

EXVOTO
by Oliverio Girondo

The girls of Flores have sweet eyes like the sugar-encrusted almonds of Café Molino and they use silk ribbons to suck in their butts at the altar of the butterfly.

The girls of Flores stroll arm in arm to transmit their trembling, and if someone looks them square in the pupil they clamp their legs shut—afraid that their sex will fall on the sidewalk.

When it gets dark, they hang their “green” breasts over the steel balconies so that their dresses bruise them in the nude. At night, towered by their mothers, they stroll through Flores Park so that men may ejaculate words into their ears and light up their breasts like intermittent light bugs.

The girls of Flores live with the anxiety that their asses will rot like apples left on the radiator and the desire of men suffocates them so much that they would wish to abort that desire as if it were a corset.

Because they have neither the courage to cut their bodies into morsels nor the gumption to distribute samples to those who stroll the boulevards.

