

Ken Fifer

She Wants to Be Spanish

So I say, Who, who else but you
could be vacationing in Macungie,
Pennsylvania, among the thrifty Amish,
stealing hearts at the Be and Let Be Inn
across from the Sewage Treatment Plant?
Even recycling ponds remind me of you,
the way they shimmer and pulse at dusk,
all base elements transformed.
Their voice, or yours, shushes me too.
Macungie's lost in the miasma.
We're on the moon, neglected not lost.
You're in Marbella where everyone's skinny.
I'm lisping along like an Andalusian,
cycling by in my little black lace cap.