

THE GREATEST

THE GHOST OF YOU

SIGHT AND SMELL

Inspired by Laboratorio Olfattivo's Eau de Parfum 'Miss_U'

The absence of someone we love may degenerate and make us
see shadows that're simply not there.

THE GREATEST



I call your phone about 50 times a day just to have it go straight to voicemail and hear your recorded voice. I'm afraid I will soon forget it, just as I forgot the precise colour of your eyes. I try to look at our photographs together, but your eyes are never in focus. Is it some sort of punishment for what I've done to you? Preventing me from seeing your eyes again? Great. Now you have your revenge. I hope you're happy now. I shake immediately this thought from my head. When did I become so selfish? So insecure? So angry? Suddenly, I hear a noise coming from upstairs. I run up to the second floor and crash into the bedroom door. Nothing. No one's here. But I keep hearing it ring. Are you here? I check every room, every narrow and cramped space, but nothing. What am I even doing? I'm looking for a ghost. I can hear it moving, inhaling, and exhaling; I can sense it. Shivers run down my spine. You passed through me. I try to catch you, to grab you, but there's no resistance. You disappeared into thin air. Then I smell it. Your perfume filling up the space that you left in the house. I inhale as if I were taking a long drag from a cigarette. And then I see you, clearly and in focus. 'I miss you', I whisper to the house. I surround you with my arms, keeping you tight. Likewise, I've been dancing with the ghost of
you.

As the night comes, I collapse on the floor; I wait 'till morning to see you again.