

*BABY IS BLUE*

## MIMI

Mimi grew up in a Christian family. She knew very well that she was supposed to love and accept herself *for she is fearfully and wonderfully made and marvelous are thy works*. When Mimi was eight, she decided her tummy was too fat. There was no doubt about that. It was round, sticking out, and just plain ugly.

She didn't know what to do, so she cried and prayed every evening:

*oh, dear Lord, listen to me pray,  
please take my fat tummy away,  
I will attend Sunday masses,  
I will behave during classes  
I will not eat so many sweets  
and will resist all other treats.*

*amen.*

But no matter how hard she tried, at dinner time she just couldn't resist dessert, or to put a couple of chocolate-chip cookies that were served after Sunday masses into her pocket. She would eat them secretly in the evening before going to bed. And no matter how hard she prayed, no matter how much she cried, or how hard she pinched her soft belly flesh; the tummy stayed.

She knew that the Lord was punishing her for not keeping her word, but the sweet taste of chocolate and the softness of lemon pie and the mellow sugar rush afterwards was impossible to resist.

## CATY

Caty was a shy girl. Boys made her feel uncomfortable, therefore she just avoided playing with them when she was a little girl; and didn't intend to until college. She would spend her time after school flipping through girly magazines, watching MTV, trying to learn how to kiss, or how to move her hips, so when the Special One came around, she would be ready.

*There are other heartaches in the world than those of love  
There is happiness other than the joy of union.  
Don't ask me for the love I once gave you, my love...*

*(Faiz Ahmed Faiz, 'Don't Ask Me For That Love Again', 1991)*

Poor Caty developed binge eating disorder and bulimia at the age of thirteen. *Just like that, out of the blue.* She hated all *skinny bitches* at school, and in the evenings would secretly spoon jars and jars of peanut butter and stuff boxes of chocolates until she would feel sick. Or until she made herself sick.

As a consequence, in the mornings she would purge, repenting and depriving herself from any foods. Weak and slow, with her legs bending from tiredness and her stomach growling with hunger she would feel almost saint-like. And with the darkening view in her eyes, she would swear to God to never eat again.

And when Caty was sixteen a boy stuck his tongue into her mouth. *Just like that, out of the blue.* But all he could taste was musty aftertaste of all the foods that Caty didn't want to sink on her hips. And he never kissed her again and never replied to *watcha doin* message Caty sent him the other night, with sweaty palms and chocolate slowly melting in her mouth.

And when Caty turned eighteen she saw Nicki Minaj shaking her huge hips on MTV and heard people calling her *curvaceous, hot and sexy.* And just like that, Caty's night binges crept into daytime, and purging bulimic episodes became vague memories. And with all the food sinking onto her hips, thighs and belly Caty still managed to find that saint-like feeling she liked so much. She was not sure if it was a Christian feeling she felt, but she enjoyed it nonetheless. She felt like a primordial, big, round First Woman, who gave birth to the Human and All Living. Earthly and heavy she would read all *yo mama is so fat...* jokes and laugh until tears would flow down her round cheeks.

### BAMBI

*Deutschmarks or dollars  
American Express will do nicely - thank you  
Let me loosen up your collar  
Tell me do you want to see the shimmy again*

*(Tina Turner, 'Private Dancer')*

Bambi's mama died, when she was *oh, so young. Oh, pretty little baby, with big eyes as a pretty little deer in the headlights* was all by herself at the age of nineteen.

Bambi was shy and naïve. She didn't want to take off her dress at first, but after being promised a couple of twenty bill notes, and a box of shell shaped chocolates, she stood in the spotlight. She slowly moved her hips to the left and to the right, to the left and to the right, to the left and to the right in the musty bar until her shame seemed to slip away.

To the left and to the right she later parted her legs to the man who filled her ears with sugary poems. The man who stuck his tongue so deep into her mouth, he seemed to suck away all of the chocolate aftertaste she had.

It made her strangely focused, and relaxed. Within seven years, Bambi collected all the sugar coated babes and honeys from around the block, ruled them with a tight grip (*Bitches ain't shit and they ain't sayin nothin. A hundred muthafukkas can't tell me nothin, I beez in the trap*) and by the age of 27 retired from dancing.

### KSENIJA

Ksenija lived on the ground floor of the grey Soviet block house in which I was growing up.

At the age of 27 she was Miss for the night for all different men. They never brought her flowers, nor chocolates, but gave her cartons of cheap cigarettes, drinks and handful of coins. The same coins that *little baby sonny-boy* Martynas would squeeze in his hand the very next morning on his way to the kiosk to buy bubble gum *Donald Duck* or *Love Is...* which was not so boy-ish but way bigger and puffier than boy-proper ones.

Once Ksenija got an american returning customer and little sonny-boy and Miss seemed to have a shot to the better life. With her broken english she would spill sugary words into his ears and Martynas was forced to do his english homework more focused. But *just like that, out of the blue,* the american was gone, old customers jingling with coins were back and the only expression Martynas seemed to learn was *fuck off, you little bitch.*

That was what he told me when he kicked me in the shin, when I asked if he wanted to trade *Love Is...* pictures. He didn't care about that kind of girly bullshit.

*Fuck off you little bitch...*

*ME-N*

The American Man I met one rainy night at the bar when I was just seventeen looked fifteen but still managed to get a drink anyway. With a small buzz in my head, I danced and moved my hips to the left and to the right while listening to him ramble on about how he likes girls with sweet, and easy names. Like Lola or Betty. Or Eve if he felt more classy that night (*you know, when you fuck Eve you feel like Adam fucking the First Woman in Eden*). And that Lithuanian names are just *way too fucking hard to pronounce* and *way too fucking hard to remember*, but oh he *would fuck me anyways*.

And (oh irony) Adam, who thought it would be easier to just to call me Sue. And who actually fucked me in a random hotel room. Afterwards, he just settled on calling me honey, but after couple of *honey I'm horny* messages never texted me again. He probably found other honey's to spoon while slowly immersing into the sugar-rush bliss.

And when I moved to Amsterdam one of the first men, who approached me was a middle aged man in the disabled persons cart. He asked if I was horny (*well maybe I am? Dank u wel for your concern but fuck off!*) and I just politely and indulgently smiled and walked away.

And finally me, putting on red lipstick, and getting a joint of hash. I smoked it alone in the park before going to the hostel, where I had a room for four, but I was still alone. Lying in one of the two bunk beds crying my eyes, and my high out. *Oh poor little girl with Bambi eyes*, how lonely, scared and sad I felt! And not being able to sleep, moving from one bunk bed to the other, climbing up and down, like a beaten little bitch, revolving around; not being able to find a place, that felt just right, or find a thought that was soothing enough.

And after gathering all the high that was still left, with tears streaming down my cheeks I just mumbled:

*I'm every woman,  
it is all in me  
amen.*

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