

## II Concurso de Escritura Creativa (en inglés) 2009\*

### The Zephyr

OSCAR DELGADO

**F**eelings of relief quickly surrendered to deeper contemplation. Just like vanishing flirt turns into apathy and disregard, they parted from him with neither hesitation nor farewell, in such haste that makes the stomach void. In retrospective, he would say his life had ended long time before. He often sustained—and surely he still does—he had not lived a day passed seventeen, when life first smote him with her cruelest hand. That misfortunate occurrence was but the first drop of what he now considered a deep and raging sea of sorrows. There he floated aimlessly, his body salted, like meat, by a wind that continuously spat him with unkind remembrance. That wind was dead.

But now it was a different wind targeting him. This was blowing, almost crashing, against him. It reminded him of the insolent streams he had ceaselessly faced—and miraculously survived—during the past agonizing years, which now extended to the far boundaries of his memory. If anyone in the history of our kind could have befriended Lady Adversity and gotten used to striving against her, it would have been definitely him. This current was nothing new and didn't make for an unbearable nuisance for him. Commonly he found a higher value in opposing forces than in those pushing forward. He also thought having the wind pressing to the front is never recommendable. "Haste makes you vulnerable to error," people would constantly hear him say. This fellow was not hasty. Hardship nails you to the ground, and he had stop moving years prior. It is only the great that, like Prometheus, endure. He realized, then, he was not like the Greek god. He could feel hardship pulling him to the ground, loading his mind, loading his gun, loaded in alcohol, making his spirit lead. This arrogant wind was just a zephyr, a whisper of the king of terrors.

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Soon everything turned mixed and blurry. He could gaze at his fit and see the sky falling away. He looked upwards to his future but could see nothing. There was nothing else for him. There was nothing there before either, he considered. He now knew the very moment where he was, only that and nothing more. It was wonderful. How could have Ms Parker disregarded it in her *Résumé*? It was all him then. He was the very center of the world, master, unique, omnipotent. He could feel the earth rotate. Drifting images of long approached him like a train looms over the horizon toward your station, coming from that phantom realm where the sun is born, and each car that figured was a memory, a cocktail party, a tender first kiss, and a passionate last one, her lovely black dress with a neckline that plunged into bliss. Oh! He loved that one. Blood rushed to his head, and in sudden joy, he smiled. He smiled until the zephyr ceased. It was just before disappearing on the pavement that he finally realized life had not been as wretched as he had thought.

## Jailed Time

ALEXANDER LÓPEZ PÉREZ

There...  
Outside on the streets,  
He felt powerful and safe  
In the insecurity of the night,

But now here...  
A new world he meets,  
Inside of a total security cave  
He is afraid of the daily light

Sleeping in a 3-wall room,  
Spending every long and monotonous day;  
His sentence: his doom;  
He's hopeless because he cannot run away.