

The Scent of your skin I

di Beatrice Fabbri



It started raining suddenly. A sunny day before, a raining one now. She rushed to take the bus. It was crowded. So crowded. What the hell! she thought. She started looking at people around her. Clerks, moms and children, old ladies, teenagers, all wishing to be back home soon. Allison found she was at ease in this crowd. She started thinking about their life outside the bus, their jobs, their beloved, and short stories sprout from her mind like surreal paintings full of dark and vivid colors at the same time. The bus took 40 minutes to drive her home. She walked under the rain and then finally back home she put off her clothes, wore a pajama, opened the refrigerator and found a bottle of Guinness. She was ready for a cozy and lazy night with herself. The notebook was always there on the table. She wrote some notes, keywords, titles, nothing of remarkable if not for the need to .

A diaporama was going on the kitchen wall: where was the projector? Who arranged the slide-show ? what's the lesson to be learnt ?

All this was so creepy and so intriguing. Pics of me and you in the bedroom, in the kitchen, driving the car in the countryside, drinking red wine and eating salami and making faces each other. Where are you now? Where is your hand touching my neck..where is the scent of your skin? Ghosts don't smell, do they?