

SHIRAHAMA

There is a woman on the beach. We don't know where is she from. To tell the truth, it doesn't matter. We don't know the shape of her eyes nor in which language she was sang to when she was little. We can see her shyly grazing the stone she sits on. Curiously, she dips her toe into the water of a sea that seems will touch her buy not, it will touch her and almost. The water is cold. We know there is a woman on the beach and that's not all. We know that the woman doesn't talk. The doctors have said she can't hear either. More than once she was considered dumb.

But this woman clearly hears the sound of the waves breaking at her feet on the giant rock and, as she touches her inert friend, she smiles. Of course, how this story begins should be explained should be said how this woman came to this beach and not another beach and what she is thinking while she touches the stone that is her confident, and not some other stone. However, whoever has woven this tale and the reader who now re-weaves it can see that this woman has no tongue because she has decided not to have it: or, let's assume that, because we know perfectly well that this story, like everything else we narrate to each other, occurs in the imagination land... (Oh, the imagination, such prostitute, caressed in her youth by the potter and endlessly by you, drinker of pots of novels and tales...)

This woman sees directly into the horizon, where the blue of the sea and the blue of the sky meet (or separate, how can we know); the sun comes and goes through this point, as

a pet wanders from the kitchen to the patio. While she touches sand, stone and foam, she remembers that there was once someone who spoke to her in her parents' language but she, or rather her mind, would say: I don't understand. But the thing is she didn't want to understand, because the language of her parents was only useful for attacking and hurting other people and she didn't want to do that. There was also someone who spoke to her in the doctors' language but the woman, or rather her gestures said: no, no. And the doctors used words she'd never heard before so she did not contradict them. She is dumb, said the kids that already knew how to ride a bike, the kids that ordered around the younger ones. She is stupid.

So she learned how to speak with birds and ants: with the beach, where the tourists wouldn't go; with the sand, that always had gifts for her. The sharp stones were monoliths and by night the lights would beat over them, drawing smiles. The lighthouse and the hotel lights would also talk with the girl who is now a woman. The light also has things to say. And the waves, don't even start, they are always talking to us, always. Right now I can hear them as I imagine this woman sitting on a giant stone, where tourists don't – like the one who is doing yoga not far from me -, where the sound turns around and comes back and touches me.

The woman ties one of her friends to her left foot, not the right one because it is stronger. Now I see her body floating among the smallest waves, the ones who are afraid of breaking on the beach with strength. Now I see her body with its foam scort approaching the sand, swollen in the low temperature... But, what a non original thing, huh? The woman that spoke to the stones and the seagulls killed herself. She suddenly died and

someone would complain that I am leaving out bits: the neighbors will believe that she killed herself because of love, for some man (perhaps the blond foreigner that does yoga upside down, the women will gossip while they wash the rice in the morning). Her story will be mistaken for the one about the Anderson mermaid, whose true love was the foam and not the prince. The foam and its eternal swaying... After all, that fishwoman came from the water.

I lay down and the scene of the entire town accusing her drives me mad. She is considered evil by the other women, who believe she uses languages and demons against life, and has magical powers. Little boys offer her food and little girls braid her hair. Until one day a man wants to possess her and she refuses. She had decided not to talk to humans because she does not like humans, she doesn't want to love nor be loved and so on. The man fights, scares away the seagulls, shouts even more than the waves. When the night comes and only a few lights remain on, the man caresses and hits. He was married and his wife accuses the mute, that stupid girl, of being a whore, a farce, a shame. The scene of her with her hair over her breasts, bleeding, the scene of her bruised eyes, an entire town throwing stones at her body that appears to be one of the monoliths: buried, vertical, indolent.

After some time, she reached her stone friend and cried alone. Her body was something else; it didn't belong to her anymore. She is alright alone, she doesn't need them, but now she is not alone anymore. Memory pierces her guts like thorns. The woman is tired. She ties a rock to her ankle and jumps. It is like a natural bay, with pointy rocks colored honey, red and brown, like Los Cabos' stones. Maybe it is because of that. Before

the Pacific was born we were a unique land, full of plants and without a tongue; we were a unique rock, bathed by sun and salt, like this one that is now caressing me, like that one I touch out of fear of a sea lion that once applauded towards the boat, towards me and an unforgettable man (where the unforgettable is something that no longer accompanies us).

It's not hard to understand this woman that denies her talk to the humans, that talks with birds and crabs, with clouds and with light. It's not hard because there are also those who speak and are not listened to; those who talk and do not know what they are saying; those who talk and hurt the only person that could understand them. It's not hard to understand this woman being angry with The Language, shelled in a silence that, after all, tells us something: there is an option, a renunciation. It's not hard if we see the men congregate and throw stones that are called laws, that are called war, towards adulteress women and adulteress countries. It's not hard. Specially if, like the one weaving this story, you live in a country where even when you speak their language you are rejected, observed with suspicion, with cautiousness, as if you were carrying a gun about to be shot. It's not hard to feel that words are worth nothing, that a smile can be powerful and that the night makes no differences. That is the reason behind the trip to Shirahama, for the white sand and for crying alone at the bay. It is impossible to go out every day and confront the stones in one's face. The stone grasping my feet, same as my other one at Los Cabos, the rope towards the ankle, first relaxed, not tense. The water is cold, like my body among the waves.

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