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The Life of Bruno

Bruno and Natalia's first kiss was memorable. After walking in the night through the forest with blue leaves, they stopped close to a lake that seemed like a soup of stars. Bruno took the hands of his treasure between his own, listened to the silence for a few seconds and started reciting one of the poems he had written for her. One of those poems you don't have to make any effort to create. One of those poems in which your hand is not moved by your brain, but by your soul. While he was pronouncing the last and glorious verse, he placed his hands on her hips, and after saying the last word, he kissed her.

Bruno's lips covered Natalia's inferior lip. His hands surrounded her waist and pulled her firmly towards him. He felt her body entirely and noticed a shiver through his hands. Their lips separated a few millimetres and both smiled. Bruno kissed her tenderly on her forehead and they melted into a hug that lasted several minutes. It lasted several minutes in which it wasn't necessary to speak anything, because their bodies, their eyes and their burning hearts were saying it all.

Bruno prepared a very special surprise to propose to Natalia. He took her to the beach where she used to spend the summers with her family when she was a child... she had wonderful memories of that place. Right there, over the smooth sand, a carpet made of lilacs drove her to a small wooden box hidden in the sand, in which there was a sapphire ring. There were

huge loudspeakers and Natalia could hear La Vie en Rose, her favourite song, while her eyes were fixed on the movement of the red waves of that sea with sugar. Bruno appeared and whispered in her ear "I love you", for the first time.

From that first unforgettable kiss, Bruno enjoyed every single day with Natalia. He enjoyed every walk holding her hand, every 'Good morning, honey', every kiss before going to sleep, every argument, every afternoon lying on the grass, every film, every poem and every sunset they watched snuggled. He enjoyed every second of glory that her angel gave him, and then it came the day when Natalia got pregnant. And, when Bruno imagined that some day he would take in his arms the greatest gift his lover could ever give him, in that precise moment, Bruno shed tears of happiness for the first time in his life.

And, suddenly, he opened his eyes. A car's horn woke him. He was in his luxurious flat in the centre of Madrid. Bruno felt a deep pain in his stomach and couldn't believe what had happened. Actually, he could believe it, but he didn't want to. It all had been a dream.

Every morning he used to have breakfast broken, without listening to Natalia singing La Vie en Rose. He missed her hair, her voice, the tenderness her eyes transmitted while she was smiling, her hugs, her stories and, specially, her kisses. Bruno's desperation reached such a point that he lost his head. He didn't want to be with any other women because he considered that as a disloyalty to Natalia. He spent years and years alone, remembering those kisses. Each night he used to concentrate a lot so that he could dream again with her and feel again the touch of her skin and her lips. Bruno was convinced that Natalia was real, that he was going to find her again in another dream and that they would spend another life together. For Bruno, real life was dreams.

He became a daydreaming man who lived immersing himself into the memories of that other life, with the vague hope of finding her again every night. And it was that hope the only reason why he was able to go on living that nightmare that others dare to call life. A wise man said once that the most painful and cruel of deaths was the death from imagination, and Bruno was trying it in a way of slow and desperate torture.

He was starting to have difficulties in remembering her face. Years were removing fast the memory of every kiss. Bruno was becoming mad trying not to forget every detail, but it was impossible. It was a sunny morning of April when he was knocked down by a car.

While he was about to die, lying on the floor, he closed his eyes and started remembering better than ever. It is often said that when you die, your whole life flashes before your eyes, and Bruno watched only the flashbacks of that dream. It was at that moment when he understood that this vivid memory was the closest he would ever be of Natalia, and then, he smiled.

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