It was eight o'clock in the morning. "Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare." I was immersed in my morning meditation when, like every day, I heard the garbage truck pass under my window. I came to empty the neighborhood bins. “The cleaning services could have had a different schedule,” I thought practically every morning, when getting up from my mat on the floor I heard the screech of the brakes and the dry, noisy sounds of metal, hooking the chains to the containers to make sure that These were emptied, but not dropped, next to the trash or on top of a car.

With a sweet but tired smile, Uxue, the driver, was punctual in her work. After stopping the truck, he would get out of it with energy and, knowing that to eat he had to work, he would pull hard on the container to hook it to the chains, raise it and empty it almost completely. So three times, two blue containers and one yellow, until he got into the cabin again and started off towards the next stop.

I know her name was Uxue, because she wasn't driving that morning. A boy, about thirty years old, got off the truck and explained to the waiter at the bar below my house, speaking loudly because the truck's engine was making a lot of noise, that Uxue would not return. His husband had stabbed him in the afternoon. previous and, unfortunately, he had passed away.

The young man told it almost coldly, as if it were just another piece of news of the day. It seems he didn't know her. And neither do I, honestly. But it was part of my life, of my day to day. Her smile overflowed with kindness and that tiredness that I attributed to the hard work and her schedule, I understood that, in reality, it reflected tiredness due to her misfortune, due to the reality she was living and which she never expected when as a child she looked in the mirror and imagined how It would be her house or how her life would go, when she had more wrinkles on her face, tirelessly curing people who got sick and being famous for it. They should put a square in his name, I thought. In yours and in that of all the women who, without wanting it, find themselves involved in a horrible experience, full of sadness, wasting their days with someone who makes them suffer, who does not love them and who

steals life Let's put a square in his name! and let us never forget them.