

EL ESPEJO

(ex) Interna: 224
Femenil
10 de mayo de 20...

Se mira en el espejo.

Se decora los labios de carmín. La sonrisa perfecta, es falsa; sin embargo, hermosa. Hermosa como su pena que guarda bajo llave en un rincón perdido de su alma. Hermosa como su lamento que aúlla con demencia en el silencio de la noche. El resto de ella es una mascarada. Sus ojos, su nariz, sus pechos, su cabello. La sonrisa de hada de cuento perverso. Todo, menos el dolor.

No hace tanto que salió. Y no es que no haya buscado otra opción. No es que le guste andar aguantándole el cuerpo a cabrones, ni que quiera ser como una de esas a las que llaman vulgarmente "buchonas", que usan su belleza, natural o prestada, para mercar. No. Es que no hay ni una pinche oportunidad. Aunque te aseguren las autoridades, los familiares, los vecinos chismosos y las psicólogas del internado que sí. No hay.

En fin. El espejo es cruel y sincero. Le dice la verdad: eres una puta. Pero ella no lo acepta. Eso es lo que ven, se dice, solo eso es lo que ven, los que no tienen tiempo, ni intención para ella, solo sexo. Los que no la observan detenidamente, ni saben escudriñar su alma, a través de sus ojos, tras el antifaz, cómo su espíritu gime, anhelando ser alguien.

No soy una puta.

Y sí, también lo soy. Pero, algo más que eso. Una mujer. Una persona. Dueña de un pasado inevitable, diseñado sin sutileza por las

THE MIRROR

(ex) Inmate: 224
Female
10 May 20...

She looks at herself in the mirror.

She decorates her lips with lipstick. The perfect smile; it's fake, but beautiful. As beautiful as the sorrow she keeps under lock and key in a forgotten corner of her soul. As beautiful as her lamentation, her lunatic howling in the quiet of the night. The rest of her is a masquerade. Her eyes, her nose, her breasts, her hair. The smile of a fairy from a depraved fairy tale. All fake, except the pain.

It hasn't been that long since she got out. And it's not that she hasn't looked for something else. It's not that she likes putting up with bastards, or that she wants to be spat on as a "buchona", the cheapest and brassiest beauty in the market. No. It's that you have no other fucking option. Even if the authorities, your relatives, your gossipy neighbors and the prison psychologists, they all say you have so many options. No you don't.

In the end, the mirror is cruel and sincere. It tells the truth: you're a whore. But she won't accept it. That's what they see, she tells herself, that's only what they can see, those who have no time, who don't bother, who see only sex. The ones who don't pay attention, who haven't a clue how to scan her soul, see through her eyes, look behind the mask, to where her spirit moans, longing to be someone.

I'm not a whore.

Well yeah I am. But something more. A woman. A person. The owner of an inescapable past, crudely drawn by the twisted hands of tragedy.

manos tortuosas de la tragedia. Sin un futuro evidente. Viviendo en un presente desalentador, donde duele cada palpitar. Duele cada respiro. Donde cada gota de su sangre, la que fluye por sus venas, tiene un precio. Uno que paga mancomunadamente con el cliente. Él con pesos, ella con ríos de soledad y de tristeza. Precio de rabia y de vergüenza. Los besos asfixiantes de la desesperanza.

Gabriela está cansada hasta de respirar. Hastiada de fingir, de enmascarar su pena para provocar alegría en el corazón de otro perdedor como ella; que, sin embargo, tiene la estúpida esperanza de que ella lo hará feliz.

Lo mismo cada pinche noche.

Sí, y sin descanso. Cada una de ellas...

El espejo la contempla. Ambas, ella y su reflejo se desafían mutuamente.

Ojo contra ojo. Se odian a muerte. Y se compadecen. Está cansada ya. Harta hasta la raíz. El maquillaje no puede disimularlo más. Ni la belleza perfecta de su rostro.

La decisión no parece tan difícil.

Mira al clóset y ve la corbata azul que un cliente olvidó la otra noche.

No hay muchas rutas de escape.

Sonríe a su propio reflejo, que parece asustarse.

Sonríe y respira esperanza por una vez.

Va al clóset. Hace un nudo. Apaga la luz.

¡Buenas noches, Gabriela!

With no sign of a future. Living in this present that steals your life away, where every heartbeat hurts. Every breath. Every drop of your blood, flowing through your veins, has a price. A price that's paid in a joint deal with your client. He pays with pesos, you with rivers of solitude and sorrow. A price of rage and shame. The suffocating kisses of despair.

Gabriela is tired even of breathing. Worn out from pretending, from covering up her misery just so she can spark a little joy in the heart of some loser, someone just like her, except that he has the stupid hope that she can make him happy.

The same every fucking night.

Yep, and without a break. Every single night...

The mirror stares back at her. She and her reflection challenge each other.

Eye against eye. They hate each other. And pity each other. Until death. She's sick of it all, down to her bones. The makeup can't hide it anymore. Not even the perfect beauty of her face.

The decision isn't very hard.

She looks in her closet and sees the blue tie that a client left behind the other night.

There's no other way out of here.

She smiles at her reflection. The face seems startled.

She smiles and takes a deep hopeful breath.

She goes to the closet. Makes a knot. Turns off the lamp.

Good night, Gabriela!