

VETA A LA CHINGADA:
An Oral Encounter with La Travesti

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*They'll have theirs, and you'll have yours,
and I'll have mine.
And together we'll be fine...*

The Pineda bodega in Farmingdale, New York, is one of those places that Robocop would crack down on. A shady proprietorship specializing in exotic herbs, shoe leather lunch meats and under-the-counter meds, this delicatessen was a haunt for immigrants of all stripes. A *cabron* such as myself, some blond-haired gringo with bloodshot blues, couldn't walk past the shop once without attracting the malevolent and sexually-frustrated gaze of at least one day laborer.

The sidewalk show was always something, with fights breaking out between landscapers, drunks, *drunk landscapers* and even two-bit gang members. The big gangs in the area were *Nineta* and MS-13. Then there were teenage kids who claimed to be in off-shoots of the above, but most of them were simply petty thieves who would occasionally do favors for homeboys who were somehow vaguely connected.

Nothing too extreme ever popped off and when it did it was usually a drive-by shooting, but that was in a trailer park nearly 3.8 miles away, in Amityville. The gang members I met, most of whom were named Angel, were usually sweet guys in their early-to-mid-Twenties, who just didn't know what to do with themselves.

I would share a big jug of homemade Rum & Pepsi with them out of my backpack and sit around talking about Family. And about the magical wonderment of *almeja*. But, for the most part, the talk was about mothers.

On one such night a weepy *hermano* fell on to the grass in front of my drug dealer's apartment building and joined me and this homeless kid in the bushes for a stiff drink. He must have babysat half the bottle before we even found out what was wrong with him.

This was on the same day that I got an unexpected parcel in the mail from some guy who identified himself as Dr. Joe. He said he had received my contact information from Mr. Brian Gross, a Public Relations dude who works at BSG., a PR firm I deal with when writing for Kotori. He said that it was his hope that this package would “add a new level of excitement” to my life.

I ignored this anachronistic occurrence because it made me feel uncomfortable. Why would a perfect stranger, especially a Doctor, think that he owed me any kind of excitement? I wondered if, perhaps, I had donated my liver to him during some dire operation that I must have undergone during a blackout. Maybe it wasn't the drinking that was responsible for my deleterious liver count. Maybe I had traded it in for some failing organ.

This was a grotesque thought, one I didn't want to grapple with. I set the parcel aside and instead embarked on a drinking binge in the low-rent environs near Conklin St.

So there I am with this sobbing Mexican kid who says he lost his job, he was fired on the spot, no warning. Social Security wouldn't give him a red cent because he hadn't worked on the books long enough. Just then some thug cats walk by and start heckling him in Spanish. He knuckled it up with them and, once they passed, he seemed to have sobered up and wiped most of the tears from his face.

“They're constantly holding a place open for me in their gang, but I couldn't do that to my mother. I love her too much.”

“I know how you feel,” I said. “My mother would hate for me to work at a bodega too.”

He laughed. “She's a saint, my *madre*.”

“She must be, to have named you Angel.”

Our conversation was endearing, but this round of motherly love was interrupted by the arrival of a succulent *hermana* in sexy long stems and a mango-colored halter-top, her peach-shaped ass perfectly accented by a pair of skin-tight Apple Bottom jeans. Mango. Peach. Apple. This was an exotic fruit.

She had *labios jugosos sensuales*, big pink lips that wouldn't quit and begged to lick. And they curled into a wicked smile as she turned the corner and playfully smacked one of the bodega cats in the chest. One of her perfectly-plucked eyebrows went into an arch and her thin, highlighted hair flew in the wind in a most dramatic way.

I felt like crying out, “Maria!” But I thought better of it. She was already looking over at the two white boys sitting Indian-style on a stranger's lawn with a huge carafe of Captain Morgan's. It was bad enough that my Caucasian companion was some derelict homeless kid with chunks of pink food stuck in the grooves of his halitosis mouth. A song from West Side Story would only make matters more offensive.

La Hermana had just come from The Downtown on Main St., an Alterna-club located by the train tracks, and she had grown bored of listening to a bunch of Suburban dick-weeds pissing and moaning about their girlfriends breaking up with them on MySpace. She was looking for some real trouble and she had found it.

“What are you doing on the ground?” she asked in an aggressively sultry tone. Her voice was hoarse and heavy, like Cathy Moriarty in *Neighbors*.

“I'm lined up for the perfect view,” I said. “You just forgot to wear a mini-skirt.”

She laughed and my chin quivered. Only 80 proof liquor or utter hopelessness elicits this kind of straight-forwardness from me. And sometimes it pays to be a pervert.

She sucked the last drop out of my jug and I got us a cab to Lily Flanagan's. We grinded on each other for two songs and then she made a dash for the Exit. I cornered her outside, in the shrubbery, by the adjacent bank.

“What's wrong?” I said. “You gotta throw up or pass out or something?”

“No, it's nothing like that. I just really want to sleep with you.”

“Sleep?”

“I wanna fuck jyoo-okayee?”

“I’ve had goosebumps all night, every time my face brushes up against your hot flesh on the dance floor or getting out of that cab. You’re solid gold, you’re caliente and you gotta know I’ve had fuck on the mind all night. I mean, I want to fuck you too.”

“But I don’t want you to be mad at me,” she reasoned.

My testosterone was seething, to the point where it infuriated me that she could think she could actually infuriate me. What sense did any of this make? When we were on our third round of jello shots, before the dee-jay drew us into the sea of skin with “Welcome to the Club,” she had pulled down her halter and looked all around, to make sure she wasn’t drawing the attention of other men, as she leaned across the table top, exposing her voluptuous breasts and the pink and green butterfly on the small of her back.

This delectable sight was housed in pink lingerie, a neon color that seemed to scream “Please” the way neon Green screams, “Go.” She had inched her face right up to my earlobe and, with a moist breath, made purring mock-whispering noises before pulling back abruptly and laughing. She had made a joke out of how much she was teasing me.

“Look, worry about me getting mad when I get mad,” I shouted. “You’re fucking amazing. The only thing that could make me mad is if you won’t stop talking.”

We made out hard for what seemed like only a nano-second, but then she was back to hesitating. She would sigh and then look away and then her tongue was on my neck and next it was rolled back into her skull. I was getting whiplash so, finally, I said, “Okay. I’ll bite.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” she intoned.

“What?”

By this point we were already sprawled across the backseat of a bartender’s Nissan Maxima and precum was decorating her Apple Bottom leg like Dip N Dots.

“I have a dick,” La Hermana exclaimed.

“What the *fuck*?!”

She started blubbing, her mascara oozing down her perfectly-chiseled cheekbones and collecting in a tiny puddle at her clavical.

I was a moment in responding. What do you do? What is the right thing? How do you get a handle?

*Ah tu voz misteriosa que el amor tiñe y dobla
en el atardecer resonante y muriento!*

(Ah your mysterious voice that love tolls and deepens

in the resonant and dying evening.)

I suddenly remembered the package from Dr. Joe that I had wedged into my coat pocket before setting out for the night. 6cc. Flexible tray. Phthalate-free silicone. Mini-bullet. It was called the Blowguard, a dentist-designed apparatus.

I wiped the last tear from her cheek and she looked up at me, the light from Lily Flanagan's Entrance making her almond irises twinkle.

“Fuggedaboutit,” I said, finally, then I bit open my pillow pack of Sex Tarts ® strawberry-flavored lube, clipped in the mini-bullet and fisted the Blowguard into my *travesti nina's* mouth. Grabbing her by her long hair I wrested her skull into my lap, forcing her jaw open with my thumbs. The rhythm of the mini-bullet washed over me and it felt like my penis was being rattled awake by a chihuahua with a panic disorder.

Gary Coleman was right. It takes different strokes to move the world.

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