

One Body of Water

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Characters:

#1: MAGDALENA - M

#2: YAQUI - Y

#3: ELWHA -E

M - Y - E:

*I've always been here,
carrying the blood of the mother*

M: cleaning her

Y: soothing her

E: wetting her limbs

M - Y - E: cooling her down

Y:

A long time ago abuelo fuego y pacha mamá (grandfather fire and mother earth) loved each other and fire penetrated the mother through a million holes at the same time and the body of the mother trembled so strongly and with so much pleasure that she spitted lava, ice and fire and she trembled for a thousand years, and she continued to tremble for a million more

M:

abuelo fuego penetró a la mamá por millones de orificios a la vez y el cuerpo de la mamá se removió tan fuerte y con tanto placer que escupió lava, hielo y fuego, y tembló por millones de años, y temblorosa quedó por mil años más

E:

The mother gave birth to countless daughters and sons, trees, mountains, vines, swamps Snakes, birds, flowers, emeralds and gold

Y:

La madre dio a luz a innumerables e hijas e hijos, en forma de árboles, montañas, bejucos, ciénagas Serpientes, aves, flores, esmeraldas y oro

M:

The happiness of seeing her children being born made her cry tears of love and blood, and her tears filled up those holes where grandfather fire had deposited his love and that is how us, lakes and lagoons, were born and there was so much blood that we overflowed breaking mountains and forests, forming brooks, streams and rivers

E:

La alegría de ver sus hijas nacer le produjo llanto, y aquellos orificios por donde había sido penetrada por el abuelo se llenaron de sus lágrimas de amor y de su sangre y así nacimos las lagunas y los lagos y fue tanta la sangre que nos desbordamos rompiendo montañas y bosques, y formando quebradas, riachuelos y ríos

Y:

*And we flow with the blood of the mother
feeding our sisters and brothers
and reaching the oceans
where we connect with other rivers and lagoons, in one body of water*

E:

*y fluimos con sangre de la madre, alimentando a nuestras hermanas y hermanos, hasta alcanzar los océanos,
donde nos conectamos con otros ríos con otras lagunas en un solo cuerpo de agua*

M - Y - E: And we carry the blood of our mother

M: cleaning her

Y: soothing her

E: wetting her limbs

M - Y - E: cooling her down

M - Y - E: Y cargamos la sangre de la madre

M: limpiándola

E: calmándola

Y: mojando su cuerpo

M - Y - E: refrescándola

[ALL THE RIVERS MAKE WATER AND HUSHING SOUNDS AND PLAY INSTRUMENTS]

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M:

I am born nonstop

every day, every second, always up high where the sun kisses the moors

where the mountains form a knot

and the springs collide in a hydric star from where 5 rivers sprout

right there, yo nazco en el Páramo de las Papas en el Macizo Colombiano

(I'm born in the Papas Moor in the Colombian Mass)

in a small lagoon hidden amongst the mountain tops

I never cease to be born

I come to life with such strength

that I cut through the powerful Andes mountain range

in a country you call Colombia

I am the golden thread that connects peoples for ages to come and for ages ago They call me YUMA, or the land

of friends, because it's in my waters

where trade and exchange take place

They call me ARLI, el río de peces (the river of fish)

because, I am full of deliciousness

pargos, truchas, mojaras, bagres, bocachicos, cuchas, patalos

(snappers, trout, breams, cods, armored catfish, elephant fish)

They call me Guacacayo, the great river of tombs

as I carry the life of the ancestors
the Muisca, the Yanacuna, Nasa, Misak, Pijao, Papallaqta, Quechua and the Tairona
I am the sacred snake that renews and cleanses life
My meandering towards the north sheds the valley of its old skin,
carrying away silt into the Caribbean Sea
and my mouth has a hundred tongues that spits dense sediment into the sea
It was precisely at my mouth where thousands of years ago the Tairona people
received a present from the clouds
a little girl who they raised
as the warrior princess, Mirthayu
She grew up mastering both the women and the men's skills
Mirthayu was good at weaving, hunting, cooking and singing
She ran like the wind and had a perfect aim
She was a great warrior and a great cook
All the young Tairona were madly in love with Mirthayu
but she would not attend to their courtship
they were not enough for her
One day a giant came along and started eating all the corn and animals
None of the warriors were able to stop him
So they called for Mirthayu's help
Warrior Princess, please stop this giant
Mirthayu painted her body with the colors of war
grabbed her bow and arrows
and went on to hunt the giant
She found him devouring 10 goats at a time
Stop! Who are you?
E: Yo soy Matambo, tu sirviente (I am Matambo, your slave)

M:

When the Giant turned around
he couldn't but fall to his knees
at the sight of such beautiful braveness
Matambo stopped his destruction
and true love sprouted between him and the Tairona Princess
After all, only he was capable of running at the same speed of Mirthayú
and she loved him for that
The young Tairona were jealous
and to avoid conflict, Matambo and Mirthayú decided to go south
following my golden thread in search of a new home
They navigated up my streams, against my currents
They paddled across swamps, fertile valleys, green forests and rushing canyons
The peoples from the riverbanks would see the giant and the woman
and gossip spread that a monster had captured the princess
When the Cacique Michu heard the news
he decided to put an end to this outrage
and prepared his men for war
so when Matambo and Mirthayú were crossing the Michu valley
warriors closed upon their canoe,
strategically separating the lovers from each other, one on each side of my waters
They toppled the Giant down flat on his back
by tangling Matambo's feet and pressed him so hard against the ground
that he became a mountain
Mirthayú, who had been struggling to get loose,
cried helplessly at the loss of her lover
Suddenly the clouds went grey and a thunder struck Mirthayú
transforming her into a mountain too
And so the two lovers sleep, guarding each side of my body
Mirthayú's head is on the east side, her feet touching my waters
She looks up at the infinity, her bare breasts are two mountains
like two pyramids challenging the sun
On my west side lies Matambo, also looking up at the skies,
his handsome profile meets the travelers who venture across the valley
and he salutes the fisherwomen who cruise my waters
The lovers sleep in what seems an eternal dream
But lately I've heard the fisherwomen and farmers, and their children

calling them, summoning them to wake up:

Matambooooo

Mirthayuuú

*They summon the mountain spirits to rise,
and to fight alongside them, against new giants that have invaded the valleys,
horrendous giants made of metal and cement that claw into the earth,
que tumban bosque y ensucian mis aguas (they deforest and pollute my waters),
these foreign creatures are overcoming the valley of the upper Guacacayo.
(...)*

Excerpts from the performance by Carolina Caycedo, 2015