

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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