

Espirituosa Labirinto

Rumors however have it that “our creator is a part of a part”; at times, “she departs from an unknown.” Some of us, characters, dizzy and hollow, at times full and turbulent, cackle as they spell out “we are the part of a part.” Some inquire, drooling golden gunk, drinking tinted juice, toasting their own celebration, without even knowing how to speak.

One of the literate ones, I am, in this invented world. In my desire, they would all pass through me, even if extinguishing sparks of despair, or crossing paths left ajar, celebrating the closed ones, or the beginning of illusion. They would cross the alleys of every beginning, their end.

Espirituosa Labirinto, creature, that is how I was formed by this name and by it I am called. Already among ladybugs, tiny and silly, and the mystical ones, so many insects, the alien ones, the happinesses, the last ones, the solitudes, and... yes, I observed the one that rises and the one that falls. I can find and lose all the characters.

In my backstreets, through echo, I say—within me, a void would form larger than my own structure, if I granted them the easy feat of passing through me. Setting up a passage through which my sisters, and my enemies, would escape. And the winged ones would escape, and I would cry out in astonishment and joy, and I would tremble in my entire structure, and I would collapse into hair and fruits of life. I would collapse into horns, arrangements, and serpent shells. Bearing witness that from my fall, prehistoric flowers and vegetables would be born. With the fall of this wall of mine, we would raise a toast everywhere, beyond my volition.

Imagine all the creator’s characters escaping, and, through anima, seeing themselves in freedom, and consequently, I would live again through them.

All in one. But we would die through inertia, without any promise of rebirth—and in this way, impossibilities would spring forth. It seems we are nourished more by the possibility of our wonder, and by fury, indignation. If we are not merely one, then we are many, created from dream and spirit.

Espirituosa Labirinto, deceptively, from my center I seem to be the last chance of escape. A cold, somber terror closes in around me. Then, in twilight and dawn, warmed by heat, I open myself to every crack.