

The Day of the Wedding

It is the first time she's embodying a white suit. *Branca* is her name. Her skin is keen and embraces the silk. The water pours down the church's steps, where the amalgamation is gregarious, after the pipes exploded. Not many people want this marriage, she thinks, imagining sabotage. As a tall woman, she sees horrified faces, delirium of other people, her platform shoes increasing her stature even more. "Don't worry, I can walk on water," Branca affirms, overcoming the bursts and splashes that inundate the ground and make her see things that are not there. Help arrives in a truck. Her cousins, holding their tools in respect, watch the women get married, the bride's hands soft like fur and her lipstick smoothing the day. Moments later, they close the register. Soon, the sun soaks the cement and the cracks on the sidewalk.