

Occupied



She smiles happily. She dances against the backdrop of a red banner that says *Anticapitalista* in Coca Cola letters.

About an hour later I walk home.

I used to work for an antiquarian bookseller and one of his infamous statements comes to mind. *"You can also know too much"*, he would mumble grumpily whenever anybody was too eagerly displaying knowledge.

Not that a lot has changed. Don't give me a pen and paper in order to make a list of what's wrong with this world. I know I'm not supposed to, but secretly I still smile sometimes when the news shows images of shattered windows and smoking cars.

But I know more now. The revolution often aims wrong. The cars and the stores, they are innocent.

That's the least of it.

It's even sadder. I know now that summer comes after spring if you're lucky. More often, nature throws a curve ball and goes straight to fall. Skips summer, just like that.

The beauty of revolution is in that one minute, that tiny spark, the core that starts it, wrote Canetti. It contains the sole ingredient we get to work with. Hope. No matter how naive. Without hope, nothing ever changes.

The sound of a bluesy piano drifts from an open window. "Of course", I think to myself and smile.

If I was 18 years old, I would be standing right there, up front. At present time, I don't want to crush the flower as it's just starting to open her eyes.