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)

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.