

## **Spider**

On the first day  
After the work was done  
And the room prepared for ritual beginnings  
She appeared

The most delicate of creatures  
In her march  
Through the floor's center  
Universe entering  
Elegba's messenger in black dress  
Confirmation  
In the room where dreams begin  
Imagination speaks  
Words become seeds  
That sprout to life  
The room where  
Dreams of becoming are real  
And reality is a crazy universe  
Of mixed and dubious choices

The room where you move  
In slow-motion  
Freeze-frame words  
Hear them  
Like waves through ocean  
Like wind through air  
See them  
Like seashells through water

The room where you slow it down  
And focus  
Slow it down  
Focusing  
Finding yourself  
Slowing it  
Seeing it  
Defining it  
Drawing the picture in your mind  
Electric currents  
Connecting ideas

The room where you become  
Where we all become  
Passengers on the mother ship  
The circle focused  
In the center of ourselves  
The room of the circle  
Like moon and sun  
Water and dance  
Circle of power  
Circle of light

The room that lights candles  
For examining darkness  
Where your spirit burns  
Wanting to speak  
Create itself again

The room that sees itself  
Reflected in all other rooms

The room of knowledge and books  
Of voices older than time  
Guiding us  
Moment through moment

The room of pain  
Confrontations of self with self  
Healed by finding self again

The room of the well  
Of daily renewal and peace  
The room of peace  
The peace within you  
And the piece of you  
Within the universe

The room of the universe  
Where pieces are studied

The room of family  
Building the house  
Cultivating togetherness

The room of music  
Where high notes and low tones conspire  
Vibrating contrapunto en clave  
The room where songs find  
Lips that belong to them  
And you see yourself  
Without the aid  
Of broken mirrors  
You see yourself like notes in the music  
Free and clear  
Down the middle of a melody  
In a rap tumbao

The room where you see yourself  
In the music  
And in the trees  
Bowing to the sun  
And in the leaves  
Flying through the wind  
Fallen and dried  
Mulched into new life  
Into seed  
Into green and golden light  
Into rain  
Season after season

The room where you can  
Always begin again  
Walk through the open door  
Feast in the royal domain of Obatala

The room of prayer and sanctuary  
Invocations and incantations  
Where truths are  
Revealed in group light  
In the circle unbroken

The room of wholeness  
The womb of the macrocosm  
Always In birth  
The room of fertility  
Of goddesses and rituals  
The room of creation

The room of existence  
Of words yet to be spoken  
Dreams yet to be realized  
Of lost hopes  
Searching for themselves  
Luchando on the boat  
A turbulent voyage  
Through uncharted territory  
In journey to discovery

The room of magicians  
Of wordsmiths and paradigm shapers  
Technicians of sacred seed  
In the garden of ancestors

The room of angels  
Who fly with paper wings  
In between the lines.

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