

Isabel Viana

When Iemanjá Blesses Us

I wish Earth would flip on its axis this year,
pouring ocean into the red desert. Just for a change.
Just for me. I would craft a toy boat using your Popsicle sticks.
You wouldn't mind, I know. I would tell you about Iemanjá,
the queen of the oceans. She rises from the waves to receive perfumes, necklaces,
lipsticks. In return, she grants our wishes. I would tell you about dressing in white
when I was twice your age and half your joy. I walked down the sand
towards the waves, weaving a path around drummers, drunkards and dancers.
I put my wish in Iemanjá's boat one New Year's Eve on Copacabana beach,
just before the red, blue, gold, green, sparkly, loud fireworks exploded,
like machine guns for peace. I would tell you all that minus my wish,
because I don't know it anymore. Besides, I never gave Iemanjá anything,
so my wish never meant anything to her. You and I have new hopes.
Some we doubt will come true. I suspect you have one about family.
I have the one about seeing you everyday. We can still ask.
Maybe Iemanjá will like the flowers we'll give her. Maybe she'll let us on her boat.
We'll sail away and, for as long as Earth is upside down,
we'll have everything.