

Mi Isla

I ate a mango today
it was mostly green
with reds and yellows.

El Yunque, at dawn
is mostly green
with reds and yellows.

My homeland's enchanted
full of shady jungle mountains,
gawking naked beaches;
slowly necking ocean.

There,
sea breezes woo the palm trees
and peeping coconuts faint
from holding on too long,
in sand, asleep;
daydreaming of me.

Tonight,
un brindis por ti Pápa.

Let us pretend, the crickets are
drunken coquis de parranda,
struggling with loss,
singing in the wrong key,
playing out of tune; unable
to find their way home.

Lets us pretend, we are surrounded
by vacation not work,
that all this wheat is beach,
that the above blue is ocean.

Let us pretend, you are watching me,
ripe in a hammock's womb,
strung to horizons with no ocean
or beach sand near nor fear
that I've become landlocked here,

surrounded by jíbaros,
who don't like jíbaros;

still an island.

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