

Yesterday Berlin. It could have been the day before yesterday as well, or a week ago, or whenever. The day doesn't matter. The town isn't important either. It could be any kind of town, any kind of place. A nowhere. In any case, it's meaningless for others, others meaning the rest of the world, well for everyone except him and I.

Yesterday it wasn't about war and peace, wreckage and reconstruction. It could have been about that, yesterday in Berlin, but actually yesterday in Berlin was about something different; it was about something beautiful, about love.

There was nothing romantic in the air, although yesterday it was about love. It was about love and nobody noticed it. The world looked just as it usually did.

Only today I walk that path again, the one I walked yesterday and recapture that which is already over, a kind of securing of evidence, the traces of the past, passed as of today.

There I stood yesterday, waiting. It was cold.

At one point I felt a stranger's breath on my neck. Somebody stood close behind me. It was as if I were petrified. I knew that feeling, knew it from childhood, when on the brink of sleep the huge crocodile nestled in under my bed. The tiredness fell away. I wasn't allowed to move; otherwise the crocodile under my bed would have noticed that I lay above. I lay there stiff until... I can't remember anymore.

Today I'm older. Much older. I thought yesterday: crocodiles don't exist and I rummaged around in my bag, finally pulled out my mobile and called his number. I'd barely dialled the number when a shrill ringing tone sounded right behind me. I turned around. A young man stood in front of me. He was hideous. He smiled with charm, I with a lack of it: Let's go!

He had brought me here to this small hotel. A long way. We went there silently, side-by-side, as though we had our whole lives in front of us to talk. The longer we went the more I felt the desire to put my arm around my companion, to press my head to his breast, to bore into his breast through the ribcage into the luxurious interior. I heard his blood rush by me, the noise of organs, then stillness. I wanted the moment never to end.

The room was big and empty. In the far corner stood a bed. As I turned around he stood naked before me.

"Why do you paint your toenails red in winter, when nobody sees them?" he asked visibly astonished. He laughed. I was silent. He laughed ever louder; I remained silent. His laughter poured over me, slithered and dripped down on my hair. His laugh pricked in my ears, stabbed me, bored through me like an arrow.

It must have been a love arrow because all at once everything around me went red, an expanding red, then. I mean yesterday. Yesterday in Berlin.

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