A traveler starting from town A wishes to arrive to town B.
The ancient one said to complete a journey we should at first complete half of the way,
Then half of the rest, then half of what remains, and half of the rest again...
The other ancient one points out the journey of ten thousand miles begins with the first step.
Would it be shorter if both of us started from the opposite ends at the same time?
Lao-Tse, knowing the answer, keeps silent.
Zeno went away hunting hares, or turtles, or young boys.
A traveler starting from town A wishes to arrive to town B,
Where another traveler starts the journey at exactly the same time.
Half of the task is done.

You start from your place and I start from mine.
In my direction you’re taking a step and I’m taking a step in yours.
A letter you write to me and I write you a letter.
A call you make and I make a call.
On your side, a cat is looking through the window and a dog is staring at the horizon on mine.
Optical fibre flows are abundant with invisible echoes of voices and silent reflections of faces.
Pebbles are deaf and dumb.
Still eighteen thousand kilometers between us.

Moon lakes are full of shining sand.
I raise my eyes to the night sky
Meeting your glance in a million sand faces
In two and a half seconds
You are meeting my glance
When you raise your eyes to the full moon.
The way around turns out to be the shortest.

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The Sun looks at itself in the mirroring seascape.
The sea looks at the Sun with eyes full of tears.
Dreams look at each other in mirrors in their dreams.
I look at a candle you are dreaming of.
Dance of the flames on a waving surface.

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<...>
<...>
To the end of the journey, the series of two.