

A writer does it on her computer

A writer does it in her computer

A writer does it in front of her computer

A writer does it hand in hand with her computer

A writer does it next to her computer

A writer does it if her computer ...

A writer does it despite her computer

O computer

O computer, what am I without my computer ?

What, if my computer would not have been

If my computer had not existed

If all these guys over there in the past with their thick glasses on their nose

and their workshops in the garage had not had the brains to invent my

computer

If my computer had been a dinosaur

Or had stayed stuck in Wonderland

What, If someone really crazy

Had invented a computer which you would use with your toes

and whose screen would be projected

onto the ceiling?

What, if I only had my fingers

If I only had my tongue

If I only had my belly and my legs and my heart and all my stuff

To say what I think I want to say

(Even if I'm not actually really sure they are exactly the things I wanted to say

but...

Whatever)

What, if my computer did not have keys

If my computer was a stone

If writing had been: digging small holes in the stone

And blow on it

And dig again

What if my words had to stay in my head

So long that they would have also turned to stone

Or would have escaped like dust

through my ears

Instead of being engraved on a screen

How fortunate that my computer is not a pebble

a piece of wood or a stretch of sand

Luckily my computer is made of crystals

that mutate and change as my head changes

its crystals grow and build worlds

that multiply and multiply

It's a wonder every day:

I think, and its screen turns black

It has a direct immediate link with my mind
We understand each other without words
We understand each other without moving
almost not moving
With both hands I pet him, and he responds by a shiver

O my computer, my siamese twin
Everything we do together,
All we have accomplished
Everything we will do again, I hope
you are tireless, not like me
you're always ready when I get up
from my bed
you're always here
you are watching with your little lamp
your little lighthouse whirling
all night with me
you palpitate silently
and from time to time you boom

or you snore
but not for very long
you send me your good waves
You are small, you are light, you swallow everything I give you
like a huge treasure chest
whose end I never see

I call you my little mirror
my big mirror should I say
I often think that what you contain
is my autobiography
and if one of these guys with their thick glasses would come to open your
interior
it's my life they would find in it
in billions and billions of characters
my precious computer

If one day my house catches fire
It's you I will carry under my arm