Yankee Motifs

The Flapper

By Jesús Colón

Like a jezebel who might be a New Yorker,

the flapper rips the air, swinging all over.

Her dress, out in front of the latest fashion,

suggests a thousand things with its divine silk.

Her supreme desire is for men to eye her while

she walks. If anyone talks about marriage,

she answers with a laugh that cuts short

the most sublime illusion. Murderous cackle!

The expert queen of the latest dance moves,

she’s a painted up, superficial, fickle girl,

like a freed slave trying out a new life.

In contrast they make me remember my grandmother,

who, while spinning, told me about the flying giant,

her voice trembling like a lost prayer.