

# Here Is an Ear Hear

By Victor Hernández Cruz

*Is the ocean really inside seashells  
or is it all in your mind?*

—PICHON DE LA ONCE

Behold and soak like a sponge.  
I have discovered that the island of Puerto Rico  
is the ears of Saru-Saru, a poet reputed to have lived  
in Atlantis. On the day that the water kissed and  
embraced and filled all the holes of that giant  
missing link, this bard's curiosity was the greatest  
for he kept swimming and listening for causes.  
He picked up rocks before they sank and blew  
wind viciously into them. Finally he blew so hard  
into a rock that he busted his ear drums; angry,  
he recited poems as he tried turning into a bird  
to fly to green Brazil. His left ear opened up  
like a canal and a rock lodged in it. Rock attracts  
rock and many rocks attached to this rock. It got  
like a rocket. His ear stayed with it in a horizontal  
position. Finally after so many generations he got  
to hear what he most wanted: the sounds made by flowers  
as they stretched into the light. Behold, I have  
discovered that the island of Puerto Rico is the  
ears of Saru-Saru.

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