

A Picture and a Poem

Characters of the Unknown

The American artist Aaron Curry adds an additional layer of surrealism to Cathy Park Hong's rumination on a wrestling show from the 1980s.

G.L.O.W.

Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling in their spandex regalia parade the Vegas suburbs, among spider cottoned smoke trees and foreclosed one-tracts, half-full whirlpools spiraling a confetti of limbless G.I. Joes; the sun is at high lament, and Mountain Fiji is barefoot, and cuts her toe on a Sudafed foil. Mountain Fiji, you ate too many hamburguesas! Now you have the diabetes and tonight you must body-slam Vallerie Vendetta. Look at how Ebony and Habana with their bedazzled eyelashes laugh at you. You hate them. They smoke reefers in the Tiki ballroom where sheets of moonlit rain pour whenever Lala sings Blue Moon, but the moon never comes, though sadness always does, like Palestina in her hijab and her ammo camo bikini. She's always supposed to lose to Hadar the Brain, who is the Good one. When you made love to Palestina, a sob was stuck in your throat and that sob remained in your throat, an itching nest that threatened your sinus. You need a good cry like a good sneeze, and you keep shuddering your face to make it come. Bahama Mama lends you sunscreen and you smear it on your broad nose and you wave at hooting boys whose features seem not quite formed, like God started pinching out their noses and eyes and then left, because he got distracted. You shrink to the size of Thumbelina on a TV in La Jolla. She never wins. It never comes. I am always waiting.

— CATHY PARK HONG



"Pat" by Aaron Curry