing him, at all? that dancing together had no more meaning? Did it mean that the perspective of a brand new suitcase that she would have been totally free to

choose – except the color, the locker, the brand, the size, the inside and the zipper, all other features would be her own choice – that this perspective of traveling around the world, together, her as Mary Poppins, equipped with an umbrella and her brand new suitcase, and he, as Peter Pan, flying from his K-red balloon, resting on a K-seat or K-suite, when not flying, did it mean that this perspective had no reality? that it was virtual? It was not virtual, only digital. He was preparing himself to a split, not a banana split – their favorite desserts were chocolate minded – it would be a cracking bye-bye followed by a breaking news, the news that she was missing him, that she would stop looking for excuses or for love – he had stopped himself, as he had found it, Kanika, she was love – love was here now for both of them. He had just drunk a magic potion, number 2410 – My God, he had tested so many other potions before breathing Kanika's hair, discreetly – he could smell the lily of an enchanted valley in her hair. Kanika, you have just to stop asking yourself questions which are not relevant... If she would not jump into his arms, soon, he would kidnap her for a appy end, oops – a happy end – not as Jupiter used to kidnap so many beauties, but as a simple poet, a knight, a believer, would take off with his devoted lover in his arms.

His soul showed up all of a sudden and suggested to solve the present case, by simply forgetting her.

- Who 'her'? – he asked.
- Kanika, of course.
- 'Of course', 'Of course', it had been so long since I heard such a stupid suggestion. Get out, Silly Soul!
- His soul understood that she had to leave him alone.

Chapter 76

Traveling alone

*If you can't fly, then run.
If you can't run, then walk.
If you can't walk, then crawl,
but by all means, keep moving.*

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR

He would neither feel nor behave like a travel agent, but he proposed several dream destinations to Kanika. They were not e-destinations or e-dreams, even if Kanika could say, speaking of him, 'he dreams'.

In his mind, there were K-destinations such as Dubai, London, Bathinda, Stratford upon Avon. He didn't find them on internet but in their K-dreams. What are K-dreams? They are common dreams between Kanika and her lover. Let's give a few examples of illustrated and color published K-dreams for kids: '*The K-Lady and the Lion in Love*' (please kindly note that the lion had no claws but expected to meet no dogs) or '*I was looking for you this K-morning*' (A K-morning was when they were together.): both were missing love, both were looking for one another.

As she would not join him anymore, on any trip, he decided to go and explore new destinations by himself. But, he also remembered how key – K – it was, to share traveling emotions rather than destinations. So, he canceled all his trips and started to work on a business plan in order to cofound a *journey company* with Kanika. Where would they go? No idea, important was to fly, to run, to walk or even to crawl. Important was to keep moving! They would even swim, cycle and sail, singing with Rod Stewart.

Chapter 77

Prophecy 7K

He had built his love to save them both. He had seen so much hidden sadness in her eyes. So, to save their love, he had only one solution left: he had to rely on his imagination. He would first put on, his brand new *Prophecy7* Mizuno shoes. This well-equipped, he would feel totally fit to invent his own self-fulfilling prophecy. It will come true – as the prophecies which appear in classical literature, especially in fairy tales, especially in India. He would use the fifty letters of Ganesha's collar to write his winning prophecy. His love was in danger and Ganesha would remove all obstacles, helping him to defeat the demons, as Krishna defeated Kamsa. At the end of the story, he, a simple human being, trying to behave as a knight, would marry the divine Kanika. The number of children they would have was not specified. Like in all fairy tales, they would welcome a lot. Before 'appiness', sorry before happiness would come, as a decision, he was looking for signs. He remembered the eclipse who saved Tintin and his friends in The Temple of the Sun. And, suddenly, he recalled that on the birthday of Kanika, writing a poem for her, sending it, she replied that she had seen, at the same moment, in the black night, a shooting star. To him, she was so beautiful, she was belonging to his gambling world. He had not been expecting mercy, as one would be surprised by the arrival of winter. Rather, as when his Russian friend had gone away, looking for a brand-new start, he went dancing all night. Then he organized a Russian party. Champagne would replace vodka? Yes! But still, there would be a few glasses of vodka available for whom might be catering or caring for. There, at the party, everywhere, she was still the guardian of his soul.

Chapter 78

Interlude

Chapter Song 1

Dear Reader, do you remember my invitation at Chapter 15? Here is the song that our inamorato sent 63 chapters of his life ago, via WhatsApp, to his beloved Kanika. For her, he made a free translation. A special thank you to Françoise and Julien who have written and sung such a message to the loved one. Ladies and Gentlemen, here it is for you tonight :

♪ *Leave me a place* ♪

*Leave me a place
At the bottom of your bubble
And if I bother you
If I'm too bad
I will become
All pale, all dumb, all small
For you to forget me*

*Leave me a place
At the bottom of your heart
For me to kiss you
When you cry
I will become
All crazy, all clown, nice
For you to smile*

I don't want you to be ever hurt

*I don't want you to be ever cold
And I do not care about
Anything, besides you
I love you*

*Leave me a place
In your future
For me not to rehash
My memories
I will never be
Far away, haughty, down
So that you are well*

*Leave me a place
In your emergencies
In your daring
In your confidence
I will never be
Distant, distracted, cruel
For you to be beautiful*

*I do not want you to be bored
I do not want you to be scared
I would like you to forget
The taste of misfortune
I love... you*

*A small place
Here Now
Because time goes by
In leaps and bounds
I will get myself
Brand new, all beautiful, all that...
To be yours*

Chapter 79

Close to the End

He could hear her silence, he was understanding her. He had to. He would never beg a pardon or a dime. He would be able to cry a river, but only internally, he preferred to avoid any water damage to his neighbors' properties. One more time, he was remembering Manou, the power of Ganesha, the words of wisdom spoken by the son of Mother Mary, the providence of John and James, the serenity of Bach, the love for life Vivaldi and Rossini had, the final message of Spinoza, something like: 'If you understand others, you will be a happy man'. He promised to himself that he would kill the three monsters that laid dormant in him: the slave, the despot and the priest of Notre-Dame. He felt like a hunchback but Faith and Joy were still two of his wonderful friends. He would add: 'Let's keep our Faith and Joy, rather than to lose our intimacies, on a so called face to face monitored by peeping Tom. Only poets like Shakespeare have insights into human nature, and only God can look at our deepest inside with His Kindness.

To be honest, he was down (a little bit, a little bit too much) and troubled, there, out in the streets – fighting for what? – still on his way up to the construction of his Citadel, still trying to protect Kanika with his prayers, sending to her warm waves while she was swimming with him in the pool. She, only, only her. For a few months, she had made it up for everything, for a few months she had replaced all the past, all the memories. Because of this, he remained hopeful, leonine, he was a bloody optimistic man, praying Jesus and Ganesha, having always been shown the wise funny way by the generous Spinoza.

Who said philosophy had not been sent to us by God?

Philosophy is driven by Freedom. With love, this is the main gift of God in our life.

Was he still looking for love?

Yes, he was. 'Wisdom is looking for love during your whole life'

The End?

Not yet

Chapter 80

Oh, my love, my darling

The End? Not yet. Obsession can postpone the end of a story, like a long, long lasting heady perfume, like a song that he would nonstop listen to, he was still impressed by the beauty of Kanika. Hungered for her touch, still he was. So, he chose to listen to '*Unchained Melody*'. Believe me, it was worth the listen. For security reasons, he limited his listening to three times a day. It was a musical prescription.

As a complement to this prescription, as a bloody optimistic guy, and to avoid becoming a maniac, he was changing his obsessions on a regular basis: For instance, during a month, he was obsessed by the hands of Kanika, then by her eyes, then by her lips. I will stop my enumeration here.

He also tried to classify his obsessions according to different criteria: reality, virtuality, main obsession, secondary, etc.

This treatment had some positive results but he was still obsssssessed.

He therefore tried to use the magic of colors. He first read the *Theory of Colors*, by Goethe, to check if Kanika's colored edges and his own edges could overlap in a symmetric color wheel. In many fields, color is key because of the unlimited variations one can observe or create. After this searching, knowing that colors show emotions, he decided to fly to India, at least he would be close to Kanika's native place.

Next chapter is waiting for you, my dear Reader.

Chapter 81

Indian Religious Colors

She was his white turbulence, his blue brainstorming, his new world, his new dancing border, his Indian frontier, his native land, west of the Wadi Shab River, his hidden waterfall, his essence, his volcano, his orange bubbling, his flash dance, his music, his black wording, his resonance, his red flying balloon, the green, green, grass of his hopes, his yellow sunflower, his enigma, his daily rainbow. He loved her 'yep', he loved whatever she would say, her words were his energy, his kerosene when flying, he was swimming in her eyes. She wouldn't laugh at his love, not any longer, in fact, she never laughed, she was only protecting herself, love can be invasive, staring, she was his mystery land, his sanctuary.

On her side, she had only one option, she had to keep his emotion in her heart, in her soul.

Should I have to give a precise idea of what our blue swain felt, on each moment he was facing his black swan, each time he was in front of what he called 'his new world', I would compare his sensations either to the ones of the millions of people who rushed into the Conquest of the West, in a wonderful land named America-Kanika, or to the incredible feeling of any alpinist at the top of The Himalayas. One day, Kanika and myself, we will be rich, we will reach Mount K2, a K-mountain for two. It has a magic name and a magic number to me, 8611. Thanks to God, we will win.

Mm I get high with a little help from Kanika, Baby, let me hold your hand, I want to hold your hand...

Spring was coming, he called his travel agent to book a few flights. Emilie asked him :

- When will you stop traveling? Where are you going now?
- I go to Holi in Bathinda.
- May I ask you why?
- I want to attend Holi, The Color Festival there.
- Why this festival?
- Because it is also a love festival.
I want to celebrate the divine love of Radha for Krisna.
- You will never change.
- It starts on the next Full Moon. I have to rush, I dated her for Full Moon. I need my ticket.
- I already sent it to you by mail.
- Thank you.
- You still have your secret hope, don't you?
- It's not that secret. I shared it with Radha.
- Who is Radha?
- The Supreme Goddess. She is the Incarnation of Love. She has an unlimited feminine energy.
- And?
- So does Kanika. Inside me, she has created an unlimited male energy.
- I got it. You look still hungered for her love.
- I am. So, now you can understand why I want to be devoted to Kanika. This is the only way for me to be satiated. My book is a tribute to Kanika. I can't stop it. I can't help falling in love with her.
I cannot edit my book, maybe I will publish it.
- I thought that your book was a story of a holy quest?
- It is, I finally understood that Kanika and myself, we share thoughts, even if we are not together.
- How can you be sure?
- I just feel this. We are looking for a high form of love, *eternal mental love*.
- I know that you loved dancing with Kanika. Did you pray Lord Shiva?
- What do you mean?
- Just wanted to make a suggestion.

- The Lord of the Dance... Yes, I did pray Him. I have always been on fire, I have always been dancing in the air to get some love. Remember, Kanika wanted to be a dancer, I wanted to be her singer, even flying at 39,000 feet and only connected to OnAir.
- Good Luck. Good always wins over Evil.
- Good is God.

Chapter 82

Interlude

Chapter Song 2

*You are so beautiful
To me
Can't you see
You're everything I hoped for
You're everything I need
You are so beautiful
To me*

*Such joy and happiness
You bring
Like a dream
A guiding light that shines in the night
Heavens gift to me*

This song, by Joe Cocker was his Love Potion #9 fully blended with different kinds of emotions, a little bit like a coffee blend.

- Odysseus, shall I open the Aeolus' ox-hide second bag?
- What is this bag? A bagpipe?
- No, this is the bag in which, Aeolus, as a poet, was keeping human and divine emotions. They can blow in any direction. Inside the bag, there are 9 emotions corresponding to the 9 doors of a sensitive woman. I will keep the west side stories only.
- Don't forget to keep your goal.
- My Pearly Oyster will open one of these days.
- It might be tonight

Chapter 83

Medley Song Chapter

Once upon a time, your mother should know, a singing madman, a singing fool, 'Le Fou Chantant', wrote a song: 'What is left of our loves?'

*Tonight, the wind is knocking on my door
Talk to me about dead loves...*

My soul said:

Remember: loves are never dead...

*What is left of these beautiful days
A photo, old photo (many photos)
... Stolen kisses, moving dreams
What is left of all this
Say it to me*

What is left of our loves?

My soul couldn't help coming back and interfering:

- So, being more specific, what is left of your love to Kanika? A poem?
- Yes, a poem...

*Stars have no age
Forever, like your eyes...
They will shine in the heavens
In my books, on every page
I am singing them, your eyes...
They reveal to me an inscrutable image*

To others
Hey, hey! yes, your eyes...

Since that first day,
Like love,
Unforgettable,
Unbelievable,
This unique image appeared to me,
U

U... sudden spark!
In a hidden park
Your soul was nude
I seized a parcel of it
U wore only a snood
And... immediately
U became eternal to me...

Chapter 84

A Sky Liner named Desire

*‘Thinking of you keeps me awake. Dreaming of you keeps me asleep.
Being with you keeps me alive.’*

(UNKNOWN)

He had been always surprised by his difficulty to end up with a love story. Was it the reason why he wrote so many books, so many poems, so many words gone with the wind?

Tonight, he is flying between Melbourne and Dubai but that night, he was flying from Dubai to Singapore. He would have preferred to fly to Muscat, but a new regulation was now making compulsory to apply for visa, at least 72 hours before flying to Muscat. As a consolation, flying to Singapore forced him to keep his suitcase delivery to Kanika for later. So, his love story could still go on. In fact, he had bought two suitcases, at the same time – not to get a discount for two, he would rather order tea or coffee for two – but to keep building their relationship. If Kanika would welcome a red suitcase, he would travel with a blue one. In his opinion, these two suitcases were not brother and sister, but lover and lover.

Why would she stay, alone, away from his love? By the elegant way she was walking, by the fashion way she wore her dresses, by the clever way she was talking and smiling enigmatically, he knew she needed someone to take care of her, and this someone was he, with, or without a suitcase.

But for the moment, he was enjoying a Graham Single Vintage Tawny Port 1963 or, was it a Taylor’s Very Old Single port, 1966 Limited Edition?

Sometimes he was dazed and confused when drinking Port wines. Whatever, both drinks had been invented and aged in the Paradise, so that he could have a taste of Heaven.

Then, he looked at the onboard map, the Triple Seven was just flying over Pakistan. He tried to catch sight of K2 but flying South, he couldn't. But, a miracle happened. Because of four strong head winds, the captain had to change route. He diverted through North Pakistan, on the border of China. K2 appeared, and, in the iClouds over the mountain, the flying lover saw Kanika's adorable face. He thought that it was time for him now to invent a brand new self-fulfilling prophecy.

His self-fulfilling prophecy would be positive. He was a believer, she was the woman he loved, therefore she would become his lover. Period. Having written this, he opened his flying bed and decided he would dream of Kanika the whole night. What a wonderful night he was going to spend: 'he started repeating: *'She loves me, it cannot be different'*, as a leitmotiv to help him fall asleep.

One more time, he would thank God for this One year One way traffic Love. It would be one of his wonderful memories, these memories that had been illustrating – like in an album of The Adventures of Tintin, his non-stop quest for *The Other*. Would he keep looking for her Love after he would have waked up, when his *'she loves me, it cannot be different'* absorbed, as a relieving tablet before dreaming, would have no more effect?? Yes, he would. Nothing would stop him. He was a man of desire, his nature was to desire, life was desiring. Blanche, in *'A Streetcar Named Desire'* who said: *'Whoever you are, I have always depended on the kindness of strangers'*, he could say to himself: 'I have always depended on the kind love of a woman'.

As Blanche had asked Stanley for a bit of joy, he had the impression that Kanika had asked him silently: *'Tell us a funny story, something to help us out'*. He had tried. The story became a book. You have just read it, you are almost there, dear Reader!

- Is it really The End?
- This novel might be finishing soon now, but his romanesque love will not.

He thought that she didn't want realism, that she wanted magic – she loved dragons – 'A woman's charm is fifty percent illusion.' Was he beating around the bush? Probably. Probably a bit. But it was a burning bush. Was it possible that he had been climbing Mount Horeb? Kanika had been his magic bush. God had given him only one commandment:

'Thou shalt love her '

Chapter 85

Daydream

A violin was playing about. The magic bow of Yehudi Menuhin had created a rainbow. Like a chamber orchestra performing baroque music, in the rain, in the sun, the bow was not only moving on the strings, it was flying. After an immediate take-off, it took the direction of Kanika's heart. In a nanosecond, it went through the Four Seasons, escaping the land attraction. It had fun playing out. Then, to please the dancers, it started a square-dancing, a ping-pong ball for Yankee Doodle, backing four couples of butterflies in love, they would probably trigger a storm in his imaginative mind, like a swarm would also do, yes, my honey bee, be my honey.

Sometimes, he would spend hours and hours drifting to her, writing to her, writing in the heart of the trees, inside the raindrops, embedding her in his heart. It was like looking for *God's Little Acre*, he might never find gold, but what for? He just wanted to find Platform Nine and Three Quarters, jump in a magic red car with her, and, later, one after one, open her between nine and ten secret doors. Imaginary love. Love in spite of himself.

Chapter 86

A Love Alcoholic

His sister soul was feeling sorry to have hurt him. One evening, she called him back and apologized. She said she really wanted to help him. He never had hard feelings, they fixed up an encounter for the next morning. He proposed to meet for breakfast and, like little sister Marie, she said she would bring the croissants.

When his soul showed up ringing the bell in his head, Italian coffee was ready. He wanted a bit of sweetness so he added brown sugar and as a new Robinson, just coming across the only helpful being on his isolated island, on that Friday, he and his soul made friends again. His soul started. As it was Black Friday they got a discount of a few minutes on their story account:

- Did you try anything, any remedy?
- What for a remedy?
- Any drink?
- You want me to escape through alcohol? OK, I am a work alcoholic but I always accepted to go down after having reached the highs.
- Sorry about that.
- Don't mention it. Formerly, I made an exception. Your question reminds me of a triple Whisky that I took once, and only on one occasion, to relieve my pain. The girl had gone away. Won't you believe it? Three full glasses, no sparkling water, no rocks, all this had no impact on my brain, I burnt the alcohol immediately.
- So, what for a drink now? Scotch, Champagne, Vodka?
- Rather witch drinks...
- Potions?

- Hippocras could be an option.
- Your favorite drink is love, isn't it?
- My favorite one is an elixir of Love.

A furtive tear appeared on his face.

Chapter 87

The Magnificent Lovers

Suddenly, he had to refer back to Moliere. Reading *The Magnificent Lovers* one more time, more carefully, he might discover the old simple mindless secrets to finally seduce the woman that he had been looking for, for teen ages.

What would be better than a comedy-ballet to express his foolish attempt to seduce a radiant beauty?

There, in a dancing comedy, everything is silly predictable, like in a brand new American musical comedy, which roots can be found in the oldest European operetta. Would it be love in spite of themselves, a brainless attitude, a leonine clause, or a bovine docility by submissiveness?

Certainly, such a behavior would seem ridiculous to a majority of logical people, but real life is not logical. Anyhow, it wouldn't be more ridiculous than the today, soon from yesterday, reality TV shows. There are simply not real. If you want to rediscover reality and poetry, just click on <https://circus.com/Roman/Italian>. Gesolmina, please come back, hit my road Jack, play both your music, I love astrology on your notes, when it says she will be back.

Chapter 88

Pirate Chapter

He had a K-Plan, a K-Plan is a SOS Strategy to be implemented only when A,B,C,D,E,F,G,H,I,J Plans have not been working.

In his K-Plan, he would become a pirate. This was another strong possibility. He had always been inspired by piracy. He would use it as a physical training but also as a preparation to his religious destination before opting for a monk status. He tried to remember if there was a monk on the *Treasure Island*. He was not sure. But he was sure that Sir Francis Haddock, the ancestor of Captain Haddock, was not a monk. No need to be too idealistic.

We can now propose a screenshot portrait of this man who wanted to be a pirate. A screenshot portrait is lasting only one moment, like a pleasing love, so, be very attentive. Sorrow would last longer, maybe a whole life, so, take your time before it takes you.

Again, who was he?

He was not a beggar, but if he had to be, he would choose to be one of the three wonderful beggars. Actually, he always wanted to become a pirate, a guy looking for fortune, I don't mean money, my honey, I just mean 'love and freedom'.

Please note:

The present Chapter 88 is not redundant of Chapter 69. Here, we have the illusion of a fleeting portrait. The big advantage of this type of Nano shots is that, a little like Dorian's painting, they will not get older.

In Chapter 93, there will be an allusion to brilliant female pirates.

So, the present piece '88' of digital paperback is just trying to emphasize the qualities of pirates and the contribution they can have to love and freedom. It is part of the digressions the writer is usually making when he forgets to focus on his priorities or when he wants to add Caribbean colors to his life. Being complementary, anyone can read Chapter 88 free of charge.

Chapter 89

Love, Lust and Pleasure

Sometimes he was calling her inspiration ‘*Lady Kanika*’, as, actually, she was his Goddess, with a Giant G. For months, he had been accumulating love data set to rock and roll music by a company cheering clearwater. So, dancing on a traveling broadband, at a hypersonic speed, and thanks to a sweet 16¹⁶G network, a king-size multiple of a 4G, one can imagine what sort of energy he had available, inside his rib cage, to love her.

In love, it is difficult not to consider lust and pleasure. *Rati* always stands by *Kama*. So, his temptation was strong, comparable to the one Saint Anthony fought against, in the desert. But, the naughty boy, he still was, would not pray to stop his desire. He didn’t feel guilty to desire Kanika, reason why he was depicting her alongside with him, in the legendary story he was writing. He was sometimes singing alone, like the fool on the hill 🎵

“Kama, Rati, Kanika and me”

In a temple dedicated to Kanika, a simple building, he would exhibit, like in a peaceful museum, all the sculptures he had made of her, after hundreds of invisible pictures taken when dancing, swimming, driving. He would not dream so much as to hope that Kanika would become his constant companion, but distance also puts lovers together.

From the temple, from another angle, more sexual, his temptation was to look at the sutras of Kama – together, they would look at it one day, and then, just do it. But first, he knew he should read carefully the 16 mathematical formulas of Vedic Math, as this would be the right mode to

solve Kanika's enigma and finally find, not only the best, but the unique way to love her. Most of time, in his life, he had searched for solutions in books. Should he now love her according to the Vedic literature? He had a dream: *'Lost in Bermuda, he would look for her magic triangle. They were facing each other. Adding one to one, Kanika and him would be an incredible couple, they would go, they would multiply. He was, one more time, accepting Kanika's mystery, they were loving each other following a vertical, then crosswise, by addition, by subtraction, by perfection, not completion, loving their differences, their similarities. He would be part of her and she would be the whole of him, she would enchant him and consume their carnal desire.'*

It was only a dream, but it could solve a complex problem, without using an aphorism: 'how to blend love and sexual attraction and produce fusion?'

Would the algorithms be urged? Could sutra-six be applied to sex so that lovers can reach Heaven seven? "*If one is in ratio, other is zero*" usually helps to find a solution to associate 'x' and 'y'.

After these moments of euphoria, mathematical or not, he was asking himself: "*Can I love a goddess? I mean, am I allowed to love a goddess? Odysseus loved two magicians, but as far as I remember, no goddess. Like Ruy Blas, I am rather this worm in love with a star.*". He could be anything for Kanika, she would decide. She could choose to be anyone for him, she would always remain his princess. That was one more reason for him to love her in a fairy tale rather than in a collection of myths, but he could also love her in mythologies. Do the dragons appear more in mythologies than in fairy tales? He would check this point with his friend George, but, whatever be the answer, he would protect Kanika against any danger. He could be helped by Nessie or not, his love would be the best shield for Kanika.

Chapter 90

Let me write you a letter

He wanted to write a Shakespearian letter to Kanika, not a sonnet, a letter. Before he would write it, he addressed a request to Kamadeva: *'Oh! Lord, let me have a stylus and a tablet made of clay. If you don't deliver them to me, I will go to bakers' street and pigment my words with a pencil, no need of a graphic card to illustrate my love. Give me a quill so my words can fly to her. If not available, please, supply me at least with a reed pen and a piece of papyrus, or even let me carve my love on a turtle shell. If not possible, I will use a goose feather on a parchment, on a velum. If I start scrolling, the scroll wheel will keep turning for proud Kanika.'*

This would be his very first letter to her, Letter 1, written on full paper and airmailed. After so many mails and WhatsApp SMS, she might be more sensitive to a message made of paper and ink.

Hey! My story could become a peplum produced par another financial paper Inc.

No, it is not a peplum. As long as Shakespeare will inspire us, poetry will keep seducing us.

'Come, my dear and worthy lady friend, to hear the voice of him who loves you; this voice is not, as you know, that of a vile seducer'

Chapter 91

Maya

- Did you lose your illusions?
 - Generally speaking, illusions cannot be lost, they are just illusions, created by our brain, with or without our permission. But, as far as I am concerned – if I may – sometimes, I disagree with the invented details of these virtual pictures called illusions, even if I can accept the principle. My brain can produce many situations.
 - How do you look at illusions?
 - Illusions are illustrations of our hopes and dreams. Most lovers face difficult moments to keep up with the initial momentum. Illusions can help, as they help to get started and to keep moving.
Love has no rules. Like the wind, like a rabbit, you cannot grab it, Love will hold you, it will not ask neither your opinion nor your permission, it will put you up and down. Let me quote again Dickens:
‘I was not merely overhead and ears in love with her; I was saturated through and through.’
 - Are you saturated?
 - Almost.
 - But, how come, do you remain that optimistic?
 - Maya!
 - Be specific, do you refer to the Pre-Columbian People, to a Royal Bee, or to Maya Angelou?
 - Good that you mention Maya Angelou. One of her quotes is what I repeated to myself several times: ‘Try to Be a Rainbow in Somebody Else’s Cloud’.
- But to answer your question, with Maya, I refer to the Magic that

illusion can generate.

- And Magic can produce extraordinary power and wisdom.
- I believe in illusion.
- You believe in so many things.
- I told you, I am a believer.
- A believer using illusion to be happy.
- Kanika is no illusion.

Chapter 92

The Legend

A legend tells us that, putting together all the glass beads found in Easter's oysters, and playing with them all, can reveal a secret of one of the oysters while preserving her mystery.

He would keep trying to open his female oyster. Of course, he would never use a sharp tool, just the magic of life.

One day, he would make his Revolution. He would first go back to Castalia School and learn, once more, from *Magister Ludi*. Then, as always, he would listen to his intuition, he would recall all of his sensations, singing in the rain, guided by the lessons of another master, a pagan rainmaker, who had been practicing during more than 1001 years before his mother was born, when women were ruling love.

Chapter 93

Epilog 2

After my flying words, listen to Aretha's dancing voice

Aretha had just left us. She was some kind of an extra-terrestrial. Her voice was the one of hope. She was a dancing voice for lifetime. As Bob Hope, she was taking us to a livable world.

- Hey, dear writer, our English Teacher, Mr. SurrIDGE, could have written : ‘well, I am impressed by this essay’.
- In other circumstances, he did. Mr. SurrIDGE was an exceptional teacher, some kind of an E.T. too.
- We just came to the end of your story. Finally, what is your final message?
- What message? What are you talking about? There are only a few WhatsApp messages here and there.
- Anyhow, what would you add now?
- *I say a little prayer* for all of you who have been looking for love.
- It is a love message then?
- Today Aretha Franklin died. I cannot copy paste Jesus, she could. But now – if I may – I'd like to sing something to my darling.
- Please, go ahead.
- *My darling, believe me (believe me)*
For me there is no one but you
You'll stay in my heart and I will love you
Forever and ever.
- Any further comment?
- In one of his books, as a conclusion, Gide wrote something like...

But let me quote him: *'I wrote an epilogue to try to make believe to the reader that, if this book is such as it is, it is not the fault of the author.'*

- In the present book, if I am not mistaken, there are three epilogs: do you feel then so guilty?
- No, I don't. I like the idea of presuming myself innocent.
- Whose fault is it then?
- Love's.
- Love is guilty?
- We all guilty. *But love is life.*
- And what?
- In my next life, I'll be a pirate and she will be my Mary Read or my Anne Bonny. She could be both.
- In any chapter of this book, except in Chapter 11, anyone can find a message. Why not in Chapter 11?
- Because, as it is clearly mentioned there, in that chapter, Chapter 11 is the only one giving a chance to lovers to escape love bankruptcy.
- So, what happened to the protagonists of your love story?
- I guess both are still in love with life. Both think of each other, from time to time.
- And what do they hear?
- I don't know what Kanika would listen to, I imagine she would listen to a great Bollywood dancing song.
- What about you?
- Even if I do my best, I am not a talented listener.
- Are you a promenade?
- I am just a believer.
- To illustrate this Epilog 2, do you have a favorite picture?
- Each time I think of Kanika, a couple of songs are still running on a streetcar named *Love and Desire*.
- And what about me, your soul?
- U, sweet soul, U are the soul of my poetry.
- Even, such a longtime after the poets had gone away?
- Poets will never disappear.
- How do you know that?
- They were born to make our lives extraordinary. Remember this great movie?

- ‘*The Dead Poets Society*’?
- That’s it!
- In a way, it was a happy company.
- Yes, it was. I wanted to set up such a company with Kanika.
- What would you have created?
- A restaurant.
- What name?
- It could have been ‘*Abbey Road*’ or ‘*Happy Land*’. We had some ideas about the menu.
- Can you tell?
- Champagne Blanc de Blanc, Brittany Lobster, Kamchatka Crab, Pasta.
- And for dessert?
- Black chocolate with old Port. At that time, I was buying chocolates every day for her.
- I know that in one of your books, you already created a restaurant, located in the middle of Paris, in the Middle Ages.
What was its name?
- ‘*The Apple which had not been bitten*’.
- Finally, did you make further plans with Kanika?
- No, we didn’t.
- Why didn’t you?
- It seems to me that she didn’t want.
- Why?
- Who knows the trouble she has seen before?
- She came to say goodbye?
- Nobody knows how to say goodbye. You know that nobody knows. There are plenty of songs about that.
- What is left then of these beautiful days? A photo?
- Many pictures.

Chapter 94

Epilog 3

Keynote(s)

Dear Reader, before you close this book, *One more thing...*

My favorite keynotes are some kind of up-to-date epilogs. In order for you to take this latter-day keynote, and almost last chapter, like a prevailing tone or message, I will pleasantly compile a few more things for you.

Of course, I do that only because I suppose that many people are looking for messages (like others are looking for love).

- How do you know that?
- Who's asking me?
- It's me, your patient Reader.
- OK, I'll make a digest:

Back in the old days, people have always been waiting for messages. I will give two or three, or four and three-quarters examples: In Babylon, priests and astrologists were observing celestial events, such as the Sun dating the Moon. While the Sun was looking for love, the Babylonians were expecting messages from the gods. In America, from all over times, Indians have been sending smoke messages before smoking their fresh salmon to store them for the winter, and just before smoking the peace pipe. In Sevilla, a few centuries ago, Count Almaviva begged for a letter from Rosina, or, to be precise, Almaviva asked Figaro to run an errand for him. The letter was hidden in the bosom of the Beauty. Similarly, but on a personal note, a few centuries later, when I was eighteen and back from Valencia, I have been

waiting weeks for a letter from Maria Amparo. I still remember the day when I received it. I was in Charleville. Another example: Bismarck was very happy when, in 1870, Wilhelm 1st sent him a dispatch from Ems. The case of King David's letter sent to Bathsheba is more difficult to appreciate. God finally punished the King. But God saved the Queen.

So, now, here is my detailed keynote:

Once, I read somewhere, that the second side of *Abbey Road* Album had been composed putting together a lot of different snippets of songs, wisps of air, free chips. Combining all these shivering fragments turned out to be *bluetiful*. So, one day, I decided to assemble – not only in the Space – without any endeavor, and without any shuttle, more than 7,107 writing characters (with or without spaces), a statistic similar to the number of islands in The Philippines. I would process putting together the pieces of a giant/small puzzle, which would remind me *Abbey Road and the four guys*. They were crossing a street: the first one was wearing white shoes, the second one, black shoes, the fourth one, whitish shoes, and the third one had no shoes. This medley could be seen as a modern Shakespearian entertainment, it could be also compared to the fairy play of *Flaubert*, to *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*, or, in a certain approach, to wacky *Casino Royale* in 1967. In addition, let's not forget Bollywood impact.

- Whatever... my soul interrupted – what you want to say in this chapel, sorry, in this chapter, with your never-ending series, is that your Kanika, *she's got the look of love*, right?
- Yes, *she's got it*. As you just said, whatever I did or I do, she does or she would do, she's there, she's like a revival. When I couldn't swim anymore with her in clear waters – the clearwater winter revival at Wadi Shab for instance, or in any pool – I was connecting to my VAP (Virtual Airport Port) to be at least on the verge of flying to her. Then, I realized that I had better to use a VPP (Virtual Plane Port) instead. With the right plan, a good 3D Printer should be able to 3D-copy a plane, especially a virtual one. No need to take land any longer, no need for a second approach, I could stay in the air, whatsoever be the level of excitement in my head in the atmosphere, wherever I could be, in the orange troposphere of Kanika or in the whitish stratosphere of our blue planet,

either in my iCloud or in the mesosphere, when dreaming above any cloud layer and admiring Kanika taking off from her wool cloud, or taking off her wool pull over. With such a VPP I would definitely keep my head in the clouds of any sort, possibly in the Magellan clouds too, so that I could be among millions of stars but choosing my one and only one. This would be a way to keep K-kool, enjoying K-wellness.

- Were you not afraid that, finally, your head would become a kind of atmosphere?
- No risk, even talkative Arletty, acting as Raymonde, made it clear that she hadn't got an atmosphere as a head.
- Hey! Can you take land and come back to me?
- I don't have to land anymore, I managed to make a VPP, I am now equipped to remain in the highs.
- You are really fast. And now that you can fly permanently, what are your plans with your private plane?
- I can focus all my time and energy on Kanika.
- What will you start with?
- I will play with the words, use their magic power.
- Concretely, what does it mean?
- I will give you an example: If I change one letter, whatever it be, in a word, I can get propelled in Kanika's world.
Let's take the word *'Landed'* for instance. If I take the word *'Landed'* after I flew out of the Love Flu^① and substitute the letter 'K' to the letter 'L' I get *'Kanded'*, homonym of *'Candid'*. Got it?
- Got it. Words is all you have to 3D print Beauty, haven't you?
- Words are keys to me, of course, but on another hand, I can use my time to visualize videos. If I have time to take advantage of all the information available on the net, good or fake, I can progress in the direction of Kanika.
- You mean, you can love her the way she wants to be loved?
- Exactly. Like for the words game, I will illustrate my purpose. Hypnotized, recently, I look 2410 times at a HK video called *'Him and Kanika'*, on which Kanika keeps on singing 'I want you'. She was driving her K-Car. As you know, three words from her and she becomes my world. I am voiceless.

1. *Love Flu is some kind of a Saturday Night Fever*

- This is impossible.
- I cannot be wordless but I can be voiceless. Anyway, looking and looping in this video, I discovered how to love Kanika better.
- How come?
- Asking me the right questions. Could it be love? Should we begin anew?
- Ha, ha!
- Please don't laugh, don't be critical, don't be cruel to my heart, try to understand.
- Hum, Spinoza is back to you.

He never let me down. Desire and Love are the same for Spinoza, even if, in the Hindi philosophy, Desire is human before being divine. At least, this is my own interpretation.

- It will rather be in your *Kindi* philosophy ☺. Please, give me a last example of how you now use your time and energy.
- OK! A last one. I could not learn Hindi, so I decided to learn Kindi. Kanika was very patient, she taught me Kindi.
- Are you fluent now.
- Not yet, because, during the classes, Kanika's black hair was such a volatile trap that I couldn't totally focus.
- Wrong example.
- No, I wouldn't mind to be penetrating and breathing in her black volatile hair.
- Is it the way you'll be closer to her now?
- This is one of the ways she wants to be loved, I am sure about that. Sometimes I was trying to imagine her with a pixie cut, as the favorite beauty models of my young time, they were wearing this style. Who would forget Audrey Hepburn in *Paris When It Sizzles*, or Jean Seberg, in *Breathless*, displaying a **NEW YORK Herald Tribune** T-shirt, wearing no bra and bearing with a no brain boy-friend? By the way, I heard that 'Life goes on bra', doesn't it? Maybe I forgot a last letter, a 'h'... What a new wave... There could be derision. Who wouldn't live another day when looking at Halle Berry smile and haircut?

Chapter 95

She was new and unbelievable

- By the way, dear Reader, are you still here?
- Yes, please, go ahead.
- Here is my final speech then :

All these movies were literally moving me, but let me be back to my Kanika now, let me be her ‘all in one’, her body wash, her shampoo, her body lover, her hair curler, her teddy, her beer. Recently, I was waiting to hear again the voice of her steps. I was waiting to grab the voice of her feet. I invested a lot in the Idea Exchange, located in California, in order to create happy hours for her, I will keep you posted of the Return On Investment, hope I wouldn’t be charged by the broker for that, would I? But I can accept to be charged for my transports.

Dear Reader, I have to stop here, I have to stop sooner or later, because everything has to come to an end and I reached the limits of the number of characters that I imposed to myself, as in a thesis or a synthesis work.

If you have been a little bit puzzled by this keynote chapter, nothing is wrong with that. Aren’t we all troubled by love?

- Dear writer, why, did you, in this book, make allusions to *Harry Potter*?

Because, instead of using the magic mop of Mickey Mouse in *Sorcerer’s Apprentice*, even if Paul Dukas’ music would help me structuring my ‘*Let’s Be Happy Program*’, I would rather borrow Harry Potters’ flying broomstick. It is also because of *Hermione*...

Still trying, not to look for love, but to find it, I will always remember Muhammad Ali saying 'If my mind can conceive it, and my heart can believe it --- then I can achieve it'.

Kanika was irresistible. Illusion? In any place, she was incredible. To her, I was saying too many clichés but lovers are dumb. I asked myself: does she really want to be appy, or just happy? Kanika and myself, are we fighting together against the Evil or are we going for an alternative dance? It would be a great movie, with a happy end and a so long awaited kiss, in the final scene supported by emotional music.

Now, if she doesn't join me, I will go K-shopping, I will order two Keineken beers at 'The sweeping pong pool Bar', (one for me, and the second one for me too), somewhere in the Omani mountains. To access this famous bar, one needs a special invitation – I will get it – and then use a similar platform as 'Platform Nine and Three-Quarters' at King's Cross Station in London. Harry up! sorry, Hurry up! Today is September 1st, 2018 and all wizardry lovers must go back to school, or to Broadway and attend a musical comedy, or to Hollywood, and view one more time '*The Secret of the Unicorn*' by Spielberg, in which, one can vision Tintin as a standing and outstanding friend. Although I have no snowy dog, I have a pussy cat with enigmatic eyes and I love her.

Chapter 96

Falling Chapter

- How do you say Beauty in your own love language?
- I say Kanika.

Definitely, he was loving her new picture. There was so much hidden kindness in her pose, so much tenderness in her eyes. That was one more gift from God to me.

Chapter 97

Halloween

- I decided that you are my favorite passenger.

He had no idea what to answer to such a statement, coming from a charming smiling stewardess, probably a K-stewardess. This young lady went on :

- What will you have for breakfast?

He was not that hungry, as he had already broken his fast before landing in Dubai, flying back from Melbourne. Now he was headed to Paris. But his questioner was so cute, that he decided that he was still hungry and that he would have a second breakfast after take-off.

- Where are you from? He asked.
- I am from Manchester.
- Could you kindly bring me a Manchester tea?
- I will not only bring it, I will prepare it myself.
- What will you have with your tea?
- Could you kindly bring me the menu?
- I'll be back in a minute.

She smiled and went to a place where he supposed the menus were kept.

60" later, she was affectively back. She handed him a leather document holder. He opened it. It was empty.

- Oh, I am sorry, Sir.
- It doesn't really matter, my dear.

She finally found a couple of eggs, forgotten somewhere, on board, by one of her colleagues. Expiration date was still not reached, she breathed in relief. She prepared the eggs, with love only, as no side-order was available. She cooked his favorite poached eggs and brought them to her favorite passenger.

– Oops! I forgot your Manchester Tea.

She prepared it, but the tea cup she brought him was empty. After the empty menu, this was the empty cup, but, no panic! The cup would fly back and get the tea in. By the way, usually the stewardess would bring an empty cup, joined by a tea pot, which was supposed to be full of water, preferably hot. But she had so much insisted that she would prepare it for him that, definitely, she had to do it and she did.

So, in an attempt to keep attending her favorite passenger, she tried to send the cup back to the onboard kitchen. It was not a bad idea but although she had already a bit of practice, the cup did fly, but not backwards. It flew, without any announcement, over the head of Mr. Passenger. It miraculously took land without any further noise, except when it reached the ground floor, but, it was a beautiful noise, straightforward, like a 'Hello, I'm there'...

- Will you forgive me? the young lady said.
- Shall I?
- I'd love you to.
- So, it will be my pleasure to remember this memorable flight, of a cup over my head, but, thanks to God, without tea in it.
- Won't you forget?
- Never! I swear to God! I will never forget this flight. I'll give it a number, EK 2410.
- Will you forget me?
- You... May I ask you what is your good name? I mean your delicious first name?
- She didn't answer.

Reflexively, he looked at her badge. She was wearing no badge. So, he said:

- Do you prefer to be forgiven or to be forgotten?

Once more, she didn't answer.

He asked her other details so that he could mail her what was now a promise. They were looking for a pen and a piece of paper. He just show her the little drawer hidden on his desk. She said :

- You know more than me!
- It might be because I fly more than you. Some people say 'I am a dreamer'. I don't mind. John Lennon was accused of being a dreamer too...

Now she had to go... Why did she had to go? 'I don't know ' would have sung Paul and Ray... In fact the flight was ready to departure and she had to take a seat during take-off. He couldn't let her go without a last word, some kind of a password. He said :

- When you will have a couple of minutes, could you bring me a menu?
- Of course! What type of menu would you like?
- An empty menu, if you have one.

She smiled again.

- Of course, I can manage.
- You have my protection. I am not God but I can speak to Him for you.
- Please do. You could become my darling passenger.

As turbulences were in the air, there was another passenger announcement asking to fasten seat belt. He was hoping that not only turbulences were in the air, but love also. Why did he have all of a sudden such a feeling?

Finally, without consulting any menu, after the turbulences made a break, he got a full English breakfast, with a Manchester Tea.

While eating, he made an exception to his habits, and start watching the last James Bond movie. For first time in this movie series, rather than only sex, love was there too.

He decided to empty any full item: he started with the plain yogurt, he drank right away the glass of water, he poured the milk over the muesli...

A second wave of turbulences began. This time he didn't have time to empty his fresh new Manchester cup of tea. He interpreted this moment as a message. This time, he would not empty his mind, he would not clean his human Mac Book Air. He would keep any memory from his today stewardess.

He decided that from now on, he would drink exclusively Manchester Tea.

Manchester Tea would be their Umbrella brand. Together they would invent many flankers. One would be called

'Funny Flying Tea', another one 'MTU' for 'Manchester Tea United'. They would be the two co-founders of MT and Co, Ltd. They would celebrate their foundation by sharing tea. Many years before, 'Tea for two and two for tea' was one of his favorite songs by Petula Clark.

They were about to land. They promised each other to keep in touch. He still had this strange feeling of love around them. Would God unite them a second time? In Manchester? He was dreaming to rake her to Stratford to watch *'Shakespeare in love'* there. Or would their second meeting take place in Dubai, Paris, London? Who would know? But nobody would say. This would be their secret, so well kept as the Manchester Tea formula.

It was midday, not midnight, but she had disappeared. She had lost her high heel shoes. It is strongly advised to drop high heel shoes in case of emergency. That was probably the reason, he thought, she must have had an emergency. Maybe she wanted to watch Manchester United versus Stratford Football Club? He also thought.

While waiting for his suitcase, at the belt #7K, he received a message on his iPhone. It was from his stewardess, it was from Kanika.

To celebrate Halloween, Kanika had disguised herself as a stewardess.

He was right, love had been one more time in the air. But, for how long?

Chapter 98

A philolover

“The heart wants what it wants. There’s no logic to these things. You meet someone and you fall in love and that’s that.”

WOODY ALLEN

He still wanted her? Of course, he wanted her. His desire for Kanika was intense, respectful, and it was forever. Holding her hands, playing with them, was the beginning, like in a fairy tale, just loving her. He would take her hands only after he would have been permitted by her eyes. Sometimes, her enigmatic smile would become a simple statement, something like, *‘I know you want to hold my hand’*. At that moment, the music and the voices of four boys singing in the wind would remind him of his ancestral hand’s desire, when he was singing in the rain. When her smile was less enigmatic, when Kanika would not be escaping from him – and this would last only one nanosecond, maybe two – it was like a permission to come closer to her, it was like enjoying an invisible caress, an invitation. This would rather happen while dancing. Led up by the music, flying in a zeppelin, or taken in the air by a red balloon, at random, their bodies would be approaching, one to the other, an invitation to love. Kanika’s eyes would then deliciously say: *‘Not here! Not now!’* and his eyes would answer: *‘I know, I know, but where, but when? Would it be in a woody alien place, where we would be, alone, free, you and me?’*

Once upon a minute, in Paris, at Fouquet’s, dining a bit, he said something brief, like a mathematical truth, a few words, illustrated up by a gesture of his hand in the air. Maybe love was in the air. His lyric attitude moved

Kanika. All of a sudden, his wonderful wooed woman had an instinctive feminine jump on him, with an elegant hip hop pace. Flying like a butterfly, suddenly, she was not only Kanika, she was Super Kanika, she literally rushed to his face and gave him a fresh kiss, chic, on his cheek, like a little yellow green chick, which would have stolen a piece of cake. She could have bitten him like a bee, he would have only kept the honey to share it for their honeymoon. Maybe she was hungry? Being still a naughty boy, he said to himself: 'Next time, I hope it will be a French kiss, at least'. She was moved. Even surprised, he understood why. So, he promised himself to generate from Kanika, soon, as many moves as he would be able to. He didn't know that he had met Kanika for the last time. Maybe this kiss, on his face only, but face to face, was simply the bye-bye kiss of a woman who wants to go away and came to say it, silently.

After this unbelievable scene, an instant farewell to charms, he kept controlling his desire in her presence. Then, after she had left, and while he was writing 'sensationally' to Kanika, he managed to have limited access to his imagination. He even tried to kill his desire. But, later on, in the heat of the night, alone one more time, he was standing by his blue Boss speaker, looking for Kanika's orange apple, connected to iPhone. He was listening again and again to the voice of Arlissa, almost crying, shrieking from the guts 'Hearts Ain't Gonna Lie'. Driven by his revived desire, he was still thinking and dreaming:

1. Thinking this:

'The nature of the human body is divine. Leonardo proved it. Then Kylie Minogue brought another proof... An agent provocateur can be devilish but the indescribable beauty of a woman's body can only be divine.' It is.

He clicked on his iPhone XY and the voice of Arlissa came back. He stopped thinking. Arlissa took him away to dreaming:

2. Dreaming:

'It's not what we did, it's what we didn't'

There were so many they didn't do.

When he was still a young boy, he could feel already this strange, irresistible attraction for the woman's body, but he wouldn't be able to explain. And by the way, what for? Then, he read Spinoza, he could finally understand his passion for the woman's body. He was not only looking for beauty, but, as all human beings, at night, he was feeling like a fallen god, who would still remember the skies, these skies in which the stars were shining, with an obscure clarity. Both Corneille and Lamartine had admired them during a full moon night. But, he, he had been even luckier than the poets. On the birthday night of Kanika, while he was writing to her, hiding, as much as he could, their commencing love, one shooting star speeded in the skies. Kanika saw it first, in Praha, and one nanosecond later, the falling star reached him in Dubai. For a full second, he could enter the whole soul of Kanika, it took him less than one second to discover her. How would he not love her, one night in a woody alien place, under the stars? He realized that the mind of Kanika, which could appear extremely complicated, was, at the same time, so simple. It was an initiation. He could then hardly imagine how divine would be the pleasure of loving her body. It would be extraordinary to open all her doors, and to keep moving among her beauties, unveiling her secrets, during a windy magical mystery tour organized in Lover Pool.

3. At this point, he stopped dreaming.

His mind, peacefully enriched by his imagination, was full of energy. On another hand, there was no need to try to estimate the energy that his body had accumulated at the same time. Maybe a short reference to the formula $E=mc^2$ would help, but let's say that his double energy – on his mind, in his body – was driving up his desire. He was not able, however, to extinguish it, his body was on fire, like the guy who kissed the lips of a woman in a GI's camp. Spinoza would confirm that: both the man's mind and the human body work together.

His soul, quiet for so long suddenly woke up:

- Hey, dear Cc Writer, are you sure that Spinoza has to be quoted again or referred to here?
- Of course, Spinoza never separated the mind and the body. I just try to justify my desire for Kanika.

- Both your minds understand each other. This is already beautiful.
- Yes, I believe so, and I thanked God so many times, but, I am still hungry. My sister soul, do you mind if my mind cares for more love? My body is sometimes beyond control. Like a hair and body shower gel bought in Oman, associating the top and the low, *minds and bodies are the two faces of a same reality*, says Spinoza. They are the two faces of life, of love, the desire is the driver.
- Are you leaving reality?
- Who knows? Besides my craziest dream, I now face virtuality.
- Potentially, it sounds like a prophetic knowledge.

He wrote this somewhere, in the skies, between Dubai and Johannesburg. Later, between Cape Town and Dubai, he was still thinking, still following Spinoza, the only philosopher able to speak of love. He was not denying, neither the duality in Kanika – he loved it – nor his own duality. Only, he wanted to take advantage of their difference, to make her happy, to make them fly together. Once Kanika would come on board, he wouldn't want his journey, in his red balloon, to eventually wind up, even if her favorite turnout was openly orange. He wanted to become her Flying Frenchman. So, their minds would never be separate, and their bodies would be together, from time to time... Kanika was more rational than he was, but passion was still one of her enigmatic attractions to him. He wanted to see her, smiling, not sad, as she would always hide her pain behind deep thoughts and silent rebellion. That might have been the reason why this man had been looking nonstop for her love. Their intelligence, their mutual understanding were just human. Their love was not artificial.

At that very moment, he remembered the last words of Philip, his cousin, a man of a beautiful intelligence. These words, Philip was sharing them with his habitual simplicity and modesty, they were resounding in his head, as a last message:

'Life is not logical, Life is analogical'

- Why did your cousin had to go?
- I don't know, he wouldn't say. That was yesterday.

Chapter 99

Afterword

- Hey, silly writer, why do you insert an afterword before the last chapter, before the end?
- Before, because the end is the end, it has to be respected, and an afterword would fall as a hair on the soup, or a hair on the tongue.
- So, it is a before-last-word?
- No, it is an after split-hands.

Their hands had split. This was neither a historical, nor a hysterical relation. This could be seen like a heroic novel, without magnificent comments, but with sumptuous landscapes in the background, like in a Gainsborough painting. There was no intended philosophy. Was he an imaginary fall lover, an imaginative child or a lover in spite of himself? The answer to this question is either blowing in the wind or it can be found in the scenical parts in this book.

In fact, this was simply a love story.

For the kind information of the cinema enthusiasts, one day, one night, a Bollywood movie will be adapted from the novel. Most of the external scenes were already captured in the Sultanate of Oman. The indoor scenes were recorded in the head of the man who had been looking for the love of Kanika. And if you wish to know the end of this movie, read the last chapter.

The End? Not yet!

Chapter 100

The End

In the Kiss Chapter, he was ready to sacrifice his Kingdom for a kiss, but time had been running, now he could only wait during an additional time of 1001 nights. Should her kiss not come, his Kingdom wouldn't come either. He was not a romantic man, so, he wouldn't imitate that guy, the hero of *The Red and the Black* promising himself to die if that night, he wouldn't get a kiss. He wouldn't tell her, singing like Serge Gainsbourg, 'Come on Girl, in my comic strip, come on and make me bubbles, come on and make a few WIP, a few CLIP! BANG! VLOP! ZIPPED and UNZIPPED perfumes'. But, he would certainly consider playing another game, *The Glass Bead Game* was an option. He would then become a member of a religious order, not a priest, but, some kind of a priest, say a monk – his haircut was appropriate, he was a believer, he was praying, so he would make an acceptable monk. In memory of Manou too. Having been looking for a kiss – sorry, for love – during his whole life, he would keep calling upon love to come.

And one more thing before I go and hit a new skyway:

7 years after...

Strange enough, the man who had been looking nonstop for love, almost desperately, this man who, in a way, had been the servant of an Indian goddess, this gold digger, among others, the brother of Jitter in God's Little Acre, this man who had never lost his optimism, he would now unlikely have no more expectations. No more hopes, only holes? Like inside of a virtual Albertine Hall, now that she was gone, he didn't know how many hopes he

would need to fill up the blackhole left behind her by Kanika. Blackholes have a tremendous strength of attraction, *Sweet Cheat Gone* would remain his unique past love. He would not try to discover the secret of her life. As he lost her, he would wait for *The time regained*. This time would come.

In fact, he was still expecting his sleeping beauty to wake up. He was just himself a little bit sleepy, flying to Melbourne – it was a therapy – but he was still on the ball. Silent, he was traveling with this slow-to-grow energy called expectancy. He got it well packed in his heart case.

7 years after, one triumphant morning, he got a message of Love itself. K-Beauty wanted to see him again. It was July 17th. She had a dream that she didn't have to interpret, she just wanted to make it come true. Now, it was the right time, a shooting star had crossed the night, Kanika wanted him to love her. After so many years, he was too old not to be young. While he was still running on a long and winding road, love was flying, Love was looking for him.

The End

Melbourne, 31st of October, 2018

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But there is always a little reason for craziness"*

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A Russian Love – Novel – Éditions Didro, Paris 2017



Édition DIDRO
B.P. 209 – Rue de la Réunion – Villejust
91941 Courtabœuf CEDEX
© Luc Delfosse
ISBN : 978-2-36087-000-4
Dépôt légal : décembre 2018