

Lasana M. Sekou



Visit & Fellowship

I am here
in Miami, Fidel
closer to you
& it is the paleness again, o beloved mountain dreamer
that hates so
(for loss of privilege to scorn and scorch the salt of the earth)
which, my mother says, i should be careful not to mention
“if the police stops you, har,
because they like to beat people in their head
down
there”

I am over here
in Miami, Aristide
looking for you
& it is the indigo again, o little shepherd healer
that is spaded so
stained
through bone and cartilage
where, my sister says, i should be careful
“because you know how you are, Lasana
and you just can’t go telling people what you like in their place”
(not that she wouldn’t do it herself anyhow)

I am initiated all over
for the Haiti of my circumcision
I am bleeding again
for the Cuba of my first period
I am rejoicing still
for the reign of change is legion

(or let us say it like this)

i&

i&i&

i&i&i

in eternal seeding time

traverse the frontiers of memory and matter

in perennial quest of harvest

weave a hemisphere of holes

under the overcast of manifest destiny

para sembrar luces de libertad in the backroads

to fire the catacombs of poverty stifling still with our multitude

from colón to cortez

from pizarro to puritans

from founding fathers to feeding empire

from the middle passage helled up hull of "Desire" to Hollywood

we have been contesting since lost motherland

the approaches to motherlode sinews of war

blood mead for the wealth of nations

we are a rake of fingers seeding what is budding over adolescent

the renewing image of i&i

coming ever closer

to understand this thing about rightful claim is to engage the contest

POWER

" . . . concedes nothing without demand . . . "

LOVE

constructs all things by sweat&sacrifice&study&science

holy democracy is ascendant

by the rejoicing of every orifice

that stakes the claims for which we have been manure and claim the stakes

engage the contest . . .

power to do right or perish.

