

PERFECT BODY

He had been born as a good looking child and was gradually acquiring good social skills. He was successful with girls and this made him be more and more concerned for his physical appearance, for the external vision he showed to the world, that gratifying and flattering world in which he moved. This obsession grew alarmingly until he became the most demanding metrosexual ever known.

Like the whales, he needed to breath from time to time. So, when he got home, he filled the bathtub, poured some salts in it and dived in. As he was particularly tired, he decided to prolong his body exposition to the tender caresses of the water. His muscles gradually relaxed and enjoyed the sweetness and mysticism of the moment. The ecstasy came, the perfect communion between body and spirit, the total fusion of space and time... The next day the cleaning lady was astonished when she found the scarf, which was around his neck, curled up in the drain. His perfect body had fallen into oblivion.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"