

ANIME ANIMAL

Hurt my blood circulation at each step. An *anime* face of mystical beauty and plain colors. Unreal. A fragile little head, with straightrazor hair and one oceanic look under an eyebrow fillet. I saw her, and she enslaved me.

Her name was Soo Jin. Korean, tall, with gray stretched pants, Chanel fastened to her neck and a D&G bag in hand: Japanesely shaped. She talked smooth, with *nihonjin* high-school girl gestures, rhythmically bringing near to me the wine color of her lips. Nor too far nor too close.

The night put make up on her slowly. We got into the bar. 30 and one persons fighting for breath. I was invited by a veteran of the group “Trip lovers” that is something like “Fanatics of traveling to another countries and telling what they saw during a low price dinner”.

Actually, every person has her own stimulating own to join this *kurabus*. 70% of the persons of the group are females searching the marital salary and house, sitting with their legs closed and their delicate hands covering their mouth and their set of teeth without *Quality Control*.

Anime Woman sat down in front of my anonymous shoes and my green old sweater. Good that the table put some distance among us, for her not to discover my Scape imitation

perfume. The opposite chairs at the entrance gave us the proximity of conversation, and the game of our chopsticks fighting for a piece of tempura.

Her asking pupil and her kind array of voices accelerated my pulse, previously
frozen,
hindering my fingers of holding up my cigarette. Bites on every articulation, shivers and
her...

like a preservative goddess
who caressed my blood as she came near and healed the earthquake without revealing
that she let her Virginia Slim slipped down too, from time to time.

Three years living in Tokyo and perfect Japanese, biochemistry engineer, brain mass
researcher with her own apartment and the existential problem
of quitting every single thing and going back to Korea.

- . . . life is nothing but a formula,
although it gives us life and it destroys us. . . –
said Soo Jin, trying to touch mi cheek.

Ten minutes earlier,
it was me who was talking about not standing anymore the life at the country without sun.
Was she making a joke about me? It was my assumed place, where I grew up. But it
was unbearable not to match with my neighbor's dream, nor my mother's, my professor's,
mi friends'. A *kōkōsei*, an extra official woman, a young girl with her body and her ideas

too much expanded. I couldn't fit in their rigid postures. I was not attracted by that monitored life; I wanted to invent one only mine, far away from the language I lived silenced in.

- First find yourself a comfortable life. That's what I did. In Korea I would never saved the money I've made here. It's difficult to live in Tokyo, go to the lab, work part-time at the snack bar and everything else.

I wanna go back home

relax and rest

away from the hours on the train

and away from *salary men*.

- You are so young . . . ,
said to me a couple of times.

Her almond eyes and her drunken smile invited me to a bar nearby with two friends of her.

So . . . Mmm . . . Well,

What else could I do?

Maybe she was that kind of woman who also likes men.

I took my things and followed her. Her friends were fun. Good to spend some time and drink a *yumeishyu* liqueur free of charge. Walnut Eyes managed to touch my leg and serve Yamada-san an almost black beer. She gave my stockings Lancôme nail polish caresses while giving to Taka-guy Revlon eyebrow lies. One of the guys paid my bill and it was oh so good luck he didn't glance under the table or he would have found our other party.

One hour and a half and two trains later we got to her place. It was not as beautiful as Anime Eyes. It smelled like tobacco. At least it had a rug and long white curtains. Smooth Acid Jazz. Her accent tasted a bit of wine and played with my legs over the rug.

I would have made out of the “Trip lovers” name a practical rolling of rice paper, but the only available thing was alcohol so I repressed the invitation voice and let Manga Girl get drunk with my odor and white wine, with sour hips and kisses of shadows.

She wanted to take a shower.

My skin remained caressing her *futon* in warmth.

Like every intruder in new house, I checked each painting on the wall, each magazine, each pottery piece . . . Until I bumped into the bookcase

I heard the water run.

Surely it would stop at her triangled navel.

I was not surprised of nodding to Ryu Murakami wrapped in a hard cover, chemistry dictionaries, poetry from Kyoto and magazines with organs and *kanjis* that nobody learns. The bookcase shouted formulas and titles.

Yamada Amy, Yoshimoto Banana

spelled dreams and finales.

The water silenced.
The peace of the *ofuro* invited me
to sleep
on the dark hollow among her lips,
to stop
among my fingers her straight knives.

The vapor hit the colors. A tinkle on the water reminded me of the humid hair awaiting.

- Too many men . . . Is that why? . . .

Almond Eye was crying. Her tears were falling amongst warm sighs into the water.
There was no more vapor curtaining my naked voice.

- In Korea . . . In Ko-Korea . . .

- I understand - I said caressing her head.

But the truth is I didn't understand a thing. She said something about the honor of her family, and that it was not exactly me but her whole rhythm of life, that if I knew about Confucius and that if I was a Buddhist. I didn't want to answer.

If it wasn't me for being me, then, Why the tears? Maybe the discrimination against Koreans, the sex tours to the peninsula. Invasion, kidnap, raping: resentment to everything that has to do with the *nipponjin*, seemed as a holistic mass of white rice. She added something about her *arubaito*, aside working at the lab. Being a chemistry girl is ok, but never dancing with the enemy at the hostess bar while serving him whisky behind Shiseido smile. How disgusting. To have to swallow opinions with *mizuwari*, without being able to spit them. I could feel her blood uprising. What could I be for her? I felt like the last grain of rice in a bowl.

She said it was her first time with a woman.

- You are so young . . . ,

said I

and kissed her forehead.

Walnut Eyes

turned her back

cursed me and

asked me to leave her alone

i n H E R - O - F U - R O .

I left trying to calm down and leaned on the wall, close to the cases once more. I heard each book yelling that origin and ending that Soo Jin described. I couldn't believe it. I thought it was impossible to get in Japan everything that was hidden in there.

Behind Murakami, white powder.

Anime Animal

declared I forced her

that I lied about my age,

and that she was drunk at the time.

Behind Yoshimoto, tablets of dreams

Eyebrow Fillet reported my name,

my home address, my school,

and demanded a rehabilitation program

Behind Yamada Amy, non prescript needles

Shit Beauty

locked me in this office

asked for an apology letter

and economic compensation.

How could she think I would remain silent?

Osaka, Japan (1997): "Japanese minor declared she had been drugged and sexually offended by a Korean women addicted to high chemical stimulators and ex-hostess at the Ginza area. The suspect tries to rely on her drunkenness condition to revoke charges. There are aggravating proofs of toxic substances on the crime scene".

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