



Flor y Canto **(Flower and Song)**

brother Daniel

It is the dry season.
Dry golden sheaves
resting on the ground,
and the horizon
glistened by the sun.
The avocado orchards
are in bloom!

We are in Cuernavaca
sheltered by the millennial supplications
sung at ancestral Xochicalco,
heard across the valley in Tetela.

These old prayers clothed in
multicolored plumes and threads
of conch shell,
rattles and drums
hover over the sacred offering
of this friendship of ours.

The dusty winds of "La Estación"
and the scorched dirt of "La Nopalera"
have witnessed out of season
a happy swarm
over the flowers of hope
blooming in the sisters' orchard.

I sit In this orchard,
across from "La Barranca"
Under the bright effulgence
of a joyful Eucalyptus tree.

In this place begins
the solemn procession of the ants,
in between the two choirs of birds
singing chants on the branches above.

I am birthing a psalm without words.
It oozes out of my flute,
in rainbow wings.
A rainbow that drips
the holy nectar
of a friendship rooted in God.

A psalm from the warm soil of Morelos
with the luster of iguanas and sugarcanes
under the shining sun
that warms our hearts too.

This is a humble psalm
of gratitude and praise
for the gift of our sisters love.
A love pure,
like the blossoms of the avocado trees.
And we brothers are the bees,
enjoying the honey
in beatific bliss!