

Landing

There is a place in my heart
that has been too painful to mention
a known rule from home
it will moan to me as I speak to you
in tones

on the edge of the threshold where the water is cursed
doors closed on the heads of the damned near immersed
in the swelter of the scene of the blister un-burst
the chattel of fell design concealed glints of sunburst

thrust their bodies into the abandon of would be truths denied
abused discarded and decried
bound in the blood thirsty roiling of a continental lie
saw their ancestors fly into the storm of their shuttering eyes
concealing the heat of ore
in rage red smoulder groaning in its warp
the calm of resign and the passion of rebellion
giving nuclei to atomic creations
coaxing bone memory from Atlantic skeletons
the seat of the souls of nations in the form of children born only to die

living on in a brandished blanched lie
we took on the heat of the cauldron
of seer and hiss
we drink deeply now,
down to our bones and by of the dint in our wrists
turn the gestures of livelihood into signs
of stylish diss
smiling with teeth made of enamel formed

in the molten armour of our ancestors marrow
whose captive entanglement was chained to the vile sonorant lie
of low origin in the burr brambles of mere moment

upon moment

upon moment

upon moment

until it became time for us to realize
that we are the stolen
who found home within open stride
in the rise of the distant tides
that call our eyes to dizzying rounds
that allow scope and breadth
for the drumming up of a calculated guess
at what made the message we acknowledge
with fondness on our lips
and caution in our fingertips
each time another rebel bleeds
hello
smiling trough reddened teeth
to keep hell beneath us
questioning it's realness for the dignity of lurid
uttered curses administered as
curatives

pulled from the sticks we picked out of the onslaught
to remind us of the customs
that made us save the world we wrought
under the tutelage of our mother's uterine nurture
her voice is reverberating through the fluid purpose
that turned to wind as we raised our heads
to the din of industry
and the sordid contortions of the love of land

her molten tones that consumed all our bronzed arrogance
and smelted our iron mettle to be folded
into the alchemy of our older lustre
that cloaks our newer customs

we clustered our complaints
at the footsteps of our elders
and wept for their remembrance
for we had grown to know what they had been told
to name as golden
the solstice
the passage of seasons
and the landing of our feet from awry drifts
into the fume of the cooling pits
that keeps charcoal in the spring
and fire in the winter
heat flung
of a hearth stone that spits

so we could bask in the spark and fury
of their back raised brazen protective rage
chasing the minions of the masters of none
over the cliffs of our gods
who eschew the words some of us now use for them

and reduce our slaving enemies to loveable earth
petrified in its birth

nurtured by our thirst we seek water
and curse what errs in our hearts
for calling the cold stainless tap of the metronome of lack
our benefactor
drinking deeply of disaster
to decipher its craft and unmake its math
even as it keeps us running over broken land
tongues un-cracked

my proud heaving chest,
my eyes, my “yes man” behest,
less agreement than imperative pressure
my sachet in salute
to the way my mother still walks defiantly
past the tyrant screams
built into the dreams of every immigrant queen
of every common castle
built with uncommon hustle
lunging toward the affront of danger
with billow and blaze that burn lasting warning
into her children
who gather and rally to back down disaster
at the sound of her grave, deepening laughter
that buried Babel to the rafters time and time again
built this friend.

For my first friend
So I will follow in her footsteps
and track those of our people further back
than the unholy steeple

and the blasphemous flail
I am a child of a war
a lover
of raw strength
worked into supple sound
the voices in the round that are guided by stars
and ruled only by a broken conch
that the lost the wail of the ocean's want
that had crested its foam and froth
over the wrath of our brutal crossing
that cannot softly sing another echo
into the ears of the desperate bent
over their own withdrawn affluence
starved for the sound of landing passage
that will summon
marrow to mourn
in the birth of new words for known

that will have us all speak
new words

for home