

30 farewell, my favorite Berliner

They flow through your sorrow,

leaving you forever...

remaining only in memory.

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The end of that summer I will remember forever. Mark, as could, tried to stretch the few days that remained before his departure from Shanghai, but they still ended.

Last night we went to the buffet in the revolving restaurant of the hotel "Jinjiang Tower". Mark chose this place, located at a great height to a farewell look at the panorama of the city bathed in lights, streets, skyscrapers, night hurrying crowds, once again, to feel its mysterious, exciting and amazingly thin atmosphere. At 9.35 he had to get on a plane and fly home to Berlin.

We both were not hungry and very tired.

Mark tan and looked like a mulatto - he had just returned from Tibet, where he was ill with a terrible fever and almost died. Said brought me a lot of gifts, but not take them with you.

- I'll come by after dinner and pick them up, ' I said.

We both knew that after the restaurant back to his apartment and make love one last time.

We haven't seen you for two weeks, ' he said, with careful delicacy, you very haggard.

Really? - I touched the face. - I really lost so much weight?

I looked out the window: the restaurant has managed to make a full circle, and now we again appeared in front of the hotel "Garden", I was clearly visible to his flat, slightly sloping roof, like UFOs.

- Tian-Tian again took up drugs. He is unstoppable in his quest to leave as soon as possible, - I said quietly. Then stared into blue eyes the color of the Danube water and added: 'I Think God is punishing me for the evil I've done?

- You didn't do anything bad - in the voice of Mark was not a shadow of doubt.

Maybe I shouldn't have met you. And, of course, I had to go to bed with you, bitterly I grinned. Even to meet you tonight, I was forced to lie to him. Maybe he has an idea of who I am now. But I never dare to tell him directly. It is a shame and cruel to finish him.

I paused.

We're so close, it's some kind of madness!

- Okay, let's not talk about it anymore. Drink up!

We emptied the glasses. Alcohol is a beautiful thing, it warms the inside and clears away lazy blood. Ever faithful friend.

Everything on the buffet table matched the moment: fresh flowers, pretty women, silver flatware and the delicious food. The orchestra played the main theme song from "Titanic", the one that sounds before diving of the ship into the sea. And we were on the ship that revolved in the air, but did not sink because it is unsinkable like a cheerful night in Shanghai.

The car rushed through the night streets along the row of umbrella trees, a charming and elegant cafés and restaurants, luxury buildings, one glance in which admiration was breathtaking. Along the way we kissed. Mark was driving like crazy. We were exhausted from carnal desires, and our kisses were like a dance on a knife edge.

At the intersection of Beijing and UNF, we were stopped by a police car.

- You on the one-way street. In this direction to go is prohibited. Okay? - grumpy said one of the policemen. Then he felt the smell of alcohol: - Yes you besides also drank!

Mark pretended to not speak and do not understand Chinese. We are blinded by the light police flashlight, and then I suddenly called out:

Coco, is that you?

I stuck my head out the car window, strained his memory and finally remembered the ex-boyfriend of Madonna, handsome police officer named MA Jianjun. I sent him a kiss and said Hello, still in English. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him and the other COP whispering about something on the other side of the machine. Before I could hear bits of phrases:

- Come on. These two just arrived from abroad. They do not know our rules. And the girl is very good friend of my old girlfriend...

The second policeman answered something unintelligible. In the end Mark had to pay one hundred yuan.

- That's all I can do for you, - whispered in my ear MA Jianjun. - You escaped at half price.

When we again went on the road, then suddenly laughed. But then I said,

- Nothing funny! Let's go to your place.

I do not remember how many times we made love that night. The frenzy was so consuming that in the end didn't help the grease: and the pleasure was mixed with pain. Mark was merciless and insatiable, like an animal; as a soldier, desperately reaching for a breakthrough, forgetting about death and fatigue; as the executioner, tortured sentenced the victim. But the insatiable desire again and again put us in each other's arms, and it was impossible to define the line between passion and suffering.

Yes, the woman really able to revel in man's cruelty. Her flesh often exists separately from the mind in another dimension, with its own memory. This sensual memory with incredible accuracy captures every meeting. And even after many years, when the passion and all the events related to sink irretrievably into the past, dozing memories smolder somewhere deep inside like embers. When you daydream or meditation, walking the streets, reading, talking with a stranger or make love quite with another man in any of these moments, the ember can flare up half-forgotten flame and remind about the past. So I keep the feelings experienced by each of the men to meet on my life path.

When mark and I said goodbye, I told him about it. He held me tightly and pressed his face so close that his wet eyelashes touched my cheek. I didn't want to watch as the crying man, whom I never see.

I barely raised the enormous bag filled to the brim full of gifts: plates, clothes, books and trinkets. A bag full of useless trivia – all that was left for me love, let me crazy.

I waved to him goodbye. When the door of the taxi slammed shut, mark once again rushed to the car.

You really don't want to take me to the airport?

– No, – I is negative and adamantly shook his head.

He nervously ruffled her hair.

– What am I going to do for three hours? I'm afraid I'm not patience and come back again and again to see you!

– No, I will not come in, I smiled with apparent equanimity, even though I was shaking like a fever. – From the airport you call eve or anyone else. You think about loved ones. And then, after only ten hours you'll see them. They will probably meet you at the airport.

In extreme excitement mark all pulling hair. Then he bent to the car window to kiss me.

– Okay, okay, you heartless woman!

– Forget me... – I said almost under his breath, closed the window and told the taxi driver to get a move on. Faster than pass by these painful moments, the better. They can not be tightened, because they cause sharp pain. Especially if there is no future. He has a wife and child, he would go to a distant and unattainable for me in Berlin. This city seems to be as unreal as a scene from the film or scene from the novel. Modern industrial and however, sentimental city, shrouded in a grey-blue haze. Almost vision... Too distant and alien...

I never turned around and looked at Mark, walked stoop-shouldered on the sidewalk. But to return to the apartment of Tian-Tian, too. I asked the taxi driver to take me to my parents.

Again the lift was not working and I was dragging a huge heavy bag from the first floor to the twentieth. His legs were like leaden. Perhaps, man first landed on the moon, the steps were given with less labor. Thought I will not stand and will fall somewhere in the middle. But I was puked on and climbed upward, not stopping for a second. More than anything, I wanted to get home.

Breathless, I knocked on the door. Opened my mother could not believe my eyes. I dropped the bag on the doorstep and hugged her.

– Mommy, I'm hungry! – I said, and burst into tears.

– What happened? My God, what happened? – She threw herself in his father's office. – Coco here. Come here quick and help us!

Incredibly surprised parents took me to the bedroom and put him to rest. They had no idea what was going on in my mind. If they wanted to they were not able to understand the noisy and turbulent

world in which I lived, it is a nullity and immediacy. They did not even know that the friend their daughter is a drug addict and that she just broke up with her lover, a fugitive to Germany, she writes quite chaotic, but frankly the novel, where it was chock-full of metaphysical arguments and blatant sex.

They will never comprehend the depth of the horror lurking in my heart, and the power of passion, beyond even death. My whole life is a game of passion and destiny is like a loaded gun, at any moment ready for the deadly shot

- Excuse me. But I'm just starving. I really want a rice broth - constantly I kept repeating, trying to smile.

Then they both came out, and I fell into the blackness.

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