

RAY OF TEARS

To every ray
Of this season
Is a tear sewn.

Song of sisyphus

Quartered in this shell
which shapes my tongue,
how can I change my song
when the hills burn still
and the smoke chokes the vales?

How can I change my song
when the Sahara shaves still the clan's beard,
the Atlantic plays cruel games with our huts
and no one asks why?

How can I change my song
when the claws of that leopard
on throne are deep in the
flesh of our clan's sheep still
administering a tiered death?

How can I change my song
when the cursed hands of
our gods of war have turned
their swords on our throats,
breaking the fences of
our grain fields for pests to
ravage our natural shield?

Quartered in this shell
which shapes my tongue,
I will sing lifelong the song
of that child orphaned by design;
of that woman widowed by plan;
of our streets peopled by bones;
of our black race and its kamikaze race;
of the human rays headed for west, for waste.