

A wanderer

Stories of a Reckless Girl

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He woke up at the break of dawn and yawned widely, with the sun. He washed his face with cold water, prepared a black coffee and two slices of bread with honey and stepped out on the balcony of his downtown apartment. He lived nearby People's Square, in a red tower block, with large balconies, full of flowerpots.

He then took a notebook and a pen along and went out into town, hidden behind a pair of smoky sunglasses. His hair shaggy, unshaven, uncaring, scatterbrained and superficial in his moves, he threaded through crowds almost floating. He didn't want to draw attention upon himself, but he usually did. Perhaps he seemed crazy when he danced in the middle of a crowd, or perhaps he seemed too much of a local when he gave directions that no one had asked for, or maybe just absent and a bit of a dreamer when he jotted down in his white leafed notebook different verses, words, doodles related to the souls he had stolen on his way.

Lunch and a strong espresso at a terrace shaded by climbing ivy. Stories shaping in his mind, moments he could neither forget, nor bring back to reality in a certain shape. Evanescent depressions and smiles born out of the past.

He loitered on all day long and in the evening he took a bouquet of pink roses to a memorial monument on the town outskirts. Holding his hat, his shoes dirty with dust from too much walking, he changed the old bouquet with a fresh one, he took a bow, lingered a moment, he put his hat back on the top of his head, he turned around and left, pretending not to know that a young lady was watching him in front of her house, hoping for a quick greeting.

He arrived back home, with the weight of another day of his life as a wanderer on his shoulders, and went to the sleeping room, where he kissed the blind woman on her wrinkled forehead, the woman who had been waiting for him for hours and hours...impatient to hear him recounting what he had seen around town.

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