

Romance Sonámbulo

On the Línea Verde north
of Salvador the rain comes
hard and swift. Then
disappears. For so long
you didn't
exist: I was
happy or sad, but
my tears had nothing to do
with you. I ate lobster
in Jacuipe with Mary Lúcia, licked
olbo albo from my fingers
and didn't think of you
in a cornfield
in Pennsylvania,
in Barcelona or
Jersey City or
L.A. It was my words
that brought you
to me, and my words
will one day
send you away. That's
how it is, Mary Lúcia
says, shaking
her head at my foolishness
and the rain
green over the water.