

MARGARITA

She wrote a long letter
on a short sheet of paper.

Interiority.

Do the dead want company?

Tala mala sheela jaipur dhoop.

Late one night
I lost my hat.

Lost it deep in the shoebox soup.

Tequila, Cointreau, lime juice, salt

without a trace of Pittsburgh.

Dance away, dance away, dance away
my Margarita, my Rita Hayworth.