

Sitting on another man's couch Luna considered. If she stays here and becomes a teacher she will be easier to love. She will be permanent. With roots planted I can circle her like the weather. Wash her shores with my forever waves. Watch her from across the room and stumble upon her in hallways. If her roots are planted here all the better for me to bide my time and select my season. Then perhaps a late night and too many drinks will feel like a snowstorm in April. Swallowed easily by the next day's thaw. She will return to her job and her lessons, knowing that I am still too young, but circling. With roots planted she will likely forgive my wide berth, my mercurial shuffle. The way I prefer longing to capture, music to possession. If I knew she would stay, I could spread this thing out and a borrowed couch in another man's apartment would hold us. The island of other homes, temporary rooms, will suffice because I cannot offer her my own. If we just stay here and keep talking, this night will never end and we'll never begin. She will remain the island and I the sea. Forever blue, forever young, I'll lap at her feet, circle her roots, her leaves, her fruit. My clouds will scud across the skies, my hot summers will bake the sidewalks, the storefronts, the row homes packed onto blocks. My cold winter winds will tunnel the concrete streets and cut the knife edge of every empty corner. Loyal to the watch. Perhaps one day I'll step off the wind.

Que te pasa estas llorando tienes alma de papel
Y para que leer, un periódico de ayer
Y como el papel aguanta todo así mismo te traté
Y para que leer, un periódico de ayer
Analízate tu historia, y así podrás comprender.

-Héctor Lavoe
Periódico de Ayer