

Poets Passage

By María Teresa “Mariposa” Fernández

for you, Lady

On my side of the sun

I imagine you

Sister poet from Old San Juan

Conjuring couplets in

Swirling blue waves.

In this moment

My blues are the winter sky

Rising high

Above the rusty fire escape

Where pigeons perch

And I fly high like a poet

Here in El Barrio,

Mi Pequeño Viejo San Juan

In Nueva York.

On this day

My gold is

A bright icy hot jewel

Above the rooftops

While your gold beats down

Like the mother of all

Caribbean drums

Whose music I long to hear

New York winter makes me

long for the feel of forever summer

wind on my face

Lady,
Do you remember?
The night we went to El Morro
A Nuyorican,
Una sleña San Juanera
and a Frenchman, you'd later marry
Deep in the night
we climbed the ancient wall that you said was mortared
by the tears of our African and Taino ancestors
and we felt the presence of their Spirits in the darkness.
Do you remember the sound of thunder in the ocean,
the crash of Caribbean waves on the shore
the salty feel of the sea breeze
talking about dead poets
myths, mermaids, pirates,
conquistadores and legends
laying on the slanted roof
and staring at countless stars
the silhouettes of young couples
embracing in the distance
the smell of sea mist and ganja
running all over the Old City
reciting poetry till sunrise
finding a bridge I never knew existed.
A poet's passage
you said
and it was true
words spoken and unspoken
thoughts

feelings
arm in arm
holding hands
in the blending languages of the colonizers
written in our common bloodline
our indigenous languages forgotten and unknown
except for the ancestral essence
of poetry in our young bones
unknown but not forgotten
alive in the beating drum of our heartbeats
in the silhouette of Siva's ebony profile
I would come to love and adore
and now deeply miss and
the passing of the forever unbroken
tribal peace pipe
of long lost sisters at last
reunited.

Hija del sol

By María Teresa “Mariposa” Fernández

soy la nieta

de negras

y la hija

de una negra

sé quién soy yo

no tengo que

explicar ná