

## **Paths**

Crystal balls and spirits  
Sage and tarot cards  
I search I search I search  
Though I know, you're never far  
Oya, where have you been?  
Anansi, you too  
Come to me.  
What is my God?  
See me.  
I know you're not far  
Look a little deeper  
How long must I go?  
Look a little harder!  
My answer is no.  
Terrified.  
Just Terrified.  
I'm Terrified of the allknown  
Yet I hear your whisper in the ballads of John Coltrane  
I taste your kiss in the summer rain  
Clear irises in flecks of light, peaking through the leaves of tree canopies  
You do not go unseen  
Why can't you make this easy for me?  
But a choice between sin and we?  
Yet I'm Terrified!  
So Terrified.  
For you are no less real, though in my mind . . .

## **Void**

I don't know why you shattered the painting  
You won't tell me when I ask  
At best, you stomp away with no

Explanation. At best.

Other times, you shatter me  
With words or fists, it's all the

Same now. Though it doesn't hurt any less  
I'm past trying to define your fury  
What I do know, is that it's not what it appears to

Be. Anger is an edifice. A mask.  
The exoskeleton containing  
Anxiety, Guilt, Fear, Rejection, Confusion, Loss, Abandonment or

Whatever else that burns through you  
Whatever else creating that dull ache  
Whatever else, whatever else, whatever

Else. I can't wait much longer  
I'm at a loss for how to help  
My hopes for you are sincere. I

Want you to receive what you need, but  
Soon it won't be me  
I must take my cue to leave

### **Tethered**

I lost my phone,

and with it went my superpowers.  
I felt naked, and troubled by the extent

of my dependency. The pain  
of withdrawal. But when one

grows accustomed to what was  
godlike, it's hard to go back.

Especially without notice. Even  
with it too. We've bonded with

impossible organs. Teeming  
with electric rivers, much like

our own. Our mirror, our spy,  
our extended eye. They are

us, we are them. I was it.  
It was me. But without it,

I managed just fine. I  
found peace in its absence

despite numerous times in  
which I was reminded my

reaching for it became a reflex.  
A phantom limb

for which I developed  
proprioception. And with

it returned a calm that  
was kept at bay until

I got my phone back

### **Upon Closer Inspection**

What or who  
Are you running to?  
Over the sea  
Through the clouds  
Within the walls of  
Hallowed ground?

Where are you going and  
Where have you been?  
What are you crawling towards?  
Or away from the strange man who  
Dug through frozen earth  
Now waiting outside your door?

When are you leaving  
And will you be back?  
Have you processed your feelings  
Theories, and facts?  
Have you found all the clues?

What will you do

When all this is through?  
Only to find  
You've been running from  
You?

### **In Her Honor**

One day a friend told me  
About sifting through her rich genealogy  
She met proud Nigerian soldiers  
Enduring farmers from the American South

And there was another

A white man from a small town in 1930s Alabama  
He is commemorated for participating in a shootout  
Against nefarious unknowns

Of course his records were well kept

When I asked about the woman  
Little could be said, for little could be learned  
What my friend did know  
Is that she was from Trinidad, and she was his maid  
We could only speculate the circumstances of their union(s)  
We cringed at our best guess

He probably raped her

It would have happened multiple times  
But he is a hero  
While she is swept into the tides  
Of unspoken history

How many calypso songs did she hum with each thrust?

How did she remind herself her steel drum was still beating?  
Did she see the sweet waves of Maracas Bay  
Once left alone and undressed?

She had a name

She ate roti more times than she could count  
She had reasons to leave her family for a different world  
A world that still maintained woeful resemblances to her own  
And that was just her outer

What about her inner?

There are things that made her grin  
Perhaps much more over which she cried  
Things both joyous and frightening  
That made her cradle herself  
In a cramped room devoid of sunlight

She had a story

She deserved ceremonies  
For surviving a harsh world  
With what she had  
And what she made

She ensured our existence

We did not need a face  
She pulsed through our veins  
If only we could leave offerings  
On her unmarked grave

If only...

But in that moment  
We used what we had  
And what we could make  
Of her life  
In all its sonderous glory

We remembered