

Sugar Cane - EARLY DRAFT

Everything begins and ends with cane
Sugar fields water with the blood
Of my papa and my beloved again & again

But the machete cannot name
the spirits trapped beneath the mud
or anything that begins and ends with cane

It's not the blade that causes these phantom pains
But my hands warm with loss & flooded
with visions of Papa & my beloved working the fields again & again

Wildfire will harvest the cane into flames
& infected wounds will splinter & split blackbuds
burning with everything that begins and ends with cane

Lostlimb, Boneash, and unburied Sugargraves
Rum the earth & hold a grudge
Against men like papa & my beloved again and again

If not the machete, then who is to blame
For why the soil swallows and tugs
at everything that begins and ends with cane
like papa and my beloved who fall with the stalk again & again