

This is a city built on its dead,
but brick, mortar, & knucklebone

crosses made things pretty, all sweet-tea
& happily, smoked the voodoo out. Now

children sleep perfumed, in velvet
rooms, dreaming of sugars & foptails

while keys & pistols carve a hush in white-
pillared homes where ruby-throated malice

keeps nicely. Still, nobody knows why
the dogwoods won't grow, & yet every

night there is the man beneath
the streetlamp, a dark mouth

blooming as he moans out a little,
drop-thumbs his five-string, singing

how one day he'll rise up & take
everything, *oh, everything.*