

Hunger, Heteronormativity & The Galaxy

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TO DIE OR NOT TO DIE

sometimes i want to say: i want to die, and by that i mean: take me to the ardennes for fondue, where the wood cabin smells like melted cheese all evening. where the night rolls over the roof and the stars are visible once more.

then tuck me in. leave the lacy nightlight in the hallway on. hide all the newspapers from me. don't let me know how the world is doing before i know how i'm doing. give me a view with trees that look like swaying hands.

sometimes i say nothing and want you to say everything: i love you, the 'oo'-sound like a tupperware container you store all your affection in. we don't really mind all that darkness. we have each other, the ardennes, a cabin, trees, a bed we can spoon in naked.

sometimes i say everything and want you to sit beside me and say nothing, so that the words can land in your soft body for once. my hand on yours, flipping over a burned slice of entremont with a wooden raclette spatula. counting the stars, tracing lines in the dark with my fingertips, seeing the big dipper and not dying, at least not tonight.

NEVER SAY MOTHER AGAIN

you're allowed to grow up. drink apple juice with a plastic straw, shave your arms, wear boots with flowers on them, hunt for worms, feel them squirm beneath your fingers, know that you're stronger. store everything that can be thrown away in garbage bags. call it loss, not trash.

you're allowed to be a girl who plays with her barbies and is constantly happy. pick scabs off your legs, lick up blood. never dare to sleep again because you don't know what might happen in the world while your eyes are closed.

call a random woman mother. live on the tips of your toes, collect eggs, eat the chicken you cherished, search for the universe in the chicken bones on your plate.

find an interval to stop time. sit in the corner with your knees pulled to your chest. have cold hands. eat a blade of grass. cry when the garbage bags in the back of a garbage truck are compacted,

build a ladder to yourself, more and more of the rungs creaking, and be afraid of heights. not know what's going on in the world anymore but smile. never say mother again.

HOW TO LOOK AS LESBIAN AS POSSIBLE

someone says: i didn't know you were lesbian.

i say: neither did i.

someone says: i mean, i didn't know you had a girlfriend.

i say: yeah, i do.

(blond, pretty, smart, the smell of her lotion between the sheets).

someone says: i just mean, you don't look lesbian.

'how can i look as lesbian as possible?'

enter.

google says: wear your hair short.

google says: wear jeans.

google says: wear the right jewelry.

the mirror says: you look too straight.

error. error. error.

you fucked a man.

you fucked two men.

you fucked two men and liked it.

error. error. error.

ctrl + alt + delete all the men you ever fucked.

ctrl + alt + delete all the men you ever loved.

empty trash.

clear history.

you know: you don't look lesbian.

you know: you're not straight or lesbian enough.

error. error. error.

you know: confusion.

you know: anticipation.

you know: you had lesbian dreams about girls at camp who you wanted to kiss and finger in the bathroom that smelled like vomit because of the rampant secrecy, the hidden eating disorders.

you know: desire.

you know: dammit.

you know: strap-on.

you know: wetness.

you know: flight response.

you know: you want to be yourself.

meanwhile someone keeps saying: you just don't look lesbian.

YOU FINALLY FEEL LIKE A DOG

the first to ever behold the universe was a dog. that's not a joke. that's history. the world was entangled in a space race. world leaders wanted to be the first to send a man to the moon. with just a touch of their big, little hands, they could determine the course of history.

they found a stray dog and gave her a name: Laika. they thought: it's not the end that justifies the means, but the discovery.

imagine, at the heart of history, you're Laika. how you ended up a stray is unimportant. because you have no home, you have no rights. a place determines who you are and who you're allowed to be.

you're found by someone who first of all believes in you, and secondly needs something of you. you get the two mixed up and call it love. in exchange, you give the only thing you know: unconditional loyalty.

you're quick to adjust to small spaces during the training. you've adapted to the idea that all you can ask from life is that space. you exceed expectations. you finally feel like a dog.

one day you're sent into space. for seven hours straight, you write history as the first living being in space. you think of all the hands that ever petted you, the same ones that determine the course of history.

you give up the only thing you have left: your life. you die of stress and overheating. just before dying, you realize you'll always be a stray dog.
