

Who I Am

I am Sandra, child of Lolita, Julia and Clemente.

Anacaona's being lives in me.

I am la bruja buena del Bronx,
hermana madre de La Caridad y La Mariposa.

Madrina de mi mundo communal,
como musicos rumbiando tumbadoras
my words fly through the air to land in your ear.

A magician with a paintbrush of sound

to transform grey realities into light,

soy mujer, casera, madre y hija,
abula de muchos y amiga de mas.

Adoro mis hermanas luchadoras,
curanderas, maestras, comadres,
cocineras, cosejadoras,
amigas fuertes siempre a mi lado.

Soy independista soltera

lucho por mi libertad

con amor por mi pueblo.

I am free spirit

and chose the path I travel,

but I reserve the right

to change my mind at any moment.

I am the wind that blows across the river

causing the water to rise up and swirl

with rainfall ramblings from the well of life

to keep the trees alive,
Madre Tierra spinning and breathing
with clean water for all.

I am warrior for what I believe and who I love.
Protect my house with love and warmth.
Fill the kitchen with bounty and abundance,
both serve and command
the Divine Being within,
Goddess Mother, nurturer, pintora y poeta
que a veces canto mis versos.

I am the river that never stops flowing
riding through the wind on a broomstick stallion
inherited from my ancestors.

I am the tree that stands firm in the flood
holding out against the storm.
Soto Velez y De Burgos whisper into my ears.

Sometimes I become the sword of justice.
Watch out! I will burn and cut
with poems for the soul
that carry the wisdom of forgotten voices
for hungry ears in need.

I am the unconditional lover
you have been waiting to discover,
diva dancing on a two-way street,
a sweet treat to enrich the life force in us.

I am Sandra.

Not who anyone else says,

but who I say I am.

My roots are ancient temples

carved into mountain peaks.

I am nurtured by the divine wisdom of planets,

daily weather, random phone calls

from the spirit realm

arriving at the speed of light.

I am scribe,

a monk from another life

who sat for years, copied ancient scripture

and drew pictures full of thoughts.

Who pondered the mysteries of Divine existence

isolated from the world.

I remember theaters where I danced

and oceans where I swam,

holding hands in the night,

caressing in the moonlight,

singing in the park, dancing in the dark,

dreaming, loving and being me,

my imagination a magic carpet in flight.

Sometimes I am quasar pirouetting

through the cosmosphere,

my eyes focused in a hundred directions.

Sometimes I have to close the door to my room

get quiet, find my way back to the center of me.

Not that I ever left it,
but sometimes it gets cluttered
with vibrations and penetrations
that don't belong
that don't nurture life,
and then it's time to clean house
and burn the incense.

I am Sandra, child of Lolita,
who says YES to the decolonization of Puerto Rico
and the liberation of all people.

I was there
when the Young Lords took over the church in 1970,
I've marched to the United Nations for Puerto Rico
and to Philadelphia for Mumia.
I stand by all who demand equal rights,
and equal pay for equal work.

Lolita taught us the meaning of sacrifice
for what we believe.

She taught us, like Ghandi, how to stand up
and capture the world's attention
in defense of a just cause.

I am Sandra, child of Julia and Clemente
who gave me their voices to find my own
with the power of words
to express the being who lives in me,
whose love is like el Río Grande de Loiza,
wide and strong, sweet and clear.

I give thanks to those who paved the road
and to those who support my path.
where there are always new lessons to be learned.

I am Sandra.

Now, tell me—

Who are you?

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