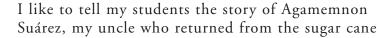
The Art of Myth-Making Today



fields one day to find his wife gone, and for days later he walked around in his dirty underwear,

his feet riddled with mosquito bites from his sitting out on the porch at night singing décimas güajíras,

watching the fireflies mock him with their nuptial illuminations; or the time I rode my chopper bike

into Tucson and Clytemnestra, my girlfriend, tattooed her name on my back, her face with a rose between

her lips, or the barroom brawls where I broke three ribs, my left wrist, and my nose countless times—

all for the love of a woman, the lure of travel, the way you climb a horse and say *giddiyup* and it takes you

into the horizon where the idea of hearth, home—the warm embrace of a new woman is always waiting.

That's the myth. The truth is I return home in my Volvo, sit on my porch swing drinking beer until mid-

night when even crickets hush their incessant racket.