

puerto rican discovery number 41, who can claim all that you are?

can the earth claim the dance of the whirlwind?  
can the bluest sky touch the ocean's depths?  
is the atomic space inside the stone's cosmic mirror  
greater than all that can be owned?  
the moon belongs as much to earth as to the sun,  
as much to water as to the stars.  
whose need is greater where the heart feels?  
whose heart feels more than any other?  
for each pair that walks together there is one who cries alone.  
and all melodies are full of silent pauses,  
all daylight soon comes to an end.

who can claim what i would want of you:  
the whisper between your lips  
your echo in the sex of my body  
the passion dream lost alone in sleep  
deposits you've made into my memory  
the ecstatic spark that ignites when you caress any instant of my skin  
the feast of your voice received into my cavernous existence  
the circle where we become greater than we are

which drop of rain searches to know you?  
which flower blossoms in your honor?  
do i say no to all else that is yet to be known?  
where is the door i would close?  
what switch do i turn to put my spirit at rest?  
who can prescribe the medicine that would heal  
this thing i have no name for?  
when you are both savior and whip master  
in your impetuous blindness  
on this journey that happens all at once in darkness and light.  
where is the boat that would carry me onto safe ground?

tell me, is there anyone who can claim the all of you?  
can you be owned by your wedding vow of endless obligations?  
can you be enslaved by your country with all its wars?  
can the wind append the fierce wings of your spirit?  
what part? show it to me.  
i want to touch it.