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## The Agave Would Know

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## *The Agave Would Know*

Only a few of us had seen the star,  
So skilled at avoiding  
The eyes of the dangerous.  
On a slow day,  
We would give it names. We  
Were children then. It made no difference.  
The others had been in another room;  
Tequila was in that room.  
It seemed sinful in the 50's.  
But adventure was always a welcome guest.  
After two, with the ocean's salt  
On our lips, we began to smell the good  
Cigars. And something  
In one of those drugs told us  
There would be such jazz in the streets.  
*Manana. Trust me.*  
Simply, someone lied. Pages  
Flew off a calendar, the way they did  
In our parents' worst movies.  
When all of us quit smiling at Castro,  
Gin became the only thing with flavor.  
We'd let Mexico become a saloon  
Full of Agave. We swore there was something  
About a star, but for the life of us,  
Couldn't remember its name.

*Sam Pereira*