



Echando Redes, José Ángel Rodríguez

The Net

All's not what you see. Here I am, the river: a man, throwing the world. How I love to throw your world! So, so much string spins above the other—the other side, the stream, the wet side turning. And I wade into that side: flume of fish, murk, mud beneath my feet, sliding from arroyos, the TV in the kitchen—it's baseball from New York! The Cuban kid is batting. And the birds shoot from the cages, high! High above the distant mesas climbing in their ribs, high above María. High above Miami where I play the conga in the salsa and the world swirls her flamenco. High above the fans where she is weaving through the tables with her silver hands a slender thread that jets across two buildings, over rocks, above the stars. I throw them all. One is yours. The other mine. The spraying air, *hear the cheers!* Your body spins above me, singing. How one holds the other! I wade into the current, deeper. And throw. Throw. I throw!