

Love Las Muertas

by Kirsty Logan

walk with the vengeful ghosts of the past! purrs Encarnación, you have never

known such thrills of terror! death! rotting creeping lurking death!

the ghost-train's lurid neon silhouettes her face, bleaching
the roses nestled in her hair whiter than bone. her dress cups

acorn-brown curves. I step up and press coins into her palm,
ready for un poco de aventura. a barrier click-click-clicks
towards my knees; the car judders my bones, chatters my teeth.
yellow petals seesaw to the tracks, cobwebs tangling in my

eyelashes. a dozen girls with Encarnación's face flit past,
whispering kisses along the part of my hair, tickling
their hems along the cuticles of my nails. a trio of bone-men
strum guitars and candy-coloured skulls flash in strobes.

outside, knees quaking, I totter for the exit.
I blow a kiss to Encarnación's soft
angles, her ruffled dress, her
bone-white rose.

