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GLAND

TRANSLATED BY JOHANNES GÖRANSSON

(Automatic rite of Kim Yideum *A Stain in the Shape of a Star*)

I stand dressed in black in the opening of my mother's mouth. When she opens the cap of the water bottle I am washed into her inner. Now she has an aged daughter in her heart. I go for a walk in her red body with my hockey trunk. The hockey trunk is full of stolen goods and poked out eyes. I cling to a vessel in her red body. My mother gets short of breath and coughs. She gives birth to me backwards. But she has known that would happen all along. One October night she saw a star fall in black despair, and at that point she knew that her daughter was a lost cause. It's my job to cheer her up now. I take her hand. The room we step into is full of foam. The bathtubs are lined up. My gangster dad has sorted the women according to skin color and age. I make love to the youngest of them. Her brother is a soldier who has gone up in smoke. I hold her hand. I ask mom for the cannula she has hid. She picks it out of his knee-high boot broom. I inject the young whore with a urine colored liquid. In the quiet room, I squeeze a lemon over her foaming-apart head. Not even the mother notices constantly nimble fingers.

It is time now mother, I say.

For what?

You know.

My mother takes a deep breath. She gets ready. She stabs my right thigh with a kitchen knife. It happens in an instant. I barely have time to react. Blood runs out, hot and throbbing. She leans forward and kisses that which is pouring out of me. She smiles with her red mouth when she looks at me, blood covering her face. She looks like a newborn clown. I take her in my arms.

The young whore I had just injected takes a photograph of us. She prints the photograph and frames it. The photograph is placed on the mantelpiece in the mausoleum of a buried king. Knee-girls stand in line. They have already smeared their black nails with butter.

Then it's snipping time.

Appendix:

I do not believe the girl with the dark mind. Her comforters and failures is a success story. Just like the whore's life. Their smoked-up existence is an sunshine ideal. During the night and the shame I become absolutely convinced that I have to take my life. Instead, I force myself to create miniature worlds in my mind for one more day because I cannot bring myself to kill myself, not now. Things were better before. When the knee-girl was a junkie and energetic instead of this hypersensitive and paranoid impression-body.