



Day of the Dead

Message in Colors

Lit candles. Faces. Memories
and an entrance that's a rainbow: protection for the place of rest and meditation.

Necklaces. Zempasuchitl, pre-Hispanic links, songs,
paper medals, flames talking to the wind
the diverse language departed.

It is the prime time of the celebration
or death's thread, threaded
through time's needle.

It is the decomposition of matter, transformed into art.

It is the final curtain awoken from death in Ocotepc.

Yes. An eternal dream of uncorrupt flowers and of
gibberish.

It is death's lament, fading away

and it is also the respect made a tribute.

Who could have imagined so much beauty on a tomb?

Mole. Glass of water. Copal. Salt. Prayers.

Firecrackers. Fruits. Bread. Music.

Corridos. Bolas. Romantic songs.

History, praised. Creativity, expressed
in its most raw form...

And it is the color purple, elegies in white, blue, pink.

It is a blow from grace so heightened as artificial fire

that reveals the soul's presence in the darkness.

Something like the flowering of martyrdom in flames.

An arrangement for the end or the posthumous splendor.

In Morelos everything is possible

gloom battles with life and its victor,

it is once again for a little which, happiness, live tradition
which overcomes reality.

It was before these ornate gravesites, when I knew

that in Ocotepc, as in my heart,

those that have departed return every year to remind us of
their love.

And that only LOVE can save us.

Julie Sopetran

(Spanish poet, 2000)

Source: Poem found in Mexico City, Mixquic & Morelos- Through the Eyes of
the Soul, Day of the Dead in Mexico

