

# New Poetry by Ricardo Moran: “ABBA-1975” and “On the Street”



TAG EVERY WALL / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## **ABBA-1975**

Abba's lyrics, like water  
shot from La Bufadora,  
mingle with volcanic steam  
from metallic pots of corn.

And the scrape on my knee  
from chasing the seagulls  
bleeds, but does not hurt.

On this Sunday, the ocean breeze slips  
in gossip between vendor stalls  
as young men in speedos walk past.  
Tables of silver bracelets tap my eyes  
and ABBA's Spanish melody  
carries on my tongue  
before any English syllable  
ever arrived. Before the summer ended  
when it tore me  
from the sands of Ensenada  
to a desert north of the border,  
to a land with tongues  
unfamiliar and stiff.

And now when I fall  
chasing my shadow, my ABBA  
lyrics cannot permeate  
foreign soil. Cannot stop the pain.

### **On the Street**

Run naked through the streets  
and shout, "Make love to me!"

Tag every wall in a turf war  
with quotes from the palatero,  
from the child who yearns for love,  
from the gay son who hopes his father  
will welcome him,  
this time.

With your sharp and fast tongue, mesmerize  
passersby as they get caught in the gunfire  
of stanzas and sonnets,  
popping the air.

Bellow on the street corner

of how love abandoned you,  
how your life is empty,  
how you aborted your dreams.  
And every day it rips into you  
of every opportunity you threw away.

I want that on the wall.  
I want all the pain and hurt  
to get out of bed, to grab that bullhorn  
and run naked through the streets.