

PAREDES THE MUTE

*Ants are brown insects directed by our boot;
we take a fancy to decide on their existence*

*If we observe their labor, it becomes harder to
crush them.*

Pigeons in the square break the branches of the enormous tree and land at the bootblack's foot where cuddling, they seek breadcrumbs leftover from the sandwiches that the mute had bidden to evens and odds.

There are three deaf-mutes and a mute in the line of polishers. Paredes the Mute can hear, but he doesn't know how to read or write. He makes drawings on the air and works to the rhythm of a pendulum that marks calm hours.

Now there is shine, now black cloth.

The bootblack's box is a step that can be reached in a stride. Paredes has decorated his with such mastery that painters are his best clients.

- I will make you a portrait that the most demanding critique will say "it's about to speak".

The laughing confused the pigeons, which took flight, gurgling.

Slow, rhythmical, the mute's movements broke the silence.

Without touching it, his hands modeled the shape of the shoe.

- A clean shoe is soft.

His head drew a No.

- There is nothing like old shoes.

To the rhythm of windshield Noes, languished, he rubbed a tear until it turned into polish. After the stroke of "it's done", distance was marked by the steps of the lit up shoes.

On a winter working day, the mute cleaned boots to the rhythm of a pendulum that reminded him of sad hours.

There was another painting on his box. There was a shoe so clean that it reflected a human face.

- You have painted those eyes very well. Did you know that eyes are the mirrors of the soul?

The black cloth bridled at once.

The shrilling lifted the flight of all the pigeons in the square, which made drawings on the sky as they flew.

The hands of Paredes the Mute held a shining shoe at the height of the painter' s eyes.

The master painter could see his reflection on the mirror formed by the polish.

- Shoes are like their owners...SHOES ARE THE MIRRORS OF THE SOUL!

It all shifted to the deepness of silence.

All throats became empty.

Paredes the Mute and the painter had spoken with the same voice.

The color of our steps

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