

## LIGHT OF OUR LIGHT

*On the occasion of The State of the County Address  
by Mayor Daniella Levine Cava, January 25, 2023*

Our light is not *just* the light of our sun rising like a gold doubloon. Our light is *also* the light of all our golden faces rising to face the sun every morning.

We're parents waking up their children, school bus drivers delivering them to their futures, and teachers ready at their desks with lesson plans for life.

We're nurses, doctors, and first responders driving back home after saving lives all night.

We're grocers stocking shelves for us, and hoteliers offering tourists coffee with a warm a smile.

We're postal workers sorting mail from loved ones, and truckers carrying everything we ask for.

We're all of us, on our way to do what we do. Let us remember to do it for each other, as we inch along our rush-hour highways, while the sun inches into our sky.

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Our light is not *just* the blare of our noontime. Our light is *also* the blare of our laughter and our tastebuds at lunchtime.

We're flakey Cuban *pastelitos* and Puerto Rican *pasteles*. We're the spiciness of Mexican burritos and Jamaican patties.

We're Midwestern corn-on-the-cob, and the corn of gooey *arepas* from Venezuela. We're Brazil's creamy *pão de queijo*, and Southern barbeque.

We're ladles of Columbina *sancocho* and warm matzah ball soup. We're *pupusas* bursting from El Salvador, and Hati's platefuls of *griot* with *pikliz*

We're all of us—all the flavors of our homelands we recreate here, out of our memory and longing. Let us never forget: to break the bread of our all our past losses and all our current dreams at the table of our city, together.

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Our light is not *just* the moon shimmering quietly over our ocean. Our light is *also* the light of all our voices singing a common love for the moon with the music of our many languages: *laline, a lua, la luna*— whose light we dance to with our many rhythms.

We're the sway-sway of *salsa* and *merengue*, the swagger of reggae. We're calypso drums pinging and *cumbia* skirts whirling. We're the shuffle of samba and the clonk of country two-step.

We are all of us—let us keep listening to the songs of each other's voices, learning each other's dances.

Let us always look to the sky—see ourselves as a constellation—each of us a unique star, but connected, together mapping a story greater than ourselves, for ages to come.