

*Antośku! Since yesterday you have been (t)here by my side. A bit behind to my right, somehow diagonally facing my shoulder so that when I slightly turn, we see each other. And they say that you are not. They say that you are not (t)here, that you are not (t)here any more. They say that there is your grave and that you are there in this grave. And I see you, I feel you, I am with you. You are with me. (T)here now. Sitting straight, calm and peaceful, gently joyful, silent, filled with light from within, surrounded by light from without, fluid, pure, full, very full and very empty. You are smiling at me. You know what, I don't listen to them. I just don't listen to what they say. I experience how I experience, I feel how I feel, I see how I see. This is best for me, and for you too.*