

Poetry Series

**Elaine Oxamendi Vicet**  
**- poems -**

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# Elaine Oxamendi Vicet(December 16)

## PROFILE

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet: a trained public relations practitioner with over fifteen (15) years experience in both Public Relations and Human Resources within the corporate and tourism sectors. I am a graduate of the University of the West Indies with Economics and History at the baccalaureate level and Communications in the masters' programme. I am a holder of a post-graduate diploma in Marketing from Florida International University, and I have several post graduate studies in human resources and training and development. I am currently registered for doctoral studies in psychology.

I am a former Newsline 6 commentator with Radio Jamaica Limited (RJR) and a contributor to the Sunday Outlook Magazine, Gleaner. I have been recognized internationally for my pursuits in poetry having been nominated as Poet of Merit by the International Poets Award Society, 1994 from the National Library Association, Washington, U.S.A.; I am also a recipient of several Festival of Merit Awards, 1996 in Jamaica.

I am a certified trainer for the National Training Vocational Education Training Centre (NCTVET) and a certified assessor for H.E.A.R.T. Additionally, I am affiliated to the Jamaica Customer Service Association in Jamaica and WILDE Foundation; a UK based Literary Arts Association. I have also published a CD of poetry entitled "Faice Inside Out" and I am currently conducting research for a public relations academic text for which I am the principal author. I am currently employed as an Assistant Professor at one of the university's here in Jamaica. I am married to Jose Carlos, a classically trained cellist.

# A We Dis- Self Determination

A We Dis

Self-Determination is Key!

.....Di key  
yuh si.....

Once yuh noo weh yuh a go  
An yuh know `ow yuh a go  
get deh'  
Once yuh noo wey yuh  
Waan

Den

Awl di su su su  
Awl di feeble attemp  
Fi  
Chattel, coral, coerse  
Wi  
Mus bruk dung  
Dun  
Dun  
Dun  
Cause  
Self determination  
is di key

suh  
nuh badda mek di  
dis `n' dat  
nuh badda mek di  
`ole s'tuation  
Badda yuh

Wi mus know  
Weh wi waan  
Wi mus determin di path

Wi mus wuk wid di system  
Am mek it wuk fi wi pass  
Wi mus look forward  
An  
Tek wi mind outta di pas  
Tek wi min outta  
Present condition

Cause dis yah scene  
Can laas  
Dis yah scene  
A jus a pause  
Pon fi mi determination chart

Suh  
Self  
Determination  
A fi mi key  
SEEN!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# A Woman's Security

Security?

In today's world we all want to be secure  
yet what is this thing called security?

Is it

security that keeps me free from terrorists

Is it security that keeps me safe from financial debt?

Is it security

that keeps my loving heart from being broken  
by a cheating heart?

Or is it a mind game that has physical pain-

this thing called

Security? !

I need it!

I want it!

I deserve it!

I want to be secure in love, finance, romance  
when I do my penance

I want security-emotional, family, friendship  
loving, kind peace of mind security!

And no I do not want it all!

I just want what has been promised.

So I simply play my part

as I play a big part in my own

Security!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Betwixt And Between

Have you ever wanted to be alone  
in a crowded room?

No one to miss you but notice you  
with pleasantries  
unreal and superficial  
Is this surreal?

Have you ever wanted to cry out aloud and die?  
I know, you ask, if I die..then how do i cry?  
Yet I know that when i cry and die - in the one place  
I am born in another.  
So I choose to die so that I can  
Be  
born in another!

Have you ever wanted to be alone with yourself,  
your thoughts, your very being..just being in the  
Be?  
in one room..one place..crowded though..  
with that one child, spouse, lover, friend, family...oh what am I saying..  
crowded with everyone...  
Have you ever just wanted to be..just being in the Be.? !  
although you live in a crowded space..maybe place..  
too much to savour but never to really taste.

Am I asking too much..is it an unreasonable request?

Aren't we intended to Be?  
Or is the intent-not really the intent?

My word!

Betwixt and between.

To be pertually in a place  
a mode  
a crossroads  
of betwixt and between!

Choose..must choose..

Just choose!

Selah!

Nomoreofthisbeinginbetween.

October 4 2009

9: 30am

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Bliss

Bliss

Let go and Let God.

A new beginning.

Affirmation:

Prosperity

Life Love

Creation of wealth.

Bonding

Cementing

Sharing, caring

Adding value

And meaning

Each moment

Each day.

Let go and let God.

Is beautiful.

To know that there is

Order

Control

Care

Careful planning

A win, win scenario.

What bliss.

Thanks to God.

Let go and Let God.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Capital City

Capital City

Two tree arch,  
Bending, reaching to touch the other,  
On the other side of the road.  
Trees that stand alone,  
On shack prone Industrial Spanish Town Road.  
Trees that are never watered out of love,  
Unless watered from above.  
So children scamper with dirty pails,  
Just to get a trickle to taste.

Children running,  
Playing, enjoying what they can.  
Many men hungry,  
They stare, sitting on street corners thinking,  
Of a better way.

One literate, reads and tells,  
Of the Government's plan for a brighter tomorrow.  
While big bellied boys  
Skip across the road.  
He continues to read,  
Of good news for the hopeful future.

Lower Kingston,  
Destination I reach.  
Matted haired men aimlessly walk  
From street to street.  
People move with one mind.  
Streams of them flow  
From side to side.

Handcarts provide the majority with transport.  
Buildings decayed in need of new support.  
Hardship shows on every face,  
Money-grabbing hands all over the place.  
Conspiring soul sit or stand.  
The streets of Kingston this I see,

Capital City,  
Of my beautiful land.  
Still the sun shines over smog, strung streets,  
A brighter tomorrow indeed.

Stoplights,  
Planted everywhere.  
Hinder, hopeful minds.  
Still they take it  
With feeble, toothless smiles.  
People – not streets – shouting, cussing, dirty, stinking streets.  
Sufferer's delight; the Government's plight.  
Jamaica my land; Kingston the capital city stands.  
Poverty stricken people,  
Don't understand.

Written by me 30 years ago.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Church

Church

Church must be relevant  
It must be practical  
And offer real time solutions.

Church is not about selling Jesus  
And just saving souls-BUT it is about GOD Business

God Business  
Listen.

The bible tells us that Jesus  
Walked, preached, healed, feed, listened and loved.  
Jesus was industrious and relevant.

Jesus did not see the sick and not offer a cure  
The hungry and not feed  
Jesus was a man who was  
Practical.

The church today  
Lock up church doors, except when is time for some  
Church, church related function.

The alarm is sounded for Saving Souls  
So we have,  
Crusades  
Prayer Mission  
Prayer Walk  
Prayer Talk

And then the organizers roll out in there  
Pajeros, Benz, Four wheeldrive and executive vehicles.

Nothing wrong with that  
But Church must be Relevant.

Why couldn't Church start a little people's bank, partnership with some of the

Collection?

Create a network among the members so that tangible benefits could be had  
So Brother Paul gets a call at home from Brother John.

“Blessing Brother Paul, says Brother John, I just signed a contract for  
Renovation, why don’t you do the flooring, so we both can eat a food.”  
Or start a skill center in the evening and those in the position at Church  
offer job experience.

But Church don’t run like that.  
Church not Relevant.

The elders, priests and brothers  
Still talking about Prayer Power. But they don’t plan to empower  
Anyone, even when they can.  
It is the church they would say, should care for the poor and those in need  
No matter how dem dress.

But me  
I am a brother, an elder, a priest I can’t do that.

You see some of the individuals on pulpit  
Just Not Relevant.

Poor people,  
People in need  
Those who don’t look it but need help  
Are already standing in faith  
Or else they would be dead  
Kill themselves  
Or Just go mad.

So you don’t need to talk about  
Prayer Power  
That’s all we have

That’s All we live on.

What we want is Practical Church  
Fellowship, help church.

Stop add on to the church

So a bigger space can lock up.

Church must be relevant  
If they are in the God business.

Jesus walked, preached, healed, feed, listened and loved  
Jesus was industrious.  
Jesus empowered.

What is the Church saying?  
Corporate and individual?

Soon people will ask  
If Church really relevant?

Since I can go into my closet and confess my sins  
And talk to my God  
Fellowship with some friends and eat a meal,  
That is communion.

So Church ask yourself  
Which business are you in?

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Dawn

Dawn

Clear and Crisp

Inhale....

A breath of fresh air.

Smell that sweet aroma

Of rain

Look at the earth

How it welcomes it

Some flowers how their heads

In adoration

Others lift their faces

In sweet praise.

The Glory of God

Is stupendous

His mercy knows no bounds.

How wonderful it is to be able to recognize

The Master.

How much more to Love Him-The Almighty.

All praises be unto Him!

..... The passage of time brings two words together

One in flesh, the other spirit

The two wrestle

And tousele

Life's journey a seemingly endless struggle....

The air is tight

The moment now

A body rises and makes its way

Feet move

Knees bowed

Numb to those

That are around  
Numb-yet knowing  
The moment is NOW!

Scenes flash of a past  
Present and only moments ago  
And pray not of a future  
Scenes of pleasure, lust, pain  
And joy  
Scenes of the flesh wrapped  
In praise.

Eyes closed she now visions  
Light  
Bright  
Brilliant  
Beautiful and  
Indescribable  
Eyes still closed  
She hears  
Music, melodious  
Harmonic  
Smile.

Now she feels  
Her body feels  
Her body floats  
She experiences  
The magnitude  
Of space  
Deep, engaging  
-float

Now fly  
Fly amidst  
Fly, fly, fly amidst  
The heavenlies.

Awesome beauty  
Awesome and liberating

The brothers had laid hands on her

She responded to the altar call  
Weighed down with sin  
She knew early that morning when she woke that something would be different  
today.

Many tears had fallen  
As shame and pride fell freely with  
Every drop  
Tears that cleanse and set free  
Free and stripped, unabashed laid bare  
Bowed as the brothers pray.

The Glory of God is Stupendous  
For he chose me  
A sinner to set Free!  
How wonderful it is to recognize  
The Master  
How much more to Love Him-The Almighty.

The prayer now over  
Hands removed  
I walk on clouds  
As the mist clears  
I see no face  
I recognize no one  
The people bowed beside me  
I cannot feel  
I am wrapped in God as he couches me  
As He embraces me  
Comforting and forgiving  
Liberated.

Scales removed I now see  
It really is as simple as A, B, C,  
A cknowledge  
B elieve  
C ommit

God's word  
No magic  
No trick  
No jest nor joke

Simple yet difficult

But we are not alone

All praises be unto HIM!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Dish Garden

Dish Garden

I think that perhaps many of us are like Dish Gardens.

Stop and think about it!

A dish garden is meant to be beautiful.

But beautiful for whom?

We place different types of plants into one confined space.

With the single net result-☐

Stunted Growth!

Let's look at it.

In our lives

In our relationships

Isn't it much like a Dish Garden – Bonsai or whatever!

We put so much, oftentimes too much into our relationship

Try to do too many things with our lives

And the net result – STUNTED GROWTH!

Over water

Over Love

Over Kill!

WE NEED TO GET IT!

Nature is not like a dish garden

Neither are we.

NATURE IS FREE

IT FLOWS

IT BLOSSOMS AND

GROWS MAGNIFICENTLY

And we all want magnificent lives!

So let's be more like the acorn.

Start with a simple concept

Master it

☐Nurture it

Care it

Love it

Watch it – watch us grow into OAK TREES

You know it has been said

“If you keep on doing what you have always done,  
then you’ll always get what you’ve always got”.

Let us affirm to be acorns.

With a magnificent future and magnificent lives.

And take ourselves out of the dish garden.

After all GOD intended man to stretch and grow

So I affirm that I am an acorn

Planted on fertile soil

Nurtured

Cared for

And Loved

Blossoming into my OAK TREE.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Emancipation

Emancipation

'Inside Out'

Emancipation what a novelty  
For those born in captivity

Emancipation  
Free, Free, Free at last  
Those who knew only shackles, chains and  
The crackling of a whip  
Abuse internal and external  
Women, men, boy, girl, child

Emancipation  
AHH!  
Today, those who fought gallantly  
Feverishly and unselfishly  
Sacrificing all even life  
Weep!

Weep!  
As the emancipated  
Are as the backra massas  
Of old  
Abusive  
Selfish  
Uncaring and greedy

Indiscipline is rife  
As one freedom at  
The expense of his  
Brothers right  
For freedom

A simple example  
Music  
The emancipated likes  
It loud

'the neighbours must know  
I have good taste in music'

While the child  
Screams next door  
The old lady shakes

The young woman  
With a migraine  
Dies quietly inside  
The young couple  
No peace  
Some switch off their radio  
Saving Mr. JPSCo whilst  
The neighbours are  
Abuse at the  
Expense of emancipation  
Turned inside out

An aggressor  
Walk slippers in hands  
And wraps  
Loudly at the gate

Abuses fly  
Tun dung di music  
Yuh nuh si people  
Waan rest

Abuses back and forth

Sirens scream  
As the concerned  
Neighbor calls for  
The 'militia'  
(Sigh)  
Unnecessary  
Trauma  
Unnecessary

Waste  
As officers who

Could otherwise  
Be engaged  
Rush to scene  
Of the  
Emancipated

Emancipation inside out  
It is simply amazing  
How our ancestors  
Fought  
With blood, sweat and  
Life  
And this is the thanks  
They get

Gratitude 'inside out'  
We celebrate

No physical shackles  
No physical chains  
No physical whips  
Crackling

YET  
We live behind bars  
We are constrained by  
The times and  
Don't you be late!  
Yes  
Whips still crack  
Chains everywhere  
Shackles hmm!  
Nothing more  
Needs be  
Said!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Free

Free

Today I saw a bird fly by  
And I longed to be free  
To fly  
To let go with no cares or fancies  
Just being free.

Today, I heard the screeching of an owl,  
As a child I would fear.  
Now – I fear not but admire the  
Beauty the keen sense  
The knowing and yet amidst the etched  
Determination – a care free,  
Natural flight.  
Can I someday – fly – free and natural?  
I want to fly free and natural!  
Just free –

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# God On Auto Pilot?

I think it sometimes hard to listen to the message; 'Keep the faith, God loves you! '

Don't get me wrong I know it is true.

Yet I wonder when I look around on all that is happening and with all that seems to be going wrong..has God gone on autopilot?

Has God just said I have had enough; these people in the main, just don't understand. Or does He say;  
They want power, let them have it.

And now..look at the mess we have made.

Everyone scrambling, no on organising to make things right, those who try to do right end up doing wrong as they have to please those with the power!

I just don't get!

Is it possible that God could have gone on auto pilot?

My belief deep down says no, it is a test of faith.  
And then here I am back to the beginning.

Selah!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Good Night My Brother

Good Night My Brother

Good Night my dear brother.  
It seems that is all I can say  
as today you close your eyes on this, now fated day.  
My mother she shed a tear and asked us all simply to pray.

We hear her heart breaking  
Cracking as she... shuffles.  
She moves quietly in her room.  
The house is still lit, she doesn't want any gloom.

She ponders to herself we are sure; of what is to come.  
The children left behind, still wondering on the moment.  
One minute he was there and the next he is gone.  
Confused by it all...the children...Oh the children! ...oh what is to done?  
The police have now come and gone  
as dear brother he passed away at home  
lying on his bed, no movement.. no...no breathing in his room.

Good night my dear brother  
Those cigarettes  
They did you in.  
We spoke but some weeks ago  
you lamented then, that that may be the way you will go!  
Those accursed things took my father too...you knew this then and here we are  
Five years later and back again.

Good night my dear brother  
It seems that is all I can say  
I love you dearly  
You knew that...I love you beyond the grave.  
I know God now keeps you  
I know that you accepted him  
I believe God keeps you,  
So good night my brother dear, our journey has not come to an end.

Your sister. For my brother Val.  
Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

11: 03pm

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# In Honour Of Poets

I write  
You read!

I write you  
You think  
You feel  
You read.

I think  
I feel  
I connect  
I write,  
you read.

I write  
I intercede  
Interface  
You read.

You read that which I write.  
You read  
You feel my words as they take hold and root into  
your very being.  
You feel...  
You ponder on words  
wonder.....fully written  
strung on an imaginery string that  
causes the heart to beat into soul's case, rocks the mind space  
resonate in spirit filled with...  
the words of the poet's write.

I write, you read!  
You feel, you think, you...you...  
Exit the old you...  
You..you...you..yes..inside you...

I write  
You read  
I touch you

as you read!

Life changes each moment with what, the poet pens.

A Tribute to all poets as well commemorate Poets Month in April 2009.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# In Puerto Rico

Soft waters lapping the shores  
souls sitting  
minds moulded  
hearts together

Quietly speaks the one voice  
Quietly speaks, as hearts respond.

Passersby  
Birds fly  
A swimmer in the distance  
Activity everywhere  
Yet a still quiet moment is shared.

Little talk  
spontaneous little nothing laughs  
Arms circle  
Comfort, warmth, abundance of care.

Dusk falls  
the afternoon now spent  
Skies grow grey  
the waves edge closer  
Less activity everywhere.

Hearts still pound.  
Arms still circle.  
Comfort, warmth, abundance of care.

Gentle pounding  
beats the tempo of love.

Rise, its time to go.  
Night now falls  
the evening now spent.

Souls move  
minds moulded  
hearts together

care and love is there.  
Arms circle  
heads gently touch  
hands hold  
as feet move.  
Love and care is there!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Inside And Out

Inside and Out

Outside is cool and patient blows  
The wind as it whispers goes.

Outside is neither black or white  
No colour  
The hue is light

Outside is mellow,  
Soft and kind  
Mild and wild.

Outside is peace,  
Yet raging slow  
A storm it brews  
Yet tranquil grows.

A still soft voice  
Seated deep within,  
Life unfolds  
It's mystery still.

Outside is quiet  
Feel it  
Touch it as it passes by.  
See it, if you dare.  
Your third eye alone can share.  
The mystic thoughts as the shadows stare and  
Ponder on what is  
As life moves slowly wondering by.

Feel it.

The secret dark  
And rooted firm

See the light,  
It is ultra violet not white.

Outside is mixed  
Perplexed and pure.  
Pure not rich,  
Wealthy.  
Rich is colour, birth and gifts.  
Precious jewels,  
The moment lives.

Outside is alive  
With red, yellow and blue.

Mist and rain  
Heavy snow,  
Outside everything glows.

See it.

Outside is beautiful.

Feel it.

Outside is natural.  
Be apart of it.

Outside is you, inside out.  
Outside is pure,

Live it.

Outside reaches deep within, touching fibres, being and then .....  
Still.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Inspired

It is today in my world and yet tomorrow in yours  
and yesterday in others.  
And yet for all of us it is still today.

Transformed by life as we allow it!  
Wouldn't we all want to know tomorrow today  
and tell those in yesterday what is happening  
in their tomorrow as we are in the today?

Life and the passage of time, how often do we reflect and connect  
with those in our space yet living in different time zones.

Time zones.  
Greenwich, EST, DST, Central.  
What does it matter we simply need to connect?

Time zones.  
Some of us know war as peace,  
Some of us know peace masquerading, yet it is war,  
Some of us just don't know!  
What would we do if we could see tomorrow from today?

And yet those who are already in our tomorrow  
are still in their today so...  
we are still wondering on, what will it be tomorrow as we are  
caught in our respective time zones?

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Life Created Equal

Life Created Equal

All persons have the ability to-do.

But not everyone has the will to become

What does one mean by that?

The will to become takes

Energy

Tenacity

Courage

Engagement

Fight-conflict

Drive

Success

All the familiar words to become

But many instead

Watch, wait, complain, placate

And be.... A part of the system, situation, crowd

Net-mass.

You want to-stand-to stand out

Stand up

Stand tall

Stand right

To become

Not be

But BECOME

That person the inner being was intended to be

Because not being

In the state of becoming

Is simply being in the state of the one to

Follow, to sometimes lead

Other beings

But not really living the

Real meaning of your

Purpose reality.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Long Time

It has been a long time since  
my pen touched paper.  
A long time since I allowed the words to flow,  
through my being  
to resonate  
and echo through  
the sketches of my pen.

It has been a long time  
that I have allowed the connection...  
to connect..  
been too busy in the disconnect..  
that is superficial  
just not real.

It has been a long time  
sometimes I am caught in the  
betwixt and the between  
unsure of what is real?

October 4 2009  
9: 34am

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Mother Dearest

For Shaunna Kay, one of my students who lost her Mom...

Mother Dearest

How we miss you and we often weep.  
Although we know that your arms embrace  
us whenever we sleep.

Sleep, you are asleep now  
and though your earthly journey is over.  
We know God has you on some heavenly mission  
That must somehow stretch across and through  
and here touch the life of someone and thus, renew.

I bet you He sends you  
to that lonely boy or girl in a hospice to keep.

I bet you He sends you to hold their hands  
and take them over to the Promised land.

I bet you, He knows,  
As this was always His plan.

Life on this planet,  
This earthly plane  
Has simply not been the same;  
Since that time when we had those talks, walks or  
just those special looks that we used to share.  
Life on this planet, earthly plane has simply  
Mother Dearest not been the same.

But I bet, He knows that we will meet again.  
I bet He knows that we will pull through.  
I bet, He knows for He has ordered it to be so!  
I just bet you;  
For I know He knows!

So goodnight Mother Dearest  
Til we meet again;

For our time of meeting we know not how or when  
But I bet He knows  
So we know that this is not the end.

March 6 2009,2: 45pm

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Musician

The Musician

You have got to hear it  
When you write  
When the words come and flow  
Ebb and flow .....

You have to feel it  
When the rhythm  
Vibrates and hands shake  
Fingers resonate on ivory  
Or string that strum  
Or tu-tu-tums on a drum.

You have got to know  
As you feel, see, believe  
That souls grow  
As musical notes transcend  
Hearts soar  
Eyes open  
As ears comply  
Music is art on canvas  
Poetry in motion with words  
Dance with rhythm  
And survive

Music is math inverted  
On it's head  
Your head turns

Music is .....  
The musician is .....  
Oh what is all this talk about?  
.....Let us just fly.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Pagarme

Pagarme

Why do you treat me as if  
I am a refugee?  
I come from a land where  
A man cannot take a stand!  
And to pagar – is in gracias  
People comprar- in pesos.  
That is why so many have to flee.

So now I am come to the land of the free.  
I flew here, I did not come through the sea.

Please pagarme- in dinero  
So that I can comprar – in dollars  
And stop treating me  
As if I am a refugee!  
Because man- I am Free!

Todo dias  
Ayudame porfavor - porque?  
Don't call me to help if you don't plan to pay! !

I write because I am tired  
Vexed in my spirit  
For years of oppression and torture  
Many have had to share,  
And yes, I know it is not your burden to bare.

But  
anything that resembles it  
I must in my spirit reject it!

So por favour  
Pagarme- in dinero  
So that I can comprar – in dollars.  
You see man  
I  
Am

FREE!

March 7 2009- 1: 55pm

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Poetry

Poetry

Poetry is an expression from within.

It cannot be forced but rather must flow naturally.

Poetry is a talent.

Poetry is understanding.

Poetry is to Be.

It must be triggered from emotional tangles or  
Environmental changes that effect the poet.

Poetry is a language that expresses  
What the poet sees, feels, and knows.

Poetry is a gift that cannot be inherited.

Poetry is as rustic as Love.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Purpose

Purpose

My husband could play no other instrument

But the cello.

His melancholic soul

His distressed spirit

His mystical and curious child like eyes

Shine deep and clear

As he looks

Looks through the light,

The levels of time.

Silent moments of abandon, abandon.

The moments of ease knowing the outcome.

The moment of fear as the panic of human tenacity clings  
to the life that merits only when it is let go.

My husband, melancholic but a spiritual spirit.

Could play no other instrument

But the cello

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Rebound 2009

REBOUND 2009

The greatness of a particular country lies not  
In its topography or geography  
Neither in the culture as that could be scant when you look  
In the rear view.

But rather it rests in its people.  
People, we must believe in the REBOUND!

We go down,  
We pull ourselves up...  
□by our bootstraps.  
We kneel not always in prayer...  
▣ut, in submission to a greater power being.  
The greatness that resides in us!  
We need an attitude to success that is uncanny,

Unwavering!  
Uncharted!  
And defies the unthinkable!

To say we cannot; is to be stricken from our lives, minds, hearts and soul-spirit  
Rather say,  
We will!  
We Shall!  
And OVERCOME follows right on the heels.

With this belief comes commitment  
To be better,  
To be better means that we will innovate...  
...new ways to achieve.  
So we believe;  
then we are convicted  
...to our goal  
...remain focused  
...redirect  
...then there is the  
Connect!

REBOUND!

There is greatness in all of us.

REBOUND!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet 9: 05am, April 19,2009

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Rue De Paris

Rue de Paris  
Tres Miserables!  
Los minutos expuestos por un solo minuto.  
Porque?

It is a moment in time  
An instant in time  
Which leads many to ponder.

It is but a moment in time that counts  
These precious  
Seconds, seconds  
Of life.

Rue de Paris  
People running  
People moving in masses  
Elevator doors open and close  
Releasing the embryos.

Rue de Paris  
I envy those who  
Just move  
Not to the beat of the .....  
Just move.

Tres bien.  
Tres bien  
Es magnifique.

In the end  
Todo bien, Esta bien.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Sometimes I Wonder Why?

Unrequited Love

Sometimes I wonder why I go on loving you  
This way...  
Words of a song that is a recurring decimal to me.  
On my return from an extended visit I became ill

The cure was lie with my parents  
74 & 75  
To feel secure and comfortable.

This is gnawing feeling  
To be secure and comfortable.

To know that someone cares for me the way I do  
At 32 up to 74 and more.

Why do I go on feeling this way? ....

The embrace of an arm at night  
The warmth that emanates from glances  
The gentle touches as hands brush when we pass.  
The silence shared  
The bickering  
The share power of communicating.

Still I wonder why, I go on loving you this way.

Each day another test  
Each day another life time moment lost.  
Each day life grows shorter  
Each day I long for this lover.

My throat/chokes  
My eyes swell  
I am full  
Little streams flow

Once again

When will this be over?  
I want 32 to 74 and more.

The beauty I see  
I witness  
Between 74,75  
Love between my parents is better than .....(sign)

I don't really wonder why I go on feeling this way  
It's love.

But is it UNREQUITED LOVE?

It's like a recurring decimal  
I fall between the cracks  
Just another sad song  
Drinking up the night in a lonely room  
So the songwriter says

I say  
ENOUGH

I Want More  
We deserve to grow old together

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Strong Black Man

Strong Man Black

I wonder if the black man understands that  
He is not  
A White man, A Jewish man, An Indian man  
Or a Chinese man  
That is he is  
A black man

I wonder if the black man  
Understands the power of him being  
A black man

It is the denigration of the black man  
by the whomever  
That makes the black man think that  
Black is bad  
And a black man is a  
Bad man.

You are strong, you have power, ingenuity and creativity.  
It is all about consciousness and righteousness  
Look at the modern day philosophers  
Malcolm X  
Martin Luther King  
Bob Marley  
Marcus Garvey  
George Rodney  
Louis Marriott  
Derek Walcott  
Big Powerful Black Man.

Take care,  
Keep the vision  
Begin with the end in mind  
You big black strong man  
Your women love you  
Are proud of you and  
Recognize that together we hold the future –

Of the black nation, the black race,  
The black nation,  
The black way of thinking.

So be  
Strong  
Proud to be Black  
But first  
Be man

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# The Burden Bearer

The Burden Bearer

I cry alone

Who hears my fears

Who knows my concern?

Who cares about me?

The Burden bearer

That's who I am

But who is there for me?

Have you ever wanted to scream,

Run away,

Die-even?

Death oh sweet

Melodious, that sounds

Suicidal – maybe for some

But a brave thing indeed.

Sweet melodious

Could –

Not warmth

Just COLD.

Isn't life a lot like

DEATH

Could and lonely.

The one to a box theory – indeed.

It seems that when you

Need someone

That's when they are never there

What is a life

Without love

This great love

That we speak of.

Those three precious little words  
Who cares?

Spoken  
Empty  
Dark and Cold  
A melancholy  
No'  
Just life for some

Let us stop and reflect  
For one moment.

.....Is your life all that  
You want it to be?  
Is your love always reciprocated?  
Is this the love you know?  
The love you have settled for?

Or is it  
LOVE?

Love that shakes and  
Empowers and gives freely  
Of energy, wealth,  
Warmth and even folly.

Is this love that we all  
Know?

For many NO!

So what then is life  
for most?  
Without this thing  
That the good book speak of  
What is Life –  
With less than that  
Fulfilling love?

Like Death!

Somber – chilling

~~Yes~~ I know!

But that is how I feel.

~~My~~ life, like Death.

Who is my burden bearer?

Silence.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# The Dance Of Lights

I watched the circles move from a mysterious source  
on yellow painted walls.

I turned to see what could cause this dance of lights and  
noticed it was the sunlight peeping through the leaves of the orange tree that  
near towered over my window.

I smiled and watched as the circles flickered and danced.

Please keep dancing don't stop; I thought!

The light was persistent as if in answer to my wish,  
and created more images on that yellow painted wall.

I smiled even wider!

I moved my eyes as if for the first time across my room and noticed  
that chandeliers of lights had formed all over my bed and my room.

Reflecting I wondered as I asked myself;

'I wonder how many little things I allow to go unnoticed.'

Dance lights,

Please don't stop!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# The Prostitute In The Making

Tyres screech  
as the sliver grey car  
engage,  
ground to a halt  
reverse to view  
approve; as if in awe  
pause and watch  
as red beams of light dance and shimmer  
on steaming hot black asphalt roads.

It is not her fault,  
that she had tyres screech and stop.  
She was wearing red hot, short, short, shorts.  
It was a Spring hot Summer day.

It is not her fault  
the light cotton blouse  
dance and responded to the breeze  
that blew, puff and fluff.

It is not her fault.  
It was a Spring hot Summer day.

Hungry eyes look  
As hand moves to shade from the glare of those  
red hot beams that emanate around  
on steaming hot black asphalt streets.

It is not her fault  
that they gawked and stared  
as round mounds filled and fashioned  
imprints on red hot short, short, shorts.

It is not her fault  
that the gentle breeze dance  
between those hand sized cups  
that conspire thoughts that  
one could sip, savour and sup.

Curious eyes with longing stares follow her  
As anticipating lips part and ask  
A raspy voice breaks "Excuse me please, a moment of your time."

Could they be lost?  
Could they have missed their spot, she thought?  
Red hot short, short, shorts stopped.

Whispering as he leans his head out he says,  
"I'll give you \$500.00; No, \$1000.00, if come in my ride,  
I'll give you \$2,000.00 if you share my ride."

It was Hot Spring Summer Day on steaming black asphalt streets.

It is not her fault that they stopped.  
It is not her fault the wind danced and provoked that way.  
It is not her fault!  
She pondered on what she might say.

It is not her fault that there is a global recession.  
It is not her fault that jobs were lost.  
It is not her fault that the world seems to have astray.  
It is not her fault many have fallen to moral decay.

It is simply not her fault!

Thursday March 5 2009  
10: 00am

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# The Quest

The Quest

I remember struggling to wake  
From a dream and saying  
- I am a child of God.

I AM A CHILD OF GOD!

What does that mean?  
That I have a DSS to God?

That he is there for me?  
He never fails.

Though I fail him.

What kind of God is this?  
Benevolent –  
Always for giving – giving  
God!

God the good God!

God – Jehovah the Provider  
The God who permits all!

All the suffering

Pain

Misery

Suicide –

Rape

Murder

Theft

Fraud

Abuse

Chaos

Annihilation

Depression

Mistrust

Vanity

Shame

The list is endless.

A God who permits all –

Even free will.

Wee have a choice.

I choose God.

Does my life change?

My conscience is more awake.

-In fact I would day very alert.

I know when I sin and I repeat

And even refrain or accurately make a

Valiant effort to refrain.

Forgiveness and love

His message –

His lesson

This walk.

FATHER LORD –

Remember in all of this

There is me!

Frail, human being –

With live physical needs.

Who is my burden bearer?

FATHER LORD IS HE.

Is it enough?

RESOLVE!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# The Unforgettable Dream

The Unforgettable Dream

It was dark.  
It felt the stillness of the room.  
Out of the window shone a full moon.  
I felt your warm body next to mine.  
I shuddered.

I ran my hand over your body.  
It was soft to my touch.  
I held you close to my chest.  
You responded with a delicate touch.

I lounged and allowed my mind to stray.  
You moved closer to me.  
I felt all your hairs move wildly across my chest.  
I relaxed even more.  
The slow moving music played on .....

I woke to find the cat sound asleep by my side.  
My night-time lover was only in my mind.  
The cat cuddled closer to me.

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Upliftment

Upliftment

I would like to awaken  
The black minds to  
A new revolutionary  
Internal way of thinking.

I would want them to vibrate  
And shake with international philosophies  
Of the son of the soil  
preachings and teachings.

I want the blocked minds  
To open to a consciousness  
Awakening to the  
Natural vision and see their  
Creative destiny.

I want a spiritual  
Rude upliftment  
Drag up Righteous  
Conscious, self-start  
I, Me, You  
Together, oneness  
Kind of thinking.

I want the black/blocked minds  
To open eyes and see  
The who I am and not  
The am that they say I am.

I want the I am  
To understand the  
Purpose of the  
I In the fulfillment of the  
Am!

And say- Yes Man'  
The righteousness has come forth  
To the consciousness of

The sub-conscious that  
Always knew the,  
who I am.

I want the little man to know  
That he is a son of the soil man  
With a potential that is limited only by  
The who I am  
Not  
By the, who they say I am.

It was one little Nazarene Man  
A son of the soil man  
Who revolutionized the world  
With a message that still lives on.

Black/blocked minds  
Need to awaken to the  
Who I am and  
Forget the who they say I am.  
Selah!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# What Once Was

Sadness rests where once joy  
And happiness reigned.  
Spontaneous, warm and tender Love,  
Now replaced by mechanical routine motions of love.

Once a touch could trigger a blaze.  
Now one touch won't even create a spark.  
Love, such a beautifully and wonderful love,  
Now lost deep within the pages of my heart.

At first, on sight my heart would pound,  
These past days I greet him with a frown.

The welcome,  
Those unforgettable moments when all passions  
Were unleashed.  
When all of one's all was all that was given,  
To make a moment beautiful.  
These past days one's all is not enough.

Too many careless things said,  
Too many unforgivable things done.  
Too close  
Too intimate a bond formed.  
Too much given and so much taken for granted.

What ever happened to our love that once was?  
What ever happened to those warm, genuine feelings  
Shared even in the absence of the partner?

Now far removed and gone so far away.  
Those days of what once was!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# What's In A Name

What's in a Name

What's in a Name?

I just want to know that.

It seems from before you are born,

People are thinking,

Of what should I call him or her?

Usually they think of him not her.

But what's in a name?

A name is but for placement

-like a number or an ID card.

It really has no position

In a spiritual world.

Or for the soul or its laws.

The name is but one other

Thing that man has defined

And sought to qualify

To class, caste and pit

His brethren, against himself.

To uplift the self

To confuse

The name; ve

And impress his

Man being.

I tell you-

This,

What's in a name?

But a Name!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Who Is A Mother

Who is a Mother?

A mother is someone  
soft and kind

Firm not harsh

Someone who is always  
willing to give a listening ear.

Someone we cherish each  
and everyday

Mothers are rare like  
precious gems

Many have children  
but few mother them.

Mothers unique

World around  
Mother this day  
celebrations abound.

Mother who dare goes by that name?  
Only them that know, to nurture,  
Care and understand.

Mothers near and far stand tall  
Be you Aunt, Grandma or Mother dear

Mother – who is Mother here?

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet

# Wings

I pray our work find wings and whisper its sentiment  
in the ears of those; those who need to hear.

I pray our work find wings and it will transcend language, culture, creed and be  
as the breath that we inhale and exhale.

I pray our work finds wings and we meditate and contemplate on the moments  
and float to lands and places we have never been.

I pray our work finds wings and whispers in the ears, hearts, breath, life, spirit  
being of every being.

And compels the brain to think as human and not as  
machine transporting the soul, spirit being.

But rather spirit being, with a soul that is carried by a body and moves to the  
whispers as etched and carried through our works  
guided by our pen.

I pray our works find wings... let us now start to whisper.

I hear it, you hear, we feel it!

Let us whisper, then hum and vibrate so that our work will have wings!

So that those who need to hear it will!

Elaine Oxamendi Vicet