



HURACÁN CYPRIAN

Eve Silver (Latina-Taino) is a Heritage Story Teller, Poet and International Narrative Speaker. As a featured circus make-up and body artist, (www.TheSparklingLady.com) her work is distinctly unique. Her *Painted People Stories*© combine Eve's art and narratives, bringing her tales vibrantly to life.

*"My father spoke of *Huracán Cyprian and the quiet devastation it left in its wake. In the eastern-most mountains of the only American rain forest, the jungle night of El Yunque, Puerto Rico, was always vibrantly alive and loud with insects by night and birds by day. Huracán Cyprian literally blew all these voices away, and left a lasting silence that frightened my father's people more than the winds and the blow of the hurricane itself."*

*The words *huracán* (hurricane), *canoe* and *barbecue* are all words of Taino Indian origin.

"I accompany my Painted People Stories© narrative of Huracán Cyprian with the faces of birds, feathered faces and sound effects. In this way, we are all part of the raging storm and captivated by silence when it is over."

Huracán Cyprian

by Eve Silver

In the harsh Huracán Cyprian,
When my family was so very young,
On the island once called Borinkén,
in the towering mountains of rain,

Came the wind through the high
mountain tops,
Under high-huts called old bo-hi-os,
Through the nets of their high, hammock
beds,
And terrifically mighty, it blew.

And this story is almost all true:
For I never was there, nor were you.

Well! It blew; Huracán Cyprian,
Yukiyu, the great forest it bent!
LOUD through the great forest of old,
And terrific winds, mighty, it sent.

The huts were up ended!
The lightening was splendid!

A fright til it ended! It BLEW!

And this story is almost all true:
For I never was there, nor were you.

At the end of the hurricane fierce,
Came a horrible QUIET so low,
One Tainos had none ever known.
For the birds and the insects were gone.
And the night jungle song was just
GONE.

And today we remember, I tell it to you,
'Bout the rain and the forest and the
storm
That once blew. And the frightening
QUIET that grew.

And this story is almost all true:
But I never was there, nor were you.