

Lasana M. Sekou

ST.MARTIN CHILDREN II



by this writing hand
this is your poem
no one else's
your faces, growing all over
my writing fingers, laughing out loud
biting my nails
your eyelashes, tickling the rouge life lines
of my rougher palm to the barbwire matte of wrist
see-me-see-me-see.you sing like pelican chick
chick come and they come.dig the pulse.draw the dread
beat the heat to heart along cheekbone ridges crawl over
my delta of blood crawling veins part for you
and you pound my knuckles with your chinny chin chin.print
my finger tips on your frowning forehead.rake your nostrils along
the bedrock web of fingers
hold your ear to leathery skin folds on their way to getting old
agate bands of darks and lights to your eyebrows—buh wa t'is yu list'ning for?
as i press,
this is your poem
your hair browse the cusp
bare to a tangle of spitting quests
a suckteeth of questions over and over
but in this mangrove, where you're also free to learn good manners
there is no one
not even a soul
to tell you go)
to not to belong)
t'ain none to say
you'n from here to where
you from, or to be only the born of here to be
'causin

this is your poem

i will not sell you off.hunt you down.put you on
to a crack-up of we self for the false masters' count/in territories
i will not lose you in a grin to a fling of thugs and copy things
i will not wince from your eyeball stare
the tongue lashing.defiant to be&doubt to
dust to bust the borders.to affront the frontiers
i will not multi-ethnic you from each other's only one.
not in this mangrove you making, where ahl yu rooting
to the bruised hand i am fingering on this glass bottle walk of fire

this is your poem

i swear.t' yose alone. defiant to be&doubt to dust.
it is a ponum of yes, my love
i will never leave you.