

## **I DONT EXIST**

He tells her that I do not exist, that for him it is as if she had never been born. This scene was etched in my mind like a prophecy. There was no truce between them. I parked the car near the door. It was raining in torrents. I looked at the facade, I thought that time does not forgive, there were his fingerprints. I entered: a blanket of spider webs reigned in the darkness, on the floor there was a jar of moldy tomato. A gray, soulless light penetrated through the gap in the roof. My mother died at the age I am now. My father, apparently, has been staying in a residence in his hometown for several years.

**Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or Perhaps”**

Jesús Claver Giménez