

Vita Andersen · *Denmark*

COSTA DEL SOL, AT NIGHT

when I was at Costa del Sol
I had a love affair
with a French diplomat
anyway an affair
I met him one night
at a reception on the training ship, Denmark
he was very beautiful
I had always heard that the French were good lovers
so before we had even talked
I decided
that I wanted to try it

when I was at Costa del Sol
one night I went to a party with him
where everyone said how do you do
and talked about how difficult it was to get servants
and I tried to look as if
it was a big problem for me too
and a lady in a horrible draped green dress
asked what my father did
luckily I could tell her
that he was a writer
but since they had never heard of him
they supposed it was because he was Danish
(in Denmark no one has heard of him either)

when I was at Costa del Sol
we drove in a taxi to his hotel in Malaga
and we petted so violently
that he had an ejaculation
and we lay drenched in sperm on the backseat of the car
and when we finally go to bed at the hotel
after first smuggling me in
so none of the staff would see me
he was not able to
and he broke down
tore his hair and yelled

I am not a man I am not a man
I comforted him as best I could
and was on the verge of saying
that this after all wasn't why I had come

when I was at Costa del Sol
I had a French lover
who rubbed his prick everytime we made love
with a strange fluid
which I detested
but I was too polite
to say that I didn't like it
and most of the time he was not able to
and again cried I am not a man
and asked me if I despised him
but when, unconscious from champagne, fatigue, petting
and melancholy from the humiliations in our relationship
and more than anything I wanted to sleep
then he was able to
and was as perky as a cock

when I was at Costa del Sol
my lover poured
champagne in my navel
and licked it up
every night we dined in a small restaurant
one night he got so excited
that he pulled me out into a small yard
and in the moonlight he rubbed his prick
against my black velour-clad ass
so the sperm ran out in the moonlight
afterwards he broke off a white flower
and stuck it in my hair
it fell out at once
but I kept the flower as a souvenir
and pressed it in a hotel brochure

when I was at Costa del Sol
I had a lover
whose father was an industry magnate
and whose mother descended from nobles
unfortunately I was not allowed to tell anyone
that would really have been something

to tell the other girls at the travel bureau
where I worked during the day
he had a wife three children and a Swedish nurse in Madrid
(I wonder if he fucked her too)
I felt anyway that I was living the life
like in a French movie by Truffaut or a novel by Sagan
in the morning he said something in French
I did not understand one word of it
but it was very romantic
unfortunately I always had to be out of the room
before the maid brought the breakfast

when I was at Costa del Sol
I got champagne every day
went to a ball
where I met a prince
didn't get a whole night's sleep for two weeks
on the whole never got my make-up removed
more than ten minutes at a time
before the next batch was daubed on
used my siesta for thinking of him
and looking forward to the night

when I was at Costa del Sol
I often thought of his wife
and although I envied her life
in the long run I thought
that if my desire made him impotent
maybe he had the same problem with his wife
he was good at petting though

when I was at Costa del Sol
I hoped the last night to get a present
not something expensive
just a small thing
I also hoped that he would ask for my address
and quite sick at heart
I watched for a sign from him
that it had meant something

and inside my head
I had already fully completed the story
and of course he was going to divorce his wife

and to hell with his children
and it was evident that he loved me
and our last night
when he was sleeping
and I knew
nothing would happen
I tore a button from his white dinner-jacket
found the corks from the champagne under the bed
and hid it all in my handbag

when I was at Costa del Sol
the word 'love' never passed our lips
all I had
was a dinner-jacket button two champagne corks and a pressed
flower
but there had been some misunderstandings
and my English wasn't too good
and sometimes I didn't understand what he said
but nodded and smiled all the same
tried to make a good impression
and perhaps he had said something to me
and I had not understood it
and long after I went back to Copenhagen
he fed my daydreaming
elevated me above the dullness of my everyday life
with fantastic stories
and a diplomat might easily fly to Copenhagen I supposed
and I long hoped for secret love letters
flowers, perfumes, furs, clothes from Yves St. Laurent, jewelry
and that he would send for me
that he actually loved me
everything that always happens in movies and in novels
but never in life

translated by Jannick Storm and Linda Lappin