

El macho

LUIS DIEGO LEE ARROYO

Una y otra y otra vez, el violento anclaje muta y empieza a simular el galope de múltiples sementales.

En medio de la humedad y del calor sofocante, sus labios y su aliento fresco le llenan con saliva el oído: “¿Qué sientes?”

Rafa no contesta.

El carnoso bulto en medio de sus pantalones que le llena la pelvis con intermitentes pulsos eléctricos le da la señal que necesita para continuar.

Mientras que Sonia deja que sus tetas se regocijen con la tensa brisa que invade el cuarto, Rafa llora por dentro. Él debe disfrutar este momento.

The Tense String

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[*While pressing the recording button the shivers run up and down his spine and fill his mind with dizziness and satisfaction*].

H ... he ... hello? Hello?! Is it one, two, three, or what?

[*Irritated by his clumsiness, he taps the left side of the recorder with his open palm to see if it is working*].

Well, the lady said that the red button should ... ok, yes ... aha! Now, the light is on.

[*To regain strength, he finishes up his vodka, and the sour liquid clears up the knot in his throat*].

Dear ... no ... brave? ... mmm ... sweet, aha! Sweet Mikey, I ... I'm ... you see, eh ... mmm ... ah.

[*He breathes heavily and lights up a cigarette with his shaking hands to calm his nerves*].

I'm ... ok ok ok ... I'm not: please ... please forgive me for everythin'. But look, boy, after twenty one years this relief -oh no no no no- this rather bitter freedom does feel like a real victory. It's painful, ya' know! Days and nights have always been the same since I came back and hid the stamped uniform -oh those freakin' medals! Shit! Shit! Shit! I hate those shining pieces of shit!

Understand me, please! Ok?! Ya' see, your father ... look, your father always taught me how to act in every single occasion, and I must say I was lucky and unworthy to have him by my side during the disgusting and suffocating hot, sweat, piss, blood, limbs, and dirt of that stupid and inhumane war. He, man, my brother was my—for God's sake—my hero.

[The simultaneous creation and destruction of memories drill a feeling of repentance that aches deep inside his head].

GOD DAMMIT PAUL!!!

[With his eyes closed and with a confusing grin on his face that contrasts with his mournful tears, he continues with an accelerated pace].

That ... that day ... I jus' couldn't do it, man. I got scared. I was stupid, and I didn't act on time. And the ... oh

those brown sons of bitches! They ambushed them from above, and I jus'... didn't react as I was supposed to. For the love of God, I ... I saw how our hero—my hero—was taken away, while he looked back at me with his enduring and comforting eyes. I died that day, boy ... I did.

[Such catharsis had awaited a very long time to finally come to the surface].

Am I a decorated and full-of-shit fraud? Certainly. I am. How yellow, Mickey boy! I'm a coward. But look, kiddo, know this: right now, I'm not afraid—no—but since I'm still hidden in my own comfort, I erase all the stains of courage that I ever created on your generous head and say good bye to

[The unexpected rocking shadow led by the dance of the tense string terminates the sounds in the room].