Unbridled

This poem comes to you unfolded
like the parted wings of a
mariposa I hope you
one day take off
in these colors: blue, red, apple.

Without ever having known,
without any thought or practice,
without lesson or trial, one day
a chick leaves the nest—

and I want to say you have no fear,
but you have
a long fear
of never passing through the open gate,
of being tangled up in many ropes.

Because
people have been telling you to
    carry a machete
    and to not fall in love . . .
you have forgotten how the child goes:

    You must pretend
    there is no rope—
    the only chain you need
    is the spine on your back.

    And so flies the swallow,
whistling of the sea, fast and
wild over the mountain,
unbridled, cerulean, the blood
with freedom to fly and freedom to fall,
    you will know
    who you are —
    in the voice
    carrying wind —