



Frost. Morning frost awoke me reaching under the covers. Damn window! It wouldn't have bothered me earlier – on the contrary. Sometimes it is better to have a small hole in the window, rather than a complete one, especially during humid days when you have it open. Even if you open the shutters slightly you need to watch it's not too much, because it easily turns into a cold draft. The small hole, which had been serving as ventilation, was like my safety valve. My space was filled with the fragrances and the colors of the nearby trees. Sometimes cicadas' chords funded me a concert of vespers. The *ostinati* of their rhythms settled me into lethargy and coupled with the evening's shadows, urged me to write. I would sit down on the floor in front of the window and try to transform myself into the softness of this green scent filling the room. The books I wrote in at the time had that aroma. Inside the pages, the privets, birches and pines broke in and would fill the spaces between the lines of ink. And so the summer went by, full of those evenings when I would be writing intoxicated and

I would fall asleep drunk with flavors on top of the scattered papers.

But cold and chill arrived one day. The hole became noticeable. It did not bother me that I was forced to continue listening to the cicadas. The piercing frost was what unsettled my peace. In the beginning I would mock its attempts, hidden like a butterfly in a cocoon of quilts. But the day came to realize that I am not able to defend myself any longer. So I went to the glazier. He lived on the outskirts of the town. I wondered why he would have such an extensive collection of paintings. His questions would also sound rather strange.

– Could you please describe it to me? Is it large, small, with teeth, oval, round, fractured, cracked, narrow, wide, has sharp edges, or is it rather smooth?

– I am cold so I would like you to take care of it please...

Those silly questions would make me feel interrogated, and even though my interlocutor would not look directly into my eyes even for a second, I felt like I was being drilled with the sight of unseen,

omnipresent eyes. I left when the moon already seized all the daylight. I passed between the streets where slivers of the moon spilled over to stroke the heads of cobblestones.

The moon checked into the windows of homes like a proud Mandarin, only not into mine. He was dissatisfied with it so he glanced into my room filling it in. I covered myself to the top of my head with the blanket, but I could still feel that he was reaching up my skin. He blinded every puff of the dust. That hole in the pane was his alley. So he unfolded his rays, sharpening them on the glass edges. Lying under the covers I was counting the days to the new moon and thinking about the blissful time when I would be alone again. But when they came, I was restless. The darkness that would fill up my room was even more disturbing. Its paw was now breaking into my life. It was closing its grid on me, and with each passing hour I felt it tightening up, soon to encase the whole world. Glazier came the next day. I almost did not recognize the man when I saw him in a completely different environment. He however did not loose his inner strength: the all-encompassing

glance that I felt that day when we met. He came in and immediately took over each and every thought. He did not look at me at all, immediately approaching the window. Then I saw his hands. These were not the hands of the worker, which would bear traces of splinters, chips and shards. He touched the hole with the same touch with which Klimt endowed a man in "The Kiss". Glazier paid no attention to me, but I felt that any movement would not go unnoticed. For example, if I sat down, set the kettle, or even looked at the clock, I would belittle this ritual. However, I found myself in a strange situation. I realized that if I do not interrupt, this visit could take a long time. But I was not able to bring myself to do that. I prayed for a miracle. If only the moon would drive his grabby hands with his silvery glare ...

But the day has only begun and the red sun did not want to give up the firmament so easily.

I forgot about another devotee, who I luckily called in on time. It was the wind, as if casually, that chilled glazier's hands – a trickster that effectively sobered up his inclinations. Still, not looking in my

direction, glazier eventually detached his hands from the pane and his eyes looked somewhere into the distance, beyond the horizon. As if he wanted to say goodbye with his glance, to what has just ended. Only now I noticed that my guest had brought with him a briefcase. It looked old. It was frayed in some places. Enchanted by the sight, I could not move. I did not know how long we stood like that - I only knew that when he left, darkness began to engulf the shutters. I experienced some kind of odd feeling, as if I had not been left alone in the room.

I made an appointment for the next day, but I felt a mysterious presence the whole time. The moon again began his courtship to the pane, attending with reverence to her hollows like painful wounds. Writing was difficult today, because his jealous glare was still entangled in the pages as the moon was peeking at them impatiently. The next day I was expecting the appearance of the glazier with angst. The hole has become a nuisance, but I feared most his gaze. I decided that today I will not give in, so I moved the chair and on the table I laid out my writer's workshop. When he came

I pretended to be very busy with work, but he paid no attention. He immediately went to the window and briefly touched the hole and then began to hang the prints around. I tried to focus on my work, but I stood in one spot, continuously writing sentences with meaning I could not comprehend. I did not realize when I started tapping with my pen. I set water for a mint tea. Glazier worked scrabbling something, doing many sketches and drawings. With the dusk he left me without a word. The work was still unfinished, so I thought he would be back the next day. However, he did not appear the next day, or the few following. He came finally in a week. He was carrying his briefcase, but this time he had in it many pieces of glass: thicker, thinner, denser, rougher, lighter. I was matching each of them hundreds of times. They had a very precise cut. They would fit into the hole so precisely that they held even without the glue. I watched his efforts. I was surprised, however, when he rejected each of the pieces grumbling unhappy. With every day I got used to the man's visits. Glazier would come more frequently. I never thought the repairing of one windowpane could take so long.

One day he did not leave. I didn't ask him any questions. I lied on my bed and just covered myself, as usual, up to the top of my head. In the night I was woken by a strange brightness. Awake, I could not remember where I was. The light of the lunar disc changed the room into a cavern. Glazier was gone. The window was wide open and the cold managed to stay in. Not considering it, I got up and approached the window shirtless. For a moment it seemed to me that the swarms of flies sat there with their silvery wings. But it was the hole, sparkling like a diamond necklace in the glass. I was wondering why it was taking so long and why he left the window open, as if he would like to fly away? The next morning I watched bolder than usual how the master worked. I devoured every gesture, every twitch of a hand. He was absorbed in his work. I feared one thing - his unearthly precision and majestic movements. He was like a priest celebrating a mass. Finally, I saw the day when the hole began to fill in with crystal pieces. Precise matching shapes fitted so well, that different parts merged impeccably in one. They differed only with a distinct angle

of light reflection. Flashes appeared as a bauble sprinkled with shattered glass. It was as if the moon had lent them his brilliance. At night reflections of the moon passed through the delicate bonds illuminating an intricately woven spider-web of glue. I stared at the pane as if it were a painting. Reflections were littering the bright spots on the floor. But still I could feel somebody's presence.

In the morning I was awakened by a cold gust of wind. I thought it was a just a dream. On the floor something was shimmering like glass beads. Glazier's intricate design lay in disarray like a torn pearl necklace. Initially, I was seized by remorse. This subtle, unique design ceased to exist. But then again I had a hole in the windowpane. So I went to another glazier. That man spat on the floor, pulled out the window frame, smashed glass, inserted a new one, puttied it and took a lot of money. But he fixed it. I was no longer cold, but neither was the moon shining into my window.