

UMBRA

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Someone is knocking on my door, softly. It seems like a feather knocking and creating wonderful sounds with my wooden door's help. I am tired. I do not want to stand up and open it. It is late, like midnight. Nevertheless, the knocking continues during minutes, hours perhaps. I decide to open the door. She is here. Umbra. Two foxes are always with her, one pink like spring petals, and the other blue like the colder winter breeze. Their eyes are like fire, full of warmth and mystery. She just gets into my apartment and looks for a corner. She takes place in one near my bed. Umbra asks me for some tea, as always. She loves how its scent accompanies and fills the spaces of the room. Umbra came again to my house, but this time, she had something to tell, something to scream, something to hollow.

Everytime she arrives, the clouds run away from the sky. The birds look for a safer place to stay while the dark plays around the trees. This time, she came for sharing the lost whispers of a broken wraith she met time ago. The wraith was a lover of scarlet lipsticks, smoky quartz, and ancient apologues. Her name sounds like ice, but it is not as cold as the word. Ayse is subtle, like the Yuletide wind. Her voice is out of his world. She speaks without making a movement with her lips because her eyes make the whole work. Her hands, soft and white as the fallen snow during a forgotten war. Freya, the Norse goddess, probably made her body because many sparkles are dancing around her when her feet touch the floor with harmony. Every morning when she opens her eyes, the aurora borealis sneaks way of them. Her pupils are a cage for beauty and souls.

Umbra says Ayse is fine. Now, she looks like a shadow and acts like one. She is just standing there near the wall, looking at me for hours without pronouncing a word or a holler. Meanwhile, Umbra continues with her uncalled tales, trying to make me forget her. Trying to erase her from this world. Sometimes, I forget Ayse is still there. Her existence could be

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invisible if you are not aware of it. Is she hungry? I asked her last time, but I guess I did not deserve an answer, a look, or even a whisper. I am wondering if she is tired or upset. Is she busy watching the birds dancing to the beat of the autumn zephyrs? Her attitude sometimes could be confusing. Ayse, darling, please do not forget I am here. My time is her time. In fact, it is ours because I need to keep us safe, but Ayse is the stronger one here. The strategist. The winner. The non-stained mirror. Pure heroin. I am just a shadow fading slowly, like a

little piece of a forgotten paper in one of the seats on a train, in a far country of a lost dimension.



Even sick, even dead, Ayse looks dazzling, as always. It does not matter if she is still wearing the same old clothes, the same faded make-up, the same high golden heels and those lackluster jewels she did not want to throw away. I have always told her that she places enough shine to everything she wears, except those jewels. Ayse always used to say it was a memento. The last one her mother left her. The last action before dying burnt, under the debris of her childhood house.

Recently, I found a diary marked with aquamarine ink in the cover. Someone wrote letters gently; someone wrote her name there. It was under my bed, and when I opened and read it, I noticed Ayse's father committed suicide tying those jewels around his neck until his lungs did not have enough air to breath, to keep him alive. This is one of the reasons I feel the greatest admiration for Ayse because she is brave and secure. A warrior defeating shadows and demons presenting themselves on the road we called life. She deserves the whole world's respect, but I do not. I mean, I respect her, but she does not. Why? Is my voice too annoying or my eyes too expressive? Are my clothes too old or my shoes too unstitched? What do I seek for a little bit of her attention?

I hear waves of rats speaking gossips everywhere. Disrespectful airwaves come in and come out through the broken windows, without permission, without a word, like children, like Ayse. Is her neck killing her? Because as I see, being in the same position, sometimes,

could be painful and if I were her neck, I would be screaming and crying blood out of my pores. Calling for attention, for care, for help.

Ayse... I hear everywhere. I just want the best for her and that is why I need her to talk to me. I did not cut her vocal cords. I just cut her arms and put a mirror in front of her. What is more, I dressed her in that flawless purple dress. I put her near the window to keep her lukewarm. I tried to preserve the shine of her eyes with her love, her protector, her murder, with herself. Therefore, if she decides to open her eyes, I stay here for serving her as before, as now. Umbra says nothing is impossible, not even the idea of sitting near a lake. Far from here. Losing my mind in the others' sight, in the others' voice, in the others' heart. Now, I am just bleeding out over the floor. Looking at a mirror in front of me, raving and listening to the shadows I called Umbra while the death comes anyhow.