

The meeting



She's been standing in front of me for a few minutes. I don't dare to touch her yet. We haven't seen each other in two decades, and today, quite by chance, we ran into each other at the cafe, we gazed at each other for a few seconds, we recognized each other ... I greeted her, I invited her to my table. My friend had just gotten up to leave, had finished his coffee and water. Now that he saw her, he would have stayed to meet her, it was evident that he was curious, but the situation was strange, he had got up to leave, and he is not the type to reconsider the decisions made - he thinks they make him look weak in front of others. Naive, I would have stayed. Yet, I think my gaze sent him the right message, he took his IT bag with his fancy laptop and got on his electric scooter parked in front of the cafe and left. Go! However, he never appreciated the femininity, nor his insignificant existence; for him, the binary code is a strictly masculine definition. Where he sees rules and procedures, I see irregular sinusoidal waves, streams of emotions, smiles, laughter, sweetness, femininity, unsolved theorems, arguing, emotions again, reproaches, quarrels, all built on a tower of beauty, gestures and smiles. I think that's why I like to drink coffee with him at lunch. He is everything I am not, he balances me out and keeps me afloat, he brings me back to the raw reality of the street where even the coffee on the table has a price. It represents the luxury, but also the two euros obligation of the coffee cup. I think I understand his approach and anchoring in seriousness and honored commitments, but I refuse to parade in the name of his values. As I said, he keeps me afloat, he helps me keep up appearances in front of others, he is my friend. So long, he's gone, see you tomorrow at lunchtime in the exact same place, at the cafe on the shady alley downtown. I'm going back to my diva. She is silent, apart from that initial greeting, she said nothing more. She sits and looks at me. How long has it been since then? She still measures me

... Who would have thought? Even today, when I have a break, should we meet like this by chance in a cafe? She's probably waiting for me to unbosom myself, to tell her about my possible wife, my few children, and my brilliant career, which I should at least theoretically have. Well, my sweet blonde, none of this. I remained the same, serious in principle, but undecided on the fundamental issues. When we broke up, things were adolescent, I didn't have these questions, but I think that's what she expects, to make her understand that I'm doing well without her presence in my life, that I'm one of those lucky people who didn't need her divine presence on one of my shoulders. And so it is, once the decision was made, I did not look back, I gave up her blonde waves, but also others. For a while, I became obsessed with brunettes. It held me until I came across the first ginger in my life. She was something completely different, a redhead, she filled my soul with happiness, the only moment in my existence when I really felt the weight of my soul. I was happy! This weight was not given in the imperial system you are familiar with, it was based on degrees of happiness ... and I was up, at the highest level. That's where that redhead took me ... and from there I fell when she had let me go. I hit myself badly. It hurt, it mutilated my body and soul. After all that experience, I was left deserted, without a horizon, I wore a barren grimace, without emotions, which would have qualified me for any vacancy at the Funeral Home. For a while, I didn't want to get involved in anything more serious, I couldn't stay true to anyone, I always changed, I searched, I explored, I was still unhappy, I didn't give relationships a chance to settle down, everything was based on consumption and immediate satisfaction. Those nocturnal relationships gave me the dose of attention I needed like a rabid drug addict. I came to hate everything that gravitated around me. It was as if nothing tasted good anymore, no one offered me any flavor. It took me a while to understand that life is about small moments of joy and

happiness, that there is no upward graph of pleasure that everyone dreams of. That projection is in consumer advertising. If you are lucky, you learn to enjoy every moment, smile, sunbeam, female presence and everything else delights your soul. I've probably matured ...

"Stay a while?"

"But you didn't leave?" I ask my friend who was already sitting down in the chair he had left a few minutes ago.

"No, I'm staying!" and puts his glass on the table.

"Well, how? Didn't you have a meeting?"

"Yes, but this moment is more important. I think it can wait another ten minutes. Cheers!"

I told you, he is my friend who is always close to me and supports me even at the risk of surprising me sometimes. Reaching out to her, I wipe the condensation off her forehead, I raise my glass and take a good sip from my lager. It's exactly like the one from twenty years ago next to my high school, maybe better dressed and with a better-contoured silhouette, but it has the same taste and flavor.

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