

# Know

There are only four things I have knowledge about.

I know how to make the difference between the three types of silence:

The first silence is a hollow or echoing quiet, made by things that are lacking. The lack of friends who would fill the silence with conversation, the lack of a song that would fill the silence with memories. Things lack and silence remains.

The second focuses on intentionally silent action. People doing things which should make noise but they intentionally avoid doing it. In doing this, a smaller silence is added to the larger, hollow one.

Noticing the third silence is harder. He would describe it as the silence of a man who is waiting to die. I rather say the third silence is the silence of a person who doesn't know. I know few things -four things- but I do know things. People who don't have knowledge about anything can easily notice this silence. The third silence is the greatest of the three, wrapping the others inside it.

I know about the name of the wind, but I do not know the name of the wind. They would not allow me to. I got stuck in the first, and they wouldn't get me the second. I'm trapped here.

The second thing I have knowledge about is that I don't like where I am. When I open my eyes every morning, white surrounds me, silence surrounds me. There's a high shelf filled with books. It seems that I've read all of them, but I guess I didn't like them. Books all say different things while people flap their yellow wings. Every time I look at that stack of information keeping objects this comes to my mind, accompanied by a nice melody. I struggle to ignore the shelf so I can get away from that sentence, because once it comes to my mind, it won't go until I fall asleep. This task is quite difficult when that cursed shelf is the only thing around me. I even once dreamt about flying books.

I actually can't remember anything about those books, so I don't know anything about them. They're just there annoying me. Staring at me with their yellow non-outstretched wings, filled with words without meaning. So, yes. That's the second thing I know. I hate where I am, because I don't know anything about it. I don't know anybody here, I don't know the books that are found here and I don't know me. I only know four things, and none of them is my actual situation.

The third thing I have knowledge about is my mom. Some people eventually talk to me and ask about how I am feeling, but why do they care? They look at me with compassion and say: "you'll be well, grandma". I don't know who grandma is, and mom would always tell me not to talk to strangers.

The fourth thing I know is that I want to go with my mom.