

Some Time, Nearly Midnight

Stories of a Reckless Girl

By Rozana Mihalache

February 13, 2011

You never thought you'd end up like this.

Helpless, your red eyes from crying and hands chapped by frost, leaning on the corner of a high apartment building, after *he* had left you to cope on your own, because he hurried home. Whose home? Nobody's home. He was as lonely as a dog, as lonely as you were, but this didn't stop him from thinking more of himself and lying to himself that he liked it.

And look at you now, after you stopped that filthy taxi, driven by a gipsy who doubled the charge and began talking dirty on the phone – probably to a whore.

You stiffened and you got off at the traffic lights, without thinking twice.

He began cursing you, the coward!

You started running. There was nobody around. In the centre of Bucharest, one could find a lonely street, only for you.

Near midnight, alone in an unknown place, hiding like a child, in the shadow of an apartment building, you were scared.

You were shaking from every joint, your phone discharged and everything scared you, including the steps of a stray dog which came to lick your hand.

You let it do it and you started laughing, seeing it wagging its tail, happy that someone notices it.

You both set out on your way and you stopped shaking.

“The doggy” saw you off to a taxi station and then he left quietly, without looking back.

Fear wanted to return, but you refused to let it go beyond your skin.

You were safe, after all... but not less lonely.

Translated by: **Gabriela Moateru** and **Laura Bosnea**

MTTLC, Bucharest University

LiterNet.ro