

Satyr

By Mark Smith-Soto

Dark-root blond, brown faced, mirror glasses
the first I ever saw on a man, *ese sátiro Ramón*
my mother sneers the moment the door closes
behind them, watching Aunt Isabel trail along
to the little green car he caresses like a pet
as he looks back for one last wave, his grin
a lifting of skin to show too-perfect teeth. Don't
let him come near you, my mother whispers
whenever they drop in, my sister is crazy
to marry that *sátiro*—but what does she mean,
what's wrong with him, I wonder, amazed
to see coins disappear between his fingers
and the sly talking faces he draws on his hands
before he slides them down to tickle me and laugh.