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Milk con Leche

Thadious M. Davis

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## MILK CON LECHE

*by Thadious M. Davis*

The man on the street  
stinks of rum.  
He is gray in the head  
stooped in his soiled shirt  
His pants hang almost to his hips.  
He skips spryly towards  
first one and then another  
toward the tourists  
toward me:  
"Give me dollar for my baby"  
in English, not in Spanish.

I laugh at the thought  
— *no hay diplomacia del dolar* —  
the greybeard surely  
almost 70 years old—  
surely with no young  
wife by the look of his  
wizened body, by the smell of his  
rank clothes  
by the droop of his pants.  
He cannot be the father  
of a baby— He cannot  
have a young wife.  
¿que pasa?  
Cubano?  
He is, he thinks, virile  
hyper sexy, gorgeous as  
Che in front of the TV camera, Cuban as  
the Argentinian with  
his fat long cigar  
sitting as Fidel stands  
to speak, to talk,  
to dream, to lead.

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## C A L L A L O O

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But this old hombre  
is not that Cubano  
But I am a tourist  
Centro Habana  
Ciudad de la Habana  
and no pesos with  
the fortaleza  
either Castillo de San Francisco  
or Trinidad in my pockets  
Though dollars line my  
money belt  
they cannot be part of  
this exchange—  
no part of this hombre's  
macho  
sexo masculine  
pretense  
his trickery  
his ruse that  
he is Che  
and I am here  
for the Revolution.