

1:00
BROWN NOISE

Meeting for the first
time the sun goes down
on the road I fall asleep with my mouth open
there was a line of poetry that I had before
falling asleep it was about

2:19

HANDS

The clock faces me straight lines drawn across its face
they said one is the long hand and the other is shorter both hands dressed them in
white
leaving no un-linear traces I a child born in the time of fire
stinking of smoke learning to tell the time
when my mother laid her wooden spine to rest in the spring
of a hospital bed she burst into a body of salt in the waters that
birthed her I taste the salt
wait for the tide to hold me womb me incubating
the loss
in the bathtub she is clapping under water
she asks can you hear me clapping

5:57

TUNNEL

Praying with my eyes closed
God hears me in Blackness
clasping my hands asking her to not visit me
if I were to see her if she came held me
told me of the ghost at the hospital
that could not believe her Black pain
the documents carry no pain the weight of water lifted
to the sky

13:13

RAPID

OPENING MY MOUTH TO REMEMBER HER SCREAM
SHE MUST HAVE SCREAMED INTO THE OCEAN
ONCE I TASTE THE SALT THAT HAS PRESERVED
ALL THE SCREAMS

14:33

STARS

In Tharaka Nithi the stars cover the sky
there is no patch in the night sky that does not
hold the sound of hushed tones gathered
around a fire speaking of time silent
un moved