

Raul Palma

Saturday Night

Back in the days when the world was young, the frog had hair and put it up in curlers.

— after Lydia Cabrera’s Afro-Cuban creation story “Papa Turtle and Papa Tiger”

But she must have left them on
too long
 ‘cause now she’s
 calvo como un coco
 poor little frog
 so ugly
she snuggles
against the aluminum
 rain gutter
 on my stoop
 watches me kindle
 a cigar
fua
tongues a mosquito
 she’s a small roll
 of uncooked batter
 all bumps and yeast
 all eyes and grey matter
but she is
satisfied
 in this city of winged
 insects and ultra-violet light
 I wonder
 has she wiggled
through more
than scum
 has she tongued
 more than some
 is she more
 than the croakdom



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rising
on Saturday night
 Let me trace
 her lips
 with a pencil
 fill them
with mango
jelly lipstick
 I want to give her
 eye-lash
 extensions
 a well-placed
stick-on mole
red
 patent leather
 pumps
 for her little webbed-toes
 I want to teach her to salsa
without shaking
to hold
 her liquor
 without showing
 to smoke
 without inhaling
to stare at a mosquito
without salivating
 to hop
 from one joint
 to the next
 without stopping
but it's Saturday
y los mosquitos
fua *estan en candela*
 buzzing *fua*



fua around
fua on my
feasting
 coño fua
 feasting
 on my
 fua

