

THAT'S HOW IT WILL BE, THAT'S HOW I'VE BEEN TOLD

“The moon, my love, has always been there, on the horizon, as a faithful witness to the passing of time. Its face changes according to the events taking place in our hamlet.

So, it appears radiant and luminous if the elders gather to chat under the starry sky, if the children are smiling and are well nourished, if the old mud walls of the school, formerly crumbling, have been erected once again and the children's voices and laughter reach to the furthest ends of the village, if adults cultivate the fields and greet each other politely when they meet on the paths, if women have overflowing breasts to suckle their babies, if water does not run out during the long months of drought.

It appears sad and dull when, at the bonfire, the shaman saddens because the spirits transmit bad omens and he fears that blood will flow like a spring at dawn, when children don't even cry because hunger and thirst have definitely taken over their bodies like two tyrannical and cruel leeches, when minors work from sunrise to sunset and books are not even a memory in the world of dreams, when the land is barren because cursed men and the sun burnt the crops, when babies suck stiff udders and mothers scream cursing the god's revenge, when mud accumulates on the surface of the wells and the clouds forgot their gift in some innermost place.

At times, it looks frightening and gloomy because the warriors wave their banners, sowing the fields and paths with mines, because children disappear in the bitter nights to be whipped, trained and drugged later, because the fire penetrates the huts until they are completely razed to the ground, because people flee in haste, relentlessly, from massacres and persecutions with panic pounding in their temples, because impotence takes hold of the future and looking at the sky is impossible as everything is dark and cloudy. Then, no one dares to look at it because horror takes over the tribe and words are forever buried under oceans of silence.

Today, my dear, it is splendid because of the arrival of the first rains”.

Tissina is a young African woman with a daughter who loves stories, a leg amputated five years ago and a smile on her lips.

“The moon, my love, has always been there on the horizon...” Great-granddaughter, nestled in great-grandmother’s lap, listens carefully again and again, again and again.

Tissina is no longer walking, she feels very tired. Winter has dyed her hair white and soon the perpetuity of silence will come to her lips but, looking at the sparkle emanating from the girl’s eyes, she senses that hope is a telluric energy capable of transforming the world.

“Stories without Mufflers” (2006 -)

Jesús Claver Giménez