

*Mermaid Heart*

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*I walked around the world as a nameless girl. The grown-ups said it was because of my sudden transitions, that there was emptiness and light inside of me. I had two dark holes where my eyes should have been. Everything I said was either wrong or very strange. I was heavy, I was too thin. I couldn't stop screaming when I was born, I was red. My hair was black in the beginning. Later it turned white, I became silent.*

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A WILD HEART  
IT LOVES SO RECKLESSLY  
AND HATES JUST AS STRONGLY

The things I have to tell are not important to the world.  
For that, I am grateful.

My whole life I have walked around disguised as the moon's bitch. I am so warm that I have to ask a strange man on the street for a glass of water, a kiss. He wants nothing in return. I give him everything, it is easy. Hot buttered brioche and scallops from the west coast, sweet early season asparagus, a plate of ripe French cheeses, my body.

I am looking for love, or someone to talk with, but I have to make do with the dead animals I find at fresh food counters, in abandoned barns, on the verges along motorways. I throw the carcasses to the crows. The crows thank me with beautiful song. I glorify everyone I meet, and make no demands.

*Undress me, take what you need, but hold me when you're finished.*

They undress themselves, take what they need, and go home to their loved ones.

The flowers spring up and clothe the Earth in colour. The flowers are beautiful, I can see that, the flowers are beautiful because they are mute. The laughter of children fills the streets, spring fills my face, I fill too much, I feel endless to others.

I have incongruous opinions, I am regularly ashamed. The body is not made to live this way, with me inside it. According to statistics, I should be an unhappy girl.

I like concrete things and the little that I understand, like algebra and the laws of physics. I like my face, eyes, mouth, the way I walk down the street, the stretch marks on the inside of my thighs.

I like the feeling of 100% silk against my skin. I like cocktails that contain vitamins and minerals, which cleanse the skin and blood, which hydrate and balance electrolytes.

*Kinda sexy.*

*Russian red.*

*Lady danger.*

*Heroine.*

Women don't become more beautiful with age. There's no such thing as *too much* eyeshadow. I hate social debate.

I cannot find the words. Therefore, I cry.  
I like to see flowers grow. Therefore, I am silent.



The people I meet have sleeping faces. We share vaguely meaningful moments, telling each other about similar childhoods. I cry as I dance. I lie myself down to sleep in a stranger's lap. I wake up in smoke filled spaces, go out in the day, walk backwards, get lost, stumble swift and directionless around the world, whether in the direction of the sea or the sun, I do not know.

I kiss passers-by and fall in love, but I don't want to have them, that's not why I kiss them. I reckon my soul is sad. It so yearns to love someone, every nook and cranny, but I am blessed with witch hair and cold hands which are made of snow. My heart sleeps among stones, my heart eats dreams.

Time, as I remember it, no longer exists. It belongs to the past and everyone else.

Let me explain: in November the birds returned by mistake. The birch trees stood naked in June, July and August. The snow didn't sparkle, it sank, through red grass, beneath the ground, and into nothingness.

Thriftiness.

Patience.

Sacrifice.

I collect memories, even if it's painful. I develop myself as a person and live a happy life, like a starfish on the seafloor. The truth can be a lie, but never the other way around.

I lie heavy and undressed on the kitchen floor. My mouth has a bitter sweetness from the grapefruit juice and the conflicting feels. A painting of the crucifixion hangs over the kitchen table. I fold my hands and close my eyes, stretching all of my muscles. It is midnight and silent. I stick my fingers up inside myself, without it contributing to any particular feelings of pleasure, or something new.

I beg for forgiveness, I know that I don't deserve it.  
God looks down at me and shakes his head.