

## Silence

“Silencio

Que están durmiendo

Los nardos y las azucenas”

-Rafael Hernandez

The best silence I have ever  
encountered was upon a walk  
somewhere in the scribble  
of the outskirts of Cidra  
region between Cidra  
on route towards Aibonito  
where a festival of flowers  
was going on,  
I had been driving  
The curves of the mountains  
Till the green became hands  
Inviting rest, caressing,  
Parked the car below  
Mango tree  
Descended down barranca  
Stroll till a stream like  
painting became

I sat reposed against a Roble  
Tree  
Momentarily head lean back  
Into the old man bark  
Translate to white hair,  
Trance momentos, shadows  
Pushing in and out of tree,  
Bamboo Taino Cemi zen flute,  
Skin moisture breeze song  
Listen to the silence,  
Aware atmospheric or the roots  
Of the tree,  
Unique silence,  
No cars, no people, television or  
Radio noise,  
History has not begun,  
Asleep fall air in air  
Where? As to me upon  
A lovely girl came,  
Carved of branch shapes,  
Hair like black shrub  
Her buttocks like Botero sculpture,

Her sex in open air  
Smiling I heard her teeth  
Sing like birds  
She continued on her walk  
Away down path  
Elevated above stream  
Her buttocks of caoba ascending,  
Lifting into further horizon silence,  
Accumulates into Luguillo beach  
Sand curves dance warm waves  
Into frame,  
Mid day bones into earth sank,  
Omara Portuondo sings  
“that absence signifies oblivion”  
Yet the reminiscence envelopes me  
Here in Tetoun starrng  
Mediterranean Sea,  
Distance  
Through the mint tea  
I sense my Roble is still  
Standing singing walking  
Laughing Dancing.

Silencio. Flowers and trees sleep