

god eats ham
and it's going to give him cancer
god likes sausage
he's addicted to buttery pastries

god has tried to be vegan to meditate to stop eating animals to respect them not to judge to know that everything is ideology that the system divides you but there is a truth and it's quantum we have god inside us we're cannibals but we've forgotten from birth we've forgotten that we were a whole we were light we were something that didn't suffer something that would float we've forgotten

now we want to help to contribute to volunteer to love a guru we're depressive and we're Latin American but we live in Australia and when we go to a restaurant we order food without animal products we're aware of our childhood traumas we know we have one axis two axes lack and guilt we know we're looking for attention we're victims many of us have anorexia we're fragile we've known not loving life not loving our lives

god is soft like a sandwich with mayo
god doesn't order whole wheat he orders white bread
god doesn't watch his figure
he's flabby

god is 53 years old
wrinkled
god is menopausal
is outraged
hates his bloated body
god is now a broad-backed fridge
god has lost his curves
god is temporal and time attacks his figure
god goes out dancing

with his new body
and his faded face
takes a seat at a table in the salsa club
because god is also

Latin American

god has had to fight
to defend himself in the rational academy
has been discovering
with life's knocks
that he is a cannibal
god is a bitch too
and right now he's a fat wrinkly bitch
his period has been drying up intermittently

god goes dancing

when he goes out into the street he sees trash mountains of
trash piled up on the corners a homeless person who picks old
food out of a bag another sleeping in the middle of the sidewalk
god sees a neighborhood of poor houses painted in bright colors
god goes to the poor neighborhood's corner store to buy bananas
to buy almond milk because now he's vegan but there isn't
any milk like that in the corner store he goes to buy olives to
make a pasta because god is alone in his house god is divorced
god doesn't have a partner but there aren't any olives god sees
people go into the store and sees them buy two tomatoes a stalk
of green onion half a pound of rice they buy in small quantities
they buy menopausally god thinks that his emotional center is
lack that he should meditate to find his light because his trauma
is lack so he's fascinated by the poor who are lack become
people he goes to the poor neighborhood and feels at home

god goes dancing

god has to write 15 pages of poetry
this is page 40

and there's at least another 15 to go
if god finishes 55 pages
god can publish
god wants money so he can learn English
get on an airplane as is
divorced
menopausal
lacking
always lacking
(because that is his childhood trauma)
he catches an airplane
with his poor friends
with those at the bottom
though he knows he isn't so low
but more in the middle
pitching toward the top
god imagines he catches an airplane
to try to be less lacking
and go to New York
finally
because god wasn't educated in the empire
that's why he's anachronistic
because he doesn't speak English
god has two sins
 not speaking the language of the great
and being god
and another two
his lack and his inability to be vegan
he has another one and that one's the worst
god is a poet who feels
but cannot accept it because
he wants to be famous
to sense
that only he is right
that he and a select few are artists
who eat meat
and the Amazon is laid waste as they chew
after the launch party for his book of poems

they go out to eat
a good *asado de tira*
because now
in this Latin American world
we too are cosmopolitan
now the restaurants are Korean Vietnamese Indian
Argentinian in our cities with streets for the rich
and streets for the poor
so god eats a good *bife de chorizo*
orders a *carménère*
gets drunk

the ranchers have given orders to displace indigenous people
and if they won't leave to kill them they've also given orders
to set that mallow forest on fire to murder monkeys families of
monkeys masses of monkeys there's a lot of jungle burn it I'll
pay the guy has a family of hungry children with bloated stom-
achs and no underwear who play in putrid waters fecal waters
the rancher is going to give him good money with that he'll put
cement on the dirt floors he'll buy a dress for the baby girl a toy
gun for the youngest he'll have his *aguardiente* he knows where
to buy gasoline and how to start a good fire

god wants to pay for an English class

to feel New York on his poet skin
to finally feel that he's worldly
that he finally knows how to write
he'll finally be able to read Sylvia Plath in her language
to hear her music her vowels
see if they liven up his Spanish
which is very South American
find out if he can cut a line á

la Sylvia Plath

god doesn't know that when he goes to New York he will discov-
er so much worldliness it will give him anxiety he will feel like

dios come jamón
y le va a dar cáncer
a dios le gusta la salchicha
es adicto al hojaldre

dios ha intentado ser vegano ir a meditar no comer animales
respetarlos no juzgar saber que todo es ideología el sistema te
divide pero hay una verdad y es cuántica nosotros tenemos a
dios adentro somos caníbales pero lo hemos olvidado al nacer
hemos olvidado que éramos un todo éramos luz éramos algo
que no sufría éramos algo que flotaba hemos olvidado

ahora queremos ayudar contribuir hacer servicio amar a un
gurú somos depresivos y somos latinoamericanos pero vivi-
mos en Australia cuando vamos a un restaurante ordenamos
comida sin productos animales conocemos nuestros traumas
de infancia sabemos que tenemos dos ejes la carencia y la cul-
pa sabemos que llamamos la atención somos víctimas muchos
tenemos anorexia somos frágiles hemos sabido no querer la
vida no querer nuestra vida

dios es débil come sánduche con mayonesa
dios no pide pan integral pide pan blanco
dios no cuida su figura
es fofo

dios tiene 53 años
arrugas
dios está menopáusico
le da rabia
odia su cuerpo que se ensancha
dios ahora es una nevera con espalda ancha
dios ha perdido sus curvas
dios es temporal y el tiempo ataca su figura
dios sale a bailar

con su nuevo cuerpo
y su cara ajada
se sienta en la mesa del bar de salsa
porque dios además

es latinoamericano

dios ha tenido que batallar
defenderse en la academia racional
ha ido descubriendo
con los totazos de la vida
que es caníbal
dios también es una perra
y justo ahora es perra arrugada y ancha
su regla se ha ido secando intermitente

dios va a bailar

cuando sale a la calle ve basura montañas de basura acumulada en las esquinas un indigente que saca comida vieja de una bolsa otro que está dormido en la mitad de la acera dios ve un barrio de casas pobres pintadas de colores dios va a la tienda del barrio pobre a comprar bananos a comprar leche de almendras porque ahora es vegano pero no hay de esa leche en la tienda va a comprar aceitunas para preparar una pasta porque dios está solo en su casa dios se ha separado dios no tiene pareja pero no hay aceitunas dios ve entrar gente a la tienda y los ve comprar dos tomates un gajo de cebolla larga media libra de arroz compran al menudeo de a poco compran menopáusicamente dios piensa que su centro emocional es la carencia que debe meditar para encontrar su luz porque su trauma es la carencia entonces se fascina con los pobres que son la carencia hecha persona va al barrio pobre y se siente con los suyos

dios va a bailar

dios tiene que escribir 15 páginas de poesía
esta es la página 40

y todavía le faltan al menos 15
si dios completa 55 páginas
dios puede publicar
dios quiere dinero para aprender inglés
coger un avión así como está
separado
menopáusico
carente
siempre carente
(porque ese es su trauma de infancia)
coge un avión
con sus amigos pobres
con los de abajo
aunque sabe que él no está tan abajo
sino más bien en el medio
tirando arriba
dios imagina que coge un avión
para tratar de ser menos carente
e ir a Nueva York
por fin
porque dios no se ha formado en el imperio
por eso es anacrónico
porque no habla inglés
dios tiene dos pecados
 no hablar el idioma de los grandes
y ser dios
tiene otros dos
ser carente y no poder ser vegano
tiene otro ese es el peor
dios es un poeta que siente
pero no puede aceptarlo porque
quiere ser famoso
experimentar
que solo él tiene razón
que él y otros pocos son artistas
que comen carne
y que mientras mastican arrasan con el amazonas
van después del lanzamiento de su libro de poemas

a cenar
un buen asado de tira
porque ahora
en este mundo latinoamericano
también somos cosmopolitas
ahora hay restaurantes coreanos vietnamitas indios
argentinos en nuestras ciudades con calles de ricos
y calles de pobres
entonces dios come un buen bife de chorizo
ordena un carmenere
se embriaga

los ganaderos han ordenado desplazar y si no se dejan matar
indígenas también han ordenado iniciar incendios en esa selva
malva matar micos familias de micos manadas de micos hay
mucho selva quemarla yo le pago el tipo tiene una familia de
niños hambrientos de panzas redondas sin calzones que juegan
en aguas pútridas aguas defecadas el ganadero le va a dar una
buena plata con eso le echa cemento al piso de tierra le compra
un vestido a la bebé una pistola de juguete al menor se toma sus
guaros él sabe dónde conseguir la gasolina y empezar un buen
fuego

dios quiere pagarse un curso de inglés

sentir a Nueva York en su piel de poeta
sentir que por fin tiene mundo
por fin sabe cómo escribir
por fin va a poder leer a Sylvia Plath en su lengua
escuchar su música sus vocales
ver si se le prenden a su español
que es bien suramericano
a ver si corta los versos a

lo Sylvia Plath

dios no sabe que cuando vaya a New York va a descubrir tanto mundo que le va a dar ansiedad se va a sentir un sudaca de

Translator's Note

Maybe the effort to imagine a non-human subjectivity inevitably gets framed in the language of human desire, fear, resentment and hatred, and we may find that the translation between bodies is at least as difficult as the translation between languages. María Paz has confessed to me that this book—a book somewhat longer than what is available here—is sometimes about a dog, about experiencing the world as a dog. The most obvious gradation in meaning was not at the forefront of her mind when she began writing. In Bogotá, the derisive use of the word *perra* to refer to a woman is closer to the use of the word *slut*, so perhaps the title of this book could have been *God Is Also a Slut*.

Although this text should read with a fluidity that conveys a danceable rhythm, and I have rearranged a bit of syntax to that end, something must be said about god's pronouns. The Spanish third-person singular possessive, *su*, is gender neutral, which allows for a great deal of play in the Spanish version when discussing god's attributes. Though god, *dios*, is a masculine noun, this god's adjectives and actions are associated with women's experiences: the supposed loss of beauty with age, menopause, being asked to dance (or not), etc. While the English third-person plural *they/their* could comfortably be used throughout, this would gloss over and even undercut the gendering that occurs. Although I do not believe this work pursues a static, rhetorical argument about the nature of an embodied god (that God is a he or a she or a they who exists or doesn't exist), and the Spanish possessive allows for a greater range of ambiguity in characterizing this god than can be achieved in English, the simplest solution is a masculine god, *he/his*, with an apparently feminine body.

This god moves in a world of Colombian nouns. *Aguardiente*, for example, is a few different things throughout the Spanish speaking world. In Colombia, it is a sugar cane distillation flavored with anise, often regionally produced and more widely available than prestigious imported liquors. But more endemic than these various brands, Colombia's terrain makes it one of the most biodiverse countries in the world (second only to

Brazil), giving rise to unique plants like the *frailejón* (*Espeletia*), a perennial shrub that grows in the cold, high Andean paramos. Such internal distinctions are often erased in contexts where Colombia's ongoing civil conflict and drug trafficking become its defining features. This god may find himself to be little more than another *sudaca*—a derogatory term used in Spain, and elsewhere, to refer to someone from South America. He can be forgiven for not wanting to beg at the table of culture with a big C, at the table of those who have left Colombia to study in Madrid, New York or Paris—anywhere that isn't Latin America. In these countries, one learns to heel, one can supposedly *coger mundo*, pick up some worldliness, as if watching snow fall while working the grill to pay for a Parisian tenement were inherently a source of cultural enrichment and personal growth. As if insight can only come from the first world, patent pending. Instead of evanescing into the embittered role of *una resentida*, a resentful woman, a stereotype that has emerged among the social relations engendered by Colombia's extraordinary income inequality, god has decided to emanate outward into his world, to be a dog, a sacred bitch.

— *Camilo Roldán, August 2020*