

He

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When I arrived at the indecent broken down motel I was bathed in sweat. With that bitter sweat that likes to run down my curved body. Just upon entering at the room I stopped for a few seconds to run my handkerchief through my moist and firm chest, my long and soft neck. I knew he was there, as always.

As I opened the door of the dark room I hesitated at the threshold until the electrical switches allowed me to see his silhouette. His long, mahogany colored arms moved softly. I knew his arms would soon transport me to beautiful places, where I would forget the indecent broken down motel, the heat of the tropics and my purpose in that blessed room.

I needed to be enveloped by those arms, that they tear at my clothes as so many times before, that they would soothe my heat, my sweat... I began to move close to the empty bed and let myself fall, as always.

Then I felt his arms, his strong mahogany colored arms, move about without permission my inciting skirt, my sweetened blouse, my silken hair, my soul. Slowly I began to exit reality, and then, I gave thanks to technology for the invention of the fan.