

I need to talk to a Puerto Rican

I need to talk to a Puerto Rican  
Acacias don't bloom from my eyes  
English speakers assault me  
with their broad vowels  
and lazy r's  
I can't find Sandra Maria Esteves  
Papoleta has recovered  
but I still remember  
the knock on my door  
and him bludgeoned, bloody  
from the FALN

thats how it was in those days  
we looked out for one another  
the glean in Pietri's eyes  
whose brave shoulders you lean on  
kept me standing  
I could do it  
I could read a poem  
and the people would hear  
una negrita con palabras

finally

with a space  
with friends  
I need to speak to a Puerto Rican  
I need to find comfort and strength  
in the 'que tal amiga'  
caressing me  
the way Pietri's smiles  
embraces my soul

with so many of us gone  
where will I find a Puerto Rican who remembers  
I hear Maria constantly  
The winds the rain rain rain

MARIA

and then I remember  
there are no lights  
there is no water  
our voices are hushed

our need is screaming

I need to talk to Puerto Rican  
I need to hold her  
I have not abandoned her  
te quiero negro  
hay una futura