

A Tram Called Desire

Stories of a Reckless Girl

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Sometimes you hear yourself laughing, even in front of your mother, and you reproach yourself with the falsity of the tone of your voice. Or you pose. Do you know how you pose? Of course you do. You pose as the happy woman or as the depressed woman or as the affected woman. The woman who tries to please everybody, so as not to disappoint.

You've forgotten the last time when you were you. You've even forgotten what you really like. Do you really prefer raspberry jam over the cherry one? Or gin and tonic over a Cuba Libre? You know for sure that you are an *old fashioned lady*, who loves being *glamorous* day in and day out, who's never gone out without her make-up on and who smokes pursing her lips, but unfortunately you haven't discovered the Gary Cooper who could sweep you off your feet.

You've learnt to nod approval wisely, hands crossed on your lap, smiling conventionally and keeping up with people that you secretly loathe, for the sake of the conveniences. One mask is not enough for you, adulated by unknown people for your waddle and the smell of the perfume you leave behind you.

You want SOMETHING to happen and you don't realize yet what, because you are too busy to please the others with your irreproachable behavior and your frozen smile, when you would actually like to scream out "You go to hell!" because, after all, "I have always been depending on the gentleness of strangers"...

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