

## **Adios My Cuban**

DJ Kane

It was on a Sunday, February 22nd, 1959, just two days before I was to leave for Basic Training at Fort Dix, New Jersey, that I met Alicia. I would later learn, she was sixteen years old, and I was at that time eighteen. She was quite beautiful in her long flowered dress that unfortunately, had restricted most of her curves, from my scenic view, and pleasures, as she was about to pass by me. Her waist long shiny jet black hair glistened so natural, over her soft brown bare shoulders, as I tried to picture what was waiting beyond. It was a meeting by chance that I was lucky to have made, and which I had almost missed, as I sat on my Uncle's stoop in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, thinking that in days, my life would change for the better. I would be given a golden opportunity, for a much different life out of Poverty.

Being so engrossed in my future that should take place, in a few days, I had almost let this beauty get away. I almost didn't take notice as she was passing. But, as she did, I immediately stood up, shouting, "Hey Seniorita, what's up!" She just continued walking, ignoring me, and I following her. "What's your name, girl?" I called to her, but she continued to ignore me. Continuing on her way, acting as if I weren't there.

All of a sudden she stopped, turned around, causing me to almost run into her as she answered, "Alicia, Gringo, and don't you forget it."

She's a spicy little thing, I thought to myself, and I answered her with, "I won't your name forget your name Alicia, my name is Doug, and can you please slow down, as we can talk."

"Not till we reach my home Doug, just one more block and we can talk"

"Must have been an invitation," I thought, which I had happily had accepted, and I followed her more closely.

When we reached her home, her Mom and Dad were outside on their stoop, waiting for her, to arrive. Her mother asked her, "Estas bien?" In Spanish, meaning, "Are you okay?"

I guess her Mom was worried, seeing a strange Gringo accompanying her daughter. Alicia nodded her head "Yes," Her mother and father returned inside their home.

"I haven't seen you around here before, do you live here?" Alicia asked,

"My Uncle lives here, where I was sitting on the stoop" I replied, "I'm visiting him this weekend, I'm starting Basic Training on Wednesday."

"Basic what?" Alicia asked somewhat puzzled.

I joined the Army, and will be leaving for training on Tuesday, for three months."

She changed the subject, “Do you have a girlfriend?” She asked.

“No I don’t,” I answered, and she moved closer to me. I then noticed she had a small red rose in her hair, and asked her, as I pointed to the rose, “From your boyfriend?” I asked.

“No,” She answered, as she moved even closer to me, touching me ever so slightly, and inviting. “How would you like to come in the house, and meet my parents?”

I thought twice about her invitation, till she stepped up to the door, and I soon became aware of her luscious body that had guided me here, and replied, “Happy to,” and I followed her in.

Her mother and father arrived from Cuba almost two years ago, and spoke little English. We entered the living room, and Alicia made the introductions, and we all sat. The TV was on a news program that had been featuring, Fidel Castro. Fidel had been the main topic in the news for months; after about a half hour Alicia figured out that I was bored sitting there, watching Fidel, and me not being able have a conversation with her mother and father. She suggested to me that we go to her bedroom. My eyes must have opened super wide, when I heard her make that suggestion. She then asked her parents, who agreed; as long as we kept the bedroom door was open.

We entered the bedroom and Alicia immediately pushed me down on the bed, jumping on me. I lifted her dress and lowered my head feasting on all her aromas that had immediately filled my senses, sending me clear out of my mind. We crushed ourselves lovingly upon her bed, both acting like two horny uncontrolled animals. We stayed in her bedroom, till Alicia’s mom called her for dinner. I was offered dinner, but declined, decided that I had my fill, until tomorrow night, when we would again meet at Alicia’s home when her parents would be asleep. This would be my last day of freedom, and I would like it to go out, with a bang, sort of speak.

Monday, I couldn’t wait for evening to come. I couldn’t tell if I was more excited leaving for Basic Training, or entering Alicia house, at night, for a sort of training and exercise, “Really?” Alicia had told me to arrive when it’s dark, to knock lightly on her bedroom window, and she would lift the bedroom, letting me in. Her bedroom was on the ground floor facing the stoop, being very convenient.

I arrived at dark, and lightly knocked on the window. As I waited for Alicia to open the window, I thought of the many guys that may have knocked on this window before. If so, I agree, “We all must do what we must, to get out of the strangle hold of Poverty. If I’m wrong, I’m truly sorry.”

The window slowly opened, and Alicia appeared in front of the window wearing only a sheer slip, leaving nothing to my imagination. As I climbed through the window remarking, “Don’t you think you could catch a cold?” Not that I was complaining, nor would I ever.

She looked at me kind of puzzled saying, “What?”

I quickly answered,” Nothing, not a thing Alicia.” Needless to say, I didn’t want to put water on this fire. “Carry on,” I said, and we did.

I shed my clothes as fast as I could, as Alicia jumped on the bed and watched me. I then moved to her, as I removed her slip using both hands, holding it, and slowly lifting it my nose, vacuuming all the perfumes and scents with one breath that had been placed there by her, that seemingly had taken a while. She stood on the bed and pointed to her “honey pot.” I didn’t have to receive much more coaxing after that. Like they say, “I just dove in.”

It was early the next morning when I had to leave, I had to catch a Trail ways bus to Fort Dix at 8a.m,

While starting to get dressed I said, “Alicia, I must leave, my Uncle is going to take me to the bus station, to bad we hadn’t met sooner.”

“Are you still my boyfriend?” she ask while harboring some doubt.

This scenario may have happened to her before.” Yes” I said lying.

“I will write to you every day. Where do I write to?”

“I have no address to give you as of now, but will later, Okay?”

“Okay”, she answered sounding somewhat rejected.

We hugged and kissed once again as I exited the window, as quiet as a burglar leaving with his spoils, but I as that burglar had stole her heart.

It’s unfortunate that we met as victims of Poverty, and there’s really no excuse, to end this way, only that both of us were so naïve.