

Every Morning at 5AM

Stories of a Reckless Girl

By Rozana Mihalache

January 16, 2011

I tell myself that I don't love her. Every day and every night, before I fall asleep, I keep telling myself that I don't love her. There is no more room left for such things as loving or missing someone in my world which is ahead of hers with more than four decades.

When she laughs, it seems to me that she does it just to spite me, when she caresses me, I believe that it's just to frustrate me and confuse me with illusions, her kisses are like poison, and when she grabs my hand or arm, I look up terrified that we'd been seen and I'd get smitten, on the very spot, by the gods.

So young, so conceited, so full of life. She gets angry easily, pretending to be jealous; she puts out half-smoked cigarettes, drinks from my glass and would eat chocolate nonstop. She licks her fingers defying me and sings to herself so she wouldn't get bored.

"What are you singing?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, composing then?"

"I have no idea."

She laughs, actually no, she doesn't laugh, she giggles like a child, like a smug crazy person, like a temptress whose breasts fill my palms so damn perfectly.

I ask her why she loves me.

"For the same reason I love chocolate cake. I love it and that's it. I love you and that's it."

I don't know about you, but I for one, have never heard of a more absurd thing.

Next thing I know, she'll be telling me she's cheating on me. Ah, but if only she would already! I'd answer her with as much indifference as I'd treat a worn out light-bulb.

"So what?" I hear myself shout out at her.

And she, that damn woman, with a calm, rough and deep voice, would say: "You know, they say that women cheat out of love. I've always had my own interpretation of it. A woman cheats on the man she loves."

And then she would drop down at my feet, all weak in the knees, and crying, and I would leave her without a word, while secretly wishing I'd slapped and shaken her until she vanished.

To make that damned, two-tongued, protective saint-like face red... why has everything in my life happened too late?

I can't even sleep in the same bed with her. When I roll over she senses it and also does it, when I get chilly she cuddles close to me, when I snore I hear her dream. So, every morning at 5AM, I get up and go to sleep in the other room.

...the dawn of a new day break through the coffee-coloured drapes. I feel her tiptoe, sleepy and naked and slipping into bed next to me.

"What are you doing?" I ask her almost furiously.

"Nothing, I can't sleep."

And somehow she manages to put her head on my shoulder. Of course, she immediately falls asleep, and I finally can gaze at her, at ease, without worrying about her catching me.

LiterNet.ro

Translated by: **Cătălina Bodolan** and **Mădălina Borcău**
MTTLC, Bucharest University