

Little Joe Gould

"Como Panuelos Blancos De Adios"

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quickly the sound comes
shaking the window
stands near the glass sign-
breaking silence
waking from charming sleep.
to raise the covers the bed.
and after this brings the horizon to see abroad
fifteen, waving a flag
hes leaving on it between his bags
packed tight sitting with the thought in his mind
sail waving the sea
waving to himself

"maybe its love" he thinks drinking in the air, the smell
is pressing on his face and waving, as he stands there
swinging with the trees. fifteen and drunk on lips, the
ones he kissed felt like they were her.
carrying some stars in his pocket.
thinking to give gifts
she comes crying to the window
wondering will she miss him when he stood there.

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