

One day a princess commissioned a mausoleum for her uncle V. After talking for a while about him, his general appearance, his taste, his humor, his pets, the tick in his left eye when he laughed, this one time when he was in the mountains. From fairly general to specific like an avalanche, she broke off, saying that the most important thing was that something would stand. "Because he's gone." She gestured vaguely as to what that thing would be. We thought she might have made a peaked roof but maybe her hand was just waving away.

At the southernmost point of a peninsula in Chile stands a simple concrete building with four walls, a gently peaked roof and an empty door frame for travelers to enter. It is on the very last bit of land and as far from lights as anywhere else on earth; it has unrivaled skies. In many weathers waves break against three walls, the fourth wall, with the doorway often feels spray. The entire structure is made from blocks of a particular solution of roman concrete which grows stronger through years of contact with salt water. The blocks are thick, enough so that the frame of the doorway casts a shadow on the rough stone ground, continuous with the cliff outside.

On the outer wall fully facing the ocean a layer of concrete was placed over the blocks. In some places the special Roman concrete is used, and in other places traditional concrete is used. Slowly, as years pass the first layer of concrete will wear away to reveal the relief of a cat. Strong and proud. Male and female. It's long fur blurs into the wall with the increasingly delicate touch of the etching pen. Its tail curls over its feet. Its eyes stare at the horizon and not the sky. It waits for you, it waits for me, it waits for him. The cat doesn't care about the sky. Even so, it's image will be fully revealed by the waves when the comet uncle V predicted, passes through these skies in 678 years. In the meantime, travelers are welcome inside where there is a long bench or platform suitable for a bed against that back wall. On the other side of the wall, under the slowly revealing picture of uncle v's beloved cat is another bench where people can lie on gentle nights to see the stars or lie in the violent fresh foam, as waves break, as if sitting in a waterfall.

Both benches are the same pale gray as the concrete but of marble, and the softness of that stone in comparison to those walls is apparent. They look inviting. The stone gentle. On one end of the inner bench, a curved indent has worn down and almost polished, like someone sat there for a thousand years. Or a cat slept there in a loose ball. Or a cat sat on someone's lap as they both sat on the bench, waiting for the sky to darken.

After a year of construction, the building was complete. The princess looks at the blank wall, "I hope the hair will be particularly thick around it's face, like a mane". She hands us a bag of gems and walks away slowly along the cliffs.