

Lily

She had an easy, virginally white but not a plain, spirit's cute and gentle face. Loyal of self in questions moral, and soul's pure and body. She wasn't spoiled by the parties, though known about them, she was much preferring to sing and sit on the great the greenest corner at the sun-drenched lawn of her home and read the pious volume of the poetry trouvaille. She was a smart, experienced not of her life but the life's of other, that she spectated from the books and quotes mixed with cinema and theatres drama.

She loves the music and singing of birds, finding in them solitude and freedom, that she didn't see at people. The days of her was passing comparatively quickly, but with maximal recoil in her passions, - everyday she was composing songs and various sonnets, strings instruments on her hand were sound like a full concerto altogether her voice, that makes to shiver everybody who hear it. And, burden with a kind heart and beauty, she was wept on one thing - loneliness.

At being alone so long, she started to conceive enmity to lot of people unwillingly. Seemed like they're all forgot the crying sonnets with no possibility to recall; became deaf and lost the ability to listen; made themselves blind with no chance to see the nature, that came to suffer by the humanity unconcern. She didn't need in people and at same moment she needs it. She was loving her loneliness hard, but with every year, every month, every week and day of that she felt that she may to get mad, her social aspiration is dying every day, seems like that was the atonement for one's spiritual pleasure.

Sometimes she was visited by the only 2 friends that she had. Sitting on the veranda with violin playing and great chanting with mugs of mint tea, talking about everything in the world and then watching movies - this is how they spent their time, Lily loved them. There were many attempts to get her out of the house, to a party, where, as her friends assured her, an abundance of interesting people, however, the only thing she could go to and where she took her friends was the river. Looking on how unrestrained, intemperate stream the river, she seen the time, unreserved time's flowing, and, like a time, the water, she was sick. Looking on how unrestrained, intemperate stream the river, she seen the time, unreserved time's flowing, and, like a time, the water seen origin of ages, all the variations of human, seen the flare of promised be endless love and its end, heard the clash of swords and words that growth by ages into the bombs and rockets reminding the direst thunder strikes, seen the cheerfulness revels bringing to mind Dionysus corteges, seen the men silence and heard the woman cry, seen how is looking for a solitude composer to start compose, the best concertos and cacophonies of named geniuses, seen besotted gaze of male and heard to shout of female, seen the using of kind and kindness die. All that forced to see, compelled to hear, river stayed same crystallly clear (with no taking in attention megapolises water).

That was spring, her the lovest season, when the freezing cold passed down but the summer heat has not yet arrived, that she hate so much. When the all are blooms and impresses you with view and smell. At this season she like to stroll through the city to see how the people are looking, to see the town itself and girths with park. She was walking along the picturesque park alley, at both sides of that was overgrowing with lindens and newly blossomed roses with tulips,

behind them inviting to lie down an asphodels meadows and volant fluff made the picture fully complete. Wandering, she noticed the young man, that walking and shooting with camera the people that passing him, - 1 flash, amazed funny reaction, sometimes the shouts like "Hey what are you doing?!" and moved on. On the first gaze, that seemed nothing of unusual about what he doing, as in that whom he shooted. However, looking attentively, she noticed at every human, every face that he photographed an atypical beauty that showed the imprint of life experience, whether it happy, "clear" face that showing the joy of life (oh how few of them in my land), or on the contrary, depicting the unwilling suffer of the past years (oh, how much of them in my land). There were those which on you can not to say hapiness is it or suffer, but may to say the one thing - wealth of experience and wide mind with thoughts seems like every wrinkle on his face speak of it, as though he know something hidden of all. All the people the photographer took the "portraits" was united by the one thing - a superordinary faces that not the all may to notice.

They were going to one side and seen each other they were suddenly stop and looked. Lily abruptly felt the inexplicable sens that she met an old friend, and that she was well known with him.

He by himself was a medium height young man with blond long hair and the face notwithstanding it was asymmetrical, it was pretty attractive. From the eye look of him winnows the cold, possessing a thin lip, his smile was quite mocking, the body seemed quite flexible, the gait of him was spwaling, free, as the style of clothing.

He smiled kindly, and here was 5 sec pause.

-Are you photographer? - Lily asked sharply enough.

-Best in city, - answered he with slight smile quite self-praisefully.

-How can photographer be the best or worst? I always thought that - photographer is the human that sharing with whole the world his view on it and aesthetic, so you declare that, you have best world-viewing and aesthetic? - Lily said with note of curiosity and impatience.

-Photo scene is multifaceted, could the photographer that unable to spectate see the hidden beauty that is also multifaceted? With limited life experience and bounded in a small place is able to fill the colors a thing that seemed at first gaze so ordinary? At this sense, i think, good photographer is also poet. - not tearing off the eyes for Lily, like spectating every emotion of her with slight smile he replied.

- Poet - is a bard, the human able to put the feelings and thoughts on paper and summon the storm of paysages in your mind, a whirlwind of experiences and pleasures, and sometimes disgusts, although, not the all have this ability.

-I always thought that the poet - an essence very depenced by the external world anyway. He's always need to be in tempest of developments he`s like a reckless drunken ship willfully gone in sailing at storm sake to experiences, emotions and views and thoughts that he would not have seen in the calm sea; he should got enough of pain and delights, raptures and disgusts, beauties and ugliness, seen the best corners of the world and worst, felt all the sins and benefactors of himself, of people around him. To write the great poetry he should to self-sacrifice himself into the great stream of life, must to do not miss anything from life, in this sense poet also a

spectator. What about a poet would write if he was locked at home all the time, if his ship was endlessly being in calm? Of course, I do not speak the all about. However, to the overwhelming majority. There are great minds that draw inspiration only from within, true philosophers, but here is so few of these geniuses, and they are all in the past.

Lily was in silence. Lily thought so too, even though she didn't want to believe it, being alone all the time, she had been missing out on her life since she was young, which was very annoying to her.

- You are very handsome. You know, I always do not understand that why the people don't judge others outwardly, here is so many that give you away! I do not talk the concretely the beauty about, I'm not. I mean looking on face, I may to characterize man's temperament, character, mood, kind or evil, smart or fool, sinful or beneficent, you just should be little more observant, yet again. Even so, there are individuals that may to make the deceptive impression. And beauty as it is sometimes remaining a mystery, there are so many types of beauty! Sometimes I absolutely do not understand how some contriving to still stay beauty, in spite of... Nevermind. I all this to the fact that most of all I appreciate this kind of beauty like yours. May i shoot you?

Lily wasn't mind. Although the statement about beauty slightly amused.

-Are your photos were exhibited somewhere?

-I am not interesting at photography only. For me, photography is rather about collecting than something professional or art. All the exhibitions only in vast of internet.

-So, what is proffesional thing for you? - Lily was really interesting at this man.

-I like lot of things. I think that is great to be able to do lot of differences. The best human that is may too able to a lot of at a nice way., - he said such a contradictory thought so calmly, as if he had many arguments for it, but Lily decided not to challenge it.

-All the things that I do, -she began, - is too rather hobby than something professional about. Except of me and pair of my friends noone seen and heard that what I do. But, is this really important to do that what named promotion? I getting the clear pleasure at what am I doing and do this with no less soul than If I did it for money. Someone is doing this only for satisfaction of ego, - poet, who started to write only for became to name himself a poet. And someone is lost their head when got the public acceptance, forgetting themselves, became arrogant, or vice versa, they are suffering. Not for all needed this professionalism for happiness, it's important to understand.

Photographer eyed on her seriously with appreciating gaze.

-And, you are one of that people who do not need this professionalism and glory? Even the slight illusion of glory to see? - he seemed serious.

-I don't know, I never tried nothing. All the time I've been alone, also I cannot to went from there, from my loneliness, - said Lily not sad, but with this very note.

The eyes of him are flashed, and filled with such a live fire, like a kid that found long desired toy.

-You are so candid, what is your name? - he answered with cheerful voice.

-I'm candid only cause of I want it. Lily, and you?

- Ian. - he extended his white and seemed flexible hand. - Don't you want to meet again, mmmm... Maybe next week? I really liked to speak and have a time with you.

Lily was little confused but at all she liked him too, so she didn't mind.

-Fine! I have to go, so here is my number, was nice to meet you, bye till the next week!

He quickly disappeared from sight and Lily start to home too.

After returning home, taking a shower, and eating dinner, Lily lay down and began to think about this meeting. She was in a great mood. Finally, someone was interested in her! At that, the girl's social drive was ignited, she liked someone, liked his thoughts that were so close to her, liked his observation and outlook! His thoughts about poets were close to her, this is what she had always rejected because of her own barrier, for she herself wants to live without living yet! Only at that moment did she realize that her favorite poets had actually traveled the world, or drank every night in pub taverns, or every weekend at balls and (for the modern world) clubs. She wanted to finally start her life, she decided that she was ready, she could no longer leave things as they were. She wanted to end her loneliness. She rummaged through her old things for an old notebook. Old notebooks are something incredible and scary, you can refresh your memory with old thoughts, reasons for why you started something, however, some things even if you read you won't remember anymore. Here, in her notebook, she found her own old quotes:

The most enchanting in cocoon that

Chance to live like a butterfly

One time, but bright

Be it ten to one

The flight is short, try to fly

Noone safe of fall

And yes I know

It's hurt too far

To live for death

You be king of end, and you on heir.

"Yes, really! I've been in a cocoon for so long! Here's the time to start flying, here's the time to feel life!"

Lily was really encouraged, she thought, that was enough. Now it was time to live and experience this world, otherwise why be at all.

The week passed. During that time, she changed her mind several times. Maybe it's not worth it, she's lonely but in spite of that she feels very good, maybe it's not worth changing anything. In fact, it is only a meeting with a new acquaintance, why think so deeply about it if everything is already decided. She called him, and they arranged to meet the next day. And she decided to

pick out an outfit. She generally likes to dress up, and she's good at it. She followed fashion shows so she herself dressed as if she were a fashion show. She could be dressed in dresses with slanted seams successfully combined with accessories as if she were going to the ballroom, and she could be so that you could not tell her from a girl - a hobo. She thought that fashion was very different these days than it had been in years past. These days there are both fashion designers who are great at creating classic clothes and those who have a new look, and there are those who love rags. She likes well-dressed people, but their clothes don't always fit them. She often thinks about whether clothes can express your inner world, your personality. There are definitely those who can match themselves with clothes, but the vast majority pay tribute to aesthetics and beauty without giving it much thought. She believes that many designers in search of a new style and method of surprise are not changing the face of fashion, but distorting it. She was of the opinion that it is inevitable that the world will be taken over by fashion, and that is what is happening now. Are there those who really don't care what it looks like? We know who those people are. She thought that with the development of the web, fashion is only gaining momentum and she was right, through the web people look at others (such are the realities) and think about clothes, style and beauty. Lily can perfectly accentuate her character and mood with her clothes. Realizing she wasn't going to the ballroom, she decided to wear a T-shirt with the "All Pigs Must Die" print and an illustration of a butcher carving a pig with Russian Nazi symbols, tucked into stiff cotton pants, heavily cut by herself until they looked like pieces of rag, and great high boots.

They agreed to meet at one o'clock in the afternoon near the same botanical park where they had first met. It was a sunny spring day, and all the people looked happy. She waited fifteen minutes for him, and here he was! He was dressed as he had been the last time and looked like he hadn't been home since their last meeting. They exchanged greetings, smiled at each other, he complimented her T-shirt, and they started chatting about nothing. What is very important in everyday life is the ability to talk without making any sense, it turns out not all people are capable of that.

Easily taking the initiative, the photographer took her to a place "most appropriate for a cup of coffee and berry cheesecake. On the way, she was again pleasantly surprised by his unconventional views on ordinary things, which were quite different from the "common" ones. He was an unusual man in himself, it was as if he had a separate shelf in his head for every thought, and all these thoughts were close to Lily, sometimes she was amazed, and he saw it and watched with delight. It was as if he fascinated her. It was as if he exuded a strong energy, an unfathomable unpredictability. "He knows something," Lily decided. In turn, he took great pleasure in sharing his thoughts with her, looking at her reaction, at her.

Upon arriving at her destination, Lily was a little surprised. Immediately she noticed how diverse the contingent of the place was. Everyone was unusual in their own way, the clothes, the hairstyles, the variety of tattoos on someone, the faces, the energy in everyone was different but equally strong, she thought everyone was very beautiful. The place itself was also unique. It was called the Black Captain. There were black knight's armor behind a display case at the entrance to the hall, hence the name. It was like a world hidden from view. Although they were different from most people, they were still similar. It couldn't be called a subculture, no, it didn't fit them at all. They all seemed real. Lily realized that these were the people her friends had told her about. But this was not a club, just a coffee bar! Instead of the usual tables there were

hanging boards on a chain and many paintings, made in the Gothic style, a counter, behind which there was always a slightly drunk barista, several windows with different sorts of tea and coffee, inside the institution played different music, from jazz to dark jazz, from 60s garage rock to hardcore, electronic music and even sometimes masterpieces of world classics. The layout of the place is arranged so that when you walk in, all eyes are on you. The photographer knew almost everyone in the room. While Lily chose her order, Jan walked around and exchanged a few words with almost everyone present. Everyone smiled at him and had a generally positive attitude. Those he hadn't reached yet suddenly interrupted their dialogue with his interlocutor and froze in anticipation, staring at him. Lily, for her part, was not shy; in fact, she was curious about what was going on around her.

- Interesting people, aren't they? - Everyone wants to be different, but only a few of them are really different. Only a few of them are really what they are," he said wistfully.

Lily watched in silence. She knew what he was talking about, it was a kind of warning. Not everyone here is what they want to seem, what they want to be.

-You seem to come here a lot, don't you? - remarked Lily, smiling slightly;

-Not that often. It's just that I know a lot of people from here, even people I don't want to know, and a lot of people know me, even people who've never talked to me. And anyway - it's just a coffee shop, no need to accentuate the place.

The last phrase sounded like an admonition, Lily thought it meant something, but she didn't care.

-This guy," he pointed to a black-haired guy in a great shirt with silver cufflinks, "who talks to baristas, he's a clothing designer in our town, and he also has a band.

-What's playing?

-It's hard to say, he's experimental. And this girl is an artist, she had a show recently. And this guy in the tattoos on the corner, he's supposed to be a tattoo artist, and he's been on tour in Europe these days and he's an amazing artist.

Lily stared at them studiously, at which point the photographer seemed very pleased. And then she started asking him again.

-Do you have tattoos, too?" - she asked sharply, a little shyly, a question he had expected.

-No. I like the way it looks on others and in general, but I like my clean body," he replied nonchalantly, "and these guys...

He didn't have time to finish his sentence before a group of four men entered, accompanied by loud laughter and loud voices that instantly drew everyone's attention. Lily noticed that everyone knew them, judging by the reactions. One guy had fiery red curls of gorgeous texture with clear white skin, a pretty face, a small nose, symmetrical lips, and a guitar behind his back. The man who laughed the loudest was a man who looked older than them; frankly, he contrasted with them because he looked like a businessman who had just completed a big deal. He himself was of Caucasian appearance, so you couldn't tell by eye how old he was. There was also a blonde with a very unusual appearance, Lily was fascinated by her, she looked like a heroine from a movie. The fourth of them didn't have very long but great cascade style hair, a

homemade T-shirt, he had snake eyes and face, and drumsticks that he wore on his belt. There was a very strong energy emanating from them, involuntarily drawing all attention to them.

-Hey, it's Ian!" - the red-haired guy shouted cheerfully and surprised, and the photographer looked at Lily at the same time and smiled, he seemed to nod slightly at her, - "Hey kid, you're not so easy to catch, are you? You're always disappearing somewhere. How' you doing?"

-I'm fine. This is Lily, my new friend.

-Hello. Jan has a great talent for finding an exceptional friends. You're very beautiful, you could fall in love, my name is Axel," he introduced himself.

Lily liked him, he gave a friendly and charming impression.

-This Caucasian is Khalil, her name is Anna and this is my drummer, Max,

-Hi, do you think I can't not introduce myself? - Anna started, - Nice T-shirt, did you do the silkscreening yourself?

-No, it's a limited edition one guy, I have another one at home, I can resell it to you,- suggested Lily;

-Yes! -Thank you, dear!

The photographer watched this meeting with great attention, and Lily's growing interest.

-So, do you guys have a band?" asked Lily, looking at the guitar behind Axel, "probably not easy music, judging by your appearance..."

Axl and Max looked at each other with a smile.

-We play different styles, depending on the mood. Sometimes it's really heavy music and sometimes it's slow and deep, like hypnotic, sometimes some kind of hybrid with electronics, I don't know, I think yes, we are experimental, - Max answered with a note of boredom, most probably they were asked this question many times and they don't know the answer themselves yet.

-Yes, that's half the world of experimenters, -Halil said with a slight sneer, -All musicians who haven't found themselves in a certain direction of their music are experimenters.

-Is that a bad thing? Everything always needs a new breath, and music is no exception. Today you're an experimenter, tomorrow you're a genius who has found a new style, a new sound. In this matter experimenters are always ahead, and it's not interesting to play something that has already been played. - Anna remarked, looking at Axel meaningfully, as if she had done him a favor by expressing his own thoughts. Lily had noticed at all that there was more than friendship between these two, but not love, as she supposed.

-And at the same time, it is a thankless business to create a new sound. You can repeat and jump around like crazy with your guitar every day, spend a huge number of hours creating that sound, thinking about what else I can do, and while you're thinking, "Yes! This is it! I love this sound, this is my soul," millions of others will go on listening to songs about smoking weed in the car or about heartbreak, I have nothing against songs about heartbreak, but 90% of them are like written by a 9-year-old girl. Khalil was very concerned about these themes.

-Why ungrateful?" begins Ian, "I listen to them, I listen to something that puts my soul into it. And I'm grateful to them, real musicians, and tens of thousands, sometimes hundreds, are also grateful. Does even one person listen to you?" it was said very seriously, as if the subject had touched him to the core.

-Come on, I'm an artist... Khalil started and was interrupted,

-Yes, an artist who draws only when he is drunk, and then quickly hides his work, - interrupted Max mockingly, but Khalil was not the least bit embarrassed.

-Don't talk about what you don't understand," he said without anger in his voice. Why don't we change locations? I want to go to Landscape Lane.

-I want to buy some wine, does Lily? - Anna suggested.

-I don't really drink at all, but if only a little, then why not,|| Lily answered without thinking much.

They went to the liquor store and then to the alley. They walked all day until dark, of course Lily was drunk enough to loosen up and open up. The wine helped Lily be more open to dialogue, discussion, and sharing her thoughts. All in all, it was a great time, they walked all over the city and occasionally went to different places like the Black Captain, and Lily got to know different people from a bohemian environment, so to speak. From every place they went, they would pick up a new person and continue their walk. There was a lot of laughter and humor, dancing and singing, and they walked until nightfall in the light of the street lamps, and Lily imagined that they were burning just for them. They talked about many things, and at every opportunity Lily missed no opportunity to brag about her knowledge. She shared her knowledge of religion, quoting Milton in time, she showed them her favorite music, which by the way did not surprise them much, such a new generation that can only be surprised if it is an absolute deviation from the norm in music, and poetry, poetry was the rarest thing they talked about, it is also not in fashion these days, but they talked about fashion too, and here Lily showed specific tastes that amazed them, Lily amazed them in general. The photographer took a lot of pictures, especially Lily, she was the queen of the day as everyone was very interested in her, and it's easy to see why. She was beautiful, smart, witty and very intelligent (which is not the same as smart, mind you). The photographer would sometimes go off somewhere, everyone said it was normal for him, he always does that. So, Lily met a lot of people she was interested in, and they liked her too, and she understood that. In turn, they surprised her with more than just looks and energy. Each of them had a different outlook, different from what she was used to, they told her a lot of previously unexplored things for her, initiated her into, let's say, the other side of music, which really had a purpose to surprise her with a new sound, though it seemed to Lily still incomplete. They told her how their lives were going, shared stories and revelations, told her about places in the city that Lily had already heard about from her friends, exhibitions and concerts that happened to be held every week! They showed her the example of life that Lily had decided to come to. And, having successfully finished their wine, they began to disperse for a bit. they shared their phone numbers and contacts in the NETWORKS, and Lily caught a cab back home. After another disappearance, a photographer showed up and asked if he could go visit her.

After that they returned home, she went to take a shower while the photographer cooked a meal. She stepped out of the shower and immediately sensed an incredible aroma spreading throughout the house. He was cooking soy meat with vegetables. Lily had never eaten more delicious vegetables, all the spices were perfectly matched, and the photographer himself said he simply adored Indian food. The soy chops came out so juicy, a delicious broth was literally pouring out of them, if Lily was just starting to give up meat, she would eat only them, because they really looked like a steak. When served, this whole arrangement was laid out on cabbage leaves and sprinkled with sesame seeds and very lightly drizzled with teriyaki sauce so that it didn't overshadow the taste of the vegetables themselves. After they ate, he said, just today he bought a fine Chinese Tie Guan Yin tea at Black Captain:

-This variety has wonderful relaxing properties,|| he began to describe, -perfect for ending the day and before bedtime. It was used by Buddhist monks to cleanse their minds from an agitated state. Their mental state was brought into a worldly balance, which facilitated the meditation process.

She brewed some loose tea, the aroma of which reminded me of nuts in honey, poured it into cups and asked:

-Do you like my friends? Probably our friends already," Ian asked playfully.

-- I enjoyed the walk in general, you have a very interesting company. Some of them made a bad impression on me, but all in all it was fun.

The photographer smiled at her. Then he began to study the room where they were sitting.

-- This is an Orpheus solo, from the 1970s. A Bulgarian stripe, what a rarity, where did you get it? - His eyes lit up.

-Let's call it an inheritance from my father.

-Can I play a little?

-Do you play? -Lily asked a little surprised.

-Yes, I play, -I told you I have many passions. So can I?

-Certainly.

He took his instrument and plugged it into an amplifier. As soon as he began to play, Lily was more surprised than ever from the first notes. He didn't play with a beat and two chords; he played as if he were holding a piano, not a guitar. Each note intertwined with another as perfectly as possible. The melodies changed one after another, she heard then despair, then fear, notes of anger gave way to sadness, then joy, then it seemed to her that she found herself in vast meadows, drinking fresh birch sap, then she found herself on a witches' coven dancing around a fire doing the ceremony. Sounds gradually intensified, then faded, as if she could hear in these melodies both the singing of birds and the dying cry of the lion, defending his throne to the end. Gradually the music intensified further, and it seemed to Lily to awaken her deepest desires; she was stunned to the point of madness by the mastery she now heard. Gradually approaching the end, the melody was speeding up so fast that it was impossible to believe that six strings could be played like that. He ended his playing, unexpectedly to Lily, with just the

dissonance of the two notes he had so skillfully used! She could not have imagined that the playing could be just like that.

Lilia was silent for a while.

-This is a masterpiece. I've never heard anyone play live like that. You should write music, really, why aren't you a famous musician yet?

The photographer smiled appreciatively; he seemed to be expecting this reaction.

-Thank you. But I'm not sure that this music isn't capable of striking someone the way it struck you. Actually, I have to tell you again - I have many hobbies and passions. If in photography I feel like a collector, then music for me is a release of the soul, a discharge of emotions, a meditation, like the tea for monks that we drink now.

-It's a crime not to share this music.... - Lily remarked slightly reverently.

-I'd rather be the worst villain of all villains these days than a musician. These days anyone with enough money can be called a musician. Or connections in the long rotten pyramid of the music industry, no, I wouldn't call myself a musician, that word has been too vilified over the last decade. All the real musicians I know are out of the public eye, and I hope this will continue, it's better for them, believe me. Ian replied, strangely enough, cheerfully.

-Maybe you're right, but it will go on all the time with thoughts like yours, and the world will never hear new great music again.

-Believe me, let the old system of music rot away, and when independence becomes the only possible outlet for musicians, then there will be a new wave, a new flowering of music. And they went to sleep.

Waking up the next day, the photographer left almost immediately, of course, having prepared a magnificent breakfast. Lily felt at full-value. She had many acquaintances, whom she was not going to refuse, she wanted to completely merge into the atmosphere of those people whom she saw yesterday. And so she did. Literally a week later, she decided to meet this girl Anna and give her a T-shirt, and Lily was invited to an event organized by Anna's friends. Of course, she didn't deny. There she met all kinds of people of art, although some of them have the only name of it, because not everyone who smears paint on canvas is called an artist, right? She showed herself perfectly in front of the organizers of these events, their friends and friends of friends. She explored for herself the tattoo industry to keep the conversation going, and for the same reasons she became a connoisseur of electronic music. The photographer sometimes appeared out of nowhere and spent time with her, and what is most interesting, despite the fact that everyone remarked him, he was the most unremarkable at these parties. Lily, on the other hand, has always attracted everyone's attention and very successfully. She knew how to seem new every time, and show herself in a new way, surprise, amaze people and sometimes amuse with flattery. She began to attach more importance to clothes than ever before, standing in front of the mirror in the hallway in the morning dressed and undressed and dressed again, she chose her outfit even more carefully. Lily has also learned to be hypocritical, to make her believe in something she unbelieve in with no conscience. Sometimes, just waking up, she was called to new adventures, or to some feast, although every day she looked like a fiesta. And so, every day, week and month they began to be recognizable her more and more, even those whom she did not know, and she already knew everyone she wanted to! She didn't miss an any

event and invitation for a walk, she starts to learn more and more new and undiscovered to her earlier, in order to surprise her when she met someone again, although this is also called a key of knowledge. She wasn't been for a long time at one company preferring change it one by one. For every breath of wind, she rushed to quench her insatiable thirst, "not a girl, but a cloud in her pants!". After so prolonged the loneliness, she is now less and less being alone, sometimes not appearing at home for a week. Several times the designers invited her to their fashion show like a model, which on she happily went through, pampering herself with the fact that sometimes she even had to choose. She was going to concerts of various groups, her friends, sometimes not the best, but our heroine, as I said, learned to be hypocritical, but sometimes she really came across real emeralds. She herself also liked to speak in public at every chance. Taking the microphone in her hands with her voice, she was able to sing amazingly and sometimes scream so she made people excited, sometimes she was loving to read her poems, gradually speeding up and turning them into a melody, from which everyone was delighting, and to admit, it was turning out really quite good. She was visiting an abundance of exhibitions of modern paintings where good ones, alas, were few, but the other hand the photographers were mostly good. She also was loving to wander in a cheerful company along the street, entering to the taverns and wine shops of her friends and friends of friends, and where she sometimes met representatives of the Bohemia of the last century, of whom about you may write three tomes of book. She also traveled around Europe with friends who went there on tour, whether it be music or something else. Lily managed to fall in and out of love, although love flew away windily, she managed to beat a young heart. She wrote poetry less and less, because as it turned out, it was not so fashionable in those places where she was. Of all the abundance of people, only a few truly loved and appreciated them, which was important to her. And so, our Lily changed before our eyes, and changed dramatically. Perhaps it seems that everything is quite good, the abundance of people, some really interesting, parties and parties' lot of parties, concerts and exhibitions, fashion shows in which she took part. What can go wrong? The more she walked around, got to know her and was recognized, of course, she started to get bored again. She was bored of parties, songs, and pubs, but not of everything. Still she would have liked some of the modern balls if she had not started to notice more and more fake people. She began to believe that the people around her lived in illusions, some at a young age already at their limit, someone just a slacker with superficial knowledge, a video editor was not keen on editing, but did it to impress others, and some are perfect fakes, not who they really are. As her boredom with these people, places, and times increased, she began to change more and more herself.

Along with how she was recognized, how much she learned, of course, she changed. The faster her surroundings changed, the more she herself changed. She became proud, self-satisfied, and self-loving, and she could not tolerate criticism in her direction. She could quarrel over a trifle or a difference of opinion here and there, if she was rude she was rude twice. Although she herself had until relatively recently been uninitiated in some respects, she herself despised the uninitiated. She became more and more shouty when she had once been silent. She had muddied everything simple, though simplicity used to be her happiness. The birdsong she had forgotten and successfully replaced them with electronic rows, to music that came out of steel. Leaving the vocation of singing and composing behind she plunged more and more into the masquerade balls. Her true happiness she unnoticed exchanged for its semblance. Humiliating those whom she had previously been, humiliated she herself in the eyes of the audience became vain. She could not give the wings of a newcomer a sweep of criticism and disgrace.

Today she is kind and joking and perhaps even innocent, and tomorrow she is vain and deceitful. Our Lily is no longer pure, though her beauty has not gone anywhere. She did not always give her public speeches to others. Every day afterwards, more and more rumors about her were spreading, not the best. Once, passing by one guy she thought, just thought, that he insulted her in some way, being a little drunk, she poured on him a glass of wine, the man was surprised, he assured her that he said nothing about her and did not even know her, and she was still angry, just passed on in his business. There, with a disbanded musician, she came up and disrupted the concert in a way that was memorable for a long time. There, she shamed an innocent girl and then got drunk and did all sorts of wild things-sometimes funny, sometimes you want to cry. Her reputation, to which she had been so careless, was gradually ruined. At first she did not notice how many acquaintances she had made, and she continued to go crazy. She was so in over her head that she couldn't come to her senses. She was getting into more and more quarrels and drinking and perverting. As rumors spread, she lost more and more of her so-called friends and acquaintances. Her reputation, from a splendid, intelligent and deeply spiritual person with multifaceted interests, was transformed into that of a wild, unbridled narcissist and proud maiden, her reputation polluted by her actions towards others, by the quarrels and conflicts that were becoming more and more frequent. People wondered if she had lost her mind, for the change was abrupt, unexpected, and rather unpleasant. Instead of her singing she only showed people shouting rather unfortunate, her music became distorted and lost its melody and rhythm. She began not to follow her expressions and finally everything happened - people lost interest to her, all that was left was disgust, dislike, rumors, some even pity. More and more people walked away at the sight of her, less and less people invited her anywhere. She began to lose so-called friends, acquaintances. And even with the most recent ones, she started a conflict. The photographer also hadn't shown up anywhere for a long time and he didn't answer his phone. She was left all alone, again. This time, however, things are completely different. Before, this loneliness had been her world, her salvation and refuge, but now it had become an unbearable torment. She no longer wanted to appear even in the black captain from whence it all began, for everyone knew her, and her in the not-too-distant past, and what she had too suddenly become.

During the weeks of loneliness, she despaired and suffered several times from her own self as she had become, and just as her self-love, pride and smugness came back to her, only not for long, it was a struggle of sorts. Still, her suffering took over. She began to hate and despise herself. When the solitude she loved, the inspiration and caresses of the muses, her soul she traded for what she called "the world of illusion." Looking in the mirror, she wondered how her beauty was preserved by her mutilated soul. She wanted to play the piano, but melody and rhythm were no longer her forte. She wanted to start writing, but the muses left her. She wanted at least to read, but her own thoughts were as loud as thunder in a storm. There was not even music left for her to listen to, all music reminded her of the past, the not-so-distant, the distant and what she already thought was irrevocable. She stopped feeling alive. She felt more like a ghost than alive. Have you ever experienced this? You no longer feel like yourself, your thoughts are no longer yours, you only exist and within yourself is a terrible monster that pulls you deeper and deeper into a place so deep that not even hell can be heard there. You wander aimlessly, looking for something to cling to in order to get out of here, but there's nothing to cling to. Eventually, even if the opportunity presents itself, you no longer have the strength to fight.

After a little over a month of this life, a photographer showed up, called her, asked how she was doing, where she was, what she was doing, and wanted to arrange a rendezvous, but Lily refused. Instead, she invited him over. He showed up two hours later, brought wine, which Lily refused, and, as if he knew, tea. He cooked soybean batter, vegetables, this time sprinkled with parmesan, and they ate in silence. After the tea was made, they sat down at the table. The photographer looked at her rather seriously, but without pity or contempt; the emotions were vague.

-You haven't been anywhere for a long time, I even missed you. - the photographer began easily, smiling good-naturedly.

-This is coming from a person who is always disappearing somewhere.

After her remark about the scholarly ass, his eyes laughed slightly.

-You know," began Lily, "before I met you, before I met the boys, I sat here alone, I was fine, very fine, I wrote, read, played instruments, loved music, sometimes embroidered things, I bathed in a boundless sea of inspiration and heard the whispers of the muses, I had constant romances and tides of emotion, pure and innocent, I was kind and unspoiled. I swam in the ocean of poetry, ran through the meadows of their poesies, gave myself to music, real music, leading to awe, I loved to sing, though no one but me could hear, it was enough for me, and, thinking that this solitude was my misery (how I wish I could return that misery), thinking that I was young and should have time to live, I sold inspiration, muse and my innocent purity for illusions, for unworthy goals that I was so enchanted with, I sold my refuge, which was my salvation. -Lily's eyes were moist, she restrained herself.

-What prevents you from living again, as before, in your sanctuary? - the photographer asked seriously.

-What keeps me from... I feel like I'm in an eternal storm, I can't remember that forgotten feeling of peace and joy that was once my life, I no longer see the beautiful colors of life, I can't hear the melody of spring, all these parties, alcohol, these people have led me to self-destruction, my soul has become ugly, my personality is distorted, I don't understand how it could have happened. How I turned into this, I'm not me anymore. I can no longer hear my thoughts, there sits the monster, the horrible demon I have raised this year, how I could sell my world, my honor, my innocence for this, for what I am now. In my rush to live I have lost my way in the flow of life, I have become corrupt and twisted, I have become evil, I have become proud, I have killed my talents that I loved so much, I am no longer who I was, and I fear that I will no longer be."

After listening to her, the photographer looked at her thoughtfully, but without sorrow, then turned away and began to ponder what he had said, while Lily sat with wet eyes.

-No, you won't be what you were," he said calmly at last, "you have lost your way, you have too easily become conceited and forgotten, too quickly become vain, arrogant, too easily imposed on yourself previously rejected values, too quickly exalted them to heights. But don't be cruel to yourself, you're just a victim for failing to make good use of what you had, what you received. Yes, you will no longer be what you were, but you can still remember and regain what you lost, though not in its original form. Perhaps, having been in two different skins, you might even become a species extraordinaire...

-What do you mean by "victim"?

-I mean that you couldn't cope with the flattery you were told, with the general recognition of people so interesting to you and the subsequent destruction of your expectations about them with the reality that they are the same ordinary people, instead of using your talents and creating with a wonderful public, you preferred to forget them, as well as to forget yourself in the sea of entertainment and communication. You resemble the characters in 17th and 18th century French books in some respects, but you have it all happening a lot faster," Ian explained rather ruthlessly.

After a little silence and thought, the tears left Lily's eyes and were replaced by anger, anger at the fact that he had changed her self-suffering image for her into an image of guilt for her actions, she was angry that he had dared to accuse her, she was angry at the truth that she herself knew but expected to receive advice, compassion but not this, she felt a sharp flash of sufficient unreasonable anger.

-How can you tell me this, it was you! It was you who brought me to this, it was you who introduced me to this "broken generation," it was you who, when we agreed to meet, brought me to the black captain for some reason and introduced me to everyone. I thought you were all really special, that you were exactly the people I missed, people of art (ha, if it's called art you'd better forget about art) musicians (no-nonsense experimenters only to surprise with cacaphony), I thought you were all smart although your intelligence is not worth a drop of intelligence of real geniuses, I thought your range of interests was vast and universal but it's not covers the shores that you yourself have occupied, you are all just window dressing, vampires feeding only on illusion and self-deception.

You will never achieve more, you are already at your limit, you are not free though you talk about freedom, you are all just a broken wreck.

Ian, hearing this, sat silent for a few minutes or so and drank his tea, still looking at her without pity or disdain, still positioning himself as an observer. Unexpectedly for Lily he went to the piano. At the first notes, just like when he played the guitar, but on the piano it sounded more complete, she felt the shivers and thrills and the depth of his music, she felt the feelings of music again for the first time after a long time, and what! Beginning with a slow melancholy melody he accelerated to anger and a real storm, then gradually slowing down, going from melodic to rhythmic he sang even more unexpectedly for Lilia. He sang in a deep, gorgeously tuned and sung baritone, perhaps even mighty. He sang slowly, hypnotizingly distinct every word.

1

Lying beside the river - the great Lily, she sing;

The song of her is make you see

Like a failed the bird, and then -

Flying round the ground;

2

Eternal dances, your fancies

And in the glasses is juice of red grass

Make you waked of fears

Or maybe is that some tears, made from your madness?

Never-tread time of awakesness

Barrel is endless
One by one sipping various glassfuls
Inch by inch sail away from coast
Still hear your song

5

Sailing through the other coast
You see place you dreamt
But dream was another form
Reverie of another bright.

7

Cause of your, desire of
stranger things, the nature call
to hear, carelessly left it
to be unheard

9

Poor child! The place
you dreaming about
is only on your mind
Playing on your heart symphony
Of never-heard pleasure.

Poor child's is sing
Street lights light for them;
Blue dance on the bridge
Give you stop to think;

6

Who could hurt you Lily?
Cause of your, fell thinks you
Through the storm sailing
Searching in calm

8

You seem to be a calm in storm
And storm inside in that calm
Sail you through other sides
Other riversides

10

And so, stranding from coast to coast
Lily through the stihl was sailing
with the storm inside, singing
about the beautiful white Lily
That through the river arisen.

Lily was in a stupor. She didn't say anything. This song hurt her.

-You said 'you all, you all', but it's me alone here and it's me alone only spoke with you. You said about illusions, about that these people feeling themselves as a special. Here is only you are in illusions and only you are felt yourself as very special, lot of them is just living. Never mind, I am glad that you understand of that is your fault, you'll be alright, I think. Anyway, with you I understood a lot about beauty, thank you. Vale!

And he's gone. No one saw Lily anymore, and there were rumors that she had moved to England and started writing.