The Mulatto Murders Lily's Son (1948)

Nicolette Bethel
anthuriumcaribjournal@gmail.com
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1. *Irvin goes to calm a raging friend*

Irvin's fishmeat skin gleamed white despite the dark, despite the shot that hung the blackout curtains on his world. His blood unmade the rage of Bert Molina, black enough to blot the whiteness Irvin carried like a flag.

The gunstock bruised Bert's collarbone. The bullet burned the air the way rage burned that space between his lungs where no-one held his heart. The blood wrapped Irvin’s brightskin in the night.

2. *Bert’s buddies wake Mark from sleep*

Glasspecking woke Mark, a knockback in his rucksack, home from war and far too drunk to wonder why no skullmask hid the lightbulb, why no laughter slipped from Irvin as Mark laid his head to sleep.

\[ Bert \text{ shot Irvin } \]
\[ kikikik \]
\[ a \text{ bullet in the belly } \]

Mark drank to lose his soldiername, bid snores expel his memory, sought sleep untroubled by the dead.

\[ kikik \]
\[ and Irvin died \]
\[ kik \]
\[ jacksacked in a backseat \]
\[ kikik \]
\[ fingers black with blood \]

3. *Mark tells Lily*

The news stole Lily's spit. She couldn't cry. She couldn't turn. She looked at drunken Mark for two and counted only one. Her mind said, *Oh my Jesus*, but her heart said, *Oh my son*. She didn't hear her children or the sirens or the men who carried Bert away.
She never heard her helper cry, Miss Lily, oh, Miss Lily, oh, they kill your whitest son.