Little things give you away. It is not stamped on your forehead that you used to feel at home on wheels. It does not ooze through your casual clothes that you shared your first menses with your mother, father and two brothers, cramped on ten square meters in a fugitive camp. You don’t even think of these days – here, in the soft light of candelabra. Do you?
Against the velvety touch of your jacket, the rusty sun of older days fades into cheap documentary.

When dinner is over, you pick breadcrumbs from your plate and quick motions of the fork gather the last drops of balsamico.

Also, at night you dream of roads.