

## Lady Gaga New Year

Betty boop parade in häagen-dazs flavas,  
cleopatra pop diva cousin to  
beyonce, jennifer, christina, shakira,  
sister to mariah, granddaughter of marilyn,  
student of josephine, neighbor to frida,  
madonna's babygirl, amy's twin, nina's hang out buddy,  
may west witch warrior,  
wild wandering wolf woman,

I could never look like you. Not because  
I'm not that hungry for attention  
or too sensitive to noise  
or that my thoughts need to breathe  
as far as they can see, as deep as they can reach;

but because I prefer props that are mine:  
seven day candles, agua florida, well-rolled cigars,  
cantos to Elegba, the machete under my bed;  
conquistadora stories of Anacaona, Betances, Lolita,  
Don Pedro, Julia and Schomburg,  
scribes to inner voices sailing thru my head.

"Write, write, write!" they articulate.  
Life is in need of me, and I,  
desperately, am in need of life,  
here to tip the balance before  
we all disappear overnight.

The idea of spending  
gazillion pennies on a dress—  
not necessarily what I call success,  
not the song I'd rather sing,  
not the woman I teach daughters to become.

But go on girl, do your thing!  
If that's your best, I will not deny  
your right to dress, your choice  
and form of protest, to think  
outside the box. Who says you can't  
when you say you can?

On another note, that  
carbon afterglow you ride—  
you can't fly in your four-wheel bunk

then say you care to save the land  
for folks you love. It doesn't work that way.

I say find life inside the river well and in  
still breaths between trees and bricks where  
the queen of hearts commands none other  
than herself. More than a well-paid photo op  
or good cop in ghettofabulandia,

there is this drum divine, a bomba quinto bata  
to honor God and Spirit, the living Earth inside us,  
a cha-cha gagá in rumba bembé that calls  
our name, insists we pay attention  
in lyrics like rain to wash the sins and pains  
of queen and kingdoms that we claim.

I'll tell you what:  
you do you and I'll do me.  
That way we can both be free.  
No need to compete, we are complete,  
replete from head to feet.

While you be prancing fancy over there,  
I'll be bringing down dancing over here  
where rain falls hard and loud  
inside our magic coat, our quilt of dreams.

While you be spinning sparkles  
into hypnotic crowds,  
I'll be channeling firebolts  
sent by Madrina Oya, to remind us  
that there is still much work to be done.

Happy New Year everyone!  
2012 arrives with a bang!  
Year of Madre Oya and Baba Ogun,  
spirit mother and father for today  
come to instruct, prepare the way;  
goddess of lightning at the cemetery gate,  
blacksmith crafting tools, knives for  
bloodletting and purging decay,  
hammer axes, Ochosi's bow to aim strong  
and pure of heart for what's coming  
down the road in this theater of life  
where politicians are bought, land is sold  
and people are enslaved for the sake of gold.

Let it rain. Let there be water to fill the wells  
for thirsty children and angry souls.  
Bring forth stories we need to tell  
to awaken and focus celestial bells.  
There is a journey to unfold  
to save each other and save our souls,  
make peace with Earth in the ways we live,  
love, laugh and learn to forgive.

Happy New Year everyone!  
2012, here with a bang!

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