

In Love

Vlada Teper

The theater in *Santiago de Cuba* opens its mouth—
long, wooden plank teeth
suck us in every morning.

We are not here to watch.
We are here to meld.

From inside, the world is a
gaping hole with trees.

From inside, we stretch
towards the ceiling,
move beyond our dimensions,
toward the infinite,
the intimate.

Willing our pelvises to move first,
we will our snake selves, our swan selves
into being.



We are Elegua,
the child God
holding the Guava stick, then,
swapping it for a
machete,
we knock obstacles out of the way.

Moving across the wooden planks,
pulsating forward,
we become rumba,
clean the floor and get vacunao-d,
the sweat making our bodies sparkle,
washing us over,

so that by the time we
hold hands in a circle during *rueda*,
we are swimming together,
through heat, desire, lust, war,
in love.

