

Postizas

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Translated by Anna Heath*

i.

She waits,
eyelashes wedged on her hand
to take the baton
a phone call
any free shout
that could give her life
or give her back
the 300 dollars
spent on surgery.
She, caramel color
hugging the bed's blade edge,
dream-like savior
Stiletto hand
beating seconds of geishas
meeting place: Suecia Street,
waiting to ply her trade on a man
She waits
with a visa to take her
to every queen's dream
ending with a plaintive
-Oh!-
where pain molds together with disgust.
After all,
this is the south.

ii.

Breasts filled
with cheap foam
bought in Once
buttocks on show
where drops of sweat
slip slowly by
 no one will recognise your effort
Hips sculpted
by the surgeon's hand
and the ass injected
with airplane oil
 landing strip
 of erect penises
 Turbulence
Fasten your seatbelts
for a forced landing
in the club restroom
where –Oh!-
a *cumbia* melts
with the scramble of bodies
 Trepanning heads
 fucking blacks!
and where –Ah!-
the tiles slip with sweat
Queen,
I'm about to finish

iii.

Desperate
licking each other's sexes
like wild beasts
The crowd shouts
doomed to a carnival
not taking away cares or flesh
-we're not partying-
The balcony is a black hole
we won't leave
except disintegrated
-baby, you're killing me-
 explosion
the *murga* scattered
across the whole street
the drums wander away
and the night speaks

iv.

I'm touched by fire
South waking heat
my pyrotechnic* body
dismembers in explosions
 glimmers of desire
 spread out on the sea
 lactation: no previous
protection

Attention:
Keep out of the reach of children

v.

My indifference already stained
the open coffin

EXHIBITION

funeral wake – consumer economy
my body capital:

I am desire

my erect penis
penetrating the wood

hoisting the flag

a solemn anthem

on static faces

Living nature,

dead model.

vi.

We dress to disguise
the brushing of our bodies,
nineteen nights
rehearsing the character.
I play at being female:
 feline gaze
 twisting hips
everything hurts
 everything penetrates
 everything fades
yet I can't hide
what betrays me
I shut myself in the bathroom
to prepare the monologue,
I'd spend days looking at myself
in the mirror:

I like being a woman

We crossed the straight, Shiro,
so many deaths together,
scattered in front of the TV,
and our bodies
were never recognised.

vii.

Spilt milk
Santiago resisting
before the dawn
it's not the Pacific, queen
this is the south
your heels are out of tune
on the paving,
and now I'm coming.
Summer rain.

Trick or treat:

 I have considered myself
 the memory of a man
 just to pour out my *love*
my feelings
multiplied by zero.
I can't even lie.

Verónica, tell me what your eyes are seeing.

viii.

Fucking queer, they shouted,
fired up the 4 x 4, left you
lying on 13th bridge,
Ciudad Evita blurring.
Your Thursday was over,
the tide of abusive memories:
noise, lines, drinks, flying
kisses on the bar, Estrella's
last comment
-I don't like those gringos
And you
-They offered me a hundred bucks.
The beating didn't hurt you
Sucking acid cocks
one after the other after
the other, didn't hurt you
Not even when they ploughed you
pushing hard and beyond.
You only cried 'cause you'd
lost your teeth, and
covering
your mouth, you thought
I won't be a princess

ix.

The tip charged at the target,
and seeing each other loaded
color in our faces and sweat in your anus
it doesn't hurt to force you from behind
slowly strangle you with my wet hand
and bury myself in your chest, suck your
buttocks
cough up sighs and swallow your saliva
until I'm full of burning white.

x.

You leave the handkerchief
on the edge of the bed
stealthily, almost slipping
you get closer to the window
you look askance
no one knows about you or what you desire
the city wakes up
 with no acknowledgement
that thread of blood
was not there yesterday
the blusher's smeared
on the semen
from when you were sucking.
Babies don't cry.
You tightened your teeth
against the pillow
when his finger
stabbed you in the head.

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