

## **In the Bars, In the Cafes**

In the bars, in the cafes  
in the streets – with the windows'  
reflections in motion,  
in the myriad of tongues,  
with explanations, affirmations  
our images held tight -  
We agree...

*El Corrazon,*  
*por Dios -*  
They flock, at the hour  
of recollection  
& why do I hold my hat in my hand?

Another bar, another cafe  
the streets are crowded  
with silence - is it the hour?  
before turning to the fires  
before the gesture  
before the words  
And is it not the same  
in every language  
every moment of self?

The newspaper is turned  
the glasses rearranged  
and the face is the same face -  
Its your father's face,  
its my mother's face,  
its the morning mirror,  
ithe folded hands  
and the final designation.

Rip my chest apart!  
I want to embrace  
what ever it is that  
puts one foot in front of another,  
one day beyond another -  
One fleeting glance in another's eyes  
so brief -  
so cherished -  
At once the embrace of brothers  
and chasm of inconceivable depth,  
of incomprehensible breadth  
our bond & our separation -  
A marriage turned,  
generation after generation.

Strange tongues lick around  
the edges of this circling  
and we are struck by the awesome similarity  
of our predicament -  
*mas o menos.*