

in this poem, do not use the word revolution

use instead a slow swelling of light that begins at a beginning when the scar-giver forges the scar and forgets, and the bearer remembers indelibly the mark on the body, recalls how a mark can be made on a body. in the ear a clear consciousness whispered. use instead *reply* because peace is a place free of trouble: a blue firmament, a gold sun that reaches the skin. use instead the equalization of all suns, the standing next to, the standing for, rotation, and the equilibrium of stars: objects held together by their own gravity. gravity is the flame of dissonance, is the mind honed with the vision of its unity. grave is the fist raised of the body.

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Green Offering

Here is my offering, love:
The first time I flew over the Citadelle
(The clouds above it shifting to bare its vast self:
Fortress meant to keep the French forever
From this portion of the known world)

I almost missed the parting strata of cumulus,
So engrossed in what it was I was thinking or reading
That a bump shook me left and through the flattened
Bubble to the exterior stream that was the plane
Window, there below:

The formidable dream of Christophe, Monarch of the Kingdom
Of Haiti: built stone upon stone, molasses mortar, quicklime,
Blood, Haitians say, of men and women who could divine
Their futures and break the line of time
Un-enlaved to rise from the bottom
To you, to me.

Now, when we land in Cap-Haïtien, the sun has already hit the top
Of the sky. No shadows appear in front or behind. The animals
Move without their dark doubles, the flowers are
All at once at the hotel gates.

Here is the money we will pay for the ancestral. A pair of horses
To Sans-Souci, palace resisting its own ruin, edged in wrought-
Iron set in a valley of fog. Here is the first earth
Of the hilltop's garrison, the craggy climb
And clip of the long ascent and return.
Here the town square of the country's
First capital in which we sit, wingless
Birds, as the clock tower strikes
One, strikes two.

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