

You are still here, after two months.

Your house was still shrouded in grief when I arrived in Madrid, but the stagnant smell mum described over the phone was already settling. Like the veil of dust that covered all the ornaments. They all lost their worldly moorings that afternoon, but hadn't got used yet to life's abruptness when I opened the door. The orphaned porcelain figurines stared at me as I crossed the hallway to the living room, as if I could comfort their sudden insignificance —they had never looked so pale.

With each step, a haze of memories rose from the parquet, threatening to be inhaled.

In that mist that only became visible when sieved by the light streaming in through the blind I had just pulled up, a constellation of particles floated in motion. I found myself without knowing what to do, immersed in that atmosphere of ground memories playing tag. The picture of your cat, of my mother, of myself, all hanging on the wall; and from the kitchen, the stench leaking from the fridge proved that this also caught you off-guard. It must have been the first time you were unprepared for anything. I can only remember that you were always violently ready to impose your will upon life. I covered my nose with the sleeve of a jumper I had just taken from your wardrobe, while I dispose of the rotting evidences of your scorn towards my vegetarianism —one of the many things we didn't agree upon. With this knitted barricade against my mouth, as I was trying to skim a breath off the gloom, I realized how scared I have always been of somehow, breathing you in.

Now, back in Budapest, I'm surprised to keep finding you closer than expected, challenging the contours of myself. After two months, I can't believe that I'm still finding grey hairs plaited with the wool of this jumper I took that day.

After two months, and you are still here.