

IN BLANK

“We met as we turned the corner. The expression in her eyes changed, in a split second, from astonishment to absolute indifference. An avalanche of images filled my mind, but it was one that came most vividly to mind. She was lying in the hammock in the garden. It was a sunny day. I told her good bye, but she didn’t deign to answer”.

“He looked like a poor man with that tired gait and his half-ironed clothes. He never had any guts. He wasn’t even able to making me a child. He was escaping from life by seeking happiness through alcohol”.

“I went on forward, as if nothing had happened. There wasn’t anything to say. I was meeting friends in the terrace of a bar. I needed a cold beer to better withstand the intense heat”.

“Fifteen years of living together, fifteen years wasted. I had nothing to say. I was meeting friends at the swimming pool at three o’clock”.

Collection of micro-stories “Maybe or Perhaps”