

## Wind

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He was strolling fierily and arrogantly through the seven seas, breaking topmasts, capsizing vessels, and provoking waves to the point of madness. Whatever stood in his way, he would destroy on a whim, and in certain months he would create arrogant storms, fatuous hurricanes and godly waterspouts just like himself. He dominated everything that moved on Earth. He only lacked one thing: being a human.

That morning, in August, he decided to visit the Caribbean islands just to ridicule them as was his custom, but he did not imagine what fate had in store for him. He entered the waters savagely and wickedly, whipping the coasts, creating gigantic surges; he broke wooden walkways, uprooting and disheveling the recently trimmed palm trees. When he moved toward the interior of the island, with unnecessary noises as well as sardonic mockery, for the first time he saw the woman. She did not seem to mind the damage he was causing. She remained naked by the banks of the river's cold waters — Could it be, that that immutable woman was made of fire? — he wondered, while he explored her body with mild gusts and stroked her hair that was black as the night in which he was created. He repeatedly expressed that people were disgusting and even made him nauseous, but deep down inside, he exasperatedly wished to be like them. Now more than ever, he had to transform himself because there was something special about that woman that titillated his imagination.

While contemplating his desires, she emerged from the river displaying her vibrating flesh, which whetted his appetite. After that, he extended himself creating two strong arms, which began to caress the beautiful woman's torso. Despite her resistance, he caressed her spongy, loose hair that smelled like stones embedded in a river, and he traversed her luscious legs up to her inner thighs. This time, the woman did not offer any resistance and she allowed herself to lay on the grass that was fresh and moist just like her body, performing

a dance unfamiliar to him. For the first time in his long life he did not know what to do. He felt inadequate and insignificant.

Enraged, he rabidly lifted and threw her against the cold waters. Displeased by his actions, he uprooted everything that crossed his path and he left towards the east, demolishing everything that he touched. The whole world suffered from his wrath.

After several months, he only thought of that savory and delightful creature whom he could not love, and going against the sound advise of his parents, Uranus y Gaea, and against the power of Eolus, he went back for her. He had to find her, he would say to himself while he plotted the consummation of their physical relationship. She was the only one who could help him to be human; only she could teach him the art of love.

When he finally faced her, he whispered in her ears, and he licked and braided her hair, until the moment he had yearned for began to materialize slowly, just like his transfiguration. But it was not as he had expected it to be. He turned into a repugnant and disgusting figure. His body was deformed and androgynous, his mouth, though full of pleasure, was twisted, his hands were warped just like his thoughts, his legs were disproportionate and his eyes empty. Then, after observing himself for a moment, he felt a mixture of disgust and self-pity that caused him to become even more irascible and inhuman than ever before.