

# JULIA DE BURGOS

Julia de Burgos was born in Carolina, Puerto Rico on February 17, 1914. Considered one of the greatest poets of Latin America, she was also an advocate for the independence of Puerto Rico, an ardent civil rights activist for women and African/Afro-Caribbean people and a vocal critic of any and all political tyranny.

Burgos was raised in a poor section of Carolina called Barrio Santa Cruz. Her family's poverty did not keep her from developing a love for nature and her nation. At the age of 19, she graduated from the University of Puerto Rico and became a teacher. Her love of literature led her to write poetry and her primary inspiration was her homeland.

In 1936, she joined the Daughters of Freedom, the women's branch of the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party (Partido Nacionalista de Puerto Rico), which at the time was headed by the Puerto Rican liberationist Pedro Albizu Campos.

Burgos published three books of poetry (the third was published after her death) and traveled around the island-nation promoting (and supporting) herself and her art by giving book readings.

In 1939, Burgos traveled first to Cuba and then later to New York City where she lived on and off for the next several years.

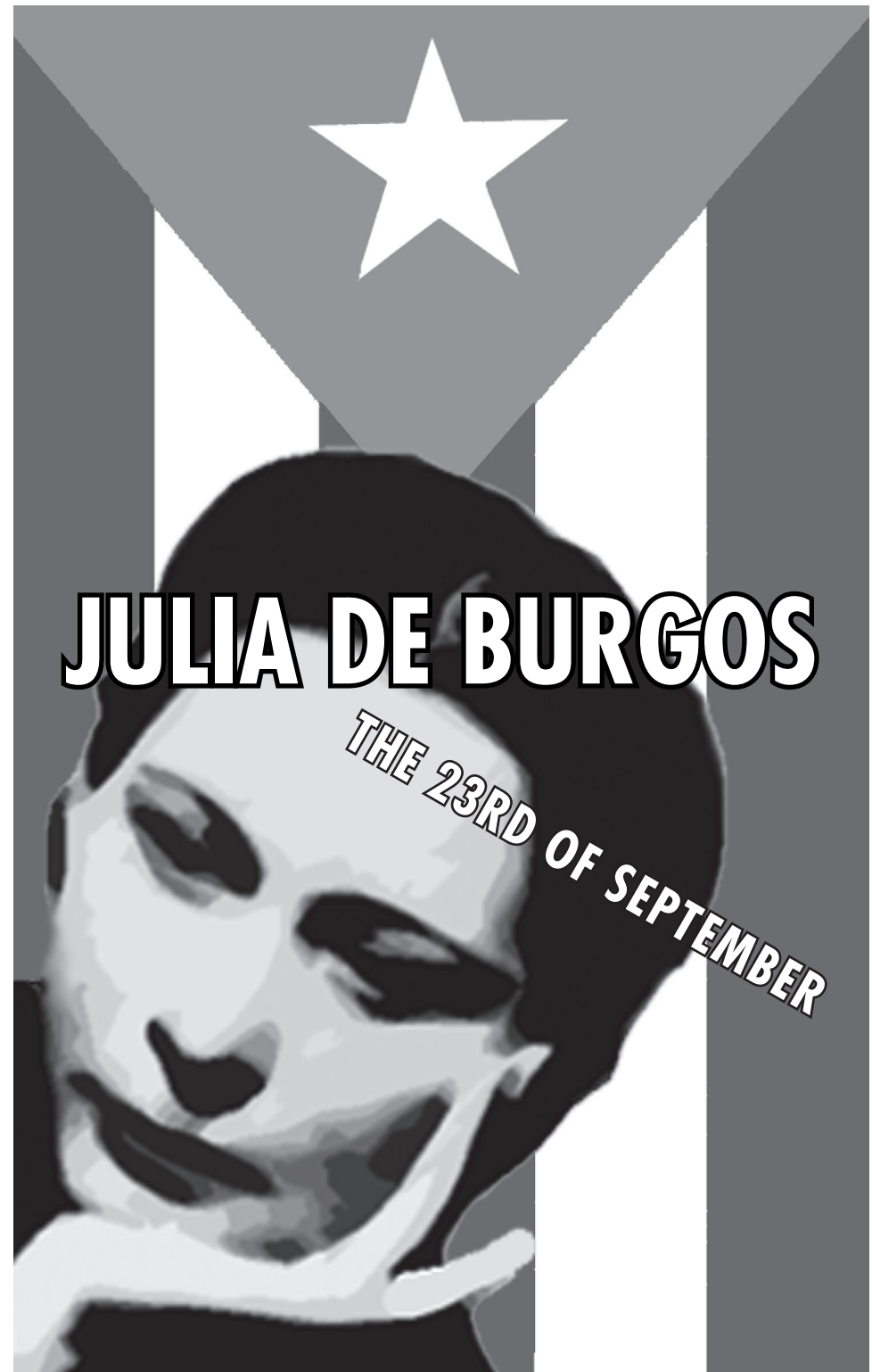
On July 6, 1953, she collapsed on a sidewalk in El Barrio/East Harlem, NY and later died of pneumonia at a hospital in Harlem at the age of 39. Since her body was not initially identified/claimed by anyone, the city of New York gave her a pauper's burial on Hart Island, the city's only Potters field.

Later, some friends were able to find her grave and claim her body. A committee was organized in Puerto Rico, to have her remains transferred to the island-nation. Her remains arrived on September 6, 1953, and she was given a hero's burial at the Municipal Cemetery of Carolina. A monument was later built at her burial site by the City of Carolina, Puerto Rico.

[ricanstruction.net](http://ricanstruction.net)  
[september23.org](http://september23.org)



**POET FEMINIST INDEPENDENTISTA**



23rd of September alive on the horizon  
of the blood that marches in supreme victory;  
alive in the voice of time with the scream that bites  
the cowardly conquest of vile flags  
alive in the great parade of all the patriots  
who died of anger and of anger awaken;  
alive in all the lights of all the stars;  
alive in the subterranean army of suns  
that vibrates in each people sunk in chains;  
alive in the new man who fights on each front  
freedoms of bread and justice of ideas.

23rd of September, alive in two brave centuries  
that are spread to the world from my nation's soul;  
alive in the great and valiant Puerto Rican lament  
that drips through the lips of the wild palms;  
alive on the discolored road of anguish  
that travels the countryside with foreign hordes;  
alive in all the dead, alive and untiring  
that each day are reborn in sacred protests...

In the sublime scream of Feliú and Suárez Diaz  
Who initiated the light of the heroic era  
-in the five infinite sepulchers of life  
which like pikestaves rise from the breast of Río Piedras  
who rose to the ethereal overflowing with strength,  
-in the sacred Palm Sunday of auroras  
of a homeland left to bleed but never undone  
-and in all the sacred martyred bodies  
who fell calling and kissing a star.

23rd of September, alive in all the living  
that aspire and dream of the tender Republic ...  
-the potent and latent Republic of Lares;  
23rd of September!, liberation of my land!  
Alive in the always alive frenzy of the steadfast  
Who lift the Puerto Rican cross to the sky;  
Alive in all the blood ready and smiling

That in Borinquen drives the voice of Independence:  
Alive in all the jails, bewildered and cold  
That take patriots and give back flags;  
Alive in Albizu Campos, solitary among suns  
Who from himself walks to the world that awaits him.  
23rd of September, holy and forever alive,  
and screaming in heroes across the earth.

# 23RD OF SEPTEMBER

JULIA DE BURGOS

23 de septiembre, vivo en el horizonte  
de la sangre que marcha en victoria suprema  
vivo en la voz del tiempo con grito que muerde  
la cobarde conquista de las viles banderas;  
vivo en el gran desfile de todos los patriotas  
que murieron de ira y de ira despiertan;  
vivo en todas las luces de todas las estrellas;  
vivo en el subterráneo ejército de soles  
que vibra en cada pueblo hundido en cadenas;  
vivo en el hombre nuevo que pelea en cada frente  
libertades de pan y justicia de ideas.

23 de septiembre, vivo en dos bravos siglos,  
que se extienden al mundo del alma de mi tierra;  
vivo en el gran lamento borinqueño y bravío,  
que se cuele en los labios de las locas palmeras;  
vivo en la desteñida carretera de angustias  
que recorre los campos con hordas extranjeras;  
vivo en todos los muertos vivos e inagotables  
que cada día renacen en sagradas protestas...

En los gritos sublimes de Feliú y Suárez Diaz  
Que iniciaron la lumbre de la heroica era,  
-en los cinco sepulcros infinitos de vida  
que cual astas se elevan del pecho de Río Piedras,  
-en la sangre sin tumbas de Beauchamp y Rosado,  
que a lo etéreo subieron desbordados de fuerza,  
-en el Domingo Santo de ramos y de auroras  
de patria ensangrentada, pero jamás deshecha,  
-y en todos los sagrados martirizados cuerpos  
que cayeron llamando y besando a una estrella.

23 de septiembre, vivo en todos los vivos  
que a la tierna Republica se remontan y sueñan...  
-la potente y latente República de Lares...  
¡23 de septiembre!, libertad de mi tierra!  
Vivo en el siempre vivo frenesí de los firmes  
Que levantan al cielo la cruz puertorriqueña;  
Vivo en toda la sangre preparada y sonriente

Que conduce en Borinquen la voz de la Independencia;  
Vivo en todas las cárceles asombradas y frías  
Que reciben patriotas y devuelven banderas;  
Vivo en Albizu Campos, solitario entre soles  
Que desde sí camina al mundo que lo espera.  
23 de septiembre, santo y por siempre vivo,  
y gritando en los héroes sobre toda la tierra.

# 23 DE SEPTIEMBRE

JULIA DE BURGOS