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## Inspirado en Cortazar / Inspired by Cortazar

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## Inspirado en Cortázar

by Nadia Bercovich

Automatizado esta el ser humano para respirar. Los pulmones se expanden y se contraen a un ritmo constante, añadiendo y quitando aire de los mismos a través de la conveniente purificadora natural que llamamos nariz. En ocasiones explícitas este proceso sencillo se complica por periodos de tiempos variados. Ya sea por causa de una reacción inesperada, como puede ser una sorpresa o un susto, o cualquier otra alternativa similar. Dada alguna de estas situaciones, los músculos de los pulmones paran repentinamente encarcelando al último suspiro entero, por lo general generoso, y manteniendo en cuenta semi-inconcientemente la retención de oxígeno adquirida para activar el próximo respiro justo antes de colapsar.

Nuestros sabios cuerpos, entrenados por la madre naturaleza propia, nacen cultos y expertos en el campo de las reacciones mecánicas. Esos instintos no aprendidos, que estudiados nos enseñan a entender el comportamiento humano. Dentro de esta ciencia maravillosa, una condición bastante común y bien conocida por varios, se la debemos al más cruel de los placeres humanos, a la habilidad de querer. Esta condición no tiene ningún nombre explícito, aunque tampoco la necesita, basada en experiencia personal la descripción general incluye lo siguiente: El primer síntoma es muy sutil pero inconfundible, cada inhalar pesa un poquito más, y se corta involuntariamente avisándonos que esta fuera de nuestras manos el porvenir de los siguientes eventos. Mientras tanto, las cejas se fruncen apenas, lo suficiente para cambiar la típica expresión facial de una ausencia en particular, a una seriedad rotunda. Inmediatamente después e inevitablemente, se siente tragar una nada llena de pensamientos confusos, que con la boca reseca tardan más de lo habitual en recorrer el trayecto de la garganta. Y luego, casi al final de la sublime experiencia, el músculo más poderoso del cuerpo entero, se prepara palpitando fuertemente porque sabe exactamente lo que esta por pasar. En ese momento, respirar se complica más con cada segundo que pasa, porque prohibirles a esas emociones salir a la superficie e inhalar simultáneamente, requiere de una concentración no existente en nuestras mentes. Consecuentemente, aquel punto fijo al

que decidimos entregarle nuestra mas sincera mirada, se torna borroso y se rasga por uñas de pestañas a la distancia, hasta que es definitivo, y ya no vemos mas que aquella obscura coraza mojada. Impermeable la misma, permite que nuestros pensamientos se rebalsen hacia los costados de las elípticas figuras, arrastrando por las paredes verticales toda sensación imaginable en conjunto. En su travesía dejan por detrás un sendero salino capaz de opacar cualquier percepción ajena a la del momento mismo, desvaneciendo como por arte de magia todo sonido a nuestro alrededor, dejándonos sordos e incapaces de controlar el resto de nuestros sentidos.

Eventualmente, recolectados los pensamientos, llegan hacia los inquietos y sedientos labios, todavía sin interés de ser verbalizados, e incluso mezclados y desorientados. Algunos deciden hallar su propio camino al esquivar a la absorbente y rojiza interrupción transitoria, evaporándose y estirándose hacia el agudo margen de esa superficie. Y lo que queda de ellos cae en libertad pura solo por un instante, como si hubiesen imanes llamándolos desde el otro lado, hasta que desaparecen por completo absorptos por la realidad. Es entonces cuando recobramos con paciencia nuestros básicos sentires. Las pupilas dilatadas sufren la reducción repentina que la minima luz incita, y el mas minúsculo intento de redimir la sensibilidad de nuestros labios, con las lenguas todavía anudadas en la garganta, nos deja exhaustos. Intensa es la sensación plastica que esos lamentos salados laminaron sobre nuestra delicada piel, y todavía mas poderoso es el sentimiento mixto de alivio e impotencia que confunde nuestro ser.

## Inspired by Cortázar

by Nadia Bercovich

When it comes to breathing, the human being is automated. The lungs expand and deflate at a constant rhythm, adding and replacing the air within them, through the convenient natural purifier we address as the nose. In specific situations, this simple process turns more complex for different amounts of time. It could be due to a sudden unexpected reaction, such as a surprise, or a sudden scare, or other similar alternatives. If one of these situations occurs, the lung's muscles tend to stop all of a sudden, incarcerating the last inhaled air completely within the lungs. This event is usually abundant, since the clever body knows to semiconsciously retain a specific amount of oxygen within us, until the last possible moment when we are on the verge of a collapse and so the next breath is activated.

Our wise bodies, trained by Mother Nature herself, are born experts in the world of mechanical reactions. Those unlearned instincts, rather, studied by society, teach us to understand human behavior. Within this marvelous science, a well-known and certainly common condition in many individuals' lives, we owe it the cruelest of human pleasures, the ability to love. This condition does not have a specific name, although it does not need one. Based on personal experience, the general descriptions that follow involve: The first symptom is subtle but unmistakable, each breath seems to weigh a little more, until it stops abruptly and involuntarily, letting us know that what is about to happen next is completely out of our hands and control. Meanwhile, our eyebrows frown just barely, enough to change the typical facial expression of distracted carelessness to a rotund seriousness. Immediately and inevitably after this, we seem to swallow a strong sense of nothingness filled with confusing thoughts, as our extremely parched mouths delay their trajectory through our throats and into our stomachs. Almost at the end of this sublime experience, the most powerful muscle of our entire body prepares itself by strongly beating at a quicker pace, anticipating exactly what is about to happen.

At this point, our breathing seems to require more effort with every second that goes by, because prohibiting those emotions from surfacing and

simultaneously inhaling some air requires a type of concentration that does not exist within our then crowded minds. Consequently, that fixed point in the distance to which we decide to award our most sincere last stare, turns blurry and is torn to pieces through nails of eyelashes that have minds of their own, until it is definite, and we are no longer able to see past that humid bark-like and obscure cover that distances us from the rest of the world. This impermeable structure allows for our thoughts to overflow only through the sides of the elliptical figures, dragging through the vertical walls every possible feeling imagined, intertwining with one another. Along their travels, these creatures leave behind a sea-salted path so potent that it overpowers any perception beyond the ones related to that precise moment, disintegrating completely, as if magically, every single sound that surrounds us, leaving us deaf and incapable of controlling the rest of our senses.

Eventually, our recollected thoughts arrive to the unstable and jittery thirst-starving lips, still with no interest of being verbalized, and mixed up and disoriented. Here, some choose to find their own way by avoiding the burgundy, absorbent, transitory interruption, and evaporating, stretching towards the acute margin of the surface that holds them. The parts that remain fall in pure liberty only for an instant, as if there were a magnet calling them from the other side, until they disappear, completely absorbed by reality. It is then that we recuperate, with patience, our basic senses. The pupils that had grown fat and lazy in the dark suffer a sudden reduction that the minimal sign of light induces, and the most miniscule attempt to redeem the sensibility of our lips, with our tongues still tied up in a knot in our throats, leaves us exhausted. Intense is the plastic-like sensation that those strongly salted laments laminated over our delicate skin, and even more powerful are the mixed feelings of relief and helplessness that are left to confuse our being.