

## Monster toad

*Tambalea, tambalea, tambalea,*  
I cradle you like a new born child  
and smoke you like a *puro* slam hark,  
*nuestras bocas* break, chronicled in sonnets  
they consume the soft skin drums that coat  
the urban weakness of our flesh  
but the spirit is willing and the caramel song  
of your shoulders always gently I reap.

Monster toad, starry-eyed I mount wet lily pads  
upon your shrine of flowered harps,  
I string them, I string them, I string them  
like *Jarocho* Veracruz, the strawberry fantasy of moons  
and mountains making love gives way to another loudness  
made delirious by a *chocomilk-cajeta* combination,  
Mr. Jones ain't got nothing on the marveled gibberish  
of Mr. Meza, monster toad I sharpen my *lengua*, with lilacs  
I proclaim these silly things that only you might understand.

I crush bones and become a cannibal, the smell of sex  
like Veracruz on a warm Caribbean night, with the cool  
sea breeze of midnight blue Camaro fingertips, I toad  
un-princely turned your undercoat of fur I stroke, caress,  
I kiss your bones, massage your tendons, adore your spine.

Miracles I imagine *dama mía, sap, sap, sapo,*  
I celebrate our *bocas* and halt this backwoods coda  
for it is much more tastier to say,  
*te amo corazón.*