

acentos

*for oscar, fish, rich and tara*

on a night of hope  
when the rain was a flood of despair  
clouded in an empty fog  
where the highway turns from the bronx into manhattan  
on a remote corner in an oasis of being  
rose a roar of remembering  
marking the moment  
like birds ascending in flight,  
winged angels reclaiming the legacy of their history  
calling their names to the sun.  
and the rain fell from their voices  
like many hundred drops of moisture,  
in words farmed in the concrete soil of making  
harvested thru tears of memory  
like another invisible performance,  
a celestial symphony  
that was not broadcast  
over byways of digital connections,  
had been missed by many  
sleeping just a stone's throw from its borders,  
yet delivered in passageways of sound  
to a clan of scavengers  
chosen by the hand of fate  
like sunrise after a long darkness  
or the sweet passion in a lover's first kiss.  
these lovers of light and words  
gathered into bells ringing,  
flags waving,  
metaphors in magic  
signing and singing,  
sounding their recovery,  
a discovery of fragrant morivivi  
like phoenix rising from death,  
sprouting from within the bowels of the beast.  
these lovers came to each other  
as strangers sharing the deeper layers of themselves,  
stories woven from their multicolored dreams  
in a great exquisite love song.  
there was no need for official formalities  
or casual introductions  
in reflections of recognition  
that were tuning forks, a tool,  
a march of resistance,

trumpets calling to kin.  
no need to explain.  
just mindspeak singing. do your thing  
(old shit and new shit)  
in a natural birthing  
paving a path  
beating straight to the heart  
a warming and need to be,  
to exist beyond walls that entomb the soul  
like wings through the wind  
soaring from the source.

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