

Grandtranny

We ate Jicima together on the train from Madrid to Málaga. I couldn't help it. I wanted Tucson in my stomach. A crunch of Mexico blanketed by American soil, that Chicana border. Plug my nose, Apple-Potato. Close my eyes, Girl-Boy.

We were buried under a tunneled mountain. In the darkness I thought of Tranny's grandmother, Elsie: The can-cza. Mummy died of the can-cza. I took care of her. Not my sistah. But, when Mummy died, my sistah wanted to share Mummy's things. I cried. She didn't understand. We don't talk anymore. You're a good person.

Elbows choke my shoulder, words lisping.

If Elsie knew I was fucking her Grandtranny, she'd die.

Where are we now?
Tranny's sleeping on a window.

The Sonoran Desert makes me feel barren, but there's something about throated sand on a hot walk. Grit lining the tongue, sweat rolling backward. I pick up rocks and pocket them. They weigh me down; I'm resisting temptation. I'm resisting completion. I'm resisting hydration. I'm resisting. Resisting.

One time, I came back early and found Tranny blowing St. Peter.

Where are we now?
I'm on my knees in front of a fountain, licking dew off of the cement.

Hallie Havican