



Preamble

A child is playing hide-and-seek. He's standing behind a door. Two adults are talking on the other side. They say something shocking about his past. The revelation is let fall like a commonplace, between other things. The child freezes. He has heard. Now he can never go back to what he was before. Time, like knowledge, is irreversible. Close to him, a voice cries out: "I see you!" He emerges from his hiding place. He is forever changed. And the other, the one who was looking for him, doesn't know it. Neither do the adults from the other side of the door, who have fallen silent.

He isn't playing anymore.

My first is a treasure.
My second is poison.
My third is the nature of gods.
My fourth is the nature of the cosmos.
My fifth you inherit and pass on unknowingly.
My sixth is the condition of seduction.
My seventh is transparency's enemy, the ally of truth.
My eighth can ruin your existence.
My ninth permits the exercise of power.
My tenth is freedom's synonym.
My eleventh is what you'd like to know.
My twelfth, perhaps, is best not to want to know.
My thirteenth is the guarantee of life.
My all is—

