

Extracts from the book "L'OSCURITÀ, MA IO HO UNA LUCE" (working in progress) by  
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So, I walk up and down, along this corridor looking out of the window but, even doing that,  
there is no way out.

Those windows separate me from another world.

It is a parallel reality, another realm: split off from life.

I never could have imagined what such a thing would be like ...

It has never occurred to me that it could exist.

I knew it was there, somewhere ...

In my mind, I already knew these places called 'hospitals', but then, they were removed  
from me.

... they were places I could come as a visitor ...

... but I never thought that they could, one day, become my reality.

Now, I am here, in this building, I am living in it, it is within me ...

It is my temporary home.

I can feel it, inside my veins, in my blood ...

All this rotten air that I breathe.

Here, viruses and bacteria are everywhere.

Sick people surround me.

I am sick.

And I have created my sickness.

Last night, I heard someone shouting and screaming all night, without stopping, saying —  
'God, please help me or let me die! ... if you exist, please let me die!'

... and then, after that, crying.

Loudly.

I didn't sleep all night long.

I was hearing his powerful scream ...

... this little voice ... shouting.

I thought about him, alone, in his bed, suffering ... and I was sorry for him.

Nobody can do anything for you.

It is your own pain — only yours.

You, alone, have to deal with it.

Sometimes drugs can help, but only for brief moments.

Suffering is something that cannot be explained.