

A Red Star for Angel

Had I but a small clod of earth from the
paths tread by the evils of Lares and Jayuya,
Or a wisp of the martyred breaths
of Pachin abandoned,

Or the crystal of a single teardrop squeezed
from Mariana
in her maternal ordeals in captivity,
Or a bead from Lolita's rosary
polished by her prayers for the homeland,

Or the ray of sunlight that announced
another day to Oscar
in his cell on death row,
Or a hunger spasm
from the solitary confinement of Juan Antonio,
Or the pain turning to sores
on Don Pedro's extremities,

Or the martyred flesh and holocaust
of William Guillermo,
Or a single drop of blood
from Bolivar Marques' accusing finger,

Or the anonymous wails of a defiant heart
that travel on the airwaves we breathe,
I would make Angel,
joining them together
an enormous, triumphant red star.

Red as the burning blood of
your open and tortured brow.
A red Puerto Rican Star.
Independentist. Socialist.
Made to conform with your
valient, decisive words.

Consuelo Lee Corretjer