Friday Morning

You sent me a one-thousand-of-kisses box that I keep for winter, without opening it. I check it is well closed and I leave it again waiting for the next time. I've told myself to not open it till a very really bad day … but I miss you and you had no even time for a kiss, one short-sweet-nice kiss like yours in an open space. So, I get up from my chair and climb to the top of the cupboard and then, I take the one-thousand-of-kisses box and taking it I realize the nice it is, the well wrapped it is.

I decide to open it but I'm just taking one, only one. "Yes", I tell myself, "I'll take just one and I'll put it on my cheek", I think it will look like a nice butterfly on a flower in a summer bright day.

But, when I'm putting the kiss properly on my cheek, as I'm watching myself in the mirror, I realize that another kiss is flying away from the one-thousand-of-kisses box. I try to catch it but it goes directly to my hair, it is dancing around it and it ends lying softly on the top of my head, it seems like velvet lace in a girl's Sunday morning. I look at it with surprise, it is so innocent.

Then I see that some more kisses are going away from the box, they arrive to my neck and like a necklace they dance around it … and I feel them tickling me. They are almost a dozen and I feel excited with these new senses of being softly kissed around my neck.

Two more run out of the one-thousand-of-kisses box and I can't catch them … one gets stick on my breast and I see it going up and down at every breath I take. But the second one, a very small one runs under my blouse … and stands jumping on my left nipple. In that moment, I close my eyes for less than a second, and when I open them again I can see more than a hundred of kisses around myself, dancing in an evolving spiral …

The alarm watch wakes me up … "it was a nice dream" I tell myself while I'm standing up. I go to the toilet and passing by the mirror I'd swear I saw something moving in my curly hair … and a pink point is sparkling on my cheek … I wash my face and clear my eyes … but the pink point is still there … I take a deep breath and a smile fills my face … it is Friday!