

# YOU WON'T SEE ME COMING BACK.

Brumana Libre, Vol. II.



Laura Rossi.



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*This translation serves only informative purposes.*

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Cultura  
**Santa Fe**  
Provincia

## **You won't see me coming back** (extract)

### **1**

You thought I was dead.

You thought dead women are buried to be eaten by worms while no one sees them; they are buried so that no one will find them, or so that they will be found turned into a handful of nameless bones.

That I was dead, you thought. That you could throw me in the weeds while you decided what to do, how to do it.

You thought it would be easy.

You thought that in case they found me, nothing in me would point the way out to you. It could have been anyone.

I don't know when you realized you were not going to be able to do it.

It was soil what I was putting into my lungs.

I couldn't feel my legs anymore. Nor my hands. Nor my arms. I couldn't move them. Or

shake off the branches. Nor free myself from all the shit you had thrown on me.

It was soil.

The shovel that refused to dig into the dry ground. Your swearwords. The morning first birds. A cushion of buzzing insects among the weeds. The bicycle rays cutting the air, moving away. The silence.

I was going to Juli's. You told me you could drive me. She lives right in front of your house. What are you waiting here for, you ask. There was some logic in the words you were dropping like candy in the air: it wasn't that far, you weren't a complete stranger. And my feet ached. Sleep was starting to weigh on my body. You told me you could drive me.

Then, the locked doors. The struggle. How I was going to get out of there. I fought back the best I could. Your eyes reddened between my useless swipes.

I no longer knew where I was.

The air thinned like an imperceptible thread and something came off me.

Only now I know: it was me.

## 2

He comes and goes on the roof of the shed. The neighbors see him and look the other way: they know it's better not to mess with him, not to attract his attention. Just a couple of days ago, he got into it with the kids who were gathered, as usual, on the corner. Nobody knew why until someone spread the rumor: his wife had left the house, she had denounced him. No one was going to ask him anything anyway.

He smokes cigarette after cigarette, wanders. He raises his eyes to the sky. The air is gray but it doesn't look like it's going to rain. His hands are dirty, they hurt a little. That shitty shovel, he thinks. It didn't do him any good except for scraping. He had to dig, dig his nails in. Until he realized he wasn't going to be able to do it. It seemed on purpose: that same soil that arises like clouds on the road and the same that gets his car dirty when he drove by had chosen that morning to pursue a sort of inorganic sibblinghood. He doesn't think of it that way. He thinks that everything around him is plotting against him and weaving a tangle in

which he has stuck himself instead.

This time he doesn't know how he's going to get away with this.

He lights another cigarette. He has to think of something and it has to be fast, he tells himself, but he can't think of anything else. He's done everything he could think of, except running away. He looks at the sky again: a flock screeches over his head. Leaving would imply drawing attention to himself. He has to resist. He keeps moving on the ceiling. He could throw himself off, end it all in an second. He goes over the sequence again in his head.

