

Jan 1st, 5:00 PM

esto es lo que hago

Paul Arturo Cabral Jr.
naccs@naccs.org

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.sjsu.edu/naccs>



Part of the [Gender and Sexuality Commons](#), and the [Race and Ethnicity Commons](#)

Paul Arturo Cabral Jr., "esto es lo que hago" (January 1, 1996). *National Association for Chicana and Chicano Studies Annual Conference*. Paper 17.

<http://scholarworks.sjsu.edu/naccs/1996/Proceedings/17>

This Event is brought to you for free and open access by the Conferences at SJSU ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in National Association for Chicana and Chicano Studies Annual Conference by an authorized administrator of SJSU ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@sjsu.edu.

esto es lo que hago

paul arturo cabral jr.

I see dark, black, full clouds. There is no moonlight tonight except for what filters through those same black clouds. The rains pouring down. My mom used to say we were God's flowers and that when it rained he was watering us. It is a typical, *cómo se dice*, un "dark and stormy night"?

The lightning flashes and illuminates everything in a strobe of whiteness. As far as the eye can see, everything is pure for that instant, even him.

He is an over-weight, fat, old, married with children, ugly, white man. To him this is normal. To him this is fun.

As I approach the squints through his glasses and through all the darkness de esta noche fría. He's wearing one of those velour, matching sweat outfits that an old wife gives to her darling, old husband on Christmas morning. The suit is beige with double blue stripes on the sides. He seems so sad and confused, yet normal and comfortable. He seems so . . . pathetic.

The thunder rumbles overhead. I crouch just enough as if the thunder is going to hit me. I look up and see him smile at me. His shiny, bald, white head is dripping water. To him this is normal. To him this is fun. To me this is uncomfortable and not fun. To me this is what I do and I just want to get it over with.

"I've been waiting for you," he tells me.

I don't answer him. I give him this fake smile and look confused and innocent. They like that shit.

"Let's go up to my room. I'm on the second floor." He walks away and expects me to follow. It would be so easy to turn around, run to my car, and be gone. But, this is what I do. I follow him.

We get into the elevator to go up to the second floor. I ask him, Why

don't we use the stairs instead of waiting for the elevator, it's probably faster."

"My feet are kind of sore," he says. "I've had a rough and tiring long day."

Whatever gordiflón, I think to myself.

In the elevator he stares at me, up and down. I smile and turn my head.

"I really lucked out tonight," he says half-jokingly.

I just nod my head. "Yeah, whatever."

"I can't wait to get you inside," he says somewhat like that fucken lobo in the little red riding hood fairy tale. I guess I should be wearing a little, fucken, red hooded cape.

The elevator doors open at the same instant that I flash of lightning strikes. Everything is pure for that instant. Why am I doing this? The lightning disappears. We walk down the corridor. A seemingly endless number of doors are on both sides of us. They look familiar and regular. I know these doors. I've been through them. They must all look alike.

We reach his room. He opens the door. It doesn't matter which one. He turns and looks at me.

"You have a beautiful tan," he says to me.

"That's just me," I say as he closes the door behind us.

Lightning strikes and everything is pure again.