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## First Dance translated by Elisabeth Hamilton-LaCoste

Blanca Varella

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## FIRST DANCE

I'm a monkey, just a monkey climbing up and down this gigantic red flower. Each one of my dark bristles is a wing, a being steeped in desire and happiness. I have twenty supple black toes, all of which respond to my wishes.

Maybe I'm the only living being who moves, breathes and complains. The only one spinning round and around the snake and the mire, Elephant trunk, human sunflower fuzzy and clean, soloist, hermit, the plague. I am, undoubtedly, the one you hear breathing, spinning to catch the testimony, the act bristling off tongues and eyes while they're still trembling, and can still remember.

Why are we whining and groveling? Courage! There's more than enough time, on with the feast! The guests generously show off their skulls, dirty beetles hitched to their memory. Should I tell them, just to see them turn white, that more powerful hands won't throw them into the void, that they'll have to do it alone, throw themselves into what's black, into what has no other side, no echo, not even a beginning or an end?

I love this red flower, it's not innocent.

*translated by  
Elisabeth Hamilton-LaCoste*