

## The family tree

The family tree cradles. With its wind it unfolds shadow and sound of leaflets, which emulates one shadow and another until it makes them cease to exist. If they were wings it would be said that they beat, but in the pure, the most pure morning of time, another thing is happening.

There they are. It's them. They are my ancestors, the calm people sitting around the table. One hand up of the one that disbelieves, their bland air doesn't seem to him a worthy passport to the Future. They are the smiling girls with a new coat. The unknown misses, slim waist, that recline their Max Factor faces to say to herself "here you are-here you are". The one that always crosses her legs. The one that have never had a boyfriend and the one that did. The little orphan. A rabbit fur cuff lady looking straight at the camera. A godmother's hat with its veil shape like a spider web moving forward to her cheeks. The married ones, the single ones. The lovebirds who didn't have any children or forgot to make them, those who dismissed the idea of nesting in a branch of the family tree. That tree that doesn't allow us to die so close to the day in which we were born, but neither so far from the ones that accompany us during our lives.

They are my ancestors. The ones that fit inside the circle of some first names. Names that many times, if it wasn't for the photos, would be today their only and precarious support. They are the optimist, sacrificed, funny ones, the workers –good or bad children-. The splendid women, the satisfied ladies holding their cuties as if they were rag dolls wan in the Fertility Festival. The out of control niece, the one lacking of appetite.

And Josefina Oliver.