

COSMIC CRY

Screams, cries, panic. That's what remains of that evening which seemed to have no end. Five years later, my mind cannot forget so much scare and horror.

In the Yahoo portal they will remain, some embraced and others floating, beyond time, as a robust trace, rooted in the depths of the souls of those who yearn to leave hunger, oblivion and oppression to find new landscapes where living, perhaps, means more dignity and consideration.

Today they set fire to Mount Gurugu. We were ready to jump the fence, but we had no choice but to retreat to a small area protected from the wind. We believe that this is as far as the fire will go. In the glare of the flames, today, like that day when the barge sank, I heard again the powerful voice of my grandfather and his cosmic cry under the moon's wake.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"

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