

"Hearing That Joe Arroyo Song at Ibiza Nightclub, 2008" by [Elizabeth Acevedo](#)

A boy I did not marry taught me to dance salsa on 2 placed
the fingers of his left hand on my untutored spine; you know what
it's like to become someone's clave

to love for the span of the trombone's long breath he whispered
negra so I spun my heart landing on the rum-covered linoleum
of a nightclub

on what used to be New York Ave in what used to be Chocolate City
I let him turn & spin my name bella negra
his hands were less tender but still I let them roam

when I 1, 2, 3 5, 6, 7 in front of my mirror
I was always la negra defended in the lyric and you can forgive
searching hands when a mouth swells the biggest ache of your body

into song