

STORM

It's midday, and the sun's rays timidly caress my body with tenderness. A frigid wind cuts across my waist. From the plaza, I can see how the branches and leaves of the chestnut trees have begun to bend and tangle with a clatter. An old man, oblivious to the clamor of the surroundings, leaning on his cane, seems to contemplate with dark, smiling eyes the sparrows' mastery of their wings. The children watch him as if he were a Christmas scene. They all have pointed noses, red lips, and scarves. The tourists are captivated by my figure. "Look at this girl standing next to you, that's Leonor, the wife of the most celebrated poet who ever walked these lands," the boy murmurs to the grandfather in his vest, belt, and broom, who smiles as he sits in my chair. His life will be short. Tomorrow, the two old people and the children will be nothing but a puddle of water. The boy has run off down the street, his hands in his pockets. My body is still stiff and cold.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or perhaps" (2005 -)