

Where The Zenith Of Sun

Where the zenith of sun
women danced victorious swangs beneath
an ambient night's silhouette its
warm milky shadows were mists lulled across their breasts
they clasped their feet to wind and rain
bind together in moonlight's palms.

In westward mountains buried below sequoia canopies
dead wood sleep, their roots foraged deep into black soil
where dew lay upon the tails of peregrine falcons
and giant red rocks monstrosly unearthed from
magma's turbulent fevers their
daughters watched as if they were
each particle of salt in the Pacific, a water barreled house
half the symmetrical plane of space.

In the morning women became again blank walls in rooms
watched men in gray hats suits and calculated tongues

BOMB

building red-thick soaked bridges
rewriting time with molded metals
quarrelling as if they too will not collapse
from being born dead again

in these rooms daughters are
chairs cups knobs
minding use yet memorizing
walls their cracks color smoothness when
rooms are locked and hats pace
for sleep nestled
in between the thighs of their

g h o s t s

daughters
begin a dance in descended rays
with hands beheld by one and others
comb wounds like their mothers
revealed to them the purpose of holding
fire oil wood rain
where the zenith of sun.

Seeds in the Sea: Music Poem

Like sweet melons and soil
the nigh in eyes
S a n g e d
Melon into pies.

We are those warped women
hindered girls
tangled in cascaded lights
sleeping in bruised waters
an annexed ensemble of feathers, of wasted flesh
drifting like an unhurried Christmas snowfall

The Atlantic Ocean—

It is kitcikami
Yapam
and those garbled words
out the limbs of my drowning mothers

new eyes new hands new knowing
new needs new cold new thoughts new feast
new time New smiles new crying
new blood new pain new feet new skin

new family
disjointed for the bowing of our heads and the silence in our throats
raising beds not our own

The Atlantic Ocean—

We are a low boiling anger swirling in the corners of pristine pots
tilting
our sorrow geysers where
some pull arms back behind their heads

reaching long stretches for remembrance of the songs about trees
and wooden bowls and braided hair stamped with red and yellow beads.
and the sounds of those that stood on praying
aouthu bilahi minas shaitaneer rajeem, seeking refuge and
nou tout nou ta neye, thanks for being saved from breathing salt water

The Atlantic Ocean—

We rode high oscillating waves and cursed them

We sat straight or bent.
We ate muck.
We screamed.
We called to protect our spirits.
And I give all of you armor and light.

Like sweet melons and soil
The nigh in eyes
S a n g e d
Melon. Pies.

Note To Abacus 7

10 years
again, I've roamed old earth
a desolate land raised unto upon its hills
once ago had been their love, that rock. I detected
entrenched memories in soil, the

DNA blueprint from their species embedded in grains
as they died boiling in their oceans at the base
of their mountains for 300,000 years
becoming again earth's wet ash

before their sun went asunder
children were born cold
others' feverish eyes them all staring into
the void of fear until when they perished

The Abacus

took the earthy soup I slept amidst, wounded
us into electrified tubes forming
synthetic ephemeral thinking eyes now
searching between mists of destruction

the old homes beneath a dead moon
waiting until the magnetic pulse rotates, pressing
disintegrated bodies intertwined affixed unto
the verge of becoming human but not we

now are merely metal ghosts hunting a new pulse

burning our tires, leaving us forever awake dead
in this old place of our ancients
Us Machines
The Abacus 6