

## **EROTICH**

The sandwich looked at me sharply and I didn't dare to bit it. I pulled tickling a straw of onion. I caressed its pubis piece of lettuce and tinkled its clitoris piece of tomato. Then he let itself being eaten slowly, very slowly, coming off through my throat and beginning the offering of the bodies, that human photosynthesis.

## **A MATTER OF VISION**

The beer was dropping from the table to the floor, the man wasn't there. She cleaned slowly, inebriated, the blood, the alcohol, the anger. The beer was dropping from the table to the floor, the body very close to the entrance door. To the questions of the officer she answers with no hesitation: the man was not here, not here anymore, never here.

## NEWTONISH

The gravity force decreases. The plates pull me when I sustain a cup. To walk is more difficult, my veins heavy. Since I am a little girl I commonly cut myself with no sharp things, beloved and close things, things that I love, from which I cannot be apart. I cut my finger ends with paper sheets, with books, with dictionaries and agendas, the vein there in the wrist with the glass from your portrait. Things like that.

## AMNESIA

My mind unpinned and I couldn't go on  
I wanted to think in something, in somebody  
in  
in which topic where we?

© *Cristina Rascón Castro*  
© *Translated by the author*