

# MANDORLA

NUEVA ESCRITURA DE LAS AMÉRICAS • NEW WRITING FROM THE AMERICAS

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## SHIPWRECKED ON NAXOS

*I've never written, though I thought I wrote,  
never loved, though I thought I loved,  
never done anything but wait  
outside the closed door.*

—Marguerite Duras

I've been dreaming I have only one breast. But not a breast that knows the other is missing. No, nothing like that. It's just that I have one breast in the middle, like the Cyclops has only one eye.

I dream that I pause in front of a mirror, and a kind of little cone emerges from my blouse, diminutive, in the middle of where my two breasts should be. I take off my blouse, and then it appears, one strangely beautiful breast.

"What is your reaction to the fact that you have just one breast?"

"Reaction?"

"Yes... I mean, in the dream."

"I only have a reaction when I wake up. In the dream I feel nothing that relates to that word."

“What word?”

“Reaction.”

“Do you feel strange? Do you want to have another breast?”

“No... I don't think so, I think I feel complete with that breast, I feel... as if I had a star born out of my chest, just one.”

“A star?”

I want to talk about myself a little, just for today. Listen: I've lived in La Condesa for a year. It's a cheap room on a terrace. I pay 2500 pesos a month. The rent includes laundry, gas, even cable. I don't have to pay for cable. Daniel let me know about the rent. He called me one morning, like he'd fallen from the sky, and he said: Do you really want to move? Yes, of course, I told him, and he gave the phone number to Dante and me. We called and the three of us went to see the room. Everything happened very fast. I could almost say Daniel decided for me. I'll talk about Dante later.

*Sir Osbourne reads:*

*She stayed there, waiting on a salty rock in Naxos. Her arms grown in length, and so she embraces her back, or vice versa. She clings to it and her eyes have deep circles underneath them, dark hollows from which another woman's gaze seems to emerge, a woman whom she will never be.*

*Her shoulder blades look like wings, and the thread is tangled in her hair, the cursed thread reminding her, telling her, do not weave, don't start weaving because waiting without concentrating on waiting is precisely what she should not do. She should wait just like that, anguished, shielded by her arms and legs, skin parched with exhaustion, eyes dead and saliva tattooed on the vertex of her lips. Watching, watching. Such is the waiting and you cannot weave, you cannot breathe deeply because in a breath a delicious instant dies in which he could come for her. Her fate no longer rests with the gods, though she has not ceased to believe in them.*

“Why doesn't she leave the island? Why does she wait there, numbed?”

“Numbed?”

“As if nailed to her own body.”

“I don't know. You tell me. It's your story.”