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**Author Note**
Austin Shutov appeared one day out of thin air seemingly having read exclusively humidity-destroyed tropical romances and Eastern European absurdity and decided to combine the contrasting literary and musical influences of Latin America and Europe with vignettes from present day life into an exotic poetic milkshake.

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A child is playing with dry sand
It falls through his fingers as he handles it feebly
Like the years that slipped through my nimble hands
As swiftly as the ocean swallowed up our sand castles
We kept rebuilding those sand castles
They were slightly different each time
A little uneven
But the ocean kept taking them away from us
It all was so sudden
We sunk into the sandy waters a bit
Our hearts sank into our chests a bit
But we kept rebuilding anyway
It was our way of holding on

A poem too sweet to be savored was born from my heart the first time my eyes met your smile
I knew falling in love with you would be inevitable
I just had to accept it
As if a giant tsunami wave was about to crash down on me with nowhere to go
A wave of honey engulfed me that day
Among the palms
Whose dates lay on the ground leaking their sweet sap
Every day I drank your face like a sweet nectar
Through my unforgiving eyes
I had to import more soul from Brazil to sustain myself
I sent you love poems that you found beautiful
Yet you didn't realize I wrote them about you
The flowers on your backpack grew and died and were reborn
on the backpacks of other girls
then died again
and were reborn as cupuaçu
I've never tasted it
And such is love

Just as the lazy, timid waves of a lake blanket a gravelly shore
A warm and dizzying stupor of love washes over me from time to time
Drowning me in honey