

Of Little Ones

I love the way you sing my name
The way one would sing the name of a petite infante
When wishing to wake them from the sleep of the innocent.

I am in a distant paradise when there are no words spoken
Albeit those that are a quiet temptation.

I feel as if I am the beautiful child
I see reflected in the purest pools of blue
That smile and twinkle behind your dark lashes
From under your dark curls.

My temptation, who kisses me and sleeps sometimes close to me;
The one who goes to sea for treasures hidden
Who teases me when he comes home
With dances and holding hands
And the smiling eyes that steal my heart.

You see me in your light under the Cuban moon
Before the shadows fall and the walls become a fortress
That hides the little one, leaving only the frightened child.
The gentleman pirate laughing gently at me
Like the waves at Cayo Oeste
As you kiss my tears and say "pobrecita."

So, take care to sweetly smile while you speak my name
And kiss me gently on the lips
Dance me slowly through the night
So I can linger the beautiful child for a while,
A blonde reflection of the warmth of the keys island moon.
And if this be only mythic love and languid lust,
An angel dream, my desire incarnate
Then it shall be and accept it as it is I shall.

So, let the dreams come of sails at sea and coming home
Let there be whispers in my mind of every time
And by grace...
Let me learn to be drunk with the memory
Instead of wine.