

A Love Letter to Lady Macbeth or La Virgen Shops At Shoe Palace

By: Raquel Olvera

My Yelp review of Catholicism? “2 out of 5 stars. Vibes are baroque — music and outfits are extra af, but the guilt, repression, and genocide are not very chill. Confession is especially bad. The partition and penance are weird — would not recommend.” I can’t remember the last time I went to confession so I imagine it would go something like this:

“In the name of Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Bless me Father for I have sinned.

“Tell me child, what is your confession?”

“Well to be honest Father I sin all the time. I lie — I once told a Hinge date that I was busy, but I was really just doing my laundry. I tell people I want to start composting, but I know that is never going to happen. I talk shit like it’s my job. I’ll get a bag of chips at Target and eat them while I shop and then throw them away right before I checkout. But the big one? Like the really big one? Sometimes I fall asleep listening to Lady Macbeth’s soliloquy. Okay there — I SAID IT. The one where Macbeth writes to her and he’s like ‘Idk them witches told me I might be king, but I’m not lol so jk ily see u @ home bb.’ She’s like, “not jk let’s commit murder and treason — COME YOU SPIRITS THAT TEND ON MORTAL THOUGHTS, UNSEX ME HERE.’ The Judi Dench version. She’s so damn sexy as Lady Macbeth.

I don’t know what it is, Father.

That’s a total and complete and utter lie. I know exactly what it is. Lady Macbeth knows that her husband wants to be king, but is too weak to admit to himself his own desires— too weak to look into the mirror, but she’s not.

Make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse.

She knows her husband, but more importantly, she knows herself. She knows her power and wants more of it. And she gets the job done.

Come to my woman’s breasts

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers.

She trades in her ability to sustain a child’s life for the ability to mother her own ambition; to engender her destiny.

I feel now the future in the instant.

That’s a real chigona right there.

Lady Macbeth reminds me of the Aztec Goddess of the Moon. Just bear with me, Father, I’m going somewhere with this. Coyolxāuhqui was Coatlicue’s eldest daughter. But when her mother was miraculously

impregnated with her son, Coyolxāuhqui could not bear the shame and dishonor. Under her banner, she led four hundred of her younger brothers to kill her mother. Huitzilopochtli sprang forth from his mother's womb to dismember Coyolxāuhqui. He threw her head into the sky where it became the moon.

In 1978, electrical workers in Mexico City uncovered a stone created in approximately 1,500 CE. Incised into volcanic stone, Coyolxāuhqui is surrounded by her dismembered body parts while her sagging breasts and belly rolls sing of her old age and womanhood — of her revenge.

I'm in love with a feminine body that begins to hear the same story being told to them over and over and over again and decides to tell a different one — a new story that is written in blood.

But that's why it's a good one. Because this story is a birth, a violent screaming bloody thing.

So I fall asleep to Lady Macbeth's soliloquy and I have this fever dream. In this dream, there is no one in Los Angeles, but me, Lady Macbeth, and Coyolxāuhqui and we drive around in my 2012 Prius Compact blasting Love by Keisha Cole. We have these dumb matching t-shirts that say, "WE DID IT JOE." We have a few too many cocktails and then we go to Korean Karaoke. Lady Macbeth sings My Man from *Funny Girl* and then we all sing Bomb Intro/Pass That Dutch by Missy Elliot.

*Pop that, pop that, jiggle that fat
Don't stop, get it 'til ya clothes get wet*

And if after all of this you are going to tell me my penance is to say 10 Holy Mary's, I gotta tell you - she's here too. In my dream, La Virgen pulls up to the function in her 501's and these fresh ass Cortez's.

And a quick diatribe, Father, about the Nike Cortez's.

In 1967, the original owners of Nike came up with the idea of the "The Aztec," in honor of the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico. But Adidas had already released a shoe called the Azteca Gold and they were threatening to sue if they didn't change the name. So in retaliation the Nike owners decided to name their shoe after the man that *murdered* the Aztecs — Hernan Cortez.

Ironical right, Father? That the descendants of the Aztecs now rock the shoe bearing the name of their colonizer.

Where was I? Oh you see Father when I was 24 I had an existential crisis. Like a real one. Every day I was afraid of my own death. I couldn't shave off the bitter edge of my own mortality. I'd be writing a dumbass email like, 'Hi Maggie - as per our last conversation, the annual report and brand book are due blah blah blah blah,' and have a panic attack. This went on for months. So finally I went to this women's bible study to try to assuage my existential dread. I'll make my point soon, Father, but I remember one night this girl said that every time she gets dressed in the morning she asks herself if the Virgin Mary would wear what she's wearing. If the answer is no, she changes so she doesn't tempt men. And I don't mean to be mean or anything, but she was wearing the ugliest thing I've ever seen. And I remember thinking to myself I don't know a lot, but I know that the Virgin Mary wouldn't have let her out of the house in that outfit.

Because the only Virgen I pray too is the one draped in stars and gold. Who's held her own baby dead in her arms. Who's seen some shit and because she has, she'd dance too.

*'What if Mary was in the club
When she met Joseph around hella thugs.
We surrounded by the fuckin' wolves.'*

Honestly — and I know this sounds crazy, Father — but I think La Virgen would kind of like this Kanye verse. Because, and don't be mad at me, this is the only Virgen that I want.

The One in Cortez's.

The One that knows I midwife myself into my own existence every day.

The One that knows that my real confession is that I don't want this to be a confession, but I know it still is."