

# A Way of Dying (Fragment\*)

Vizania Amezcua

I won't die. Not yet. I'm still missing some pieces, indications of what happened. I won't die. Nobody can die when she has slices missing out of her past, or rather, out of a part of her past that's spotty and that she's trying to piece back together. I won't die. If I'm writing these notes it's to figure out what happened. One day... but I'm getting ahead of myself. Now I'm here, watching the rain fall. I'm looking at the woman I was. Right now I'm getting ready to tell the story, and I say any story usually begins with a situation or actions that unleash a series of other events, repercussions that become the body of the story itself. Now I'm not in the middle of anything that's particularly surprising, moving or noteworthy; I'm not carrying out any kind of heroic, desperate or extravagant activity. I'm limiting myself to observing, from an armchair from which lately I've been watching the days go by, a small statue that's before me.

It's set on a tall cube made specially to be topped with the statue to show it off like for an exhibit. The figure that I'm observing is of a woman's nude body, lying on its side and arched as though an invisible lover was making love to her at the very moment in which the artist decided to sculpt her.

There are two unusual details about the statue, though: first, despite the woman's smooth young skin, her neck is noticeably wrinkled, and the other is that in contrast to the name that you might expect it to have —the name of a woman or something like that— the statue is entitled *The Tongue*.

So many details to talk about a small statue is, of course, not happenstance. This sculpted, dark-skinned figure has a history that sums up the totality of my own. Or the inverse: my entire history is concretized in the appearance of that image, its meaning and in the day that Vicente gave it to me, making it, unfortunately, the gift I would have preferred never to have received at all, despite the value it has now —and not only for me.

I say I won't die. Not yet. And the rain is falling here. **MM**

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## NOTE

\* Fragment taken from Vizania Amezcua's novel, *Una manera de morir*, published by Conaculta/ Fondo Editorial Tierra Adentro, Mexico City, 1999, pp. 13-14.

