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PRETTY SHORT FEATURES: Fisherman

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In front of him, up to where one's gaze disappears, the infinite sea; behind, the bustling city..., he seems the romantic personification of patience.

Once I asked a fisherman, perpetuated over Havana's seawall, how many fish he took home every day. "Sometimes two or three, sometimes none; good days, some seven or eight".

I stayed next to him for almost an hour but he caught nothing. He spent his time throwing the hook (the parable drawn by the line on the sky was beautiful and ephemeral) to remain quiet for a long time, looking at the sea, as if waiting.

—Do you live on what you fish?

—Of course not, I wouldn't even purchase the rationed food items —and burst out laughing.

—In other words, this is a hobby.

—More or less, I think it's rather a therapy. Earlier, I used to spend my life quarreling with my wife. Now, I arrive home after spending four hours here and I

don't care about her scoldings... And from time to time I bring her a snapper!

—And what do you do? Excuse my indiscretion...

—I am a guard, I work from six to six. And I come here from my work. The morning is the best time. I'm here almost every day, whenever I'm on duty, more or less until 10:30, when the sun begins to burn.

—And don't you get bored?

—Not at all. I talk to myself, something I need very much. With this headlong rush and the everyday madness, you even do not have time to listen to yourself.

Translated by Jorge Mesa Benjamin / CubaSi Translation Staff

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