

## **It Is Raining Today**

Each droplet contains a message,  
soaks our clothing,  
the earth is crying.  
More than sky washing down clouds,  
in the puddles lie reflections  
difficult to see through oil film staining  
rainbow luminescence,  
concentric circles expanding.

La lluvia contains our history.  
In the space of each tear Cacique valleys and hills,  
Taino, Arawak, Carib, Ife, Congo, Angola,  
Mesa, Mandinko, Dahome, Amer  
:priests tribes,  
murdered ancestors—today, voices in the midst.

Where is our history?  
What are the names washed down the sewer  
in the septic flood?

I pray to the rain,  
give us back our rituals, bring back truth,  
return the remnants of our identities,  
bathe us in self-discovered knowledge,  
identify our ancestors  
who have existed suppressed,  
invoke their spirits with power,  
recreate the circle of the areto,  
reunite the family in a universal joining,  
a shower  
and penetrating waterfall,  
rekindle the folklore,  
candles of wisdom  
with never ending flames.

Speak to me of rain.