Lady Gaga New Year

Betty boop parade in häagen-dazs flavas, 
cleopatra pop diva cousin to 
beyonce, jennifer, christina, shakira, 
sister to mariah, granddaughter of marilyn, 
student of josephine, neighbor to frida, 
madonna's babygirl, amy's twin, nina's hang out buddy, 
may west witch warrior, 
wild wandering wolf woman, 

I could never look like you. Not because 
I'm not that hungry for attention 
or too sensitive to noise 
or that my thoughts need to breathe 
as far as they can see, as deep as they can reach; 

but because I prefer props that are mine: 
seven day candles, agua florida, well-rolled cigars, 
cantos to Elegba, the machete under my bed; 
conquistadora stories of Anacaona, Betances, Lolita, 
Don Pedro, Julia and Schomburg, 
scribes to inner voices sailing thru my head. 

“Write, write, write!” they articulate. 
Life is in need of me, and I, 
desperately, am in need of life, 
here to tip the balance before 
we all disappear overnight. 

The idea of spending 
gazillion pennies on a dress— 
not necessarily what I call success, 
not the song I’d rather sing, 
not the woman I teach daughters to become. 

But go on girl, do your thing! 
If that’s your best, I will not deny 
your right to dress, your choice 
and form of protest, to think 
outside the box. Who says you can’t 
when you say you can? 

On another note, that 
carbon afterglow you ride— 
you can’t fly in your four-wheel bunk
then say you care to save the land
for folks you love. It doesn’t work that way.

I say find life inside the river well and in
still breaths between trees and bricks where
the queen of hearts commands none other
than herself. More than a well-paid photo op
or good cop in ghettofabulandia,

there is this drum divine, a bomba quinto bata
to honor God and Spirit, the living Earth inside us,
a cha-cha gagá in rumba bembé that calls
our name, insists we pay attention
in lyrics like rain to wash the sins and pains
of queen and kingdoms that we claim.

I’ll tell you what:
you do you and I’ll do me.
That way we can both be free.
No need to compete, we are complete,
replete from head to feet.

While you be prancing fancy over there,
I’ll be bringing down dancing over here
where rain falls hard and loud
inside our magic coat, our quilt of dreams.

While you be spinning sparkles
into hypnotic crowds,
I’ll be channeling firebolts
sent by Madrina Oya, to remind us
that there is still much work to be done.

Happy New Year everyone!
2012 arrives with a bang!
Year of Madre Oya and Baba Ogun,
spirit mother and father for today
come to instruct, prepare the way;
goddess of lightning at the cemetery gate,
blacksmith crafting tools, knives for
bloodletting and purging decay,
hammer axes, Ochosi’s bow to aim strong
and pure of heart for what’s coming
down the road in this theater of life
where politicians are bought, land is sold
and people are enslaved for the sake of gold.
Let it rain. Let there be water to fill the wells
for thirsty children and angry souls.
Bring forth stories we need to tell
to awaken and focus celestial bells.
There is a journey to unfold
to save each other and save our souls,
make peace with Earth in the ways we live,
love, laugh and learn to forgive.

Happy New Year everyone!
2012, here with a bang!

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