

Visit To The Baptism House

reaching its end
the silver-backed grass wanes
flicks its tongue
nearby an asp winds
over ripe gourds
red mud slick in their divets
and beside quiet white walls
I listen as
an ancient ceiling spills
with wasps

I shouldn't cross these steps
for the property line's like all others: grave-deep
oh neighbor, may our remains at last
claim themselves
this is where my mother wove me
to a waiting god's promise
heaps of flickering coals cast
unto the damned few who would
wish ill of me

please, don't shoot
please, don't shoot
for the door will shatter