

21st Migration

Remember the flat thuds, feet drumming the soil,
Remember the frenzied weak gasping
Remember rising up, the fence, dropping down into the ditch...
Slick bodies, sharp bones, scratching and kicking out from under the pile
Remember the fence, a dancer's spine
Remember the slack panic of the searchlights
The baying *Guardia*.
Remember snagging teeth at the top.
Remember the whistling drop, -the visiting ground
Remember...Get up? Up. Up. UP!
Remember the rigid rusty fence, metal slivers driving deep into my nail beds
Peaking, quivering, in the blinding light of *Melilla*...
Remember hired hands tearing the overripe mango from its stem
Remember lungs blowing up phlegm, gut-slithering bile sticking to neglected molars
I remember the door.
Push Back. Thankless gift. Push Back.
Moroccan batons harmonizing my hands, my soles, to the melody of my skull
Remember torturous hands dealing impatient questions
No je vais plus revenir
I lie. They lie. We break feet for lying. Guilt and shame slithers to and fro
Remember cicadas shriek in the hum of neon
Remember howls of surgery and craven unconscious corners
Remember spans of nothing---dead blips
Remember vacuous days in *Boukhalef*
Raids, bribes, drugs, mouths crawling with *esclave...esclave...*
Remember fanatical dreams of *dorado*

I curl entombed
Invisible to all but the smuggler
Time and fumes waft upward under the eye of the sun
Guardia at the border
I pass. I'm free. Only silence reigns in me;
in the borderless lands of my ancestors.

Ceuta. Ceuta.
I pray as the salty waves drag
Black shapes churn the night into sea
Shouts evolve.
Friends scream murder
Murder lounges on rocks, pumping rubber into the cauldron
I dive to escape...and in the rolling deep I drift...

The voices fade into me
And I wander the mist of flashing memories
Patterns of my mother ebb to the haggle of
swollen yams, bleeding tomatoes, crumpled notes-
Old Father. Left-behind...
Dredging ghosts with stories of memories of stories of
Forgotten firefights filling moaning graves
With flexing camo-colored friends.
Hunters. Mad Man Hoare, Colonel Callan,
Belgians and Brits.
Afrikaners
White hides bayoneting gold.
Old *piroque* rotting on the festering sand.

One thousand bodies
Fifty touch the fence
Two soar on
Forget *Salida*
Forget internment
Forget the paucity of freedom
Forget the riches of reunion
Non, non mon frère non
C'est une salope de chance.

Limitaris

Snakes of peppery smoke collapse under the hush of The Neighborhood
A fortress condominium of solitude
Eyes glazed head razed
Montecristo; a trapped firefly
Sketched reflection of a face worn gaunt
"Is all this what's left?"
Retired apathy bludgeons all in pupal
A slice of nail torn in genocidal grapple
Pruned lawns fertilized with broken vows
The Neighborhood smirks back

A heap of Sears, best fuel a living room bonfire
Nude Cock
Crammed against pane
Glistening smears
Veteran god
Of the Killing Fields

Shudder, sigh, shutter open
Pulse in waves
Pneumatic boredom incarnate
Shudder, sigh, shutter close
Mystery cannibalized in mechanics

Slack lining thoughts
A familial sleep number beckons
The pane retreats the wind entreats;
ensconced in a radical lift
I soar on thermals-
Frozen crystals-obscuring billows-a colonized marble retreating
I lob into the gem splattered well and weep, for no one
A lone laugh escapes...dying amongst the manicured lifers
The Neighborhood sneers

Sentinels erupt spewing howls
A rattling mass carts over the median strip
Raucous laughs and taunting barks
Spat at the fuming Neighborhood
Men, swaddled, careen to a stop
Bathrobe tailored Mr. _____
Zealous lifer
Whistle of mortar, pop of fire, churn of treads
_____s spill out in ultra-fervor
One starved maw

Solipsistic Siren

*"To protect
and to serve"*

Shoved, yanked, cuffed, they disappear
Laughing, teasing, facetious activism
Till there was one

Old black man spry
Teased in pleading
"We good people! We good people!
We good people!
We GOOD People!

The Neighborhood gloats

The lifers flee inward
Something inside hardens
I step outside