



Mundo Pi Newsletter #1

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‘As individuals, as communities, as nations, we are the constant adapters of ourselves, and must constantly ask ourselves (...) what are the things we cannot ever give up unless we wish to cease to be ourselves?’

Salman Rushdie

Hi, everyone! :) My name is Marina but nobody calls me that. So scratch that. Like this: ~~Marina~~. My friends know me as “Pipi” (which for English speakers sounds awful, I know!!) or “Lian Hua” (蓮花 which in Chinese means “Lotus Flower”). I am from Argentina but I live in Taiwan, a beautiful island; more than that, a place full of heart. I paint, as you might know already, I play a lot with puppetry and my violin, I make some barkcloth and I love writing short stories, plays, poems.

I decided to release this Newsletter because, to be totally honest, I sometimes find that in this crazy, unjust world we live in, communication becomes harder and harder. It seems to me we are getting more and more used to being engulfed in transactional, fast ways of experiencing each other. I try to be cautious about placing blame, cause I feel we are all part of systems that crush and disempower us; systems we don’t know how to mend, how to be in, especially now. Our circumstances are always too complex and I reckon they need a moment of our time to consider them deeply. The “I” is also an “other” to “others”. So, in this shared otherness, I guess we all need to slow down and really nurture time together.

The whole idea of this newsletter is to reach out and *have a conversation*. I will share with you different aspects of my work, but that is just an excuse (a starting point) to get to know each other, become part of a dialogue and experience ourselves in a more relaxed manner. We won’t always agree (ha! you might already disagree with some or everything I have just written!), and that is good. ‘Cause it means we can be angry and shout terrible things at each other! Wait. No, no, no. Let’s not do *that*. It is good, then... because in every disagreement there is something blooming and if it is blooming, it is not dead, and if it is not dead, it doesn’t feel like a goodbye. I sometimes think that when we disagree and don’t care to listen, we just give up and say goodbye.

So this is, then, a big HELLO! Hello and welcome to just be ourselves together, even if you don’t know me and I don’t know you. Let’s play this game of becoming adapters of ourselves, giving and taking to build community.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE (and the next, and the next, and the next, etc.)

This first number has a bit of everything (a euphemism for “it’s kind of messy”). It is a general overview because it is the first! Mainly things in process. I will adapt each newsletter to the needs of the subscribers too, so sometimes I will perhaps focus on one subject more than others, following one thread of thought. I am so new at this! The key is patience! (about which a Cuban writer named Guillermo Cabrera Infante once wrote: “to wait is a kind of art or a philosophy. The natural thing is impatience”¹).

My goal is to share things playfully. Basically, merge storytelling (from short stories, poetry, chronicles to personal anecdotes) with visual arts (from painting, puppetry, barkcloth making to even musical presentations with different media), navigating a world of craftsmanship in a way that speaks to us as a group and helps us be in the moment together, even if that together sounds strange or too “virtual”. Hopefully, with time, it will extend beyond the confines of virtuality. Who knows.



¹ “Esperar es un arte o una filosofía. Lo natural es la impaciencia” (Guillermo Cabrera Infante en *Ella cantaba boleros*).

***EL ACABOSE!* or painting flowers**

I was reading an article about an Argentinean writer who, at 18, had decided to study philosophy at university. When he, oh-ever-so-chirpy, announced his plans to his parents, his father, disturbed, visibly troubled, exclaimed forcefully: “¡Es el acabose!”, which in Spanish means something like “this is the last straw!”. “Acabose” comes from the verb “acabar”, which means “to finish”, “to deplete”; or “it is over”. His father believed that if there was ever a complete and utter useless profession for a human being, that was it! Philosophy. And he said that phrase because his son was known for, well, in general, not doing much. So the path of philosophy seemed like the most conclusive way to carry on an existence of nothing, nothing at all.

I always remember that story, particularly that phrase in Spanish. It sounds funny, specially if you picture a tough man yelling to his son, enraged at the stupidity of youth.

I remember it because, first of all, I have always read a lot of philosophy and actually considered, at 18, to study it at university, like that Argentinean writer. Secondly, because whenever I paint flowers I imagine my own father saying that to me (maybe even with that same fatherly tone). “Flowers?! *El acabose!*”.

I realized early on that painting flowers is sometimes seen as something you do to pass the time, something “silly” that only *women* with a lot of time in their hands do. Something easily dismissed, unimportant. Let’s say, *superficial*; with no real depth, which I find strange since what could be more profound and beautiful than trying to connect with nature? Well, I do know, too, that some of the people who don’t consider paintings of flowers as something interesting sometimes focus on the *why*, or the *how* (how to paint them) and not only on the what (flowers themselves). I can’t really discuss this now (you can email me about it, if you want). I will just state here that the idea of painting flowers as something uninteresting and shallow haunted me a little at first. Well, it still does sometimes.



But when it does, I remember some beautiful shoes someone once painted. Yeah, shoes. They weren't beautiful, special shoes. They were old, dirty shoes which needed mending. But the person who painted them revealed their life. He didn't embellish their life, he just showed it. And in doing so, he also showed himself, and his relationship with those shoes. He revealed how deeply he could go into *the moment* of those shoes. Into the secret life that burgeons somewhere, hidden, as if waiting. He could do this out of sheer practice. He had been painting for a while and had acquired a strong bond with his materials and his own ways of doing things. He could do it, too, because he had certain connection with those shoes. Something had caught his eye and projected something back to him, to his whole self.

So, when I paint flowers, I have to remind myself once and again: it is not *el acabose!* It is not over. It is just the beginning. 'Cause maybe it doesn't matter *what* you paint. It doesn't even matter *how* you paint. But that you *do* it. And by this I mean that you immerse yourself completely in the moment, adapting and rearranging, treating the time to do it as your own farmland, a place where you grow things slowly, patiently (yeah, Guillermo, we are perhaps circumnavigating some kind of art...or philosophy?).

So speaking of moments, patience, Cuban writers, Argentinean writers, angry fathers and time, I will share with you some of my latest personal moments with flowers.



Raicharan and the Kadamba Tree

There is a story by Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) titled *The Child's Return* where a man called Raicharan is a loyal servant who serves a young master. Years pass, his master marries and has a boy. Raicharan serves now two masters, taking care of their son, whom he loves as if he were his own. He spends every minute of his time with him. One day, in a little outing with the boy, they are both distracted by the beauty of a Kadamba tree, and the child falls in a river and drowns. Raicharan cannot forgive himself and is made to leave his life as a servant and go back to his village. Soon after that, his wife delivers a boy, despite being old, and dies during labour. Raicharan brings up his son as if he was royalty, often neglecting his own needs to provide for his child. He believes the child is a reincarnation, or a sort of substitute for the boy he lost in the river. After some years, he returns to his masters' house and presents his boy as theirs. He thinks fate took the first boy away and gave him this other boy. The master and his wife believe this is their son and simply understand Raicharan had stolen the child. But in the end everything is forgiven and his son, in spite of being angry for "having been lied to" about his real origins, agrees to send a small stipend for Raicharan. When they send the money to the village where Raicharan lives, they are told there is no one with that name.

I was intrigued with this story because it deals with many different themes. Two of the themes it deals with are paternal devotion, on the one hand, and materialism and lack of empathy on the other. But the image that really caught my attention and which, I think, magically sets forth these themes and their many angles, is the image of the Kadamba tree.

The Kadamba² tree is indigenous to very hot parts of India and it is often mentioned in mythological and historical literature. It is associated with Lord Krishna who apparently performed many divine acts under its shade, and it also has many pharmacological uses. There are actually many tales about the Kadamba and it is sometimes associated with other divinities and different festivities.

The tree is mentioned very briefly in the story. Its significance is not directly alluded to; it is only implied, because, I assume, a person from India would immediately understand its cultural background. I didn't know anything about it but I felt a big pull when the tree appeared since it was then that the plot reached a poignant turning point, and it was the overwhelming beauty and presence of that tree that moved the whole action forward. There was a simplicity in how it emerged in the narrative, almost an enigmatic austerity, that made me pump deep for an unstated profundity.

I then tried painting the tree, not going for an actual representation of how it looks (it is beautiful, you should look it up), but for how it made me feel when reading the story and what it represents in it. So here it is my own Kadamba tree. You could say, a *Pipish* Kadamba tree.

² The scientific name is *Neolamarckia cadamba* of Rubiaceae family. The genus name is in honour of French naturalist Jean-Baptiste Lamarck. The common names are: Bur-flower tree, Laran (English); Kadamba, Kaduavalatige (Kannada); Kadam, Kadamb (Hindi); Kadambamu (Telugu); Kadambai, Vellaikadambu (Tamil); Attutek (Malayalam).



Kadamba afternoon, acrylic on canvas 35x27 cm, 2022

Day Flowers and my friend's dream



Day Flowers, acrylic on canvas 73x53 cm, 2021

This painting comes with a personal story. I reenact here in writing the conversation I had with a friend (who is a subscriber to this newsletter, so I'll for sure get an email from her scolding me or something) that made this painting possible. I feel my friend will have to let me off the hook somehow (a cheap, lowest of the low attempt at asking for forgiveness, yeah), since I won't mention her name (but I am sure she will say something about me leaving evidence of her gender...and about some other thing or two).

Rainy afternoon. FRIEND and PIPI are sitting at the table, drinking tea together. FRIEND seems happy. She is one of those people who only sees the good but when the bad arises she is brutally honest and gets easily frustrated that her bubble of goodness doesn't seem to achieve its complete realization in real life. PIPI drinks and watches her friend, who, by the way, loves talking. But so does PIPI, so nobody is judging. It is obvious there is a close bond that allows them to be completely relaxed with each other and just speak their minds. There

is a vase with big red Rhododendrons³ in it. FRIEND is looking at them and will look at them from time to time during the conversation.

FRIEND: Last night I fell asleep in front of the TV. I dreamed with red flowers. They were chasing me. They were angry. Big red flowers.

Beat.

FRIEND: Colossal.

Beat.

FRIEND: What do you think it means?

PIPI: That you watch too much TV.

FRIEND: No. Seriously.

PIPI: *(solemn)* Well, when I graduated from the Dream Academy they explained to me—

FRIEND: I think it means...it means...

PIPI: That red flowers are rising. Shit will go down.

FRIEND: Red can be scary, ah?

PIPI: I don't really like red.

FRIEND: But it's passion.

PIPI: Red is passion.

FRIEND: It's the color of passion.

PIPI: So?

FRIEND: It should trigger something nice.

PIPI: Passionate.

FRIEND: Yeah.

PIPI: But you are scared of red.

FRIEND: It's hard to explain. Yes.

PIPI: Well, red is blood.

FRIEND: True that.

Beat.

FRIEND: There were orchids too, though. In my dream. White orchids.

PIPI: Orchids are nice.

FRIEND: Not in my dream.

PIPI: How come?

FRIEND: They opened and closed their petals and wanted to eat me.

PIPI: I so have to monitor your viewing habits...

FRIEND: Orchids were scary too. But then they disappeared.

PIPI: Did they talk? The flowers.

FRIEND: No, they ran and wanted to eat me.

PIPI: How did the dream end?

FRIEND: *(looking intensely at the Rhododendrons now, totally distracted)* It didn't end.

PIPI: What?

³ Azaleas 杜鹃花

PROCESS 進行中的工作 PROCESO



These are some friends from very short, sort of improvised “puppet shows” I prepared in my studio (they are on my IG and YouTube, if you haven’t watched them).

The main character in one of them, right here in this picture on the left, is made with clay and acrylics and he is dressed with barkcloth made from the Paper Mulberry tree⁴.

The two owls, the little glass and the little chair were gifts from a friend. I used to make more technically complex

puppets commissioned by different theatres and ensembles in Taiwan and abroad. But now I tend to prepare these little performances at home or when asked by institutions where everyday objects become characters in simple plots. I love playing with objects because I feel there is life everywhere, and if we just pay attention and dedicate some time to those brief glimpses at life, there is something in us that becomes, in a way, those objects, those other ways of existing; a poetic kaleidoscope of being alive (you should try it at home! seriously).



⁴ Morera de Papel (árbol) / 我用構樹來做樹皮布 I will expand on this in some future issue.



Based on my own experience with object theatre, one of the first things I feel I need to do when exploring any object that could potentially become a character is to scout for its many histrionic facets. This means I use it in as many different ways as possible. I pay attention to every part of it and see what they can offer. I do a thorough research on how we can play together. Every part of it tells a different story and can open up a world of possibilities. You move one thing this way and you have a certain personality, you move it that other way and you may get the opposite. Also, the way they move can trigger a story.

The second thing I often pay attention to is their breathing. Because they are characters, they breathe. They are like you, like me. We have to help them breathe.

I am tempted to tell you that, if you want to try it at home, those two things are fundamental, but every person is different and relates different to objects. So the ways of engaging in this type of transformation vary. If you want, I can talk more about this in my next newsletter. Some of the subscribers have little children and could benefit from this ;) Those who are not interested...I'm sorry! (but I do secretly think it is a nice and transformative activity for absolutely everyone).



VIDEO

“Never Enough” Music: Sophy de Puerto Rico

Click on the image to see the performance ;)



STORY TIME

Chance

by Marina Burana

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The sound of the waves found its way into the house, and it felt like a big hug. It was the music that held her days together, one after the other, a compendium of moments of her life in that island. She would sometimes sleep outside without Mrs. Chen knowing about it. She would do it because she felt that the closer she was to the sea, the better she felt. Outside of the house, she always had the feeling that the sea was right there, under her toes.

Maia, Maria's friend, had told her to be careful; sleeping inside was perhaps a better choice since there were many little snakes outside at night. Maria didn't care. It was true, she knew it. She had often found the remains of snakeskin after molting, but she just didn't care about them. She closed her eyes, snuggled down into the armchair, and fell asleep with the rocking sound of the waves. She thought every time the sea *inhaled*, there was a profound silence that engulfed the whole Earth. And then it would *exhale* and something of this world would be restored; something would be given back.

That sea was all she had, to speak the truth. It was the only thing she could count on. Of course, there were her friends and family back home with whom she had video conferences every day, mostly at work, since she only had one day off per month, and sometimes her days off got canceled, and two or three months would pass without one day to herself. So she had no choice but to chat with everyone while taking care of Mrs. Chen. Of course, this was frowned upon by Mrs. Chen's family members, who were always suspicious of her and treated her with utter disdain. "You don't understand how things work," Mrs. Chen's daughter would say to her, "but here in Taiwan, when we take care of the elderly, we can't be talking on the phone all the time." That was on a good day. On a bad day, she would receive threats regarding the termination of her contract and even deportation! This last one sent shivers down her spine. She couldn't go back to the Philippines. Her and her family's lives depended on that job, so she would not talk with them while attending to Mrs. Chen. She would do it at night when the old woman was asleep (although Maria was technically still working). And as she talked to her family and friends, she would hear the waves in the background, telling her in that gentle whisper that she was not alone. That she mattered.

Mrs. Chen was, all in all, a nice lady, Maria reckoned. If she had to describe her, she found that the best word to do it would be “silent.” She barely said anything, and whatever she wanted to express came out as small gestures and quick glances. When they first met, Maria thought her choice of not talking much revealed a sanctimonious disdain deliberately directed to her. Then she realized it was Mrs. Chen’s intimate way of dealing with old age: Her existential angst transformed into an atlas of silence, where the many circumstances of life bifurcated and converged into a landscape of hopelessness and regret. Still, there were times when Maria would say something nice to her, and Mrs. Chen would try a little smile or even say something nice back. But those were the vagaries of an odd day, nothing more. So their relationship was, thus, distant, almost non-existent. But, on some level, Maria thought there was a hidden conversation between them; a shared outcry that was only visible and invisible at the same time in that profound silence that enveloped them day after day. She couldn’t think of Mrs. Chen as a friend, of course. But she sometimes wondered what a friend really was. She had once heard someone say, “Friendship is no less mysterious than love or any of the other faces of this confusion that is life.” So would it have been wrong, for at least a moment of mild delusion, to regard Mrs. Chen as a friend? She did wonder.

One Wednesday morning, on her free day, Maria decided to go to Taipei and visit some friends from Indonesia who were having a party. Maia had invited her, and Maia’s friends were all right, she thought, so she went. She made sure to carry her ARC (alien resident certificate) because she would be asked to show it every now and then. The police would do that. Men had it worse, she thought. But, still, she was usually asked to show it two or three times a day if she was out in the street.

She put on a black T-shirt, a skirt with a flower pattern (a gift from Maia), and some makeup she had bought herself. She didn’t really like wearing makeup; it felt unnatural. But she had realized that some wrinkles in the corners of her eyes were starting to show; and, whenever she used makeup, poof! It was like magic—everything seemed smooth and young again. When she was wearing makeup and looked at herself in the mirror, she felt she could do anything; she could be anyone she chose to be.

She smiled. With that skirt and that makeup, she felt beautiful.

She took the 9:45 train to Shu Lin. It would arrive in Taipei at 11:30. Many of her friends hated the train ride because it took so long. They would look at their phones all the way to Taipei. She did that, too, but not after having passed the part with the sea. She would devote the first 30 minutes on the train to just looking out the window at that huge expanse of water. She liked to think

of her friends and family somewhere on the other side. The horizon meant possibility. It meant millions of lives like hers, struggling, dreaming, and wanting to be something else.

The train advanced fast. But the sea was imperturbable. It was out there, in all its magnificence, like a rock, deceptively unaltered, as if watching over the land. She thought the sea was wise. It had all the answers and all the questions. This idea made her feel protected. She had a very private dialogue with that sea she knew so well; and, in that special relationship they had, in that silent exchange of breathing in and out together, the world made more sense. Maria loved looking at it from the train because she was certain the sea was looking back, only focused on her. Nobody else understood that secret logic they shared, the internal abyss of their minds, their ways of saying so much by not saying anything at all. And in those ways, the sea made her remember things. One memory, in particular, came up often on the train.

She must have been around ten years old. It was the most beautiful Saturday morning, and her grandmother had just come to Manila from the little town where she lived to spend a few days with them. Maria and her five sisters adored the old woman and saw her as a definite source of wisdom. Her name was Esther, and she was stern and decisive. She had raised Maria's father and his brother under the belief that one should only cry as a last resort and, even then, to try anything in their power to avoid it. That mandate had been passed on to Maria and her sisters through her dad in what she considered ruthless parental choices.

That Saturday morning, her grandma brought an imported chocolate that one of her neighbors had given her and put it in the fridge. Maria's mother said they would all share it the next day. It was a real treasure to have something imported, and Maria and the girls were all crazy about it. They would open the door of the fridge just to look at it. On Sunday, when the time to share it finally came, the chocolate was gone. Somebody had eaten it the night before and had artfully left the paper sleeve, with the aluminum foil in it, in the fridge, almost untouched, giving the impression the chocolate was still there. Since nobody confessed, and the chances of finding the thief were slim, all the girls were grounded, locked in the bedroom they shared, amidst an uproar of much yelling and confusion.

Two weeks passed, and grandma was long gone, back in her town. To everybody's surprise, another chocolate of the same brand as the one that had caused so much turmoil appeared in the fridge. It was a surprising event, indeed, since they didn't have the money to afford such a luxury. The girls, a little troubled, didn't say anything to their parents. They didn't even discuss its sudden appearance with one another. It was as if the new chocolate didn't exist.

That night, the whole house was suddenly disturbed by a wailing sound and a flurry of activity in the kitchen. Everyone quickly gathered there to see what was going on, but the lights were off so they could barely see each other. When their mother turned the lights on, they found Maria's youngest sister, Christina, shouting, crying in pain as she touched her left cheek, trying to explain how much her tooth hurt. Their father was right next to her, looking a little amused and holding the paper sleeve of the famous chocolate, with its gold aluminum foil and a piece of rectangular wood that fit perfectly in it. The hoax, the guilty, and the tears were all out in the open. It was peculiar, Maria thought, that their father seemed to be vectoring towards this strange moment of weakness, giving ground to the crying. But then it hit her. That night, he had established something in their household that was completely his own, something to pass on to generations to come: tactical shrewdness as a newly founded mandate.

He died a year later, accidentally being shot by the police. But Maria had always kept that teaching fresh in her mind, and she gave way to that memory every time the sea spoke to her in their own secret dialogue.

She was feeling drowsy; and, when the train stopped at Gui Shan, she realized she had fallen asleep. She had missed a good 15 minutes of the first part of the journey (her favorite part!), and this was very frustrating. They stayed in that station for 10 minutes. It was a shabby station. The walls were all cement gray, with big patches of mold everywhere. Some men who spoke in Malaysian got on the train. She didn't know how to speak Malaysian, but was used to hearing it in the streets and could rapidly recognize it. Right when the train was about to leave the station, a woman with a three-year-old boy hopped on. She was Taiwanese. She looked at her and smiled, and this disconcerted her deeply. Nobody ever smiled at her like that for free, least of all a Taiwanese woman. She would sometimes get pity smiles from white folks, the so-called "expats." Of course she was an "immigrant," not an "expat," although she didn't understand the difference since she and the expats were all working there and had adopted the country as their own.

The woman and the little boy started playing hide-and-seek. He would put both hands on his face, and he was thus automatically hidden; sometimes he would just close his eyes, which meant, for all purposes, that he was gone, that nothing existed but himself in the dark. His mother would do the same, and she would kiss him almost non-stop. He would kiss her, too, with the same fruition. They would hug and kiss as if there was no tomorrow. The mother would also whisper things in his ear, and he would laugh with a loud and hearty laugh that she would then have to suppress. But she did it with no real commitment, laughing with him as she tried to make him stop. This whole scene

was so confusing to Maria, who was sitting some inches away from them. She had never seen a Taiwanese mother so devoted to her child in public. The constant show of affection was certainly mystifying, unexpected. She thought about this for a moment and looked at them and felt happy. She didn't really know why she felt happy; she reckoned it had to do with the profound beauty in that outburst of emotion she was witnessing. She smiled at them, and they smiled back. The little boy said 妳好!⁵ and waved his hand. She did the same, and the mother was amused by him. But the sun was now reaching Maria's head, and she started to doze off. She tried making herself comfortable, but the gap between the window and the seat was too big. After a little bit of twisting and turning, she suddenly felt something soft being placed on the gap. It was a beautiful flowery little coat. But, with closer inspection, what she thought were flowers revealed themselves as tiny little dinosaurs of different colors. She looked at the woman with the boy and told her it was not necessary. She had this terrible habit of drooling when sleeping. The woman said, "Take it, really, no problem at all." The boy, trying to solemnly reinforce his mother's statement, said, "My dinosaurs help me sleep. They are not scary; they want to play. I dream of them. You dream of them now." Maria and the woman laughed, and the only option was to accept such a beautiful gesture, so she did.

It was a pity that she felt so tired in the first 30 minutes of her journey. She never missed that part, but she couldn't manage to stay with her eyes open this time. The funny thing was she *did* dream of dinosaurs. Two big dinosaurs who roamed a desert island and loved eating coconuts until they turned on each other and one of them killed the other. That's when Maria suddenly woke up and found out the train was already in Xi Zhi. She looked at where the woman and the boy had been sitting and saw that the spot was empty. They had already gotten off the train.

As Maria held the little coat with the dinosaurs and looked outside the window to the buildings that now populated the view, she started crying. She cried as demurely as she could because she didn't want to attract attention to herself, and also because every time she cried, she remembered her father and her grandmother, and their ways of dealing with grief. She covered her face with the coat until she realized her makeup was all smudged, running down her face now and leaving big stains on the little piece of cloth. She thought she must have looked hideous—like a monster—and felt bad about ruining the coat, although she knew how to clean it.

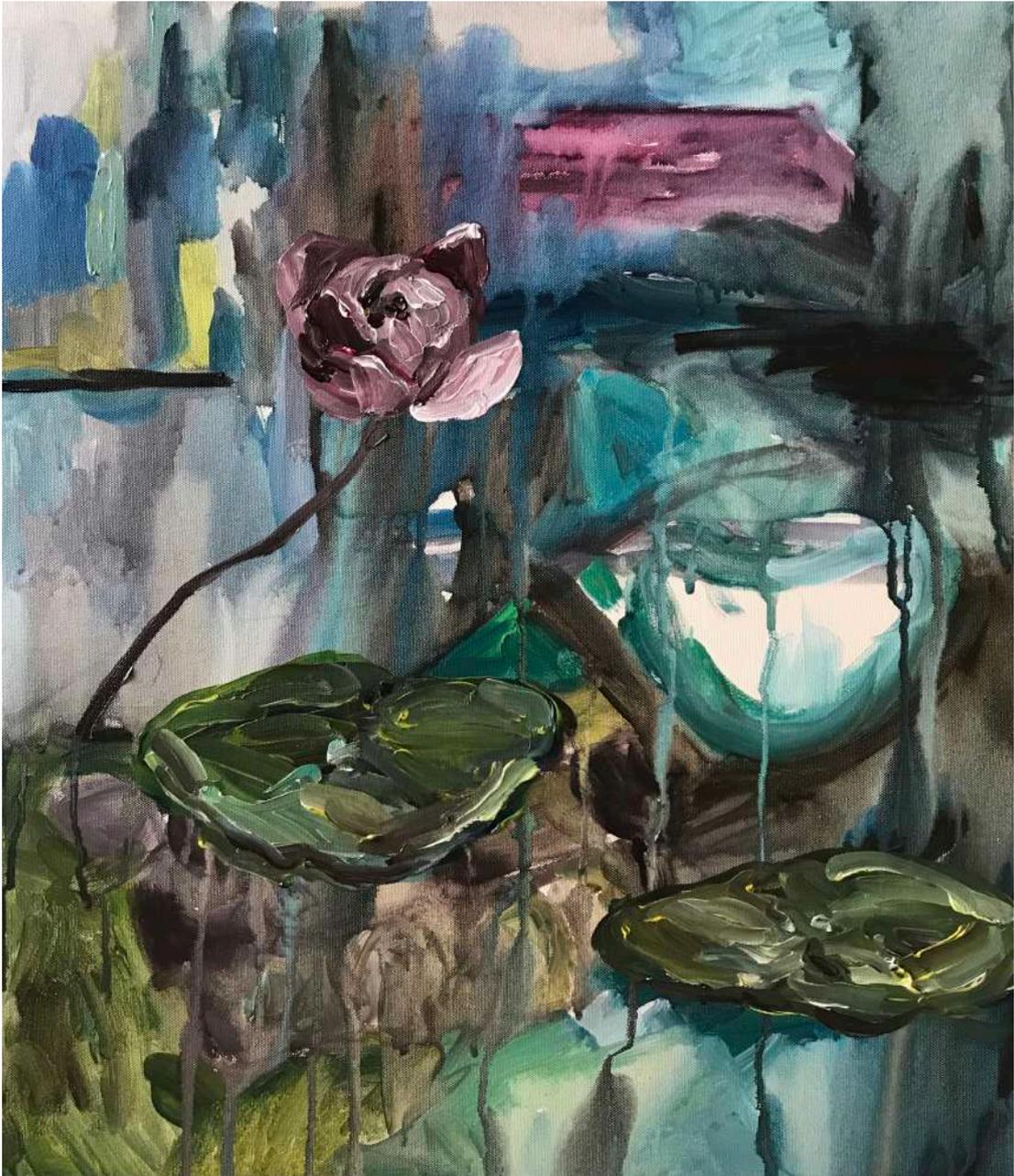
She couldn't stop crying. She had slept so well with that coat as her pillow that she felt guilty. Not only hadn't she been able to give it back, but she had also missed the chance to say thank you

⁵ Hello!

one more time. She now felt she hadn't thanked them enough. She had been so shocked since that very first moment the woman had smiled at her that it had all happened too quickly, without giving her time to process the profundity of the interaction—ambushed in that strange configuration of a reality that had never been *her* reality—and the only way she could now cope with it was by crying, by letting out all that melancholy that was unrelentingly welling up in her mind.

For some reason, she kept hearing the sound of the waves, as vivid as if she was at the beach, and this made her cry even more. The train was already nearing Taipei, and Maria thought she now had to step into another world. She had to go to this party and smile and try not to be herself too much. Even in those little reunions, she had to change her skin, like a snake would, like those snakes that probably slept near her at night when she decided to sleep outside in the armchair and be lulled by the rhythm of the waves.

She put the coat with the dinosaurs in her little purse, got off the train, and slowly stepped on the platform. The day was just beginning, but Maria felt so tired already. Of course, she was tired because of her work, but now she felt her energy was drained by what had happened in the train. That small, tiny gesture of human solidarity had not only helped her sleep and made her feel grateful, even hopeful about the future, but it had also done something else for her. The woman and the child, for those few minutes in which they had been part of her life, had given her something as abstract and concrete as what the waves had always offered her: the certainty of a hug. And she felt good. She felt precious.



PERLITA

“(...) To be born is to come into the world weighed down with strange gifts of the soul,
with enigmas and an inextinguishable sense of exile. (...)”
from *The Famished Road* by Ben Okri

Thank you so much for your time :)

Please, feel free to contact me with suggestions, feedback, thoughts, grammar and/or typo corrections. Any advice regarding the format of this newsletter helps too, ‘cause I’m a newbie. Also, if you want to unsubscribe, let me know. Yes. There will be many tears and much fragility involved but I will definitely not think less of you ;)

Gracias and see you soon!

www.marinaburana.com