Denim Wings

Mami sneaks through the dry skin of metal fences, spit in her palms,
Mami dries the blood and crowns a girl’s forehead, a constellation of nails,
Mami sprouting denim wings, swears double at the fans for pulling her twin’s dutch braid, moving magnetic she yells
Pendeja promises her sister all the rhythm
Mami yanks them toward the electric fountain of sweat, sours at the stench of Aqua Net, adolescence;
a body guard advances from the stage’s gaping, angled mouth, he is a barricade, an invitation,
yearning for the attempt of puberty’s fresh rebellion
Mami is nobody’s fool, she is a Rubik’s cube of strategies
a Perdón moves like stop-motion, plays his machismo with
a bent knee, twisting Titi behind her like a juking pendulum, his immense body eating concrete and
time stood still: the pair a screeching synthesizer, a deafening;
grasping the impossibility of Ricky Martin’s hair, a swoosh framed
in cyan; Menudo had arrived, the world turned gyroscopic, ejected yet blooming.