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Racing To Istanbul

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RACING TO ISTANBUL

I wake around midnight, your mouth close to mine on the pillow—embalmed by your warm breath. Not dead or alive, but suspended, a character in a tale the next line of which is not yet written. People speak of fate like a contract with the future. Me, I can't even imagine tomorrow. Will I see again the comforting sight of your pants hugging the armchair, your shoes filled with your personal effects? Or will the room have cruelly disengaged itself from the apartment, transformed into a sleeping car racing at top speed to Istanbul without you?