

ASYLUM

By Marcos Mandujano

“I told you not to touch that,” I would say upon his arrival.
For now I wait on a winding line on Good Friday
I’m under siege from masses, deprivations, resolutions...
The fish was good, at least, this morning
For now I scan the menu for some bacon,
Catch someone’s drink in mid-air.
I take out my pen and write “ten heaven points.”
Soon he opens the sliding door
Sits on the table
I hand over a burger, soda and fries.

When I ask about the car keys he lies
He is a good liar, his words cut like a sabre
I sit facing the window, Chinese knock offs red in color,
Behind him I see a girl and her long black hair.
He is drunk, so I say my rehearsed sermon:
“Stop drinking, this is my last warning.”
He smiles with golden eyes and says
“I need a dozen Coronas, not your stupid admonitions”
He is a white “Chief Keef” as high as a kite,
And rhyming “Day” with “Day”.
He was a brother once, but now he is my rival.