

A House in Spain



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CHRONICLE OF MY PARENTS MOVING TO SPAIN, 1999-2001

My parents decided to live in Spain, Costa Dorada, for their retirement. Both had known displacement, both had been refugees in their youth. One fleeing away from a war, the other from a political regimen.

At seventy, they were going to a country they had barely ever visited and of which they didn't know the language. For the sun, for the quietness.

My mother was not so keen on going there. My father wanted his "House in Spain".

"We loved this place, as uninspiring as it may be. Do you, by any chance, know what we are doing? Me in my defying capitulation? You in your stubborn persistence? Is that your last dream that takes shape here? Your ultimate unrooting? Mine as well that you confidently orchestrate?

Refugees we have been. Each of us fleeing away from another war, another regimen. Refugees we are again. Towards which promises? How can you? Your future seems to be waiting for you. Mine just vanished."

"It is summer time, it is winter time, it is the same old sound of the waves that envelops the distant conversations. A muffled argument is facing the sea. Some high pitches emerge and disappear.

This is where we are playing the last performance. Let's deconstruct together one last time, in front of the sea. Let's try, one last time, not to understand each other, like we did before, let's try again.

Does bitterness get sweeter under the radiant sun? Please listen to me, understand my naïve sourness and get furious. Get furious like you know how to do so well, with your words and your language. Please be angry, facing the sea. I'll be the one who doesn't seem to understand. Giving you some fierce and scattered utterances that you can gnaw on. Let's deconstruct again, we will recognize our words and our intimate tenderness."

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