

MI DUENDE MUERDE

I am

and I am hunted by magpies and dogs that howl after the night hugs the first rays of sun almost a still birth of light; catching the breath before everything turns white

and I am strongest when I am vulnerable and I show what I have contained and marinated in the pot of my ribcage to the eyes and ears of those who can't bear blame

who loves the moon and called out the October-light and her spell

who sees everything green and red and who cannot bear any charity weight

who is ruled and watered by ink and conjures remnants in cities where she's never been and who somehow still has a lot of love to give

who stays up at night looking at shooting stars in August-terrace and wishes the same four things

who brought an ashtray to her lips desperate for the taste of his kisses that had left with the summer

who had to be hurt and hurt and hurt and hurt and hurt to realize that maybe what she saw was not worth it

who is enchanted and homes a duende with knifing wings and sharp teeth that finds her sweet spot and bites it till she bleeds because her *DUENDE MUERDE*

who cannot and will not go on without feeling and will glue the pieces back together because it is all about *kintsugi*

who knows wet dogs will bite you twice as hard and that you have to gift your distraught to those who will not let it stop

who says she has forgiven his house but really wants his bed to stay empty

who wears her grandma's coat and her grandpa's glasses and who loves to dance when everyone's watching

who climbs on rooftops and gets her friends to scream with her and scares the magpies when they come in pairs

who writes in the dark and reads to herself and then lets him hear what her pillow drowned and felt his tear drops from the squeeze of his hand-hold

who draws constellations in his moles and traces a map and writes *AND DOGGEZ TO DETHE INDITE* on his arm because *MUERTO EL PERRO SE ACABÓ LA RABIA* but the hounds always know and when you run they chase you because they think it's a game and then they become *HORTELANO*'s because they neither eat nor let you

and who loses herself in those she wants to have and love and makes them a priority like a glittering prize of gold and morphs herself into the podium

who pierced and pierced her skin spending 20 to 25 euros per hole basking in the change in pain and who only took out the steel after she was not controlled by a him

who knows that the sea is pink because of the church burning in the hill, and that when you are haunted you just have to tell the ghosts to leave

I am.