

## **Mambo Love Poem**

Carlos y Rebecca dance across the floor.  
They move in mambo cha-cha  
that causes the sweat of their bodies to swirl  
in a circle of tropical love.

Carlos y Rebecca move  
and the room fills with blazes of red.  
Flaming pianos breezing spicy tunes as coconuts fall  
from palm trees ancient to these children.  
As coconuts fall from imaginary palm trees  
ancient to Borinquen souls.  
Imaginary coconuts fall to the beat of their feet  
in rhythm with the talking African drum.

Rebecca y Carlos glide across the floor,  
and two become one in the land of salsa.  
The sweat of their bodies mingles with flute  
blowing high over splintered wooden floors  
in notes that soar beyond the rooftops of El Barrio.

They forget their pain in this land of joy,  
as the clave answers the singing African conga,  
the dancing African drum,  
the conga quintiando  
the African tongue.  
Rebecca y Carlos become one  
like two birds flying through the open sky,  
in mambo cha-cha to celebrate their joy,  
their feet no longer touching the ground.

They dance  
becoming jibaros in eagle wings.  
As Shangó—Cabio Sile—enters their bodies  
their sweat fuses with light.  
Like thunderbolts in a fiery desert,  
great wings galloping in flight.  
The light in their feet dancing the African beat  
with the singing African drum,  
the conga quintiando the African tongue.  
Marking the warrior's rhythm with the singing dancing drum  
Shangó—Cabio Sile—enters their bodies,

they flow magically into one.

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Printed in *Bluestown Mockingbird Mambo*