

Steam

I turned the faucet on and let the water into the bathtub. Before putting the plug in, I stared at the water going down the drain.

“Up to the 60 % of our body is made of water – water has no colour”, I thought, “and no shape. It takes the shape that we want it to take, that suits us most: a glass, a bottle, a washbowl or a bathtub, but it has no shape of its own”.

I began to undress myself. I took off my watch, my shirt and I began to unbind my breast. Although the binder was loosening up, I still could not breathe. The scars on my breasts had opened again and every time I breathed out, I felt like someone was stinging me with pins. I rolled up the binder and put it on the sink border. I unbuttoned my trousers and took off my knickers. I was about to enter the tub when I saw myself reflected in the mirror. I felt a sharp twinge in my heart.

The sound of water flowing from the tap echoed through the bathroom and my image in the mirror started to blur.

Water has no shape, no form and no colour other than what we want to see in it.

I could not bear the sight of that curvy, hairless, soft body. To the world that was *natural*, but no one else other than me knew how heavy it was to walk in that *natural* body, fight everyday against the unbearable weight of that *natural* armour made of flesh. I hated my breasts and the scars caused by the binder, my thin arms and tapered fingers; but it was my pubis that I loathed most. It was like a wound that never healed, a wound that had been inflicted by someone who had wanted to punish me and take away my strength.

“Drew, what the hell are you doing in there?! Turn that bloody faucet off, you’re going to flood the bathroom, Drew are you there?!”

I jumped and knocked the binder to the floor, where it unrolled like a lifeless snake.

“Just having a bath!” I hastily replied.

Sometimes I wonder if people go through life with blindfolds over their eyes and fingers in their ears. Everybody takes for granted that they were born in the right body, but they are just unaware of their luck. They don’t know how difficult it is when you realize that the body you are in does not belong to you, they don’t know what it means when your body is too tight and there’s no way to loosen it up. It’s like wearing a costume that you cannot take off because there’s no zipper to pull down. It is as if that costume had grown on you.

The steam was getting thicker and thicker and my skin was covered with little water drops. I’m like water compressed into a female body.

Water has shape, no form and no colour other than what we want to see in it.

I took my father’s razorblade and I began to push it delicately against my skin wondering whether I would ever use it myself one day, if I would ever spread shaving foam on my face. And so I took my father’s brush, soaked it with water and shaving foam and began swirling it gently on my face. I felt like a painter drawing the face I have always wanted. And then I closed my eyes and began inhaling the pungent fragrance of the foam.

When I opened my eyes the foam was slowly liquefying. So, I took another small dollop of shave cream, swirled it with the brush and I applied the lather on my face again. I had read a lot about how men shave: the trickiest part is angling your razor. The proper angle is somewhere between 30 and 45 degrees and you have to put the top of the razor head directly on your cheek, with the handle parallel with the floor to get the proper razor angle. You don’t need to use much pressure because the weight of the razor is sufficient to cut your beard. If you press down, you’ll end up hacking up your face.

The steam had become so thick that I could barely see the furniture of the bathroom. The mirror was completely misted up and all I could see reflected was an undefined figure. It was neither a man nor a woman. I closed my eyes again and listened to water pouring down the bath tub. I was a footballer having a shower with my teammates after a match. Some of them had a towel around their waists and were about to get dressed. I stare at their bodies, at their hairy muscled trunks and pubis with their

cock out half engorged by the heat. And my body was one of them. I opened my eyes as I felt that my feet were soaked. I must have flooded the bathroom, but water cannot flood, can it? It's found its way out of the bathtub.

Water has no shape, no form and no colour other than what we want to see in it.

I began pushing the razor on my skin stronger and stronger, as I felt the blade cutting. I was shaving for the first time. It felt good, it felt like scratching away my old face, tearing up the mask I had been wearing all those years. Like a chrysalis that breaks its shell, I managed to dig my way out of that prison made of skin and spread my wings.

Drowning

You are drowning but no one sees it.
Your arms crawl in opposite directions
and your face is full of lines.
So many other people are around us,
swimming in the billabong,
splashing, rollicking around,
relaxing.
Their bare chests in the stringing sun,
looking down to their feet in the water,
little waves cover their toes.
Do they not care?
Are they too busy to see you?

I do care.
I swim over.
lifting you up,
Trying it several times.
But you pull me down
and push me to the lonely ground.

Dog Talk

Hello everyone, I guess you are a bit surprised to see me here. However it is Sunday and my owners haven't got up yet and I need something to keep my mind busy. I am literally pissed off! Every Sunday it is the same: I have to wait till they get up, so I can pee. That wouldn't be a problem if they allowed me to piss somewhere else in the house, but of course they keep the doors shut. Even if they were open it would be embarrassing! I mean who likes to pee his own house? When I was small I wasn't able to hold myself. Then they would get nuts, force me to look at my mess and yell at me. I think I got the message. Finally he got up! Now everything is alright. See ya guys!

Of course it's Sunday again. I wish I would learn not to drink so much water! I do not blame them, I'd also sleep, if I could! They are good folks! They give me food, caress me and say nice things to me. I have an important role to play, protecting the territory while the others are out looking for food. The big boss only comes back when it's night, so it is up to me to keep the other company. Of course I am the last one to go to bed always making sure to greet him and watching over him during his dinner while the others are often already sleeping. I am the one who always listens and never complains. Although my role as the protector of the pack was never out of question I would not be able to live without my pack. However don't judge for being a tiny crawler, in fact I am also able to control their

reactions. If I for instance pretend that I am hurt, they immediately give me attention. And once the cat turns his back around, the mice will play.

Of course they sometimes give me time off when the irresistible smell of women passes by. Why else should they leave the door open or have a hole in the garden fence, than for me to have a date? However they soon get jealous and want me back. Then I have to listen for hours to their screams, calling me. Sometimes I decide to come, sometimes I am too busy. Either way they are always happy to have me back. The lady of the house even postpones receptions at the embassy and other urgent matters to look for me. Isn't that lovely? My family always wondered why I went out on so many dates. Our neighbor's dog never had a date and always stayed close to his home. They concluded that he was German whereas I am Italian-Brazilian.

People, I've just had the shock of my life and I still have to process it. The poor woman and that when I thought people had provided me with the best meal of my life! I knew something was up, people had started being excited days ago. Today was the climax, everyone was running about as if something great was going to happen. Nobody cared for my presence. I felt completely useless and just did not understand what they were so excited about. Then I understood, or at least I thought so: they wanted to surprise me and it wasn't even my birthday. A strange man arrived with white clothes and laid a huge piece of meat on the floor. Never in my life before had I seen meat this size. It was all clean and ready to eat. So I was glad and immediately started appreciating the present. All of a sudden everyone started to scream and female owner tried to take my prey away from me. In a reflex I snapped at her. Oh, I will regret that day for the rest of my life. I had only grabbed her hand slightly in a reflex, but my teeth are so long that she had a small hole in her hand that bled as hell. I immediately regretted it, but what did she expect when taking away food from a dog?

Today I am feeling horrible; I should not have eaten the sandwich on the table. Those guys are crazy! How can they eat such a hot sandwich? I will never eat bread again and certainly not from the table. I wonder if it was a set up. They knew I was eating food from their table although I am not supposed to...

Oh, no! Today was one of those awful days were the big boss decides to give me a bath! Well the advantage is that I get attention and a massage. If I just wouldn't be so wet afterwards, brrr. However when I try to dry myself by rolling in the grass. They all go nuts! Apparently that isn't such a good idea but they really don't have to yell at me! I too have feelings! You can dry me with the towel as much as you like I will still not feel dry!!!

Folks you won't believe what happened to me in the last days! At one of my private trips some police guys really did think I was lost! I'm sorry if your humans have lost your sense for orientation, but this doesn't mean everyone else is so helpless! Then when you notice your mistake you don't apologize, no instead you say it's for everyone's safety. Do you know how hurtful it is to be treated as if I was a terrorist and to be locked away with a bunch of other poor dogs?! Ok, those guys really meant it well. They were very kind and I guess they treated me better than some humans, but do I really look so stupid. I confess that there are some brainwashed dogs around, but I am NOT one of them! Thank you!

Good morning everyone! Although my owners finally got the message, I am still writing you today! It isn't even Sunday! However I have to confess that I got addicted to posting. Someone finally listens to me and your comments are really helpful! And I really do have a message to give, I think. You know, life in a pack, it is all about contributing what one can best or be there when one is needed. I wouldn't be able to live without the pack and the pack wouldn't would be lost without me to protect them.

“passing, passing by”:

impermanence as permanent circle of arising and passing away

The Indian subcontinent can be so unsettling a place.

When I was traveling through it for many months, I experienced something that completely changed my way of thinking. I cannot reduce what I saw or felt to one single event. There were so many scenes that make me reflect on life: I saw children there playing in piles of rubbish in the outrageous nudity of their bare innocence. I saw colonial and sacred buildings likewise inhabited only by fading gods and by no better past, decaying away in the irascible dust of furious traffic. I saw rivers and people floating by as uncountable waves of water and flesh. I felt the presence of pestilences, famines, and diseases as so unbearable a reality and yet so tolerated a normalcy. I saw appetent birds conquer trains galling away every day and again what had been left behind by thousands of faceless travelers. I saw death and hunger and mutilation and experienced the pungent stench of decomposition heavy in the sunburnt air of the north and the east. Beggars, drunks, and rabid dogs threatened the streets and squares, making people go out of their way or throw stones and stony words on them. Pissing men pretend to pray, starving noises pretend to sing, dying faces pretend to smile. Atrocious existences in all their forms and in meaningless motion, coming to nothing, and raging tracks cut through them with me aboard, giving me the precious chance to feel disgusted, fascinated, and lost.

And yet, I saw or felt something else there, too; something enchantingly beautiful; something exceptionally true; something deeply wise; something so sublime that I could not breath anymore. I saw the moving and eventual proof of what life has always been meant to be: and endless circle of all beings and forms; an endless circle of arising, existing, and going away without leaving appreciable traces anywhere. Death was everywhere, but it lost its horror by just being embraced and accepted as inevitable and necessary part of all life. Death was not the end of anything, but the beginning of something new, something else, something that we are normally afraid of.

Religions have always tried to comfort us by referring to this process as permanent rebirth, a burdensome requirement to reach any kind of fuzzy paradise or bitter examination of our being worth delivering. But we have to overcome those interpretations. I experienced that, by just observing the daily life in this deeply human spot of the world as the subcontinent certainly is, I can come closer to an acceptance of impermanence, the accepting of the permanent transformation of all forms, emotions, attitudes, bodies, thoughts, and beings. What the Buddhist call ‘anicca’ in Pali, Heraclitus described once with the words ‘Panta rhei’ (‘Everything flows’), while Plato summed up these thoughts by his well-known formula ‘Pánta chorei kai oudèn ménei’ – ‘Everything flows and nothing remains; there is only an eternal becoming and converting.’ And in medieval Europe, this way of thinking echoed in the idea of mutability.

Famous words? Well-known words? Just words, and so easy to keep in mind, so easy to tell and so easy to bring up at the table of every theoretical discussion about life and what it may or ought to be. However, there is nothing more frightening, puzzling, confusing, and enchanting than experiencing this wordless truth by oneself and on one’s own by just listening, suffering, observing and, finally, internalizing emotionally what simply cannot be told. The truth must be felt individually. Otherwise it remains a philosophical gimmick. This permanent flow of impermanent waves is the utterly deepest of all knowledge human beings can be aware of.

I felt this truth very carefully when traveling through Bangladesh, Pakistan, and India. I felt that impermanence is a fact. Thoughts are coming and going all the time. Bodies are changing, aging and passing away ceaselessly. No single night that will not be replaced by the daylight to follow, and vice versa. Ice melts, water evaporates, intoxications end up bringing one brutally back to reality. Trees grow high and rot and fall, once warm blood encrusts, convulsing sexual acts boil suddenly into the wish to be left alone. Even the most thrilling movie on screen soon exhausts its plot. Every passionate relationship evolves into day-to-day normalcy, or eventually even boredom. Every meal will be eaten up, every drink drunk up, all cloths will fall apart, all beings stop breathing one fine day, all entities cease to exist the way they used to. Stars, planets, meteorites, galaxies – all in distressing change,

confusing movement, appalling struggle. The sun nothing more than an endlessly burning gas mixture, so terribly hostile to life, and yet life-sustaining as well. Nothing that can be considered as always or forever or mine or even certain. Nothing to be there for me or you for the rest of our lives. Nothing remains. Nothing remains the way it is.

But I do not consider that process a terrible matter of fact. I learned to embrace that as rather a human and hilariously peaceful a certainty. I used to be afraid of death, but I experienced that there is no reason to be afraid of that flow of life. I felt that I am not permanent, immortal, forever. I felt that I will not leave behind something that outlasts me. What I will leave behind is nothing more than traces in the air, traces in the dust, traces in the river. World without Beethoven? The same. World without Hitler? The same? World without you? The same. But it is hard to picture a world or system without me. And it is tough to feel that there seems to be no sense in life except for life itself. All life appears to be is the permanent reproduction of impermanent things; that is the reason for and the meaning of life. Nothing more, nothing less. Enough, is it not?

What stayed and left me behind disenchanted in the first place is not the fact of impermanence itself, but my not having been able to accept it. As anyone else, I want agreeable things to remain. And I want disagreeable things to end, to end soon. Yet both of them will, in a certain way, anyway. Good news for me.

All amazing and pleasant and juicy and beloved and so important things, situations, and beings come to an end for sure. When I do not accept that as a matter of fact, I will continue to be suffering from fear, disappointment, and frustration. By accepting their preciousness and uniqueness, instead, I become so much better in appreciating and being aware of all moments in the very instant of their popping up. Doing so, I may realize them kindly as unique, mortal, non-recurring, and celebrate them as non-repeatable and impermanent. I learned that I am actually not capable of controlling even the slightest things. Not even my own body follows my will. If so, it would not be changing, aging, becoming weak, sick, and passing away, finally.

As joyful things are impermanent, so are dreadful or unpleasant or painful or sad emotions, sensations, moments, or thoughts. They will end sometime, and there is no need at all to worry about them since they are singular, mortal, non-recurring, too. Pain, depression, loneliness, loss, or sickness pass by as well as pleasure does. How appeasing.

And yet, I felt deeply that impermanence also means that I will stay in this world forever, will be a part of that circle of coming and going, but changed and different, of course. My body will rot, fall apart, eaten up by grubs, maggots and worms, will be decomposed and mildly intermingle with soil, water and air. My lost energy will mix up with or be absorbed by other kinds of energy. I will never stop being a part of that permanent flow of becoming and going, of arising and passing and passing away. And all the things I might have thought to own will remain, too. My shoes will be given away to someone else or simply fall apart and be burnt to ashes and dust; my books will become yellow, weak and earth again; some photographs of mine will end up in anonymous boxes that will fade away too, one of these days; and my small apartment, which I am so proud of, will accommodate new tenants, who had never known or even met me and will disappear themselves a few decades later. Water turns from being liquid to aeriform and comes back to earth as raindrops that will sink into the earth supporting plants in growing. A wonderfully endless circle of life and death. Everything is connected with and based on each other. We are all parts of everything and nothing, reunified in impermanence.

Which part of me did you take with you when you left my life? Which part of my permanently changing body did you make sad when you closed the door behind you? I will follow you, sooner or later. I will be you, sooner or later. And next generations of beings will eat and drink us before they pass away themselves. Therefore, should I still be, I mean: sad?

Yes, the subcontinent can be so unsettling a place, but a so deeply human one, too.

When asked to write a poem

When asked to write a poem

I feel lost
in a sea made of words.

Those same words
that lent me a voice
when I could not talk
and gave me a shelter
when I had nowhere to go

Relentlessly,
do I try to hang on this spotless white page
I slip,
I fall
like a cricket that tries to fly.

Poor But Sexy

The train arrived at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was the last stop. I was traveling for four hours then. Lots of other people were also traveling to this city. It seemed like they had important tasks to do there. A woman in front of my seat had a laptop on her desk and was typing something. Another woman tried to call someone although the mobile network wasn't working properly. The doors opened. I went out and smelled the air of a big city, or was it just the smell of the central station? I didn't know at that moment.

It was for the first time I would live without my parents. I was moving away from the little town where I grew up.

I can still remember the situation as if it were yesterday. I had just one bag with me; my parents would have bring the rest of my belongings the next day. Still it was very heavy and I had to get somehow to my new home. Leaving the train station I found the right bus. After only two stations, a voice said "please leave the bus here". How could that be? According to the plan, I had to drive much longer. Everybody went out; it was only me who didn't know what do or where to go, so I had to ask the bus driver. He told me: "You are in the wrong bus. Look ... – Are you new here?" I told him where I come from and why I moved. "Berlin is a really big city in comparison to other towns in Germany, but you will cope with it", he replied. Fortunately, he helped me to get to the right place and showed me how to read the bus schedule correctly. Now this is so obvious for me that I have to smile when I think about this situation.

After my graduation, I had decided to move from Soest, a small town in Nord-Rhein-Westfalen, to Berlin, 400 km away, in order to study there. I moved that far away because, on the one hand, I didn't want to live at home anymore as it was kind of stressful. My parents always wanted me to do something so that I felt like I was never resting. I considered living on my own would be much more relaxed. On the other hand, I wanted to discover Berlin, the capital of my home country. I can say for sure that Berlin is extremely different from Soest. During the first weeks I was a bit shocked how people dress, speak and how they present themselves. They seemed to have less money than in my home town. In the corners of the underground stations there are lots of homeless people lying on the ground and begging for money. When traveling by the S-Bahn there are sometimes street people who stink so abominably that you have to change the train. Also the dialect seemed very awkward to me,

for example, they say “Kopp” instead of “Kopf” or “dat” instead of “das”. The situation was completely new and strange to me.

I consider it to be very important to move from your parents. Moving away educates you and makes you wiser. It will also make you more tolerant. You will never come back home as the same person when you left. In hindsight I can say that my move made me more independent and confident. I have learned to manage everyday life. You even learn how to enjoy life. Nobody cares where you go, why you go there and when you will return. At the same time you have to be careful. This is why moving can be compared with a game. You can win or lose. One should be aware of dangers like getting to know criminal people and becoming involved in crime yourself, etc.

It’s not just about crime, but also risks like finding no friends, feeling uncomfortable with the new surroundings and nobody holds a protecting hand over you like parents do.

Still, the experience is worth it. In the end, you will manage everything and develop yourself. Also from the social perspective I have developed myself very much. Now, I am living in a completely new social environment in the big city Berlin, which the mayor Klaus Wowereit himself describes as “poor but sexy”.

Run Girl

Along the darkening path, she ran under the thick canopy of the forest. Like a tiled roof, the leaves protected her from the heavy summer rain that filled the air with a moist texture. Her sweat mixed with the wet surroundings and she quickened her pace. The muddy soil swallowed the sound of her footsteps. Was she really running away from home, the place where she learned to breathe, to walk, to love, to fight? She stepped on a slippery stone when she crossed the small river and almost fell into the water. Regaining her balance, she stood still for some seconds and exhaled deeply. The white cloud of her breath wafted into the woods like good-natures ghosts while the trees and bushes looked at her silently. The thin stream wound smoothly on its way along the bed of stones.

She stood in the kitchen and looked at her mother, raising her right eyebrow as she always does when she is doubtful. Lately, she had been doubtful more and more. “Why do you want to leave?”, she asked her mother. “Honey, this is no place to stay any longer.” Life had become very different after her father had passed away last year. She sighed and stopped chopping the salad.

She was at the school lab when the headmaster entered the room, looking even more serious than usual, and asked her to step out for a talk. After he had told her about her father’s accident, she turned around and ran home along the empty streets in the town center out to the fields and forests of the countryside, feeling neither the cold air creeping into her thin jacket nor the pain in her lungs. At home she cried for her father, cried for her mother, cried for god to come and hold her and keep her safe. No one answered. She climbed up the stairs and opened her parent’s bedroom where her mother lay on top of the bed staring at the ceiling. Her mother didn’t move for three days, and she took over the daily duties, cooked, cleaned the house, and went shopping mechanically, emotionless. She didn’t go to school and left all calls unanswered.

When she started again to go to school she didn’t care anymore about her grades, her friends, her life. Days and weeks passed where the sun rose in the morning and set in the evening. Slowly, the trees turned green, and the smell of jasmine filled the air. One morning, when the sun’s rays lit the white classroom already early in the day, the headmaster entered during the geography lesson, followed by a tall, shy boy with a freckled face and soft blond hair.

His name was Leo, and his family had moved from the urban center to a peaceful village nearby. She walked him home the same day after school, and together they walked along the endless cornfields. “These fields are beautiful”, he said. “Do you think so?” “You seem like you haven’t looked at them for a long time.” “I was busy”, she answered.

She kissed Leo a month later when they lay in the cornfields, trying to read the clouds passing by. He

starred in the sky with his eyes shut tightly, talking about a shepherd and a herd of sheep when she turn around and kissed his cheek softly. He shivered slightly and his green eyes mirrored her smile. It became a summer that never started and never ended, an eternal state of blue sky, gentle sun light and the wind in her hair when they ran along the fields, climbed the mighty oak trees, and spent their nights whispering watching the bonfire glow.

“Why do you want to leave?” she asked her mother for a second time, starting again to chop the salad, more violently than she had done before. “I can’t bear the memories anymore that come up every morning when I wake up in this house, drive to town for work, and wander through the forests on the weekends. We will move away, honey, I have already made my decision”. “We’ll see”, she replied monotonously.

She felt the weight of her backpack for the first time since she had put it on in her room after sunset. Her heart had been in her mouth when she had crept out of the window and started running. Now, the soft noise of the river calmed her down, and she continued her way deep into the forest to the clearing with the old hunter’s hut. It was almost dark when she saw a small bonfire light in the distance. Coming closer, she saw a soft freckled face lit by the fire. She stopped running and smiled.

Needle and Thread

With the needle of Shame
and the thread of Fear
I have sewed my eyes shut
And joined the world of the blinds
where the trees cannot be green
and the blue cannot turn into sky.

Scar Tissue

From the speakers, slow and melancholic tunes fill up the room. He is sitting at the bar, his body slumped on the stool, his eyes fixed on the beer bottle in front of him. Looking through the green glass of the bottle, the greasy wooden surface of the counter seems out of shape.

Last February, it had been a decade since she left. But when he ran into her a day ago, it suddenly felt terribly, unbearably recent. He did not see it coming, not the least bit. He had been on his way home from work. And when he looked up from his phone and spotted her, waves of painful emotions came tumbling down on him.

He sighs heavily deflating a little further. Another bottle empty. While the notes meander through the alcohol fumes, his eyes wander tiredly through the room. Heavy brownish curtains, carelessly drawn and half covering blurry windows. This morning, after the night, just a few sunrays made it through the brownish glass and into that shabby corner bar with its scattered guests. All overstaying the welcome.

She wore her leather bag over her left shoulder, leaning slightly to the right while she rushed across the street with the cluster of people. Their gazes interlocked and suddenly they were standing opposite each other in the middle of the road. Her hair still parted in the middle, only blondish now with a dark hairline, her eyes the same warm brown, below the left eyebrow the pea-size scar. His heart starting beating uncontrollably and he felt pearls of sweat forming on his forehead.

He had been very happy with her. At least for a while. He first met her when he returned from a weekend out of the city. She sat down opposite him on the train, looking beautiful in that black summer dress. Half of her arms and legs uncovered, her feet in boots, her hands on her knobby knees.

When she looked up, he could see she had been crying. Still, she held his gaze and moments later he felt as if he could look into her the way she could look into him. At some point, her brown eyes started smiling and the little scar below her eyebrow changed its shape. He wanted to hold her. And in a similar way as her leather bag had asserted itself self-confidently among the other items at his wardrobe, she lived with him for the next weeks following that first train ride.

Another sad melody slowly and irresistibly wafts through the alcohol-filled air. Looking at it closely, with every gulp of beer the proportion inside the bottle changes, the sparkling liquid vanishes, while empty air fills up the green vessel. In the right corner of the bar, the bearded man with his head on the wooden table, whimpers in his sleep.

One day when he came home, things were different. She was sitting at the kitchen table, upright, her eyes focusing on a spot at the wall. "What's the matter?" He moved closer to touch her but she cast his hand off her shoulder with a shrug. She looked at her hands, "I think, I'm not ready for us yet." – It was hard for him to form a thought. He could not move. She slowly got up, grabbed her bag and left the flat. He did not follow her, he had lost control over his body. Just standing in the kitchen next to her chair. It was facing the table in a weird angle.

The bottle leaves a small puddle on the wooden surface, when he waves it towards the bar tender. The guy behind the bar lumbers towards him. His skinny arms are freckled, the skin white and light purple. "Another one?" reaching down to open the metal drawer under the bar. Slowly the wheels roll along the metal rails until numerous green bottlenecks are revealed. He grabs one, takes off the cap and places it with a dull sound on the bar. His finger tips are yellowish.

They met at a café a few days after the kitchen incident. He wanted to tell her badly that she should think it through and how much he missed her ever since she had left. But once she sat in front of him, he realized that it was too late for that. He vaguely remembered the conversation. It was she, who did the talking. Her eyes sad and teary. Her finger rubbing her scar.

So yesterday, standing opposite in the middle of the road, was another chance to set things straight, open up and let all these perfect sentences out he had had in his head for years. Face to face, eye to eye. His mouth opened, her eyes looked scared.

A strand of blondish hair flew in her face.