

REQUIEM

I curled up on the cold tiles and began to shiver. I knew for sure that my life had come to an end. I would have liked it to be something different: grains of rice and flour all around me and all my companions, excited, moving their wings in a beautiful choreography of farewell, the way we moths are taught from one generation to the next, as if it were part of our NDA. But it wasn't like this, an unbearable smell kept filling my body until a huge mass fell on me and split me into a thousand pieces.

My mother was caught one night in the kitchen and, as the intruder's gaze offered her no security, she quickly slipped behind the cupboard and, safe and sound, set about laying her eggs.

A few days later we heard him when he, slyly and quietly, arrived, rose onto the marble of the sideboard and raised his secret weapon. A thick fog fell over us. I alone was able to emerge from my hiding place. I had been born in darkness but would die in daylight.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"