

Sobreviviente

by Natalia Díaz Zeledón

Original in Spanish

Debiste quebrarme cuando tuviste la oportunidad.

Cuando te dije que me vieras a los ojos
mientras llegabas al orgasmo.
La cara del hombre que me hizo daño,
deformada de placer.
El placer de verme rendida, agotada,
mi cuerpo doblado en un capullo.
Nunca fui un cadáver más dócil
que cuando tejí mi propia mortaja
mi silencio, una bisagra incapaz de ceder.

¿Cómo no habrían cedido mis costuras
si tus manos eran máquinas déspotas?

Convencido estabas de destruirme para,
finalmente, conquistarme.
Fui yo quien te colonizó
con mi imagen,
mi sudor y mis pensamientos.

Me exprimiste mecánicamente
como una jugosa pulpa lacia.
Me escurrí por las comisuras de tus dedos,
de tus ojos, de tus labios.

Tu disculpa obsesiva
es una manifestación fantástica
de mi aborrecimiento.

Codicias un mejor lugar dentro de mi vida.
Yo no te maté.

Para vencerte, no habría bastado
con un único gesto de violencia.
Muerto, te habría llevado en la piel,
entretejido con la intoxicante autonomía

de cuando fui una mujer
completamente libre,
gloriosamente ingenua.

Sueño contigo pesadillas.
Te grito y te lloro sin vergüenza.

En la cama
sola
cuando me violaste
sola
cuando no me creyeron.

Mis emociones no son permanentes
como todo lo demás que arrebataste.
Porque si me ordeno gritar
soy yo misma quien obedezco,
no por ser dueña de un dolor absoluto

sino porque estoy viva.

Survivor

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English translation

You should have broken me when you had the chance.

When I told you to look me in the eye
while reaching orgasm.
The face of the man who hurt me
deformed with pleasure.
The pleasure of seeing myself surrendered, exhausted,
my body folded into a cocoon.
I was never a more docile corpse
that when I wove my own shroud
my silence, a hinge unable to yield.

How could my seams not have given out
if your hands were despotic machines?

Convinced you were to destroy me
to finally conquer me.
I was the one who colonized you
with my image,
my sweat and my thoughts.

You squeezed me mechanically
like a juicy limp pulp.
I slipped through the corners of your fingers
from your eyes, from your lips.

Your obsessive apology
it's a fantastic manifestation
of my own hatred.

You lust for a better place in my life.
I didn't kill you.

To defeat you, it would not have been enough
with a single gesture of violence.
Dead, I would have carried you on my skin,
intertwined with the intoxicating autonomy

from when I was a woman
totally free,
gloriously naïve.

I dream of you in my nightmares.
I yell and cry to you without any shame.

In the bed
alone
when you raped me
alone
when they didn't believe me.

These emotions are not permanent
like everything else you took away.
Because if I order myself to scream
it is I who obey,
not as the owner of absolute pain

but because I'm alive.

Natalia Díaz Zeledón is a young feminist, writer, and journalist from Costa Rica. She works as a reporter on politics and economics for the University of Costa Rica's newspaper, Semanario Universidad. She was the winner of an honorable mention in the 2018 Pío Viquez National Journalism Award for her work on human rights. In her spare time, she co-directs a feminist literary project called Onvres en escabeche, which was awarded a scholarship in 2020 by the Ministry of Culture, for being a reading promotion initiative.

She edited and wrote for the young women's anthology Mi dolor es una dulzura invaluable (Encino Ediciones, 2019). Previously, she worked for Costa Rican media and platforms such as La Nación and its magazine, Revista Dominical; the English-language newspaper The Tico Times, and the television project Suave un Toque that was second place in the Nuevas Miradas Award from the University of Quilmes, in Argentina (2018).

Among other projects, she has collaborated as an illustrator for the Latin American project FESminismos of the Friedrich Ebert Foundation. She is currently a fellow in the Deutsche Welle's Global Media Forum 2021.