

ISAAC'S TERRITORY
by Abel Folgar

Some might say you haven't lived till
you see an Anhinga dry its wings in the sun.
They might even say you're too dumb
to step right on a mangrove's root.
You watch too much TV, smoke too much hash,
dress sloppy, and eat unpronounceable foods.
But tonight – tonight after you wash up
and get something hot in your stomach,
you're gonna call that Chilean girl
because no matter what they say,
you want to take her out to the Everglades
and go on a canoe ride.
You want to get close enough to her neck
to taste the petals of her father's floral shop.
And you'll hold that soft hand,
giving gentle squeezes with the sway of the craft.
Even if you miss the bird and manage
to twist your ankle, dipping your ass in brackish
muck, you're gonna get in that neck,
and inhale every last bit of pollen;
no matter what your romantic detractors say,
you're going to teach them a few things.