

UNA VITA A POSTO

Di Alice Torriani

While he was writing the last digit he gave a start, he smelled Spring's fragrance, almost Summer at the beginning, a weird warmth as if a sunbeam had hit him straight on the back of the neck, noise of voices, laughter, a smell of warm earth: when he turned around he wondered if he was about to faint.

He saw her on the bridge, very blonde hair, with a soothing quality, a white t-shirt so short it unveiled an undecided belly button. It was like an electroshock.

A gold straw yellow bathes the bridge and the whole river, casting a heroic light on the concrete, and she is completely immersed in it, now she looks one way then the other, her perfectly sculpted legs inside those washed out jeans, ripped on the knees. He looks at her from beneath, half-hidden by the rhombuses of the banister, on the stairs that lead to the bridge. She is waiting for him.

How does he know these things? Where is he? And above all, who is she?