

Unbridled

This poem comes to you unfolded
like the parted wings of a
mariposa I hope you
 one day take off
in these colors: blue, red, apple.

Without ever having known,
 without any thought or practice,
without lesson or trial, one day
 a chick leaves the nest—

and I want to say you have no fear,
 but you have
 a long fear
 of never passing through the open gate,
 of being tangled up in many ropes.

Because
people have been telling you to
 carry a machete
 and to not fall in love . . .
you have forgotten how the child goes:

You must pretend
 there is no rope—
the only chain you need
 is the spine on your back.

And so flies the swallow,
whistling of the sea, fast and
 wild over the mountain,
 unbridled, cerulean, the blood
with freedom to fly and freedom to fall,
 you will know
 who you are —
 in the voice
 carrying wind —