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Incantation of the Nine Words

Donny Limber Brito May

Incantation of the Nine Words is an original poem by Donny Limber Brito May. This poem in Yucatec Maya and in Spanish also appears in this issue of *Maya America*.

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My grandfather's word

Sunlight disappears
behind the mountains,
the chirps begin
of the crickets in the bowels of the sacred tree.
I listen attentively
the lament of Mother Selva.
Swirling around me
the wind of the cardinal points next to your voice
that names my gods.

..

My Father's Word

I am so alone here
with the strength of my thoughts
that emerge from this blessed stone.
I bring you some sacred honey water
to moisten your lips that one day healed my silences
here I will leave the jicarita
before the grand path
from the shade of the sacred tree
to meet again in each of the heavens
that reunites us in the radiance of the gaze.

...

The Word of Heaven

I will bless

the footprints of our ancestors

where they walked

with bare feet.

Because on this virgin night

they will transit through the four horizons of mother earth

and the blue sky will sing not to stop naming them.

....

The Word of My Soul

In the great sunset

we can see each other for a moment.

When the sun stains the mantle of the sky

with the blood of mother ceiba,

time will run in our veins,

we can't think it's too late

because night and day continue to be a cycle in our lives.

Grandmother jícara, we both know that wisdom is written

at the corners of the great pyramid.

Fireflies will announce everything to the four heavens

and because they will shine like the stars in the firmament

of my deep eyes.

The word of the pyramid

Let's march after
the flourishing of life
where the Sibche' resounds joyfully,
where you find the great fire of the pyramids,
where you find the door of the sacred tree,
where there is fruit of the venerable tree of the deer,
where there is desire for the sacred drink of the Maya
and where the great jaguar leaves its footprint.

Let us begin
the ancient song of the bloodline.
Let's speak to your brothers
in this sacred primeval light.

The words come fluttering,
the thoughts, the prayers of Mother Ceiba,
the message of the primeval fire
and today ashes will remain
in the hands of the foliate cross.

I lock up all the words
as they must contain the misery of life.
Let's prepare and try some pozole
to appease hunger in the belly of the mountain,
for on this night, the animals will come
to eat of the fruits of the venerable tree of the deer
that is why we must tackle the rifle-cannon from the enramada.

Let us march after the search for balance,
after the sunset of your gaze,
let us remain under the shadow of heaven,
under the origin of the light of the turtle star,
on the path of the small iguana,
because when midnight arrives
all the stars will awaken,
trembling with cold in the branches of the trees
and at the point of the Sibche'.

Let's close our eyes to say goodbye to twilight
but don't let sleep subdue you
in the hands of the cross of heaven.
Remember, we have to get there again
to the womb of the sacred ceiba tree of our life

and of our death.

We will reach where the sky is reborn
to offer our resurrection to Junab k'uj,
to the pyramids,
to the four winds of heaven,
to the guardians of the world
and to the Lord of the six heavens,
because it is known that he planted
the three stones of our home
in the silence of eternal light.

That is why, when they put heaven to sleep,
a child was born in the bowels of the hearth,
transformed into a blue hummingbird before your moonlight gaze.

-·-

The word of the ceiba tree

It has been hours that these twins
play alongside the silence of my womb,
running back and forth.

Suddenly, I see them depart.
in the crossing of the wind of the East
painted red as the lunar eclipse of your dreams,
and only when
I realize
there are already the two
by the path of the wind of the West
speckled in black like the jaguar of your nights.

Barely
to make sleepy the pigeon,
she says to me:
here they go!

road to the North wind with its plumes
of white feathers like the clouds of your nine mountains!

Sometimes

It is much
the happiness of those
who prefer to go jumping and playing
until reaching the path of the South wind
to paint the yellow flowers
smelling of honey.

And while counting the hours
of night and day before the peaceful gaze of the moon and the sun,
they return dancing in the Green Center of my universe
eternally nursed by your endless words.

—•—

The word of mother moon

Awake among your dreams
to contemplate the children's play
in the sacred tree of our life.

I feel a
immense joy to see them play
under the light
of my eyes
and in the dark
of my hands.

Because today,
Begins
The dance of the cosmos.
This is the creation of mother earth
in the solar plexus of heaven.

The day will come

to measure in quarters
the light that touches our skin,
I'm going to reincarnate
in the spell of your words,
in the solitude of the earth
and in the look that caresses
my children's play,
because I am the eternal mother moon.

—••—

The word of the bird

With this song I conjure the voice
that fills your universe with signs,
everything is named and everything is announced
when I intone the sounds that babble in your ears.
Everything is said in the name that names everything,
because as they say
my little children
with their songs
we will spur our death
and we will be resurrected
on the foliated cross of my universe.

The voice
of our grandparents' ewers
echo in my memory
like the prayers of a jmeen
that fill your hands with poetry.

This is the word of our death
and resurrection in the heart of the Creator.

—♦♦♦—

My mother's word

It is you son,
the incantation of our word that descends silent
among the voices of this night more eternal than the moon and the sun.

From today I say to you,
you are the voice that becomes
the walking light of the gods.

We will eclipse each other
in the fabrics of night and day,
until we become the primeval jadeite
that sings to its ancestors
in the beginning of that grandfather Sástún.

We are the death
and the resurrection of the symphony of the universe

that plays our infinite universe.

Now that I look into your eyes

painted like a macaw,

I say to you that I am the woman poetry

that is engendered among the children of your hand, son.

Light up with the light of your voice

the celestial navel of galaxies

and let yourself be carried away by the nine spirals

of this last spell of words

travels now in the center of your universe, my son of the sun.