

# 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.

