Irene Artigas Albarelli*
Illustrated by Xanic Galván**

ANOTHER MATERIALITY

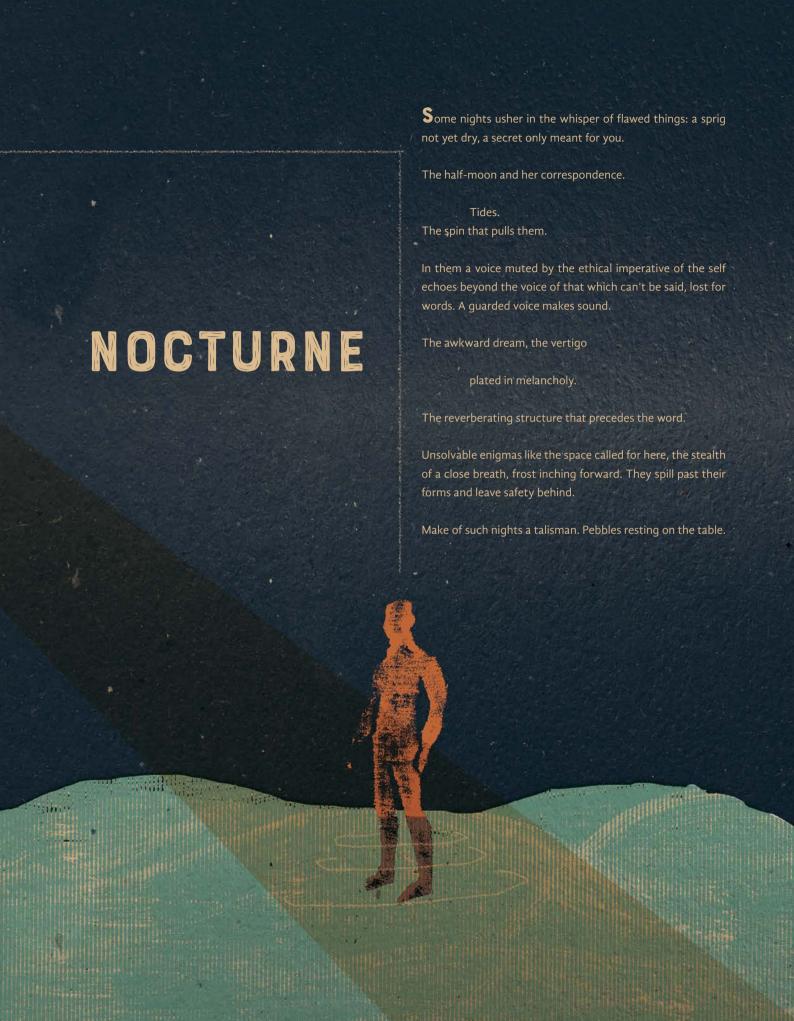


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neasy, at a pause, waiting for a sound from the one with that big little foot. The first thing I saw. Before seeing. Asking myself how that foot could possibly belong to a person who came from inside of me. What I remember from that night happened at a different speed. That speed has gone on for twenty-four years. And counting.

We rushed to the emergency room on the night of January 22nd, because, as I later found out, my placenta was becoming detached and I needed a C-section. The one with the big foot didn't cry at birth, and though they said he was fine, they had to push him to cry so I would calm down. We later found out he'd been tangled up in the umbilical cord, wrapped around him thrice, which had caused the tear in the placenta. Birth is a knot. From that day, the sixth floor where we lived became a house of air. And the light at that height, with that quiet and ubiquitous child, quickened.

