

puerto rican discovery number 42, from the common wealth

so you want me to be your mistress
and find dignity in a closed room
because you say your first real love is music
even though i too am music
the sum total of contrary chords and dissonant notes
occasionally surviving in mutilated harmony
even though i could fill you so full to grow outside yourself

but you only want me to be your sunday afternoon mistress
and i have to recycle this flow of ebony tailored ambition
limit the mother in me
that wants to intoxicate herself in the center of your soul
not watch alien wives trade you off for multicolored trinkets
flashing against the real you

understanding what a whore sophistication really is
i reject a service role
a position i've truly hated whenever it was forced upon me

and it's true that I am a drifter, a wanderer
a gypsy whose objective in life is to travel in whole circles
that resemble the path of venus around the sun

i never reveled in washing clothes
or reached orgasms from dirty dishes
but i didn't mind being a part of someone who could help me to
be me with all my transient contradictions

and I am a woman,
not a mistress or a whore or some anonymous fruit
whose initials barely left an impression
on the foreskin of your nationhood

y si la patria es una mujer, then i am also a rebel
and a lover of free people
and will continue looking for friction in empty spaces
which is the only music i know how to play.

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