

Romance

ALBERT ABONADO

We agreed to be hummingbirds
for a short period It was okay
Our faces were as tender and small as thumbs
We impersonated presidents in our kitchen
while our spicy noodles boiled over
We learned the two-step and the bachata
Imagine our dazzling feet brushing
the noses of municipal employees
We didn't worry about car insurance
About cancer or poetry
About syntax or the end of history
We made hummingbird farts in our bed
Then played guess who?
We flew until we fell
We still have the pictures
Proof we never touched the ground

