

Seis Poemas de Yvette Modestin

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Vibrating words

Many use the word; I love you, as a streaming faucet.

Yet, when we really need to say it to that person that fills our cup, to that friend that has been there through thick and thin, we hesitate and become overwhelmed with the question, do they feel the same?

I love you, te amo, te quiero mucho, te adoro, I adore you, is the most beautiful sounding song, to our heart and ears.

Say it when you really need to say it!

Say it when those are the only words that want to leave your tender lips!

I love you, te amo.

Say it when you hear from that friend who brings you to a landscape filled with joy.

Please don't say it when you don't mean it.

You know when that moment arrives.

It is when you have to rehearse it, when you have to plan it.

I reach to regain the true meaning of these vibrating words.

I reach to regain the strength,
The pulse taking results of being on the receiving end of it.

If I haven't said it to you in a long time, take this as my song to you.

A song with the natural rhythm of a sweet sounding bird,
I love you, te amo, te quiero mucho, te adoro, I adore you.

Dream for the youth of today

I Dream of the day where the word freedom means freedom of the mind,

Where we can be proud of our Abuela and swim in our African glow,

I Dream of standing before Martin Luther King, Ché, Rosa and my Mother and saying,

Thank you for your sacrifice!!

How do we expand our minds, speak our truth, be proud of being Black, Latino, Immigrant, del Pueblo.

Maya said to (Black) women, see if you have the appetite for power, acknowledge it, admit it, and then realize, you already have it.

Young women, stand up and take your place!!!!

Young men, claim your space!!!

I pray that you and my nephews will not be a statistic in America.

What's your dream?

Dream big, like the river that has no destination.

Dream bright like the rainbow.

I see you in me

as I kneel to the ancestors

to guide you as you build your garden.

May the sweetness and love of Oshún shine on you as you find your words

May the fire of Changó give you direction,

Dream on!

Do you see me?

Do you see me?

The “me” that embraces her full self.

You have no idea that I understand your words, ¿Quién es ella?

I acknowledge you

yet I am invisible in your eyes and mind.

You turn away to not be reminded of your roots.

What roots you say?

The roots that challenge your white privilege mind,

the roots that built the country that you stand and say, ¡Latino Presente!

The day you see me, is the day the chains will be removed from your mind.

On that day, you will embrace the Tío that the family disowned,

On that day, I will sit with you and say:

You hurt me but I forgive you,

and maybe, hopefully, on that day,

You will see me!

Wisdom and depth of the ocean

I surrender to you and ask for your guidance,
I swim in the depth of your womb,
Your salty waters clean my soul and wash away my pain.
I find peace in your presence and love in your color.
My mother's song serenades me as a float, "I will survive".
I swim in the direction you have chosen for me.
Where do I go from here?
It makes sense to my heart,
I pray that my mind see the connection.
You shower me with love of self and community,
as I reach to the sky to begin a new day, Alaafia...

Beautiful and Black (Your Picture)

Beautiful and Black (your picture)

You are Beautiful

You are Black

Your Beauty pulls me in

I hope you reached your mountain top and that you are well

The sun lands on your skin and your essence shines

My eyes cannot leave you,

Your smile speaks to me,

Your stare grabs me,

I know I have never touched you or heard you laugh but I know you,

I recognize your spirit.

It is the spirit of Mandinga, the strength and resiliency of the Congos.

You are Beautiful

You are Black

I want to introduce myself

My name is Yvette

But you can call me “Hermana”

Can we talk? What were you thinking as you stood in the sand
that grounded you in this blessed land?

How did you feel when you looked out into the waters
were our ancestors arrived in shackles
and freed themselves with the power within.

You are Beautiful

You are Black

You are gorgeous

Your hair, your plats, are the texture of a comforting blanket

Can I swim with you?

We can glide in the salt waters of Oshún and feel her sweetness all around us

I splash you, you splash me, and the joy will overtake the pain you have faced,

The pain carries the exclusion, the rejection, from this glorious land that our people
shaped with their bare hands.

We ask, where is this?

My response: everywhere and anywhere in Panamá

because our feet, our souls, have landed on all the shores of this beautiful Isthmus

You are Beautiful

You are Black

The white on your skin reminds me of the light we reach for

I believe in you

I want you to know that because that love, that belief, fuels me
as I take my first step on earth each morning.

You are Beautiful

You are Black

I want to sing with you,

Dance with you,

Play with you,

You are Beautiful

You are Black

I live for the moment that you step into my light like you did today

Beautiful and Black

This question keeps coming up for me...

This question keeps coming up for me.

Where is life taking me?

A simple response would be, to places I can feel, see and touch life.

The words simple and I don't necessarily match.

There is nothing simple about this life I am living.

I feel the pain of the world which leads me to write to you, share my reality with you so that we can both swim in this pain that feeds our movement.

I feel the love.

I feel the hate.

These two feelings can bring a smile to my face.

Love, it is the ultimate sense of living life.

Hate, well if you hate me it's because there is truth in my words,

I can live with that.

I see beauty in ways that allows our being to shine.

It is not your size, your height, your money.

It is that special light that shines within. That kind of beauty is blinding to a soul recognizing goodness.

Life touches me in the most profound way when you hug me with joy.

The touch of soft moist lips can wake up all of life's senses.

I want to land more often before you to feel the earth shaking.

The touch of a kiss filled with love, oh splendid!

Where is life taking me?

I am not afraid of the stops.

I am not afraid to feel, see or touch everything that was created by you my Queen.

I am afraid that when it ends you will forget to put me to rest where I see life in its greatest form, in the depth of this beautiful blue ocean.