

SEVENTH AVE., NEAR JAVERIANA UNIVERSITY (EXCERPT FROM VAGABUNDA BOGOTÁ BY LUIS CARLOS BARRAGÁN)

Jésus is travesti because she puts on trendy clothing, a pair of plastic tits, and makes out with the punks at Piso Tres. That night, patu-patu-pa, same as always, everyone swinging their mohawks. Dun-dun, body odor, beer, and anarchy trying to be anarchy. She was dancing like a girl, wrist limp, carrying a fashionable cigarette, hip sway, a model's walk, a princess's subtle perfume.

Army boots tripping on cables, missing teeth, disheveled and sweaty, asking for change. I hate it when punks come up to me and ask me for change, they scare me, I'm scared they might start kicking the shit out of me, it scares me every time — even if it's not very likely.

Jesús is travesti because her name isn't Jesús anymore, but Margarita.

Jesús is travesti because she likes telling everybody which pantyhose she likes.

Jesús is a little bit "don't hurt my feelings."

He was dancing and I watched him among the strobing lights, the smoke and deafness of a gay bar, same as always. Pretty things making out like wild demons. Like me.

He yelled that the music was fucking great and jumped and howled and clapped, whistled and danced with guys and with girls. That kid's my hero.

I yelled his name and he looked at me all scared and stopped dancing. He pulled me aside to ask me how I knew his name, and every explanation just bounced off his nervous system full of coffee, acid, cigarettes, testicular preadolescence. Anyway, I was a little high myself, and I couldn't stop smiling a wide schizophrenic smile.