

The Man Who Hates Christmas

Essay

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The man who hates Christmas held out his hand to me, palm up.

We were in the middle of an ocean of people who were swarming back and forth without asking for our approval and who were suffocating us with their anxiety.

I did not know what he meant by that, so my mouth shaped politely into nothing but a definite *no*.

He might have wanted to give himself to me; he might have wanted me to climb up into his palm, so that he could take me home and imprison me in his temple or in his thigh. But his palm, held out to me like that, remained but an open question, raising a decadently suspicious *no* which rolled up until it became an avalanche.

Dear Sir.

Dear Madam.

If I accepted this palm, it could be assumed that I started to hate Christmas myself; but I do not hate Christmas, although I do not love it either.



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He failed to answer. It was his secret.

Out of his muscles, small sparks of desire were gravitating towards me reaching similar corpuscles in my body and creating a vortex deep within my womb, making those butterflies which are so much rumored to dwell in women, start flutter their wings inside of me.

He kept holding out his hand, waiting for me to go up those steps leading to the gaping abyss in his palm, and into which I was inevitably going to sink. Whether I wanted it or not.

Nononononono.

I repudiate you.

But he was still standing there, with that abyss of his into which he invited me to fall. I gasped in his palm, and like any other abyss, I could see no bottom.

In his green sharp-blade slits with pupils in which answers to questions asked by nobody were gravitating, one could see the world, with its best and its worst altogether. They were dark green.

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