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That Girl from Iceland

Roz Levine · Tuesday, December 10th, 2013

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Carolina spilled the beans, clicked and clucked over guacamole and pisco sours at the small cafe in Calama, said the world must be coming apart at the trouser line when all the good guys, the sweet, soft, sexy men of the Atacama desert of Chile didn't know how to hold, what to do with the hot chick from Iceland. Soffia, the foreign exchange friend she met during her year in Los Angeles, was visiting her in Calama and she strutted her sexuality over the dry streets of this desert town, talking about fucking two men at one time and doing it front and back and anal intercourse, and the sweet boys in the swagger of macho men went home to cry to the holy mother about what the hell was going on with this hot woman from the frost of Iceland.

And the girls, the sisters and friends, fretted and fried in their own heat, knowing how much they craved a piece of the pie but were afraid to put on the edible panties, the strawberry ripe and fragrant and ready to be chewed below the bikini line and beyond, and their hot pussies just filled with cream and sweet plum pudding and all the while the sand sifted under the hot sun and they watched and waited while she, that girl from Iceland, sprawled wide in old cars, cars so small a fat woman's ass had to hang out the window, watched and waited while she moaned and crooned, sang a silly tune and shook that old moon wild while semen dripped from boys trying to become men. But those boys, the ones with soft fuzz on their olive skin, couldn't hold a handle to the hot chick.

Carolina says Soffia wants to come back for more after graduation from the university in Reykjavik. She wants to scamper around these arid streets in her Frederick's of Hollywood thongs and red-feathered panties with her pack of dildos in beige and black and 5 inch, 7 inch and holy mother of god length and wipe the faces of the Chilean boys in her hot flesh, take them to the top, tango away the want of them while she, all wild and filled with ice heated to the boiling point, shows them how the women of the north know how to noose and nozzle and what the hell, ain't she something, too?

After all those hoots and hollers, the sun gets ready to sizzle over a new day as the girl from Iceland rises and prepares to weave more magic in the land of Allende, of Pinochet, of Neruda, and mothers look to hold their sons close to the breast for the whole of their life. But no, not now, not to be, with miss fancy pants from Iceland here corrupting the boys, and the girls just goosing and gaaing. And the mummies turn their eyes to the hot sun of the father, the son, the holy ghost, wondering where all this will lead to, because they know heaven is not on earth but after the death knell, and it's too early to start the whiz-bang game of a ride to hell; there's still time for a hole in one chance, still time to save the sinner. And Carolina, her black eyes, orbs of "Can you believe this?", chews thick chunks of avocado, trills her r's, loses final consonants as she splatters her Spanish words across the table and wonders how she's going to deal with this hot tamale friend

who's shaking up the desert sands of Chile. What she's going to do if Soffia comes back? "It'll all work out," I tell her. "It always does."

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