

Summer 2020

2 poems

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Recommended Citation

Brown-Davis, Alana (2020) "2 poems," *Yalobusha Review*: Vol. 32 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol32/iss1/9>

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Weird Anatomy Sonnet

tiger stripes tattoo the creases of my legs.
ma calls them a rite of passage
into womanhood & i wonder if that sacred
thing includes the craters on my face
and the way they swell with pus
in the aftermath of my period. The drabness
of this body: a stomach covered
with spots of eczema, teeth stained yellow.
I roll the black ring on my
knees into brown patellas,
my genetic makeup
has a knock-kneed gait, unveiling
two twig-like appendages. my thighs, aching from
the weight of carefree hips, nestle in jeans that
hug them so tight I learn to give in to tenderness.

Self-Portrait as Marie Laveau

in those days I was
thee *queen*.

my crown made of diamonds
glistening in the bonfires

of Congo Square. on the
holiest day of the week

the gatherings commenced
and we sang ballads to loa.

*Laveau was said to have
traveled the streets like she
owned them.*

cemeteries know my name. I
get eaten by arcane lore—

in faith that my body will be
summoned from spray painted
Xs.

with omnipotent bags of
gris-gris carried in their

left to whisk bad luck
away with righteous means.

when it is finished, they
push further along into the

shadows of New Orleans
and I rest here awaiting
their arrival.

ALANA BROWN-DAVIS is a rising junior from Tylertown, Mississippi and attends South Pike High School. When not reading or writing, she enjoys bingeing Netflix and playing her guitar.