

The Art of Myth-Making Today

I like to tell my students the story of Agamemnon
Suárez, my uncle who returned from the sugar cane
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 güajtras*,
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.