

Cinco de Mayo

by J. J. McKenna

As though imported goblets of shimmering glass,
the tulips brim with the sauterne of morning light—
Just there, Juan Manuel wipes his face and scrapes
his hoe against the bricked-lined border path
that separates the flowering bulbs from a sea
of manicured, suburban grass—The sun
gives birth again to beads of sweat that glisten
on his face like dew—Unremarked, alone, he shapes
and reshapes the *Anglos'* landscape with his hoe.