

Despite my best efforts I keep growing back

Suppose to wash my mother clean I freed my tongue
of my own teeth
and nearly leapt in front of a train to save my parents the shame
of knowing I am not as strong as my father Suppose my mother called
right before as I worked my knees loose from old transgressions to jump
Suppose only sacrifice staves off sacrifice What other love is there
Suppose the alternate ending the train curves a long moon
I split I bouquet I stay a thousand stains a thousand cardinals

BIRACIAL GHAZAL: WHY EVERYTHING ENDS IN BLOOD

And what language exists with no word for blood?
What gets across the legend as quickly as blood?

Where I am from there are no words for my shade
Only nicknames approximations for the blood

*Blacktino Lanegro Halfbreed Mutt Progress
confused a turmoil of skin bouquet of hunted blood*

I am a burden in every mouth my name a minefield
people forget what I am exactly but I end in blood

*Two tone sacrament Where the soil meets the sky
but never the horizon child with the invisible blood*

Like a sunset I am considered most beautiful when
I am disappearing stitching a gown of my blood

*Child with too many tongues gone twice over
aftermath a failed experiment of the blood*

People ask *what are you* and I have no house
I bite my tongue into copper search my blood

For a key for a name that is not a translation for
Once there was a war here is what we did with the blood

THIS LAND IS WHERE WE BURIED EVERYTHING THAT CAME BEFORE YOU: AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY AND CONCEPTS OF OWNERSHIP IN EARLY ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

ABSTRACT:

Within the history of Afro-American existence much scholastic importance has been attributed to the weight of February. This is certainly understandable as Blackness in the pedagogical tradition is nothing if not a silhouette in a pelagic winter. However, understated in all of this is the significance of the “Token” as a kind of tragic hero in the tradition of sole survivors such as Odysseus. More specifically, how a boy might see his undoing and how across the unflinching snow and never identify the echo. This Sonics of Blackness is a criminally under represented element of how one conveys to a room full of second graders the savage lick of a whip as a means of explaining an entire history. The question of this poem then is how the educator of the classroom approaches the subject of slavery when only one Black child sits in the room worrying at a shoelace, as if preparing. This poem takes as its primary subject a boy no older than 7 embraced by his white best friend as the white best friend states “I am glad slavery is over, I would have hated to own you.” Followed by the boy sitting on his hands until they are blood bulbous and no longer entirely his own. How he looks beyond the window onto the playground and beneath the snow imagines an entire country; beneath that country, another.