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The glimmer of pink glass coloured your smile. Resting against the blue column, you looked outside. On one side, through the clear glass. On the other, through the hammered glass. One eye, one side. The other eye, the other side. Interchanging. One eye open, the other shut. Then again together. Then again the clear view of the garden. Then again the blur of green. The hammered glass. Your smile. Blinking from one side to the other.

And then you rose, and walked towards the door. In passing, you placed your mug on the sink. And swiftly you stepped outside. Two steps at once. Or rather, a jump. Your hand lay on the wooden beam for only a moment. Right before you jumped.

The door banged behind you. In the lock. The lamp on the ceiling shaking momentarily. And in the distance, I heard you call out.

You called someone. I didn't see you. The sunlight was blinding. And I did not see who you called to, either.

Perhaps no one called. Not you. No one. You weren't even here. You haven't been here for so long. Before long. As if you were here. As if you were ever here before. As if ever. That's how you were here. Ever before.

A pink glimmer. The blur of green. A blue line. To dream of who was never here. Never before. A place for who was never there. A dream without a dream.