

A House for a Melancholic Poet

A milky white light drips from the gaps in the window shutters and falls over the pinewood floor of the room and the thick blanket that covers Kalevi's body. He wakes up and feels the heavy breath of another winter day that he secretly wished never to come. The wind blowing through the trees outside reminds him of the rush and anxiety of a world that seems to have forgotten him. Slowly he rises from the bed feeling the cold varnish of the floor with his feet. Coming out of his room he sees how the indolent cold light of the winter advances through the patio over the squared volume of the dining and kitchen sitting apathetic at the table.

This house feels so empty after his parents' death. They died in a car accident two summers ago in Sardinia. Mikael, his brother, came for the funeral and stayed for a month but at a point he had to go back to his wife and children in Munich where he works as an engineer. Kalevi received in testament this house in Munkkiniemi, a very comfortable financial situation, and a confirmation of his loneliness.

A maid that comes three days a week, a stray dark brown cat that adopted the premises of the villa and some random female company that he picks up at the A21 Cocktail Lounge in Annankatu are the sole exceptions to his solitary life in the house.

Crossing the dining into the living room Kalevi falls into the womb of the house (as his father used to call this living space). The warm red velvet carpet, that covers the whole floor and the walls, absorbs the noise from his steps and his breath making him feel suspended in time. To his left the black metallic fireplace digs a wound in the ground, which opens as a couch on the floor: some kind of pool of pillows where he remembers his mother used to lay, reading books with her hair sprawled over the floor listening to a record of Wagner's Opera "Tristan und Isolde". On the right side of the fireplace stands the impressive black grand piano which Kalevi's father used to play on weekends (his career as a successful banker in Helsinki had made him compromise his passion for music). Now Kalevi uses the piano as a dark table sculpted out of memories where he writes his poetry and novels of which only one was published.

The sun drops already into the horizon launching a fiery orange light into the room that makes this womb has vibrant has it has ever been and Kalevi remembers the wish of his father: to build this room as a living red membrane in dedication to his wife that had given him so much and that he considered the mother of everything that was good in his life. As the night falls Kalevi decides to go out again to wander through the dark streets of Helsinki. He leaves the house and as he looks back he can't help feeling how the house almost disappears in the ground when looking at it from the street, and of how imposing and protective it looks like from the garden...