



## A Ghost in Barceloneta

Pedrito stared at the crunchy ceiling  
as he listened to his sisters' breaths  
move rhythmically  
in a symphony of snores and exhalation.

An overgrown bamboo plant stretched  
toward the window and acted as  
a percussive bravado to their slumber.

Illuminated by the platano-shaped moon,  
Pedrito recounted who was sleeping where tonight:  
Anna Delia and Gloria beside him,  
Seraphin and Elisa above him in the hamaca,  
and Carmen and the rest at his feet.

Quickly and methodically, he made his way,  
pausing only to see if he disturbed the rhythm.  
"Usted es un cheetah," Seraphin teased  
when Pedrito would appear in the fields.  
"Que es esto un cheetah," he would reply.

Smiling to himself, he ran into the forest,  
found his old red bicycle beside a mango tree,  
and sped down the mountain.  
The world came to him in a  
blur of every shade of green.

"Sale loco de contento con  
Au cargamento para la ciudad  
Ay, para la ciudad, lleva en su pensamiento  
Todo un mundo lleno de felicidad, ay, de felicidad."

He sets off happily with  
his cargo to the city  
to the city, carries in his thoughts  
a whole world filled with happiness.





Pedrito reached an intersection in the road  
as he sang his tune of Barceloneta.

“Just at the chorus,” he liked to say,  
“mis ojos were as big as a jack fruit.”

The trees and the coquis grew silent  
as an amorphous figure appeared from the dirt.  
She asked for help with her Buick as it appears  
to be smashed but can likely be repaired.

“I don’t see a car!” Pedrito yelled as he  
threw his bike and sprinted past the grinning figure.  
“I’ve never ran so fast in all my life,” he recalled.  
He also made a point of questioning his logic.

A worker found Pedrito a few hours later  
shaking underneath a truck.

“Boy what’s wrong  
with you?”

Pedrito started his first day picking pineapples..

