

Virgil Suárez



Raspita

OR DOÑA INEZ BLUSHES WHEN SHE HEARS MEN'S PIROPOS

Not the whistles and mock-calls,
But the hissed words of lust
When she walks to the market

Under her parasol, white lace
Dresses, her bosom intoxicated
In the sun, her skin on fire,

What the men promise they will
Do to her in bed-*if they only knew*,
She thinks, *what she would do*

To them on her bed, in her arms.
They sing out to her: *si caminas*
Como cocinas me como hasta

La raspita. The sticky rice
At the bottom of the casserole,
Her mother's favourite.

She knows if she puts her mouth
On them she'd suck them dry,
Like her thirsty orchids, their thirst

A vast moonlit night, she simply
Answers them back by walking
Down the sidewalk, sexy, yes

And with this liking of all men.

