

Beyond

When I walked through the door, I could see your expectations resting on your back, with your arms crossed and your face serious, unblinking. I walked with my eyes closed. My shoulders were tense, and you could see it. We locked eyes, and the corner of my lip gave out. I fell to the ground and covered my face. Your shadow towered over me and blocked any light that could reach me. You talked, but I couldn't hear you, not anymore. Your words degraded into incomprehensible mumbling.

I stood up and hugged you, hiding my ashamed face once again. Your arms hesitated, and you tried to recover the distance between us, but soon gave up and accepted it. I looked through my blurred vision toward a window, and I couldn't recognize us. We didn't exist. Far from humans. Mixed into a faceless, bodiless mass made of mistakes.

We broke the embrace and stared into each other. Our faces remained expressionless. We stayed there for months in a few minutes. Words broke the silence:

— I'm sorry.

Salvador Durand Olivera
Quinto de media