

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, ascends the preteen mob with Titi,
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 moves like stop-motion, plays his machismo with
a Perdón 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.