

The day I menstruated for the first time my dad told me my mom didn't like fucking, he said she was frigid or a lesbian or that had relations with her sister when she came from Spain to visit her, he said he had been able to fuck twice with my mom, once was in the ship 'Eugenio C' when they came to Argentina, later on she started to become sad, she grew sad, nobody knows why, my dad took her to a psychiatrist who gave her some pills at the time, but kept without the like for fucking, the psychiatrist told my dad that perhaps it was better to get her pregnant, a child would withhold her to life because it looks like she didn't have much desire to live. Then said my dad, that they went to a conferene of poets, in Uruguay, he was a poet, and one day he took her for a walk in a natural place and said that under a tree he raped her because it was the only way to get her pregnant, my dad said that afterwards for a time my mom kept in her bathroom wardrobe her pads with blood, perhaps to keep a thread of life that leaked from her cunt.