

She was angry and hated him

He had had enough of her

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She had seen him dancing after  
six gin and tonics.

He had failed to notice her while  
looking for women with more  
exposed skin.

noone knew whether she was  
his girlfriend

She had a lot of male friends.

She was insulted by people  
thinking she cared what they  
thought,

She valued the approval of the  
powerfull more than she would  
admit.

She had a sense of limited time  
that made her scorn the people  
she considered weak

She ate, drank, smoked and told  
the stories and decried her fate.

She collected male friends,  
ambiguous suitors,

towards whom he felt less than  
his usual jealousy

She talked long and earnestly  
to them about herself.

Some flowers he sent her thrilled her.

but she was dismissive of the  
expensive restaurants

She told him she had been to  
better ones.

She screamed about eating too  
much.

She was thin

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She cried,

so he turned on the TV

She slept in the chair, shivering  
all night

For her everything was first  
beautiful and then terribly ugly

When it was all over,

She kept a reserve of him in her

She knew that,

His endless judging of everything  
was stuck in her head

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They never bought the weekly  
groceries.

went out with each other's friends,

or came home tired from work.

They could not choose to live  
in the same city

because that would have required  
one of them to move for the sake  
of the other.

their shared life had been  
no more than a series of holidays

because that would have made  
their love ordinary and tarnished  
by the mundane.

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'Hello, I am here.'

'I am in a bookshop'

'I'll meet you in front of the station.'

She had had her hair dyed.

She was thinner and more tanned.

She wore a black skirt and blue top.

She walked to her scooter not saying much

She asked what He wanted to do

They drove to a café,

which She liked,

He never been to.

he drank a Coke,

She a Campari and soda.

He went to the cramped toilet  
to wash his face.

She told him that She liked this  
café because the red and black  
tables made a pattern,

He talked a little about the  
beautiful clouded sky over  
the motorway.

He looked at her arm and  
touched it,

then stopped

He paid,

She said they should take  
a walk around the small  
market in the square.

They walked some more looking  
for a pizza place she knew,  
but it was closed for afternoon.

They rode through Rome,

He tried to tell her how beautiful  
it all was, but his banal comments  
were lost in the rushing wind.

As they went along,

she sang a song loudly and  
tunefully.

They reached her apartment.

It was in a large anonymous  
block next to the covered market,

where she bought her fruit and  
drank her coffee each morning.

He hulked his bag into the little lift.

She gave him some keys which  
would be useful for bad times.

She asked him whether  
He was hungry

He truthfully answered that he was

He sat down at the laminated  
table and watched

She began frying diced  
Courgettes

She assembled all the food on  
the table in front of him.

He ate something

but she got angry

that he was leaving no room  
for the large amount of pasta

that she was cooking

so he stopped

He ate a lot of spaghetti with  
sauce and a heavy grating  
of parmesan.

she ate a little pasta and some  
whole courgettes with mozzarella.

They had eaten fast and quietly.

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She woke early,

unable to sleep,

as she was too full of nerves and  
energy.

She ate astonishing amounts and  
then nothing

She could tackle anyone fearlessly

but not control her desire to  
repeat simple pleasures

she knew he was in London.

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She came  
and gone

He looked around his house

It was bigger now he was alone

They spent the last day  
and a half in harmony

He told her

The shops are opened late,  
the sky is amazing above the  
houses. Life is here. It is not  
boring like Rome.

She was angry because a moment  
before he had told her to shut up.

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She had spent Christmas with  
his family

Buying presents had been  
her biggest problem.

That his family would laugh at  
what she gave them

it hadn't been so bad.

She was pleased with what she  
received and his family  
wasn't rude about what she  
given them.

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The port or town along the coast  
was quiet because it was Monday

Her friend had told her there were  
pretty places away from the port

She walked quickly out of the port  
uphill on the main road.

They came to a square with a  
tobacconist, shop and public phone

She used it to phone a number her

friend had given her

but the place was full

She went to the tabacconist to  
ask if anyone knew somewhere  
to stay

They bought two tickets and  
waited for a bus.

They argued.

She took he bag and walked off  
down a walled path.

He followed her.

She ran away from him

and He did not follow her.

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