When the music ends

I always listen to music,

Since I woke up

Even before going to sleep.

I like to have something sounding,

A song, a voice, anything,

Because when everything is silent

I'm starting to think too much.

One night I was in my room,

As always, listening to music.

The song ended.

I waited for another one to start,

But my phone went silent.

Then I heard a voice.

I thought it was part of the song,

But the music was gone.

The voice said my name.

I stayed still.

He said it again,

This time a little closer.

I looked towards the door.

Nothing.

I looked at the window.

Nothing.

Then I understood something that scared me more

To hear my name.

The voice didn't come from anywhere.

It came from my head.

Since that night I keep listening to music,

But sometimes I turn it off on purpose.

And when silence comes,

Although it makes me uncomfortable,

I try to stay there.

Because maybe not everything that scares us

It's something we must escape.

Sometimes we are afraid

Simply because we don't want to listen

What we carry inside.

The door

I've always been curious.

If I see something closed,

I want to know what's behind.

If I hear a noise,

I want to find out where it comes from.

And if someone tells me

"Don't ask,"

The first thing I think is:

"Why?"

One afternoon I found a door

That I had never seen.

She was old

And it had a small note.

He said:

DON'T OPEN.

I stared at her.

I knew I had to go.

But my curiosity won.

I opened the door.

There were no monsters inside,

Not even ghosts,

Or anything strange.

There was only one mirror.

I approached.

My reflection was there.

But it didn't move.

I raised my hand.

Not him.

I stared at him.

Then my reflection smiled.

Not me.

I closed the door immediately.

When I looked again,

The door was no longer there.

Since then I've been wondering

What would have happened?

If I had stayed a little longer.

But I also understood something:

Curiosity is not always bad.

Thanks to her we know, we learn

And we discover new things.

But there are also moments

In which to know less

It can be a way to take care of ourselves.

Because some doors

Are closed for a reason.

And not all mystery