

AIRO THE EMIGRANT

After the thunderstorm, everyone looks at the sun.

People say: Oh God thanks for the sun!

The sun says: Oh God thanks for the thunderstorm.

The horizon at Bandu is firm. Its line is not a fusion of water and sky forming an indefinite color when vanishing. It is a line that imposes respect. It defines the presence of an exuberant nature; trees are not erased by distance: the horizon is green.

Bandu is on a river shore.

Its vigorous waters, as if over flown from ignored oceans in which they boiled life, mould, caress, impregnate, stain the border of the earth with a tanned skin color.

It is such a wide river that to the south of Bandu, the horizon completely loses its hope-green color at sunset. Then, the lively waters rest as they paint and unpaint de shore's rime with each of their deep breaths.

Airo was painting Gaima.

Gaima was looking at the sun.

The sun sets where the caudal begins to appear. In the middle of its surrender, the river's mirror reflects a complete image. The light of the sunset is abandoned in the course of the river.

Airo, you painted my face.

I painted Bandu, Gaima. You too, are Bandu.

The stars of the night make drawings on the river; water refreshes the air. The heat from two suns incubates sap.

The caudal walks from west to east. The sun rises from where the caudal that carries almost all the river waters vanishes. After looking at the stars, the mirror water stays and reflects the first lights of dawn. In the middle of its appearance, the sun is now shining completely and the river accommodates to its image.

During the day, the water mirror carries the reflection of the sun over almost all of the river waters.

Gaima, you gave me gold; it shines.

Not everything that shines is gold, Airo.

The piece of gold shined on the mirror of the glass. The eyes received light from the two oval-shaped holes. The face was hidden behind the shadow of the mask. Airo flew away.

Like the rider who forged frontiers under a single sky, he flew away on a roaring white horse.

United, the horizons formed a circle of a hope-green color. From great heights, east to west, the trajectory of the sun embraced a new world.

East and west approached one another.

After a final roar, he landed.

A horizon ahead. The sun was setting.

With a deep breath, the river painted and unpainted the shores with rime.

Airo, did you crop?

Partly; I am coming for more seeds, Gaima.

Gold?

No, sun. The river took half of it away.

In Bandu, there is a race that walks with the sun over the course of the river.

Airo painted Gaima.

Gaima looked at the sky.

The color of our steps

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