

ABSENCE

Addressing the officer in a calm and serene tone, he says that he doesn't know the person he is talking about, that he has been in the mountain house for just three days, that he has come to relax and get rid of the stress accumulating in the city. A dim, muted light penetrates through the crack in my room. A long, tense silence reigns. Only the roar of the wind can be heard through the grove. He could have hidden with me, walked for a few hours, but he didn't. He waited for them, swaying gently in the hammock. I hold my breath, tightly cover my ears. It's the tragic hour of five o'clock in the afternoon. Thick black smoke rises up the hillside. Helplessness will accompany me over the mountain peaks.

Collection of micro- stories: "Maybe or perhaps"

Jesús Claver Giménez