Spider

On the first day
After the work was done
And the room prepared for ritual beginnings
She appeared

The most delicate of creatures
In her march
Through the floor’s center
Universe entering
Elegba’s messenger in black dress
Confirmation
In the room where dreams begin
Imagination speaks
Words become seeds
That sprout to life
The room where
Dreams of becoming are real
And reality is a crazy universe
Of mixed and dubious choices

The room where you move
In slow-motion
Freeze-frame words
Hear them
Like waves through ocean
Like wind through air
See them
Like seashells through water

The room where you slow it down
And focus
Slow it down
Focusing
Finding yourself
Slowing it
Seeing it
Defining it
Drawing the picture in your mind
Electric currents
Connecting ideas
The room where you become
Where we all become
Passengers on the mother ship
The circle focused
In the center of ourselves
The room of the circle
Like moon and sun
Water and dance
Circle of power
Circle of light

The room that lights candles
For examining darkness
Where your spirit burns
Wanting to speak
Create itself again

The room that sees itself
Reflected in all other rooms

The room of knowledge and books
Of voices older than time
Guiding us
Moment through moment

The room of pain
Confrontations of self with self
Healed by finding self again

The room of the well
Of daily renewal and peace
The room of peace
The peace within you
And the piece of you
Within the universe

The room of the universe
Where pieces are studied

The room of family
Building the house
Cultivating togetherness
The room of music
Where high notes and low tones conspire
Vibrating contrapunto en clave
The room where songs find
Lips that belong to them
And you see yourself
Without the aid
Of broken mirrors
You see yourself like notes in the music
Free and clear
Down the middle of a melody
In a rap tumbao

The room where you see yourself
In the music
And in the trees
Bowing to the sun
And in the leaves
Flying through the wind
 Fallen and dried
Mulched into new life
Into seed
Into green and golden light
Into rain
Season after season

The room where you can
Always begin again
Walk through the open door
Feast in the royal domain of Obatala

The room of prayer and sanctuary
Invocations and incantations
Where truths are
Revealed in group light
In the circle unbroken

The room of wholeness
The womb of the macrocosm
Always In birth
The room of fertility
Of goddesses and rituals
The room of creation
The room of existence
Of words yet to be spoken
Dreams yet to be realized
Of lost hopes
Searching for themselves
Luchando on the boat
A turbulent voyage
Through uncharted territory
In journey to discovery

The room of magicians
Of wordsmiths and paradigm shapers
Technicians of sacred seed
In the garden of ancestors

The room of angels
Who fly with paper wings
In between the lines.

© 1998 Sandra María Esteves
Printed in *Contrapunto In the Open Field*