

Where we grew up

By Rebeca Chu
After Lisel Mueller

We grew up lonely living among things, and that's why we gave other names to everything and everyone, to those that were there as we arrived, and to those that weren't; we gave new names to old things and old names to new things; we said that the house was a heaven in which people had fun in different colors; we said that the windows were paths, flowers were maps, stones were intensities, edges were shelters, landscapes were perfumes, rooms were bodies, and that the fragrance of the soap coming from the bathroom was white, spicy and cloudy. We grew up lonely living in between names, in pauses, giving the tables legs, the hurricanes eyes, and bottles, mouths. We gave a body to a hat, we even gave a story to that hat that had been forgotten among the flowers in the foreground of the landscape by someone who had already left as we arrived: the hat belonged to a young man who would never take it off his head, whom everyone thought was extremely rude, because he never took his hat off; the young man did not know that without the hat he would grow, but perhaps he did not want to grow up. We grew up creating stories, even for mirrors, that never grow up, but absorb so much of us in silence.