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### Sonnet Sung by the Alcoholic in Quarantine

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A sad borracho belts his hymn of crimes loud.  
At eight, I squeak *Un Puño de Tierra*—bland  
as bran—upon Tita’s request. She commands  
*con ganas!*, craves commitment, watching proud

as I announce (stronger now, a phantom crowd  
ogling), attuned to Ramón Ayala’s band,  
my qualms: *yo soy un alma sin dueño* grand  
& young, I divine a psalm of borrowed vows.

*Yo tomo cuando yo quiero* facing ghosts  
caged in kitchen corners, Tita ogling gravely.  
Ya tomo mid-verse—I spawn the spine I boast  
about, inherit the soul that sings bravely  
*sin dueño*, tomo y río y raise a toast,  
lloro oro for my ghost-guard’s stiff craving.