on a night of hope
when the rain was a flood of despair
clouded in an empty fog
where the highway turns from the bronx into manhattan
on a remote corner in an oasis of being
rose a roar of remembering
marking the moment
like birds ascending in flight,
winged angels reclaiming the legacy of their history
calling their names to the sun.
and the rain fell from their voices
like many hundred drops of moisture,
in words farmed in the concrete soil of making
harvested thru tears of memory
like another invisible performance,
a celestial symphony
that was not broadcast
over byways of digital connections,
had been missed by many
sleeping just a stone’s throw from its borders,
yet delivered in passageways of sound
to a clan of scavengers
chosen by the hand of fate
like sunrise after a long darkness
or the sweet passion in a lover’s first kiss.
these lovers of light and words
gathered into bells ringing,
flags waving,
metaphors in magic
signing and singing,
sounding their recovery,
a discovery of fragrant morivíví
like phoenix rising from death,
sprouting from within the bowels of the beast.
these lovers came to each other
as strangers sharing the deeper layers of themselves,
stories woven from their multicolored dreams
in a great exquisite love song.
there was no need for official formalities
or casual introductions
in reflections of recognition
that were tuning forks, a tool,
a march of resistance,
trumpets calling to kin.
no need to explain.
just mindspeak singing, do your thing
(old shit and new shit)
in a natural birthing
paving a path
beating straight to the heart
a warming and need to be,
to exist beyond walls that entomb the soul
like wings through the wind
soaring from the source.

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