The Agave Would Know

Sam Pereira
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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.

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