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En You Ge De Voice

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Toe on toe
Bone to bone
Some squeezed
Like sardines
Against steel

Only
Here there was
No oil
No spittle
No swallowing

Just human beings
Hard
On each other.

EN YOU GE DE VOICE

Dedicated to Dora—an infant grocer

a ge de peppe a ge de sol a ge de yabas a ge de sweet sugar . . . !

To your voice
The junkseller's bell
In your throat
Hollering Bigmarket
On your head
Relations fasten for survival

Papa
The slave-driver's claw
In your blood
Still shadows spiders
On the edge of a broom

40 years now in
The civil service
And a crop of cobwebs
In dreams condemned
To show for it

Mama
The slave
Stranded in a fallopian imbroglio
Has cranked out a football team
At 28
Now her dreams stay home
To wipe the diarrhea
Of a life ventricose
With malnutrition

And you . . .

You pitch your voice
The pitchfork of a
Hopeless labor
Restless in your throat
To seduce Sun to
Toss you a dream in their favor

a ge de peppe a ge sol a ge de yabas a ge de sweet sugar . . .

En you ge de voice!