

## THE MOUTH WILL TASTE ITS OWN FEARS

In the kitchen the curtains imitate  
wind. The blue lights of the police

car twist out of the dark outside.  
They're coming for you, Isabel.

They heard about the glow of your skin,  
the picture of the hands holding

mandarins, how you denied  
for years that the hands were yours,

that the mandarins were real, that any  
of it ever happened. It happened,

Isabel. There's a man  
with a hole in his heart to prove it.

## DREAM-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

You have a hunger for the Latin boys, always standing at the edge  
of a trend. You softshoe your way into the heart of anyone with  
a pair of dark eyes and a good radio. There goes the neighborhood,  
you said, watching the blonds move in with their red cars, their  
subtle lines, the keys to their old houses still in their pockets.  
Another migration of pale boys with new wives like birds out of  
season. All desire has a price and everything costs more at this  
end of town. Even the building on 27th Avenue (the one that came  
out of nowhere, remember?) is beginning to look dated, not quite  
as tall as it seemed in the beginning, not quite as important in  
the midst of things. The Latin boys are listening to country  
music in their cars, a sign of something—age, the times, fear of  
being noticed. Remember, when you were a child you'd shut your  
eyes to disappear. It worked then, it might work now for these