Woman

by Juan Carlos Pareja

In the corner of the bar sits an old and misterious woman. Her blue skirt flirts foolishly with the blood-red wall. On the table stands a half-empty bottle awaiting its fait. She rests both elbows across the table stating her mood; holding her chin with one hand while the other makes an attempt to hug her own self. Her long and delicate fingers make me think of fireflies.

Her eyes belong to a far and mighty creature. I have been staring at her for quite some time imploring her to take me away from here, away from the filth that covers these streets, away from the deafening silence of this midnight town; but alas she cannot see me as she is flying thousands of kilometres above leaving me stranded and hopeless on this stool bar.

I close my eyes in an attempt to forget and I find myself sitting on the top of a pleasant hill. A few scattered goats lie below me quietly feeding off the tall grass. My curious eyes follow a winding path that gently disappears into the side of the hill only to reappear in the middle of a green plateau on the other side of a narrow ravine at the foot of the hill. The path continues its slow progress through rough fields, making its way through in an old testament kind of world. The path is moved by an unbreakable faith in progress until it suddenly falls into an abyss and forever disappears from my sight.
The majestic mountains on the other side do not admit intruders; solitary they stand over this world stealing away the misty morning.

I open my eyes in a sudden rush of urgency. My hand is tightly gripped to a glass half full of a green enigmatic concoction. Across the bar, her eyes outline the slightest hint of a smile.

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