

I Must Wait

I must wait until Brazil
Where water runs
In waterfalls,
And I splash like
A cannonball.

I must wait until Brazil
Where black beans, rice
Garlic, and steak,
All taste just like
What momma makes.

Where Carnival
Brings such a high
That timid girls
Are not so shy

Where the people
Samba till dawn.
Bossa nova?
It's always on.

For...

...Now

Meeting new people
Is easy and free,
Most especially
When they're family.

The FIFA World Cup
Arrives, just like me,
Not this June or next,
But Twenty Fourteen.

Yes, I must wait until Brazil,
And since I must, I will.