

The Murder

In English, to be menstruated is – literally – to have a period. On the other hand, a period, also in English, is a final point. In my body, the end of menstrual cycles not often end with the blood flowing. The true menstruation is a recognition of the bleeding.

Sometimes, years pass me by without my acknowledgment of the presence, or absence, of the bleeding – which occurs for the first time when I find myself before my own bloody fingers.

I'm certain I have killed someone, I just don't know who, for I see no body.

This feat, killing a body that isn't, is indeed a great act. In vain, I rest searching for a body that isn't, appraising what I was capable of doing – my own murder.

The presence of blood and death in me is so alive as the absence of the body which contains it. In this amalgamation residue of different sanguineous languages, I'm the proprietary of a letter which doesn't belong but contains me.

It's in her that I fear (and confront) the happenings of the soul in its constitutive fracture.

It's hers the axe that creates phrases outside of meaning, in an assassin logic that kills every father and reader that can't stand me – and which writes every day's ground as a Sunday's liturgy. For that reason, I bleed and resist death like a blessed witness of time.

