



THE SPIDER WEB

Judith Santos

HE WILL stand in front of her. Smiling. 'I was looking for you, dear. My dear.' His glass up. 'Cheers! For all these years.' She will be silent. Remembering. Her lips will echo his words with a smile.

The music dances with the graceful smoke of the cigarettes. The bottles wait, ready to offer their secrets to those who will go and awake the monsters of laughter and sadness that are in them.

She, silent. Her eyes are turned inside, trying to find an answer. In the universe. In her infinite universe. Inside her. Piercing. What does she find? Only an opaque glass whispering her disintegrating silhouette. Worn out in the past.

These years. They have passed like a hurricane. Swallowing her life. She remembers moments. Words. 'No discussions,' she said. He was ready for war. Powerful warrior. Astute swordsman. Within her, only fear. And the fear made her vulnerable. Between them there was no duel. She was defeated before fighting.

The party continues. The guests are spying. They lurk. They want to know if she is happy. She only smiles. Pretending. Dancing. Her skin becomes sticky. Perspiration runs down her body. She feels caught in the spider web of parties and smiles. Of her destiny.

It overwhelms. Suffocates her. Ties her. She is only a trapped moth. Since when? The threads of years weigh on her. She cannot escape from the web. It is sealed with a golden ring. It is a prison. Like the years.

She is choking. But she stayed there. The knot grew strong, like time. She stayed. Waiting until the contract expires. Until the completion. Then, she will be free.

Other times the spider web was marvellous. Comfortable. Warm. She stayed there. Protected from herself and the world. A butterfly dressed up in illusion, in silver fantasy. Spider web swinging in the waves of time. She is happy. Shining like the moon under a soft rain.

She will talk. Explain. He will refute her arguments. He will say: 'We are always slaves of cause and effect. Do you understand? You have no escape. We are our actions; we live the path of consequences. The present is inevitable. If you don't like the truth, even if you try to avoid it and run away, you will not break your chains.' But she does not intend to escape. She will remain there. In the spider web.

The insect slowly dies in the web. Waiting for the captor to come and nurture himself on her. To live through her death. At the party, she smiles and says, 'Cheers! For all these years. . . 'Happy Anniversary. Thank you for the party.'