

**Oye Como Va**

*Sarah Duffy*

I had no rhythm that day on the bench  
sitting in shade, under the oaks and palms.  
My thighs stuck to the green bars,  
legs going numb.  
I wanted to stop thirsting.

It was so hot, I didn't know what  
I was reading anymore.  
People passed on  
the sidewalk and I kept looking.

Nevermind.  
I don't want to tell . . . (Think *Hopeless*  
*Romantic* tattooed underneath—  
one word on the back of each thigh,  
in cursive.)

I waited, a fool for a philosopher—  
a pedant who writes in riddles,  
who eats tiny purple flowers instead of giving  
them to me.

But, I'd grown tired  
of waiting.

A black and yellow butterfly  
fluttered in front of me.

It circled the court and caught  
my attention in the leaves,

moving in frantic waves to the music  
blasting from the college yard.  
The flutter, the rhythm of this  
tropical arthropod was off.

Until Santana played—

*Oye como va, mi ritmo!*  
*Bueno pa' gozar, mulata!*

That butterfly!  
full of flavor  
in the sunlight—

showing me  
the true rhythm  
a body knows.