

JOHAN MIJAIL

One of the *Postcards* was Lying

translated by Amaury Rodriguez

I am the real Marilyn Monroe of Santo Domingo, the crazy one, the neighborhood transvestite, wandering around the world writing poems on condoms of lovers who do not want to catch AIDS. The performer of rituals, the misunderstood nymphomaniac who lights candles to the saints.

The nymph, the hypersexual with tigueraje all over.

Born male and turned into a quasi-female by fate. A monster that menstruates.

Then I begin the ritual:

The first thing I do is read the poem ten times, naked in front of a mirror I moved from my bathroom

So I could stick it to walls in the lobby wall.

Naked because I wanted to see that it was still there, that I didn't cut it off, naked so I could see how my makeup was running down with the river of tears that started when I was crowned Miss Boca Chica in 1994, when I felt two half-bent sporting socks

pretending to be my tits

L.A or Los Alcarizos was becoming very small for me. Too small. Tiny. So small it was disappearing, falling, mutating into something else. Like other places. That's why I would go places where motels with extra mirrors multiplied my body when I was in all fours and endured what was coming, which in the end *tó e 'na*.

Ná e 'na. Tó e 'na when you have an spongy ass and a plastic chair waiting for you in a bar, for you to sit and drink while listening to Zacarias Ferreira and your friends-friends-fags invite you to play Bingo. Yes, gentlemen, *tó e' ná*, when you live in this hypocrisy. In this transvestite lie full of truth.

Tó e' ná

Ná e' tó

Tó e' coro

Tó e' coro

Tó e' tó when you have to be careful so Juan won't pay you with a gunshot.

It is not easy to be here. It is not easy to give everything to be, when you are not what you want to be. When one is not what one wants to be. It is not easy to be a *mujerón*, a blonde two inches tall, it is not easy to be the Marilyn Monroe of a city that is a hungry wolf full of miseries. Santo Domingo is burning. It is catching fire on every corner while I'm fucking with another macho. But no worries.

I'm figuring out the problem. I started going out with poets, *chiriperos*, security guards, models, engineers, plastic artists, weightlifters, lawyers, blondes, government officials, *toleteros*. I suck the valet parking attendants, they suck me too, right there on the sidewalk and I end up in the last church bench: crying. Praying. Talking to god through this mouth with golden lipstick on like the ones *Las Chicas del Can* wore. I'm studying English. They called me. They are moving ahead with the visa process. I begin to sell everything. Spend all the money. I stay on the street. I speak a little English. I don't need to learn a lot of it because I don't have to open my mouth all the time as I intend to keep it busy.

So yeah, I have not stopped writing poems naked. I am a megapoet/a. I like to write poems. They called me again: VISA DENIED. I was fingerprinted twice by the police. I'm accused of kidnapping Anthony Rios. I was behind bars in

Villas Agricolas for carrying several leaves of weed. The police deceived me. They promised I wouldn't be fingerprinted if I fucked the commander-in-chief. They lied to me after I gave him all that pleasure. Now do you understand that I am not lying when I say this is bullshit?

Life is bullshit

My neighborhood is bullshit

My criminal record

The wig

The hormones I inject in my legs

Pure shit

The world is shit.

I'm in New York. I was able to leave with a forged passport, cut-up, altered, *truqueado, dominicanamente* I have cheated the immigration authorities to be with my fans. To be with those who love me and read my poems.

Fifth Avenue is my home.

Fifth Avenue is the catwalk where I display my breasts and buttocks paid for by decimeros, poets and rappers I met at the Nuyorican Poets Café. The largest house in Los Alcarrizos is my mom's. I'm acclaimed, desired, worshiped. A regular media feature. I go on stage with new clothes, always. My poems are idolized, glorified, my books are published. I met a *moreno* who snitched on me.

I was arrested and deported.

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And then Frank, what are we going to do?

—from *Pordioseros del Caribe* [Beggars of the Caribbean], Editorial Desbordes, 2014.

translator's note: In “One of the *Postcards* was Lying,” Johan Mijail constructs a new sexual identity in opposition to heteronormativity by re-writing and reimagining the poem and spoken word piece « Yo soy la Marilyn Monroe de Santo Domingo » [“I am the Marilyn Monroe of Santo Domingo”] published in *Postales* [*Postcards*], the award-winning book by Dominican poet Frank Báez.

Johan Mijail (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic) is a poet, journalist, and performance artist currently living in Chile.

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