

The Doll

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I dreamed that many nervous men were pacing up and down in front of the sex shop, trying to conceal their interest in what was there. I thought they were too timid to show their feelings. The hesitant clients made my owner anxious because the sales were poor, and he was trying to attract the customers by picking up merchandise and caressing it fondly. Only one customer dared to enter the shop that stormy afternoon. Most of the uneasy men seemed disinterested in the attractive merchandise showcased in the shop window not only because they were hurrying home to escape the unpleasant weather, but also because they lacked desire.

I was hoping that one of these men would take me out of that suffocating prison I was in. Maybe that short man who looked like a foreigner with a bald head and worn-out hands, who was eyeing carefully each of the artifacts showcased in the window. Looking at his hand movements, I thought it seemed that he was definitely going to take me, impulsively, and not because I was on sale. When he came close to the show window, he looked at me with cold indifference. He had the same expression when I was taken out of the box wrapped in fine paper. I was in the same box since I left the factory. He dismissed the salesman who was reciting a long list of my virtues that make me the unique doll in that store. He also pretended to know my abilities to drive him mad with pleasure and become an indispensable part of his life. How could he have known that it was I who choose him?

Despite his plump hands of a lumberjack, he had a thin body hidden under the beige raincoat. He was a little over five feet with a fine face, a small mouth, and thin lips. His ash-blond hair was in desperate need of shampoo. His sensual caresses would explode goosebumps on my body, but his eyes always looked beyond me, perhaps looking for that woman who left a mark on his life and wouldn't allow any other to define him. In the pale blue of his gaze, he conveyed a need to dissolve and disappear into a cloud. Those eyes would scan my flesh and close in excitement. He would press himself against me, run his tongue over his lips, and delight in repeating the name of that woman as if his sensual chanting would bring her to his bed.

The same day he made me his, sharing the morbid pleasure earlier reserved for the darkness, at around eleven in the night, lying on the couch before the TV screen after eating

leftover lasagna heated in an oven. We entered his small apartment in the city center. He took me out of the box, ripped open the wrappings, and began to blow his desperate breath into me. As the warm air from his mouth filled me up, I felt like a woman. I moved to the rhythm of Bolero he had put on before he had begun to unravel me. After he filled me, he went to a drawer in the closet, took out a pair of black lacey panties, and put them on me only to pull them down with his teeth later. This is how he liberated his desire from its interior exile. He was a foreigner uprooted from his roots and trapped in a monologue that annihilated his capacity to go beyond himself and to be in someone else with just one word.

I assumed that my role was to give him comfort on lonely nights, which were nearly all. I pitied him and hid my true nature so that he wouldn't discover that I am just not an object. I became a woman with his warm breath; I tailored myself to the shape of his body and built a little love nest to survive clandestinely, far from prying eyes.

With childish curiosity, he would try to find his dolly's sex. He would shut all the doors and windows when he was with me and wouldn't answer the door when the bell rang. He would turn into a little devil with his groping hands. I would let him feel that there is no need to look into my eyes because I didn't have eyes, and in any case, he didn't care much since he looked beyond me, at the place where this woman was. My eyes actually were two little buttons painted carefully by the delicate hands of a Chinese laborer who was paid less than a penny per eye. He would close his eyes and open his mouth cutely as if to receive candy, but the same mouth would utter obscenities, which would encourage him to move deeper inside me.

Sometimes he would leave halfway, and I used to think that he was repulsed by me, but on the contrary, he was more eager. He would get up, leaving me alone, to rummage through the closet to find a red silk negligee. He would put it on and gently caress his butt and later come to the bed and drape me in that dress and look at me intently, like he was seeing himself in me. It was at this moment that he would be most excited and on the verge of exploding with pleasure. Sometimes he would go off the script and do things that were not part of our daily routine. I wanted to wear many different silk dresses so that I could see in his anxious eyes the bodies of all those women who were beyond his reach. With me, he had no inhibitions, shame, restraint, or sense of order, time, or space. He didn't need a passport either, to be with me. I didn't have a name, but he would call me with tender and dirty words. I didn't have an ID, but I knew that without almighty petroleum, I wouldn't exist.

Now I sleep with you every night. You smoke a cigarette as you open my legs to touch me. As you move closer between my legs, you say incomprehensible things in a nasal voice like that of a snoring beast in a cave. Your babbles bewilder me and make me think that the human has given way to a clumsy bug. You confuse me so much that I forget the purpose I was designed for and enter into an existential crisis, remembering my stifling status as plastic before you took me out of that box to make me someone. Since then, I have been yours, forming part of your secret world along with lace panties, garters, and the red silk negligee. I want to talk to you, but I don't have a voice. I want to see you, but what I have are two little buttons in my face, painted by an exploited artist in China. I was smuggled into the store, and I continue to be hidden. You imitate my voice, but it is not my voice. It is yours pretending to be a female. Heat in my body rises as I come in touch with yours. I have

an open mouth to take you in, but I cannot say a word. You always head to what is between my legs. You want me to devour you like a carnivore. You exaggerate your frenzy with the music and the rain falling against the windowpanes. The street is a muddy river that clogs the drains.

I want to end your loneliness, but I cannot accompany you where you go. I cannot erase your past to keep you with me in an eternal present. I am jealous of her, and I cling to you in desperation. Perhaps you prefer her innocence, her indifference, and her ignorance of your burning desire for her. We do the role-play you like, but every time it is less exciting. I want to be your seductress, your secret vice, but I can't be if you reduce me to a disposable object.

I am a plastic doll. You bought me in a sex shop. I was nobody before I met you. Do you know that? Whatever I am, it is all because of you. Sometimes you like to play with dolls, but like a child, you break them. You possess me because you own me. You take me violently like a child who is bored with his doll. You try out many different positions, but none satisfies, so you get angry and call me a bitch. You hit your head against my body. Perhaps you prefer to be punished for being a bad boy. You know some men behave badly, so their moms punish them. I pull you toward me, holding you by the ear, and you want me to let go of you. I know that you don't like to be the one who is in charge all the time. You bought me for brief pleasure, but I want to turn it into something permanent that doesn't need that woman. You don't like it and punish me for it. You don't love her, I know it. She is just a fleeting vision of a phantom.

I am different. I ask for neither mink nor jewelry, and yet, I adapt to your wishes without understanding them. You are free like a child who is forgiven for his naughtiness, and I know, sooner or later, you will fall in love with me. Who can love you more than this enchanting and transportable doll that can fit into your suitcase? With your breath, I become a lusty woman willing to fulfill your every need. I conceal my jealousy because I am a plastic perfection.

Isn't it simple that you get all the pleasure without giving anything in return? You bought me, and you don't owe anything to anyone. I was made for your desires, your loneliness, your isolation, and your silence. Oh, timid man! I talk to you, and you don't hear me. Don't forget that my fragility threatens our union. Enjoy all that you can without blowing me up. After your explosive joy, the plastic shreds will be scattered in the corners. Careful! I want to live for you.

You pass on all your anxieties to me. You want me to say I am horny and devour you desperately. You don't want me to leave the house ever, and when you are with me, you don't want the rain to stop so that you don't have to go out looking for someone else after the rain. I am yours until I die, wither, and disappear. After all this, you will not forget me. I, a plastic doll, will be imprinted in your heart, and you will look for me in all the others that will follow. We are programmed to "need a man," and with all the sick contagious bodies around, we are useful, hygienic, and prophylactic.

Life in a sex shop is useless if you are not bought. Men would just look at me, but you, the timid, introvert, and heartbroken dared to pick me up. Your eyes had lit up when you saw the little buttons in place of my eyes, my true eyes. You keep me in a box hiding me out of shame. I accept being hidden because a doll should give everything and shouldn't expect

anything in return. I suffocate in the closet, and like a human, I will protest. I wait for you in desperation to come out of the box and see light. I ask your hand to take me out for a stroll, but it is always glued to my crotch. You say you want me, but sometimes I want to go back to the store to expose myself to others. I will give back your money. Take me back to where you found me. I didn't find it. You don't find it either. We are lost. I want to meet other men before I decide to be yours forever. Probably I should charge you so that you value what this doll gives you and wants to give you, but she can't stand this prison.

I am a doll ready to die for a man. I am neither frustrated nor troubled by our contempt. I think I don't exist and that someone thinks of me. What we are looking for is so elemental that we are ashamed to say. In spite of everything, my love, come inside me, into this impossible cavity. Penetrate this material before it is consumed by fire. You fill my plastic body, and it yields to the intensity of your desire, but there is a limit. I wish you were not so driven to reach your goal. You are crushing me. I am fragile, tenuous, delicate, move up, be careful, pay attention.

Saying "I love you" in a sensuous voice compromises you and makes you into a problematic doll. I don't want answers, my love; I don't expect that you caress me. I am a self-sufficient thermal doll. You decapitate me in a fit of ecstasy. I am fragile and delicate. Move up! Watch out! It's useless! No one reads instructions before using me. I have the rest of the body, which is yours; well, you bought me, didn't you? Why don't you pull out one of my legs? I am a masochist. My breasts, love, tirelessly seek your demonic hands. I don't have teeth; otherwise, I would nibble you as you ask me to. Like a mad man, you demand strange things. You never reach your peak, but just a vague happiness, a sensation of someone fleeing from you. Sex is a stranger who comes to visit us. Stays the way it comes, but escapes the moment we close our eyes. It gets excited suddenly and is about to destroy the house. It becomes sad and fades away without giving any reason. Like plastic, it swells up and shrinks. Its intentions are as unfathomable as that of the Lord. It doesn't melt with fire but burns us incessantly, in its own way.

I have power over your masculinity, and it yields to me. I am broken. I don't want to die. Come back before you cross the threshold of madness. Come! Rest your face between my legs. No, you will never return to the place where you came from. Wait! I am delicate, your head is too big, and it's splitting me. I told you, go slowly, and you will have many more nights to relive this dream. When I disappear, there will be emptiness in my place. The weight of absence is the other side of Being. Don't go, my love, don't run away. I am alive in you. Plastic is just a material, a medium for a shape. I am not going to tell anyone. I am mute...

Every morning, when I wake up, my love, don't ask me if I love you. I don't know what to say. Don't say again that I am the sweetest doll you have ever known. Don't look at me like I am made of plastic. It's me. Remember! I am fragile and delicate, and you? A beast. One day you will come home, and I will not be here, and then you will have to buy a real plastic doll to satisfy your needs.