

## Rosaura is with Me

Suddenly, I sat up on the bed, as if pulled by ropes, my face bathed in cold sweat; my breath intermittent, emitting gasps of hot air. I looked to the right to make sure that Rosaura was still asleep next to me. A bundle, covered in blankets, breathing and exhaling in a way that was hardly perceptible. I rested my hand on her shoulder, perhaps to give her more warmth. When feeling something soft, I remember thinking: "it can't be Rosaura", and with a quick flip I discovered the blanket. It was a mountain of mashed potatoes. I looked, skeptically, at the mountain of potatoes for a few minutes. I inserted my two hands and examined it, mixed it, despised it, threw it against the walls, I hate the form of a woman, her intoxicating smell, her lack of salt.

I jumped out of bed and dropping mashed potatoes chunks I ran until I reached the front door of the house. I was naked. I felt like walking in front of everybody without shame, without modesty. There was no one, not anyone that could see me like I was; naked, and at the same time covered in mashed potatoes.

At the end of the neighborhood, a house, the only house with lights on. There I said to myself, I will find someone who sees me as I am. Inside was Rosaura, naked. She was making love with Armando, the neighbor. I stopped in front of them and they did not even realize I was there. I found pleasure in their pleasure and wanted to die, but I know that if I die then <sup>r10</sup> one would know why I had died.

*Fuck!* I remember thinking while I took the bus to the city. "*Shit*" "*a life*," "*shit*, and "*mashed potatoes*" I thought when I went toward the city. There was nobody there. Nobody was surprised to see me naked, to see me how I really was.

Crying in that bar, cold, hugging the machete, covered in mashed potatoes, I felt very sleepy. I was on the stool when I woke up suddenly, like I was pulled by ropes, my face covered in cold sweat. My breathing ragged and panting. I looked to the left to check that Rosaura was still asleep beside me. She was there like a lump; just there.

Always there.

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