

GERMANY, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDOW

On the other side of the window, nothing at all. Just a barren field with only a few wild thistles and the rubbish thrown, as if carelessly, unnoticed, by the few passers-by. Yet, he remained in the lotus position, absorbed, for hours contemplating this almost lunar landscape. When he felt a pang in his stomach, he would slowly get up, open the fridge and take a banana, a tomato, cherries, in short, the first thing which appeared before his eyes.

His mother, María, occasionally complained to her neighbours about the amount of money she spent every week at the greengrocer's. "You can't see how much you save on meat" one of them would reply with a touch of derision.

Anand's greatest dream, as the son had been calling himself since his return from India, was to be reincarnated in a pasture where some sacred animal might one day live.

After some time, during which Maria was rarely seen at the greengrocer's, green colour took over the wasteland completely. Green grass grew everywhere around the house. One day, early in the morning, she was astonished; a cow was lying ruminating near the doorway. She called her neighbours to see the miracle nature had performed. "And, where is your son?" the youngest asked her. "He's gone to work in Germany" "Well, what a coincidence, just like your husband! Maybe they'll find each other!" the eldest replied in a tone of scorn and disdain.

When the procuresses had gone, she went on walking with a heavenly smile across the damp land of the meadow. Everything was tied and tied up tight. In the widow's imagination, Germany was a paradisiacal place, fit to be inhabited by any god.

Collection of short stories: "Maybe or Perhaps".