This is not a conclusion nor is it an apology | I
do not expect you to understand what it is like
to be tongue | torn | between | two | to be|
tongue tied | to coquí lullabies | of when my
mother would sing to me bomba | santera
dressed in white dancing to native tongue |
drums | poem | you do not belong here | only
metaphors know this magic | mami knew this
magic | its why she sang to me of coquí | drums |
bomba | and santo to | remember tongue |
poem | she knew what it is to be | tongue | torn |
between | two | to be | tongue tied | torn |
between | two | I can still feel her tracing |
threading drum and poem Yerba Bruja – Los
Pleneros de la Cresta 0:00 – 0:46 | this is not an
apology | nor is it a conclusion | you do not
know what it is to be callused | labored tongue |
tarred by tainted memories | tied to hands
that know | trabajo | tongue broken | trabajo |
tu no sabes | the trembles | tongue trabajos |
trembles in abuelas hands those nights she
couldn’t tweeze trauma from tongue | trauma
traced tongue | drum | poem | you do not
belong here | tailoring her song | coquí magic |
telling | torn | tied between | broken Brooklyn
Borikén | abuela sang of magic in tongue |
drums | that knew how to trace across | waters
away | from Brooklyn broken | to Borikén
lullabies | tongue | drum | tongue that
remembers | trauma tweezing | labor | of
yanquis telling her to thicken English |
thinning Spanish | because this is what it is to
be in América | thicken | to be tongue in
América | thinning | to be Boricua in broken
Brooklyn | thickening English | thinning
Spanish | because tongues told abuela that her
tongue needed to be | callused | tailored |
tweezed out | tongue broken | torn | between |
two | tied to coquí | tongue broken | torn |
between | two | tied to coquí | thinning Spanish |
thicken English | this is not a conclusion | nor
is it an apology | you do not belong here |
telling | do not tell me to thicken English El Hijo
de Boriken – Los Pleneros de la Cresta 2:01 –
2:25 | drum tongue magic
This tongue remembers | the trembles in abuela |
| hands trembling from trabajos | trabajando |
thinning | tongue | remembers cracking | open |
to thicken Spanish | because América told her | told mami | told us | to be | between | is to be |
silent tongue | to tweeze out bomba | magic | you cannot tell a coquí to forget its song | mami knew its magic | abuela knew its song | drum | tracing |
telling tongue that don’t belong here | you do not belong here | you do not know this magic | you cannot have this | this tongue re | members |
cracking open | thickening | thinning | labor |
torn and tied between tube | womb | this tongue is womb | and you do not belong here | you cannot have this | this tongue knows the trembles | in abuelas hands | trauma tweezing |
from tongues telling her | telling mami | to thicken América | thin Borikén | to tweeze out bomba and coquí | to be silent | but her tongue | mami’s drum | my poem knows the magic | we know we are womb tongues | and we cannot be silent

Yerba Bruja – Los Pleneros de la Cresta
0:15 – 0:40 you cannot have this | you do not belong here | telling | tearing our wombs to tweeze in América | because this is what it is to be in América | thinning | to be tongue in América | thickening | we crack open to remember | our tongues are not forgetting | and we are not forgiving | you do not belong here | only metaphors know this magic | mami knew it too | I can still feel her tracing tongue drums |
coquí magic | you cannot tell a coquí to forget its song | drum | to be callused | labored | tarred and tainted by broken América | the trembles |
tongue trabajos | trembling in abuelas hand |
thinning | and thicken | I can still feel Borikén |
drumming I feel it in my womb | tongue |
cracking open to remember its magic | song of coquí

El Hijo de Boriken – Los Pleneros de la Cresta 2:01 – 2:25 | drum tongue magic | this poem will not apologize | nor will it be silent | because you do not belong here | telling | thickening America | this womb is still threading drum and poem | from Brooklyn broken | to Borikén magic | across santo waters
this tongue will not apologize | for thinning English | thickening Spanish | because you do not
belong here | you don’t get to have us | we will not
be silent | my mother sang me bomba lullabies | of
native drums | tongues | and I know to use its
magic | to crack open to remember | you do not
belong here | you don’t get to have us | my mother
knew its magic | abuela knew song of coquí | we
will not be silent | silent tongue | drum | to fit into
America | you cannot tell a coqui to forget its song
| to be silent tongue | its tongue tells us of blood |
shed | callused tongue | torn | between two | this
is not an apology | you do not belong here | only
metaphors | drums of memory | womb tongue of
magic | you cannot have this | you do not belong
here telling only tongue magic | El Hijo de Boriken
– Los Pleneros de la Cresta 0:00 – 2:25
you cannot
tell a coqui to forget to be silent tongue it
tells us of blood shed tongue torn between
this is not an apology you
do not belong here only metaphors drums of
memory womb tongue of magic you
cannot have this you
do not belong here telling
only tongue magic
país libre y soberano
tradiciones nunca muere
yerba bruja aunque hiere

This is not a conclusion nor is it an apology | I do not expect you to understand what it is like to be tongue | torn | between | two | to be | tongue tied | to coquí | lullabies | of when my mother would sing to me bomba | santera dressed in white dancing to native tongue | drums | poem | you do not belong here | only metaphors know this magic | mami knew this magic | its why she sang to me of coquí | drums | bomba | and santo to | remember tongue | poem | she knew what it is to be | tongue | torn | between | two | to be | tongue tied | torn | between | two | I can still feel her tracing | threading drum and poem

país libre y soberano
tradiciones nunca muere
yerba bruja aunque hiere
te comparo con un sol humano
el de aquí el borincano que busca como vencer que cada dia sale a sorprender como mi tierra ninguna
boricua hasta en la luna
como dijo el poeta Corretjer
boricua hasta en la luna
como dijo el propio Corretjer
erba bruja nunca muere
y busca como vencer así es el Puerto Riqueño
como dijo Corretjer
this is not an apology | nor is it a conclusion | you do not know what it is to be callused | labored tongue | tarred by tainted memories | tied to hands that know | trabajo | trabajo | tu no sabes | the trembles | tongue trabajos | trembles in abuelas hands those nights she couldn’t tweeze trauma from tongue | trauma traced tongue | drum | poem | you do not belong here | tailoring her song | coquí magic | telling | torn | tied between | broken Brooklyn Borikén | abuela sang of magic in tongue | drums | that knew how to trace across | waters away | from Brooklyn broken | to Borikén lullabies | tongue | drum | tongue that remembers | trauma tweezing | labor | of yanquis telling her to thicken English | thinning Spanish | because this is what it is to be in América | thicken | to be tongue in América | thinning | to be Boricua in broken Brooklyn | thickening English | thinning Spanish | because tongues told abuela that her tongue needed to be callused | tailored | tweezed out | tongue broken | torn | between | two | tied to coqui | tongue broken | torn | between | two | tied to coqui | thinning Spanish | thicken English | this is not a conclusion | nor is it an apology | you do not belong here | telling | do not tell me to thicken English

Somos los hijos de un sacrificio somos los hijos de un masacre somos los hijos de un genocidio damo la vida por Puerto Rico como lo soño Betances
This tongue remembers | the trembles in abuela | hands trembling from trabajos | trabajando | thinning | tongue | remembers cracking | open | to thicken Spanish | because América told her | told mami | told us | to be | between | is to be | silent tongue | to tweeze out bomba | magic | you cannot tell a coquí to forget its song | mami knew its magic | abuela knew its song | drum | tracing | telling tongue that don’t belong here | you do not belong here | you do not know this magic | you cannot have this | this tongue re | members | cracking open | thickening | thinning | labor | torn and tied between tube | womb | this tongue is womb | and you do not belong here | you cannot have this | this tongue knows the trembles | in abuelas hands | trauma tweezing | from tongues telling her | telling mami | to thicken América | thin Borikén | to tweeze out bomba and coquí | to be silent | but her tongue | mami’s drum | my poem knows the magic | we know we are womb tongues | and we cannot be silent

yerba bruja aunque hiere
te comparo con un sol humano
el de aquí el borincano que
busca como vencer
que cada dia sale a sorprender
como mi tierra ninguna
boricua hasta en la luna
como dijo el poeta Corretjer
you cannot have this | you do not belong here | telling
| tearing our wombs to tweeze in América | because
this is what it is to be in América | thinning | to be
tongue in América | thickening | we crack open to
remember | our tongues are not forgetting | and we
are not forgiving | you do not belong here | only
metaphors know this magic | mami knew it too | I can
still feel her tracing tongue drums | coquí magic | you
cannot tell a coquí to forget its song | drum | to be
callused | labored | tarred and tainted by broken
América | the trembles | tongue trabajos | trembling
in abuelas hand | thinning | and thicken | I can still feel
Borikén | drumming I feel it in my womb | tongue |
cracking open to remember its magic | song of coquí

Somos los hijos de un sacrificio
somos los hijos de un masacre
somos los hijos de un genocidio
damo la vida por Puerto Rico
como lo soñó Betances
this tongue will not apologize | for thinning English | thickening Spanish | because you do not belong here | you don't get to have us | we will not be silent | my mother sang me bomba lullabies | of native drums | tongues | and I know to use its magic | to crack open to remember | you do not belong here | you don't get to have us | my mother knew its magic | abuela knew song of coquí | we will not be silent | silent tongue | drum | to fit into America | you cannot tell a coqui to forget its song | to be silent tongue | its tongue tells us of blood | shed | callused tongue | torn | between two | this is not an apology | you do not belong here | only metaphors | drums of memory | womb tongue of magic | you cannot have this | you do not belong here telling | only tongue magic

En mis venas corre la sangre
Que una vez fue derramada
Por unas manos cobardes
Por unas manos armadas
Cualquiera invade lo ajeno
Cegado por el lucro y la avaricia
La religión de por medio
Y un mayor avance en tecnología
Pero lo que ellos no se esperaban
(No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no)
Era que nuestra raza taína
Se armara de valentía
Mostrara su rebeldía
Y defendiera su casa
Y es que aquí nunca fuimos mansos
Aquí nunca se fue dócil
En la actualidad se ven los rastros
No es historia olvidada
No somos un mero fósil
La muerte es la alegria del enemigo
Y por eso gozaron del exterminio
Sin darse cuenta de una cosa
Que aquí no hubo derrota
Todavía aquí estamos vivos
Somos los hijos de un sacrificio
Somos los hijos de una masacre
Somos los hijos del genocidio
Damos la vida por Puerto Rico
Como lo soñó Betances

you cannot tell a coqui to forget       to be silent tongue         it tells us of blood shed     tongue torn
between
only metaphors
you cannot have this
this is not an apology
you do not belong here
drums of memory
womb tongue of magic
you do not belong here telling
only tongue magic

Yerba Bruja – Los Pleneros de la Cresta

El Hijo de Boriken – Los Pleneros de la Cresta