

Un brazo flaco y largo de sol toca uno de los huecos de la casa. María apaga la lámpara, foco de luna, toma la tela que rodea el astro en tamaño de puño, la despliega, la gira soltándola hacia el techo transparente, alza los brazos, cierra los ojos, y la tela entra en ella como vestido. María, con el ajuar, cambia de color de pupilentes, se cepilla el pelo rizado, y se brinca de género. María ahora es Mar con zapatos de tap.

Agua caliente con limón antes del café, respiraciones de kundalini previos al cigarrillo mañanero. Las sobras de los granos de café los tira en uno de los lagos sin fondo de la casa mientras vocaliza en agudos aaa aaa aaa aaa aaaaa. Las ondas de Mar transforman el agua en bruma aaa aaa aaa aaaaa aaa aaa aaa aaaaa.

Un brazo flaco y largo de persona toca una de las cortinas de la casa:

– Toc toc toc, dice To, su mano moviendo el tejido.

Sus pestañas están cosidas, las de arriba con las de abajo. El canto lo aturdió y ya no sabe cómo encontrar las tijeras para abrirse los párpados. Mar toma una de las espadas que cuelgan del techo transparente, la hunde en la bruma de uno de los lagos sin fondo mientras vocaliza ahora en graves mmm mmm mmm mmm mmmmm. Saca la espada, ahora miniatura, abre la cortina, dice:

– Buenos días, To.
– Mar, por tu culpa..
– Sh sh ssssh.

Mar le toma el cuello para detenerlo bien mientras le corta los nudos entre pestañas con la espada en miniatura. Los párpados se abren. No hay ojos. Son dos agujeros negros.

– ¿Por qué vocalizas a esta hora? Sabes que me hace mal, dice To.
– Perdón, amor, las plantas me lo pidieron.

To voltea a ver, con las masas oscuras de su rostro, las macetas en forma de bocas, y la fronda que no tapa la vista al jardín. Toma algunas de las hojas, se enrolla en ellas, se peina el pelo liso, se lo trenza para volverse Tonina.

– Hoy te voy a preparar pastel de frutas, le dice Mar, así me perdonas el cambio de sueño.

Mar, coqueto, se acerca a Tonina con pasos de tap, clac, clac, clac. Las plantas caminan por los músculos de Tonina, quien espera, inmóvil, el beso de Mar. Las lenguas juguetean, la de Tonina baja al hoyuelo de la barbilla de Mar, hueco con sabor a fruta. Uva, manzana, melón, plátano, papaya. Las hojas se siguen deslizándose, lentas como nubes, hacia los trozos de galaxia que Tonina porta como ojos.

Fernanda Ballesteros, Abril 2021

A long, thin arm of sunlight pokes one of the empty areas of the house. Oceania turns off the lamp with a moon for a bulb, picks up the fabric surrounding the fist-sized celestial body, unfolds it, twirls it up toward the see-through ceiling, lifts her arms, and closes her eyes as the fabric falls down over her as a dress. Maria, along with her outfit, changes her contact lenses' color, brushes her curly hair, and changes gender. Now Oceania is Ocean in his tap shoes.

Hot water with lime before coffee, Kundalini breathing exercises before the morning cigarette. He throws the coffee grounds down into one of the house's bottomless lakes while warming up his high notes aaa aaa aaa aaa aaaa's. Ocean's waves turn the water into mist aaa aaa aaa aaa aaaa aaa aaa aaa aaa aaaa.

The long, thin arm of a person touches one of the house's curtains.

"Knock, knock, knock," says Ginger, his hand knocking the silk.

His eyelashes are sewn together, the upper to the lower. Ocean's singing has stunned him, and now he can't remember where to find the scissors to open his eyelids. Mar takes one of the swords hanging from the see-through ceiling and dips it into the mist of one of the bottomless lakes, pronouncing his deep, mmm mmm mmm mmm mmmmm's now. He takes out the sword, now miniature, opens the curtain, and says:

"Good Morning, Ginger."

"Ocean, thanks to you, I..."

"Sh sh ssssh."

Ocean holds Ginger's neck still while he cuts the knots in his eyelashes with the miniature sword. His eyelids open. There are no eyes behind them, just two black holes.

"Why are you doing your vocal exercises so early? You know it doesn't do me any good," Ginger says. "Sorry, love. The plants asked me to."

Ginger turns around to see, using the dark masses in his face, the plant pots shaped like mouths, and the frond that doesn't block the view to the yard. She picks up some leaves, wraps himself in them, brushes his straight hair into braids to become Gingerine.

"Today I'm going to make you a fruitcake," Ocean tells her, "so you'll have to forgive me my intrusion on your dream."

Ocean flirtatiously approaches Gingerine with his footsteps tap clack clack clacking. The plants walk over Gingerine's muscles, who waits, perfectly still, for Ocean's kiss. Their tongues play together, Gingerine's slides down to the dimple in Ocean's chin, a fruit-flavored hole. Grape, apple, melon, banana, papaya. The leaves, as slowly as clouds, keep crawling toward the bits of galaxy that Gingerine carries like eyes.

Fernanda Ballesteros, April 2021
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