

Jorge Luis Borges

Tres Borges

George Salis

"...When I, Jorge Francisco Isidoro Luis Borges Acevedo, died of liver cancer on the 14th of June, aged 86, in Geneva, it was not me who died, but him, Borges. You see, while I, Borges, am writing this sentence, he is in Paradise with sight restored, rereading Dante, or at least I believe this is the case. We have always had this problem, Borges and I, unable to distinguish who is who. For all I know, Borges is writing this while I echo against the moss-laden walls of a purgatorial labyrinth, my voice softer and more distant than a newborn tiger's first whine. Do I envy Borges' fresh, infinite library, to the point where I want to wish it away, write it out of existence? Or does he envy my ostensible immortality, and with his last gasp did he swallow me into his final death dream, the one that is as long as the universe and as thundering as the Big Bang? Or is this text being written by neither Borges nor me, but a third, an other-Borges, an anti-Borges who desires to bring us both back from the beyond, or to banish us absolutely? Can one mirror offer two reflections, or three reflections in the absence of a face to reflect? Time will tell..."

—an excerpt of an apocryphal page from *El libro de los escritores muertos*, translated from the Spanish by Jorge Salis