

Emilio

Michael Johnson

Emilio lives in an attic
Plays a flamenco guitar
Arpeggios fall out his window
And roll down the fenders of rusted out cars
They harmonize with the sirens
And mix with that racket downstairs
And they wander out into the traffic
Emilio's misguided prayers

The moon is Emilio's mistress
On her there's no turning his back
Some nights she comes to him naked and cold
And some nights she only wears black
When the Fundador flows from his bottle
Somehow there's always a fight
When the moon and the lunatic dance Segurias
Their beautiful music spills into the night
And they dance

In his dreams he can see the abuelas
They offer him wafers and wine
Suspicious Emilio measures
The vino against the divine
But he never has come to believe them
Or accepted their heavenly host
Sabicas and Salvador Dali
The saint and the sinner he prays to the most

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