

puerto rican discovery number 38: poem for my people

i wish i could tell you how beautiful you are  
how you emerged from the darkness of an ancient mud mother  
who breathed life into your rainforest root  
into the cordillera symmetry of the heights of you  
from the birthplace of your indian nature soul  
your african freedom dreams, your spanish wandering songs  
that merged coqui wind turquoise ocean  
cricket and stone mountain into your tambor  
into the agua mariposa strings of your guitar  
into the palma coco azucar of your mambo  
into the clave of volcano fire marking time inside your conga  
into the griffa guasabara inside your chachacha  
mesclando raices from the quantum universe of you

i wish i could open your eyes to see how you are divine child  
descendant of kings warrior priest tribal magicians  
how your music is the seasonal dance of sun and moon  
how you and the land are of one blood  
fused from the fountain of many rivers  
a rainbow chemistry in the silk of your skin

i wish i could serve you this great feast of yourself  
promised to calabasa born babies burned brown from tropical heat  
parched by the desert of harsh city streets

i wish i could heal you from your sea of tears  
remove blindfolds that led you away  
break shackles that encased your spirit  
transcend boundaries of bitter tongues and closed minds

i wish i could scream loud for you  
undo every humiliation you endured  
shout down all walls that imprisoned you  
unlock all doors that were closed to you  
clear all blocked roads that would not let you pass  
break the spell of all lies that keep you sleeping in the abyss  
calm the turbulence raging in all your tomorrow horizons  
give you back all that was stolen of your hidden wealth  
feed you wisdom nectar from your sweet well of life

i wish i could show you that you are more than a flag  
your hands stronger than chains that bound them  
your words more powerful than a gun  
your thoughts faster than the speed of light

your knowledge greater than can be found in all books

i wish i could paint that picture of cosmic galaxies in your gypsy eyes  
that gallop and stride the path through your distant journey into light

i wish i could explain that the world is within your reach  
weaver that you are,  
that everything you need you already own  
that all possibilities of becoming are inherited in your DNA  
through the power of all who came before us  
through the voices of those who are kin to our blood  
albizu campos, betances, de burgos, soto vélez  
capetillo, de hostos, guevara, agueybana  
guarionex, anacaona, geronimo, urayoan  
schomburg, malcolm, king, sojourner truth

i wish i could dream for you  
and mold the paradigm of your awakening  
deep from within the treasure of your inner being  
like mysteries revealed to you in celestial dreams

i wish i could give this gift to you  
this abundant love beyond time and space  
this kiss that lifts your soul to dance  
this prayer that finds you when you are lost  
this aphrodisiac nurturing that believes in you unconditionally  
that accepts your perfection in the moment of this now

i wish i could look into the mirror of you  
reflect back your sacred holy ground  
hold you up to the sunlight of yourself  
remove all harm and lead you home  
where angels play on steps to your door

be the mother and father who give you eternal life  
be the sister and brother always by your side  
talking, sharing, believing, trusting, as you grow beyond yourself  
guiding you through this journey we must all complete on our own

i wish i could give you all these things  
i wish i could.