

Old Broken-Down Radio
by Marco Bravo

I shouldn't keep listening to that
Song on that old broken-down radio,
A *Nacatamal* lullaby,
In which they all return.
Plus, it's just a song.

But
This song,
The song I can never sing right,
Because the words clog my throat
As if every emotion was rolled
Together in a ball of *masa* wanting
To explode like a loose bottle rocket.

Everyone, all of them, *todos*
They are all at fault for leaving
That old broken-down radio.

And
The melody keeps me
Like a wild disease,
It keeps me,
Like my neighborhood street
with those clumsy mailboxes, filled
With lost love letters,
and my heart
Hangs like a *piñata* in the
Back porch of this song.

Then at times I hear it and it's
Just like when there's fire
In that cave or when I'm
Standing on that bridge that
Glowes like a fever, and my soul
Bounces like a red little ball thrown down an
empty *arroyo*.

That song on that old broken down radio,
It was the last one, the old one, the one that brings
Me back. The language I never planned.
The one I'll never forget.