December 2014

For Pat Saunders, after her dream

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For Pat Saunders, after her dream

for you who once bolted awake at night
having dreamed the dream where no one
came to write our stories down – no Man-man
to draw the Os of ‘schoool’ into eternity;
no sons from Aenon Town, Jamaica to skip
syllables across large water towards their mothers;
no Bee upon a rainy pulpit to exhort we
how we is that which was tossed in fire
and ain’t come out yet; for you who dreamed
of cancer in the shape of radios
playing undiagnosed songs in the bellies
of mad women; for you who dreamed a dream
so bad yet could not find a mouth to make
the sound laaaaaaaaaawwwwww:
please cut each word out of this poem
and lay them as a circle round your sleep
knowing nightmare-giving jumbies, by design,
are forced to read what we leave out for them.
Yes, jumbies too are waiting on language
to come back to them.