

Sueña de Curaçao

Lying diagonal
in the hammock,
as you taught me
at Seru Loraweg,
I dream of you
who dreamed me into existence
dodging your insults
as you shoot the Capybara
trying to imitate your
tajerblad and klaroen
while making due
with just one lover

I tried to visit you
one more time
but you'd already
left

Listening to the Romeros
I'm playing guitar with
my Maestro, The King,
he left us with ukulele in hand
playing campanella for the gods

The white amphoric balustrade
frames the coastal cliff
white turbine blades
spin gently across the
blue skyline
As the Caribbean Ocean
waits patiently beyond
beckoning my final swim
not yet, not yet!

The loud Troupial teaches
the Mockingbird to sing
dancing between the cactus
flower thorns
they cook up trouble
beyond our comprehension

The parrots' domestic screeching
competes with the dogs
barking at the wind
and the children crying
about tomorrow,
create

the necessary discord

Caressed by the sweet wind
I'm loved and never lonely
flying with the Caracara
I see the angry little
Black boy
running in his dusty
junkyard between
the rusting clunkers
displayed on
cinder block
pedestals
and I resent
the rich white vultures
circling overhead

Walking through
the limestone caves
I see the
Antepasados
sitting
around the fires
making plans in Arawak
carving Caquetio meaning
into petrified coral
dreaming of us
before the pesadillas

Dancing to Juan Luis
on my prosthetic hip
I yearn for you
my womb and cradle
who carried my dreams
on your sturdy shoulders
for so long
born here
in that house
on this very street
too soon departed
so long ago
I carry you home now
in my dreams

Willemstad, Curaçao

January 2025

in memory of my beloved parents

in honor of the ancestors, teachers and artists

who help create us