

Agua en gotas

Huaraches , I'm thirsty . A timid *pierna* peeks around
The oilcloth *mantel* , and I want

My hand on her glass of water
She makes me feel like when I lift

My chin , *pedacitos* of brute gold will float away
I owe this much

To clay : the *cántaro* , a stack of pancakes ,
La olla de café

Hunger is for the *chiniquil* , a wormy flesh roasted
Chile rojo

He spoke to me in Spanish , so I answered in English
Sprinkled him on my black beans

Her wrists smell of white river rocks , mud ,
To filth , my nails owe

Bits of skin I mark with moons
When she comes up for air to kiss me

I can't stop looking
At her eyeliner

So precise , a machine must have drawn it
I just have to know

That mole, *su cuello doblado y exquisito*
You're a fool if you think

The answers are only in libraries , but not in me
Cae agua en gotas

How else is water supposed to fall