

TWELVE YEARS AGO

Twelve years ago my aunt tells me that my father's life depends on the yogurt I should buy. I walk out into the summer street and let the dust get in between my toes. In my empty neighborhood, filled only with a summer afternoon, across the blacktop I see a girl angrily leaving a man, who stays on the edge of the park and mockingly calls for her to come back. Trying to forget, she turns to me, and I show her the way. As we walk, I timidly place my hand under her mini skirt. I don't touch her, my hand hovers there, in the air. Only, at one point, the tips of my fingers touch her flesh. She turns and gives me a glance with no reaction.

I take her by the hand and lead her home. We enter the green yard of my yellow house, as my hand is under her mini skirt, and my father and aunts on the ground floor. We enter the shadow with a smell of basement, I lock the downstairs door, and we climb the stairs. Before me, she enters the apartment of lukewarm air between the open doors. In the foyer, she turns to me and, wordless, takes off her panties. Then the T-shirt, and the bra, under which white tits come out, hemmed in by brown skin, that other people could've seen too. Finally, she takes off the brown mini skirt as well, under which I discover a cunt - hair. I look at the cunt. She has strong legs. Sits down and spreads them. Offers her hand, while I'm discovering her. I ride, rub my bone against her mound above the cunt, and she is my sister, while the aunts, distressed, gather downstairs in front of the door locked from inside with a silver aluminum key, and try to restore me to the time twelve years ago when my father is supposed to be dying.