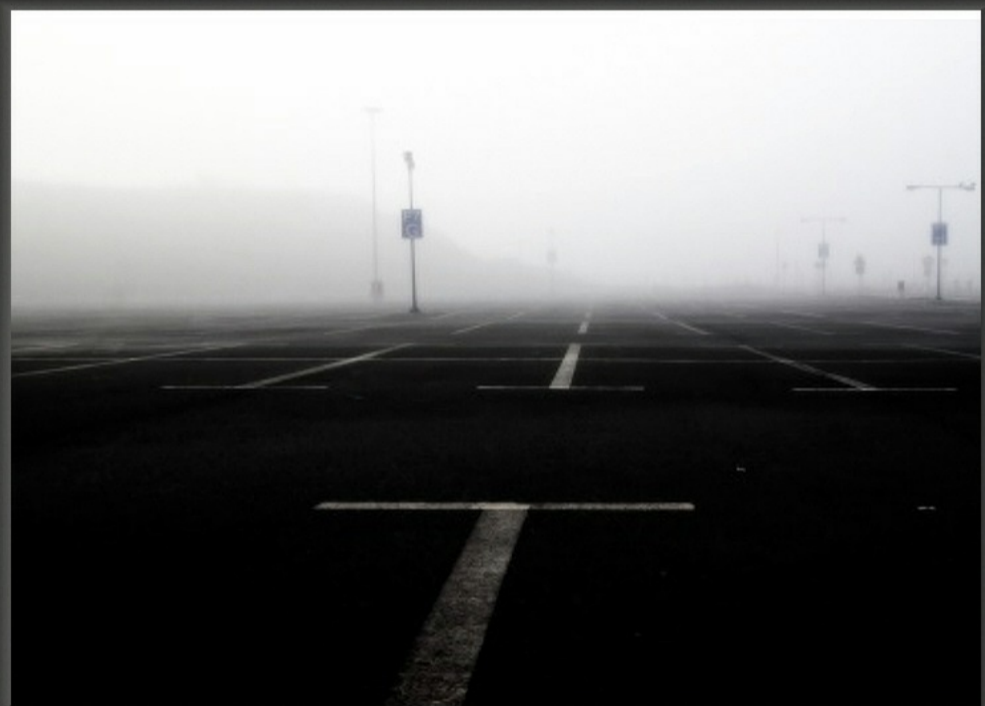


HEIDI SERAPHIM



Ghost Town- Fractures of Moments...

He is looking from a distance at the fading city lights. He is gazing at a city that was vibrating once with colourful sounds and now is sinking into the whispers coming from the courtyards. He brings back from his dusted memory her laughter, her fingers running on his back, the barefoot long walks on the beach...all their moments before isolation.

She is sitting alone and puffs in and out the white smoke coming from her cigar. Last pleasure, she thinks. She looks at her mobile, whilst trying to adapt into the new reality. Coronavirus, Covid- 19, pandemic, social distancing, isolation, no matter how you call it, the conclusion is still the same. "I AM ALONE", she thinks. She misses his laughter, the way he whispered into her ear, before she fell asleep, the sense of his fingers into hers, the smell of his skin...

"What day is it...?"

The parking lot is empty, covered by a strange fog. The signs were left alone to give instructions only to shadows and car outlines. They both remembered how they met there back in the old days.

"You have a parking ticket on your windscreen", he said.

"No, I don't", she replied.

"No, you don't... but now you have my phone number" and he placed a piece of paper under the wipers.

Now he keeps on staring at the city's distant horizon and she is looking at her phone screen...

Her phone buzzed...

*"When it falls down... we'll be two souls in the ghost town..." **

(*lyrics ghost town - Madonna)

