

THE REVEALING PAUSE IN WILKINSON’S LONDON

The following day was one of complete freedom.
No appointments.
No schedule.
No driver.
No ceremony.

I walked through Piccadilly Circus, and my eyes always drifted in the same direction.
Soho.

When I was younger, I had been welcomed into those places.
Not only as a customer.
Also as an observer.
A welcome guest.
Openly welcome.

As the years passed, I learned that weaknesses should not be hidden.
They should be understood.
And, when they harm no one, they can even be nourished by the things that bring us pleasure.

I walked without hurry.
London seemed quieter than usual.
Perhaps the city had changed.
Perhaps I had changed.
Or perhaps it was simply Maggy's influence.

Ever since I had met her, every street seemed to tell a story.
Every building appeared to guard a memory.
Every corner of the city seemed to belong to someone who was no longer there.

For the first time, I was not visiting London.
I was listening to it.

And as I crossed Piccadilly Circus, among the lights, the tourists, and the old ghosts of my youth, I knew that this was not a day of rest.
It was simply the interval between one lesson and the next.

Because the following day I would see my aunt again.
And with her, most likely, another piece of a story that no one had yet finished telling.

Ferdinando Frega