

OJOS DEL CIELO
(“SKY EYES”)
by Tami Canaday

HERBERTO:

I am a touchy dog. I went to Juan’s today and he say, “Herberto, what will it be?” I say, “I will not drink.” Fisheye, my friend, laughs and says, “Just to see the sight of it is worth it.” For I am known in my neighborhood as--well--but I’ve not a drink for a while. And my Glenda, whose tip of the tongue is always God and kids, is watching me. Oh, she is watching me. When will Herberto come stumbling back from Juan’s, over the path, into our home with his silky excuses--hard hand? But I am cured--for what were in Espanola two months ago.

(cont . . .)