

deborah
magdalena
The poet

poetry samples to follow ...

QUE RICO!

©dmt 10-6-02

Que rico es ser Latino en los Estados

Unidos

I have a blue passport that I can use anytime,
anywhere

Y una cultura llena de rice & beans, Tito
Puente, denim overalls and McDonalds

I use *Mirtas* hair product on my *rizo* hair,
which is blonde and natural
I rub *Manteca de cocoa* all over my
curvaceous *cuervo*
Wear low rise Levi's with my very tight
Guayabera

I flip channels between *Don Fransisco* and
60 minutes
Whenever I feel sad I watch *Rikki Lake* or
Cristina
Realizing my life is better off than *Twana's*
DNA results *y el chisme entre la Marayah y*
Talia

When I watch *Nightly New* with *Tom*
Brokow – my voyeuristic ways turns me to
Telemundo's Al Rojo Vivo!

My cute little *Honda Civic* bumps and
humps from the deep base of *Busta Rhythms*
or *Elvis Crespo*

Whether I'm reading *Isabel Allende* or
Jackie Collins, *siempre me encanta fantasiar*
atrac de la vida de otras!

I hump to *Cheo Feliciano* love songs *y amo*
profundamente con *Barry White*
He ask me – *Te gusta mi amor?*
Yo le contesto –Papi, you feel so good
Quiero penetrar tu alma like a Native
Indian's feathered bow and arrow
I want to love you *con la gracia de un*
Dolphin
I want to do your laundry and *preparte un*
sancocho.
Quiero chuparte tus dedos, and wash your
feet, once I dismount *tu columbio de amor*

I want *paz para Vieques, paz en Washington,*
paz en Columbia, Paz en Isreal, paz para mi,
y paz para ti

Yo quiero justicia en mis barrios,
Justice enforced by my nigerized
government

I want to see the sunset in *Key West* and the
Sunrise in *Cuba*

Let's celebrate our *culturas*, our bastard
language *Spanglish*, our blue passport and
our *Reina – La Celia*

Please pass the chili pepper, *cilantro y*
adobo, because I intend to continue on
honoring my *Tania* blood as I devour my
Boricua history with a side order of *Elvis &*
Frank Sanatra, barbecue ribs, *pernir*,
macaroni & cheese, ending it with some
dulce de coco, y un cafecito with a hit of
grandpa's moonshine.

Ay!

Que rico es ser Latino in Estados Unidos

LUYOMBYA

Inspired by & dedicated to
Henry Hudson - Uganda
©dmt 6-16-04

I knew what joy felt like, but now I know
what joy looks like
I knew what love felt like, but now
I know what love looks like
I know what hope looks like
I know what bravery looks like
I never thought I'd see such beauty in
HIV

Your perfect white smile, perfect
cinnamon skin graced my personal
space as your spirit snatched my heart,
squeezed and sang waterfalls of
appreciation for my poetry.

You are the most beautiful angel I have
ever seen
Perhaps the first angel I've ever met in
the flesh
I recognized my mother in your eyes
Not the mother that birthed me, but the
mother that created the creation of all
creations.

Take me home was my reply to your
poetic compliments – take me to the
Pearl of Africa!
Just promise me running water for my
sweaty musk interrupts my creativity!

You laughed and church bells rang as
you promised me cascades of the Nile
River – What more running water do you
want? - you asked with open arms

LUYOMBYA

Beauty has never caused my lungs to
collapse the way your soul has – it was
so unexplainable to me

But I didn't care
I just wanted to make love to you

Make love with you – not sexual love
But – but a child discovering laughter for
the first time make love - Jack & Jill
rolling down the hill – make love, two
butterflies sun bathing while drinking a
flowers nectar - make love, lifetime
friends cackling together - make love, a
preacher baptizing a premature infant -
make love, a couple celebrating their 60
years anniversary by watching the
sunset for their last time - make love
Make love to life itself!
You are love!

My spiritual admiration went on for
hours before I even knew that you live
everyday with HIV –

Without flinching – still I wanted to make
love to HIV

Turning toward my creator's pulpit, in
prayer I wondered and inquired about
the beauty of HIV – was this a blessing
sent?

A holy lesson intended to be taught?
But we, the corrupt human traders
turned this beauty into a disease?
See, for the first time my social immune
systems, wasn't working, my prejudice
immune system wasn't working, my
hatred immune system failed.
My selfish Tcells were low.
There was no premeditated barrier
between me & you. No defense
mechanism between you & me.
Between me & mother Africa, Between
me & HIV

LUYOMBYA – you are my living
guardian angel!
You'll always be.
Thank you for showing me the beauty in
HIV

LA CELIA

©dmt 9-26-03

Si papa Dios queria azucar!
Now he has more soul than he ever
planned for

Because now his *Negra Que Tiene
Tumbao* joins him closely, piel canela
con piel canela

Papa Dios' heart, soul and rhythm which
He manifested to us in a mocha skin
temple, draped with long manicure unas,
flashy joyas, towering and colorful wigs,
and perfect wedge Ochun shoes with a
penetrating voice that tickles ones
psyche, is still making us laugh & dance
Making Him laugh and dance

His messenger of music taught us that
Sin Clave No Hay Son,
That women have the power and talent
to lead any orchestra that bleeds mambo
por toda la *Sonora Mantancera.*
That a woman can preach and dance her
truth through more than 70 biblical
albums while keeping her trumpet,
triumphant cabeza de algodón asking for
more each time she kisses him with her
Bemba Colora

La hija, la amiga, la prima, la mujer, la
esposa, la madrina – la Reina – La Celia
made Congo and Yemaya very proud
con cada despojo musical she step
danced with her exotic scarves.

She blessed and cleansed her sister
Mother Earth with every smile, wink,
pasito pal lado.
Wherever she went she created mucho
Burundango, cultivating *Yerba Buena*
para las proximas salseras.

She had the golden key to many cities...
many of which have her name

Her friendship and loyalty was as
diverse and powerful as the VHI-Divas,
Wyclef Jean, Los Fabulous Cadillac's,
Tito Puente, Pavarotti y Babalu Aye. –
Ache

Con Tremendo Cache, our icon, our
reina, paved the path for us to honor,
love and respect ourselves by
remembering that “la vida es un
carnival”

Through her *Corazon de Rumba*,
melodic laughter, hypnotic *Quimbara*
and her nostalgic *Guantanamera* she
taught us to be humble but very proud!

Gracias Madrina!
For your musical teaching and honesty
have penetrated us like the roots of a
ceiba tree.
Where the roots run deep, strong and
long.
As your angelic wings branch open to
calm us – we promise you we'll
celebrate our cultura, our bastard
language Spanglish – and you our reina
– *La Tierna Commoedora,*
Bamboleadora

La Celia

DEAR DADDY!

©dmt 7-11-03

Dear Daddy,

This is the second letter I write you and I just don't feel any better ...

I'm still your miracle baby

You've still been sober since the day I was born

You are my pianoman – still

Pianoman please explain to me my desperate need to be loved ...

Why does my skin get striped with tweezers, layer by layer, down to my bone each time I love?

Why is it that years of self help book, *despojós*, chanting session with my brother, 156 poems, countless bloody love letters, dozens of undeletable emails, sperm poisoned therapy sessions, and hundreds of empty hugs later I still feel and am profoundly lonely?

Daddy please explain to me why I keep attracting men into my life that always offer me the world, tell me I'm the one, "Oh my God Deborah I have never felt like this before" as they attempt to hold me closely ... intimately ...

Immediately ...

Eventually ... Suddenly ...

Without any notice, with a violent streak and a selfish "It's my world" attitude they disregard my inner light.

The very inner light just yesterday they were praising ...

Daddy please explain to me why I DON'T fall in love with the men that DO care for me, have paid for my blonde curls, spiritual dinners, aimless boat rides, doctors bills when I didn't have health insurance, made me chicken soup ...

And never once ... have they tasted me

Why is it that these silly little boys I fornicate with don't even have the ability to have such gestures

Why Daddy?

Why do I fall for them?

Why do I constantly serve my fragile heart on a platinum platter to those silly little boys that have no respect for me, my butterfly or understand the seriousness of a promise?

Daddy please help, tell me, I no longer want to hurt.

I no longer want to cry

I no longer want to make the same mistakes

I no longer want to taste his manliness without having his commitment

Daddy please help me to let go of your pacifier so I can heal

Daddy please teaches me to love and attract a responsible, loving man.

Remind me to forgive, the way I have forgiven your abandonment ...

Please, Daddy, compose a pretty ending to this long piano solo ...

Pianoman - teach me.

NEVER DID I THINK

dmt1-28-04

Never in a million years did I think you would shock my psyche!

Never did I think that you, with the perfect Carmel skin, long hands, perky smile and beautiful – lustful poetic mind would ignite shear horror and fear down my spine like an unexpected earthquake.

When you recited your twisted past and misfortune present, never did I think

When your uphill battle with life's lessons, career challenges and demands of raising 2 glorious angels in the light kept slapping your face, never did I think

During your bisexual confessions and increase of chronic habits hoping for a natural abortion of an unwanted child, never did I think

As you tried to somewhat stay focused as I confessed my desperate need of wanting to be his side when his brother nearly drowned in the pool of life. You finally confessed – sorry if I'm a little slow, I'm fucked up; I'm so high right now. I guzzled my wine not knowing which upset me more her confession or mine

When you worshiped my past, when you seemed to understand my Hollywood days, you never asked for an autograph, yet you reminded me that everyone else will regret not asking for it.

When you pitched my artistic story like the next HBO special, I was comforted in knowing someone appreciated and understood my struggles, never did I think

When you disappeared, without a trace, I simply blamed your new job and new man. You simply have too much on your plate now to take time to write my soul's memoirs

Never did I think

When that 3059140000 number flashed on my cell phone, never did I think it would be you

I heard your voice heard your name I just didn't recognize you, still, never did I think.

Your monolog soon started with an apology An apology for dropping my memoirs, an apology for calling me – but you have no one else to turn to

The moment I discovered your new hungry address was NW27th Ave Motel, I still didn't want to think

Eternally grateful to my family & friends that have housed and fed my dreams I could not turn away

With just enough cash to pay for one night and enough Puerto Rican soul food I embark on my humble mission

The dark tinted check in window, the hood rats carrying a mysterious TV from one room to another, the human vultures looking at me, the orange doors with painted numbers still didn't allow for me to think

It wasn't till you came into the car and hugged me that I smelled you I smelled your truth, your lies; I smelled your decaying soul My crying heart almost threw up, repulsed by the nicotine, old alcohol, bad weed smell! Your smell, The smell Their smell

Our smell, never did I think Looking at your frogged, blank eyes asking me for money after I paid for your room and brought you food frightened me. It was as if a misguided demon was asking me for directions.

How could I have never thought???

It took me a moment to get oriented enough to drive away!

Your smell, the smell penetrated my third eye making it cry
The night was cold, it didn't matter if I put the air on, lowered the window, the heater – nothing removed your smell – the smell

I couldn't drive fast enough, think fast enough, run fast enough
I was driving on NW95th Street as if I was desperately running from the war zone to my base camp. NorthEAST 95th St.
As I got closer to home, closer to base camp, I saw bigger Palm trees, cleaner bigger houses. Miami Shores never looked so beautiful to me.
I desperately wanted the smell to go away. I stock my head out hoping to smell cleaner air because I was in a cleaner neighborhood. But the smell was still there
No matter what I did I couldn't get rid of the smell.

I began to drive away from the smell
Knowing the only thing that could calm me was my mother breasts, my mother smell the faster I drove

Once home, I felt like a fish that was out of water – out of oxygen.
I perfectly fell on my mother antic bench and grabbed her smothering my face on her breasts as if it was my oxygen mask
My uncontrollable whales of thank yous for always providing shelter, love and support
My whales thanking my father for his sobriety squealed throughout the universe like a birthing dolphin!
That could have been me
That could have been my brother, that could have been my father

Slowly my mother scent washed away the stench from my psyche and her caresses reinforced my fortune

My sisters holy water numbed me and calms me

I vaguely met up with some friends and spend their corporate dollars with the grace of a mandarin.

Never once forgetting the scare that smell left on my heart

What does all of this say about me?
What does the fact that I ran away from most of my brothers and sisters reality into my sheltered life say about me?
This complex question perplexed me.

Doubting my self I called my producer, my recovered alcoholic father and asked for his guidance.

Like a loving drill sergeant, he drilled into me that I should walk away, not take any of her calls – turn around and run.

How could he say that?

Please Daddy tell me how I can **help** her – I want to **help** her – she deserves a chance to get better – I don't want to walk away I want to **help** her.

With Firmness, without a blink, with God's voice he said “ She called you asking for money, not asking you for your help.”

There's still no ending to this piece – since I'm still waiting for her to call