

**Blonde Paranoia on a San Jose Bus, Costa Rica**  
**Sonnet for *Los Viejos Verdes***  
*Amanda Moore*

I never understand the words they say, put  
myself into their language, get lost. The  
woman there is laughing at the way I dress,  
her daughter at the way I toss my hair, a  
blonde flag that screams *money, sex* at the man  
to my right, his erection pointing at my thigh.  
Watch him as he wets his lips to stress lewdly  
my position— foreigner, woman, American,  
slut, a gesture here is stronger than what might  
be spilling from his mouth. Were I to cut, curl,  
or dye my hair the color of night, nothing  
would change, I'd be easy to spot; I still can't  
whistle to make the bus stop.