

GAUGUIN'S NIGHTMARE

The bullet in your temple; your eyes, wide open, terrified, staring nowhere; a grimace of unfinished sadness at the corner of your lips...

You are lying on the divan, clutching the gun in your trembling hands, and a trickle of blood runs down your strange profile.

Finally, I understand the aesthetics of your canvases, the shape and colour emanating from your suffering. Now you are a broken man. I am not afraid of you, I can sleep in peace now.

Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or perhaps”

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