

On the Island Where I Find You

I didn't think you'd be in Yauco
I began looking on the beaches in Joyuda
Healed myself in the charcos of Aguadilla
Watched waves splashing high against the sea wall
Harvested seaweed treasures in the shallows
Followed crabs into their wet rocky holes
Hoping you would appear somewhere to find me
Waited in the heights of Mayaguez
Toasting intellectual rum and cokes
Among tamarindo and mango gardens
Rushed the long Sunday drive to Boqueron
Plowed through miles of virgin beach
Could feel you in the water embracing my skin
Climbed El Faro's lighthouse in Rincón
Bought expensive tourist trinkets
But what I really wanted wasn't on the shelves
Worked my way back up the coast to Aguada
Stopped through island towns along the way
Sat under pana trees in their small plazas
As pitirres jumped across the branches
Ate swordfish cooked like sabroso bistec
Peered into faces driving compac cars
As if I had x-ray vision. None of them were you
Each journey's turn building anticipation
Wishing miracles would come true

At night, under canopy of a million starlights
I saw chickens roosting on thick guava branches
Listened to the cricket family symphony
Lull me into precious sleep
And in my dreams I saw you climbing stairs
Sharing stories about campo pueblo mountains
You held my empty hands
I kissed your canela face
As you led me home into your house of light.

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