



*There is a hole that pierces right through me*

When I found him cheating on me I slapped him twice in the face with all my strength, and then I gave him a therapist's phone number. Nine swords down my throat. I told him — while grabbing him by his chin — “you're gorgeous but you'll never find someone like me”. I cursed him. When I told him I was moving to Germany he smashed his mirror with his fist, grabbed the pieces, and cut his hands with the broken glasses. The last time I went to Chile, my mom told me she saw him wandering around her building like a ghost. He had a great dick but no soul.

I'm so over him and now I'm with you, my husband. So many times my hole hurts and I feel heartbroken. I wish you would kiss me like you eat my ass. Sometimes I'm sad and sometimes I'm all peachy pink. My psychoanalyst told me I don't have a personality disorder.

For our first anniversary, you gave me peonies. I dried one, dipped it in white painting, and hung it outside my window to dry. I gave you drawings of roses and you got one tattooed on your neck, marking the place where to hit. Like a farmer that puts a fire mark on his cows. You're my bull and now we are married.

Some could say I'm cutthroat. Some could say I'm like vermin and my presence is the one of a plague. I've got a sharp tongue and my words are like blades.

I took the knife my dad hand did and brought it with me to Germany. I also brought you a machete as a present, so you could chop me to pieces with it.

Panic attack and again: the nine of swords.

I brought together the two Maries for my nine-of-swords-sculpture. The first Marie, the taxidermist, recomposed the anatomy of a horse and dressed it with the skin of a dead one. The other Marie, the welder, did the swords. I am the third Marie, the one that pierced through, the witch, the one of the action.

Three Maries for one Orion, one hunter.

My head is so big that I always thought I looked like a horse. I am that dead horse, a death that keeps perpetually dying.

I finally don't suffer over my memory of him anymore and I love you more than anything — but still, everything hurts.