

Calabash

A JOURNAL OF CARIBBEAN ARTS AND LETTERS

Volume 5, Number 1: Summer/Fall 2008

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CITY OF POETRY (for Medellin)



it is you again
in another place, unrobed
bare muse,
in the valley of fat nudes
stark iron soft maidens roundly
fashioned by the hands of the self in exile
see them all waiting the kiss of the men at war
for that day when the armies meet. *sin pistoles*

bare muse,
looking over the city, the firing volleys in earshot
burst of volition the light to see *si*
el dorado was not gold.it was land.
but here we are.where every man should once in his life
(not in any other life)
have this.a woman who adores him
(stirs in him the consummate black hole to ebullience)
even if blind he sees, she walks barest from the shower,
wet full wonder, her lips, fan of thirst, snare beads of water
she wanders to the dryness of his unsuspecting body,
pressing herself hungrily
until he and she and sheet reach in the deep soak,
a wanton geography of sea

bare muse,
here she is countless
she wears ... from the shower
 from the rain
 from the zinc-curtained bath
 from the basin's marble terrain

wears herself, unrobed, *sin verguenza*
the perfume of water
still coils in the abandon of her hair
willful water falls from her eyelids
a cooling, clinging, to the laughter of her hips,
a flight of tongues courses,
 curves, laps, lyre, longs to the ground
 feast to famish.