

Document (Undocumented)

Juan Carlos

*Juanito Carlitos*

*Mi guapo Mexicano*

*Mi bebito bello*

it never occurred to me

that you were "illegal"

when you took the Chinatown bus five hours to see me every Saturday

and I met you in South Station with chocolate milk at 4 a.m.

driving home in delicious half-bleary silence

holding hands over the gearshift

when I tasted your tongue (Sunkist soda, strawberry cream cheese)

sprawling beside you in the weeds atop the dam

pressed my cheek to the gentle yielding swell

of your belly, heady, golden brown as *pan dulce* straight from the oven

when I adored the casual way the mahogany heft of your cock

drooped and gently swayed as you called *Mamita* on the phone

pacing the living room naked, animated

in a spray of exclamation points

when I felt the press of your chest and hands as we

danced in the evening to blistered 78s on the crank Victrola

dozed afterward, limbs laced,

breathing in feather-edged counterpoint

when you pouted after we fought,

flopped yourself onto my bed in white briefs,

legs crossed in the air, the twin sugar loaves of your ass

indignant and luminous

as you learned English from *South Park*

and stopped my breath with your beauty

in the television flicker

when I drove you back to South Station at dawn on Sunday

in time for the return bus to Grand Central

where you washed dishes for wrinkled bills and unwanted coins

lived on a sole-worn floor in Corona, sent me postcards

like a penpal from a decade we didn't know

When

you left the shirt I always saw you in

softly molded in your outline

neatly folded on the dresser

smelling of geraniums and freshly turned earth

it never occurred to me

the scent would eventually disappear

Copyright © 2019 Michael Rodman.