

Huracán: A Two Way Poem

Broken-off, like limbs from a tree. But not lost,
for you carry within your bodies the seeds of new trees.
Sinking your hopeful roots into difficult soil.

Crossing the River
Caryl Phillips

Never in its path before, she sat, legs crossed, facing east. She looked up to the Weather Channel perched against the wall expecting revelations.

Tainos, whose deities visited in orgies of visions and vomits inhaled ground seeds, seashells and tobacco. The *coboba* shifted color and shape, and with kaleidoscopic companions, they traveled the 5th dimension to the other side of the world. Women and men of *Borikén* danced the *areyto*, told histories, played and feasted on the *butía*. *Deminán* and his turtle woman wife, *Hicotea*, looked on their children.

Every half hour she checked to see if its category 5 killer status made it worthy of a 30 second spot on CNN. Grinding her teeth, listening to the bang of metal heads and nails piercing wood, she verified that it had.

Watching the crowned *higuaca* fly over the green face of *El Yunque*, understanding its blue and crimson flight into the mountain forest, together *nitainos* and *naborias* moved into deep caves. They took their carved *cemis* whispering of a new conspiracy of Air, Fire and Water against tireless Earth and carried the dry bones of *caciques* in calabashes. They gathered their hammocks and *dubos*, guavas, papayas, beans and squash, making certain not to leave behind the *buréns* on which to cook their flat bread. That night they took care not to disturb the owl or bat, eaters of light.

Finally, she went out to the gas station and the little market by the sea, grabbed a couple gallons of water, a flashlight and batteries, an oil lamp she didn't know how to work, candles and matches too, cartons of long life milk, cereal, crackers, canned tuna, beans and sausages, wine and some beer. In her ground floor apartment, not quite understanding why, she took out a bag from the deep freezer section and started to boil water. Later, as the sky went seashell pink and clouds skipped low, she got into bed, ate a plate of warm *yuca* with oil and salt, and waited for the crack and crash of the *ceiba* tree.

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ACA, new smyrna beach, florida
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