

## **A Ring in Pocket Posies**

### **I.**

#### **Our Pockets are Full**

Our elderly, grans-grans and nanas

Believed in-the-knowing-of-it-all.

The up-and-coming swing of-it-all

How, “we all fall down.”

Scars screamed-striped-initials on my skin

The way life leaves blessings on my skin.

### **II.**

#### **My Hands**

Wrapped in protective bandage

Inside and underneath, it burns

The way a caged dog burns.

### **III.**

#### **My Palms can't Believe its Winter**

I have sustained injuries from tearing down

Burning crosses in Louisiana streets,

And low-crawled over dirty rice spurred over bone

and spackled across graveyards.

Bereave me, but I am the sinner.

#### **IV.**

##### **Where Our History Prays**

Deprived without really knowing

I take the dead in my heart

And clean blisters and loose skin

From burns not self inflicted

(How else could I face history)

Now as the blisters have scarred over

And the pain replaced with numbness

My son prepares for his journey

His fresh skin draped over eyes of innocence

And wonder. With all of this

I ask, that the air speak for me.

To say what all has plagued here

So that I can sleep soundly

'til the world no longer remembers.