

## **WINTER DAYS**

When he opened his eyes, he felt as though he were a desert island in the middle of an ocean gone mad. But..., what was he doing there, lying on the platform? The intermittent rattling of the wagons was deafening. The coldness of his bones and the spirits he had drunk didn't allow him to think clearly. He tried to get up, but he soon understood it was something impossible. He felt the wallet inside one of his trousers pockets and grimaced a smile.

From far away, he heard the choppy echoes of an old song, 'He dreams that dreams about her, as if she were a star'. He remembered Maria. Perhaps she was still waiting for him to bury his trail of wounded, lonely animal.

**Micro-stories collection: "Maybe or Perhaps"**

Jesús Claver Giménez