

Urantia Ramirez


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 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 *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 América | this womb is still threading
drum and poem | from Brooklyn broken | to
Borikén magic | across santo waters

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
país libre y soberano
tradiciones nunca muere
yerba bruja aunque hiere
te comparo con un sol humano
el de aqui 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
yerba bruja nunca muere
y busca como vencer
asi 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 | 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
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



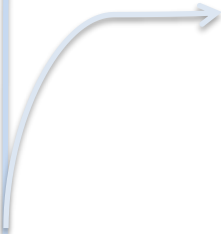
*Somos los hijos de un sacrificio
somos los hijos de un masacre
somos los hijos de un genocidio
damo la vida por Puerto Rico
como lo sueño Betances*

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 aqui 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 sueño 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 América | 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, 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 alegría 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
between

to be silent tongue

it tells us of blood shed

tongue torn

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

Yerba Bruja – Los Pleneros de la Cresta

El Hijo de Boriken – Los Pleneros de la Cresta