

Nitorina, o mo ibi ti aye dopi

Translation: Of the Fruit Tree

Três irmãos suspiraram o mar
«Você não cansa?»
Por quê? Meu sangue não flui para eles abaixo.
O bote flutuante, as aspirações dos irmãos
«O que será?»
Semeiam as terras do novo mundo,
Mas nosso sangue flutua,
Mas nosso sangue alimenta,
Mas nosso sangue lembra,
Mas não para os corpos abaixo,
Na profundidade negra.
Não me busque,
Estar lá, nunca mais.
Agora estou em meu lar,
Nossa terra, Ave Maria.

¿Y cuándo has visto un matrimonio mestizo?
Un africano con un español.
¿Y cómo se mezcla el pelo malo con
lo fino del Mediterráneo?
Y tú, usted.
¿Y el costeño con conquistador,
en Valledupar solamente?
¿Y los árboles? ¿Han aceptado?
a las flores de la selva, y las mariposas
amarillas andando.
¿Y el color? ¿Cuál ves?
Te digo.
¿Será el azul del mar,
mis pies como barro,
será mi piel como arepa,
o la tinta de mi pelo,
negro como se vio el sol
en los años antes de Colón vender?
Pues no sé.
Solo sé la gloria inmarcesible,
y los llantos del valle
se casaron en Macondo.

Quizás cuando los huracanes paren,
El Morro caiga, y las nubes se aclaren,
Sentiré las manos una vez más.
Sabiduría no significa nada,
Azúcar, todo.
Café y tabaco, encadenados, tabaco y café.
Las manos me tiemblan al tocar
a la Borinqueña,
confrontación con
los tiburones,
los caimanes, los fantasmas.
Nada tiembla más que mis manos,
con callos.
Dije lo desnudo por lo vestido,
y mis miradas imaginativas
para las trenzas de hierro.
¿Libertad?
Cuando un pescado nace
en lo más azul del océano,
sea Atlantic
o mar Caribbean,
¿alguna vez han sido
¿free?
Porque, como yo,
I can't see
la cima.
1898.

Three brothers sighed at the sea
«Are you not weary?»
Why? My blood does not flow below for them.
The floating boat, the brothers' aspirations
«What will it be?»
They sow the lands of the new world,
Yet our blood floats,
Yet our blood nourishes,
Yet our blood remembers,
Yet not for the bodies below,
The black depths.
Do not seek me there,
To be there, never again.
Now I am in my home,
Our land, Ave Maria.

And when have you seen a mixed marriage?
An African with a Spaniard.
And how does coarse hair mix
with the fineness of the Mediterranean?
And you, sir.
And the costeño with the conqueror,
only in Valledupar?
And the trees? Have they accepted?
The flowers of the jungle, and the yellow
butterflies wandering.
And the color? Which do you see?
I tell you.
Could it be the blue of the sea,
my feet like clay,
could it be my skin like arepa,
or the ink of my hair,
black as the sun once was seen
in the years before Columbus sold his trade?
Well, I don't know.
I only know the unfading glory,
and the cries of the valley
were wed in Macondo.

Perhaps when the hurricanes stop,
El Morro falls, and the clouds clear,
I will feel my hands once again.
Wisdom means nothing,
Sugar, everything.
Coffee and tobacco, chained, tobacco and coffee.
My hands tremble as they touch
the Borinqueña,
a confrontation with
the sharks,
the caimans,
the ghosts.
Nothing trembles more than my hands,
hardened with calluses.
I traded the naked for the clothed,
and my imaginative gazes
for iron braids.
Freedom?
When a fish is born
in the bluest part of the ocean,
be it the Atlantic
or the Caribbean Sea,
have they ever been
free?
Because, like me,
I can't see
the summit.
1898.

Borinken Bi (Boriquen Life)
Gua'rico guaki'a (Come to me)
Baneke Busica guaki'a (Why you? Give
to us)
Cu' (Sacred, Sacred Place)
Carib (Strong Man)
Caribe (Brave People)
Daca Borinken (I am Borinquen)
Guarico Guata (Come here Liar)

Ham Han, Hupia (Yes this way, Ghost.)