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Andes From Strangers

Walid Bitar

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Walid Bitar

Andes From Strangers

Andes from strangers—
I bite them, it's true—

the Andes, not the strangers—

strangers are too
small because distant like stars...

the Andes taste good;
I hug them...I slide

off like lingerie;
they wear me, the peaks.

Neither hero nor whore,
I play the slip.

If only I was part mango,
I'd quit,

say "man that I am,
mango that I am...
the man I am can *eat*
the mango I am...

no way I'll starve—
I don't need this gig."

But it's clear I'm no mango—
see-through, in fact.

Was I in *Mango Bimbos*?
"You're too tall," they said:

"you're the confused mountaineer
who believes he's a bra."

"Oh, am I?" I said.

"Surely," they said.

They bought me a Ferrari.

They bought me a clothesline—

then came the maids to hang me,
as it turned out,
on the chorus line.

My first paying part:
I was one of the panties.