

PANORAMIC VIEW AT DUSK

I had wanted to come here for a long time. I lacked courage. I knew I had to do it. Otherwise, there would always be a part of me as an object, a useless, disposable thing like a razor. More than two years have passed, but I still feel the dry cut of the guillotine on the tip of my foot, a bolt of lightning pierced my soul. As if on a cloud, my partner's shivering hands on the receiver and an ever fainter voice: "But who told that idiot to stick his nose in there?"

When I woke up everything was dark. I felt the chill of the damp and a strong smell of sourness and decay. After eight years of schooling, I learnt to read and write. I was never very good at division. You have no education and can't have insurance but work, what is work, you'll never lack. When I woke up again, two policemen were carrying me to the hospital door.

One day they said on the news on television that some disabled children explode in the middle of a distant city and that, in some countries, these kids never see the sunlight. I didn't want to, but tears came to my eyes. I was sad, very sad. Maria, the nurse, came to me, stroked my hair, looked into my eyes and, in a sweet voice, whispered:

- Sweetheart, we love you. You see? We are all very attentive to you.

Staring at the horizon, near the entrance to the emergency room, I think Maria was right. When my father died, I went to work in the warehouse, although apparently nobody remembers that I was there. A year ago they increased my disability allowance and I was given an electric wheelchair that, by the way, costs a fortune. Now, I sometimes walk around the city so that people can see that the barriers have been removed and that it is a place where people can live together. The newspapers read that, in four years' time, the Olympic Games will be held here.

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