

At dinner time

She was looking into his eyes. She was not waiting for an answer to her question, for she already knew it, just by staring at him, just by listening to him. His presence emanated his identity and despite that, she was afraid of listening to his answer.

He looked back and trembling with a voice as thin as air said "I am a writer."

The only thing she could do was give him a shy smile, but behind this gesture invaded by embarrassment an army of thoughts lined up, and in their hurry, silence died. She knew perfectly that she had to run. Writers are in love with love and she did not want to get in this world of poems and verses: She wanted something real. Something she can touch, something that would not go away with the cold wind, something that would not drown under the furious rain of October. But why? Why has his presence filled everything? Why can something as simple as a smile break in a second millions on moments that resounded in her thought? She did not find an answer to these questions and this fear was lost in the warmth of his words.

He remembered her from a bad dreamt dream. Of those hazelnut eyes that without a name or face visited his fantasies in silence. Those eyes, that instant, in which with closed eyes, he looked at her. He still remembers, but he is not sure if she is the one to whom he looked. The morning turns to twilight, one word dies in solitude; nevertheless, she is the queen of his mind at dinner time. Where does she come from? From his past or his future? Perhaps he remembers her or maybe he will find her, but today he is only a stranger, in the wrong place, at the wrong time and yet, his words are being heard as he walks away.

One word is always remaining and when the pages of the book lay untouched, one always looks for more. She and He. He and She. In this story he is the one remaining.