

Winter

The winter exhales its last whispers in the top of the trees and the people walks drawings shadows of heat with the steam that emanates from their lungs. The writer looks carefully looks at the scene and thinks about her. As I write the letters of the alphabet flow like laughs in the wind. He is still searching for the twilight in her eyes to banish the winter but he fails. A languid shadow stares from the darkest corner. In the last lights of dawn, her glance emanates between the slits that uncover the sky. Walking on the street the reminiscent caresses his ears and probe his skin, far away the bells chime, taking a trail of sound to the heart of the city. A kiss warms and gives life. A furious falcon flies towards the sun. Time hides in the voice of old buildings who have seen so many stories go by and can tell his story in the blink of an eye.

One of her smiles can color the morning breeze. She moves the leaves that lie in the ground near the trees that still cling to their roots. The trees have forgotten the taste of the spring crossing their branches, the soft scent of their fruits and the taste of the wind in their cortex.

That is how morning looks without her. This is how days run in the standby for her hands to cross his face in the darkness of his eyes. In the last whisper, her perfume runs the inside of the writer and embraces his heart. This is the only way in which stories can be written in solitude.

This is the only way in which these pages are printed; written with her image staring at his dreams, and her kisses filling his days.

That is the life of the writer.