

## Migration of Stars

In this country the stars were not fixed

they could easily fly off in a single go migrate to  
regions where happiness is less precarious

and that's precisely what happened

in fact it was that way with everything life itself  
could fly off the water stop flowing the house  
and field vanish just like that in their place a  
Wall blocking the horizon

a concrete house sprang up followed soon by  
thousands of others all the same

living nearby was like camping on the edge of a  
volcano ready to blow at night the lava gushed  
out the wolves prowled with their teeth bared

the women threw stones tied knots in their  
handkerchiefs hung blue beads and small crosses  
around the children's necks there were more of  
them every day

do you know the sound of an olive tree being  
uprooted?

or of a bullet striking a man right between the  
eyes?

## Sign Language I

It's not  
that I  
no longer  
believe  
in words

I'm looking for a form  
that speaks  
as immediately  
as Klein's  
International Blue

he'd dreamed as a child  
*of signing*  
*the back of the sky*

I'm looking for something  
that screams  
Refusal  
as loudly  
as James B.  
*I am not your Negro*

## Offering

*Hunger strike, 40th day*

Your bodies flutter on the ceiling  
of the room I can see your slow gestures  
the small bones protruding  
from the joints of your hands  
your eyes where the night is rising

I must cross the pain again  
listen to your heart that's growing  
weaker & weaker  
witness this madness  
the body devouring itself  
your last offering to freedom

around you the barking  
of the jailers and their dogs while  
your life goes out just like that  
sacrificed  
to their senseless dream of conquest

## On No Account

May 2019

On no account will I say  
*So be it!*  
and may a glorious sun  
shine forever  
on the House of York

I'd like to swing on the balcony  
but continue rubbing  
stone against stone of language  
to keep the campfire burning

you wanted me banished  
but see I live in these hills  
my singing fills your nights  
how could you all  
sleep so calmly  
in the bed of Unreason?

may *So be it!*  
never be said

## Not End

It's not *Endgame*  
just the end of the act  
that saw the pirates sitting  
on the world's thrones playing  
with our lives like pawns  
on chessboards & derricks

it's not *Endgame*  
just the end of the act  
that saw men  
from across the sea playing out  
right here on this side  
of the Mediterranean their saga  
of conquistadors & gold  
diggers Bible in hand but  
of a more ancient God

## Traveler with No Bags

There's nothing left but the road  
and this country that doesn't want me  
traveler with no bags

but I won  
at games of Chance  
the infinite time of waiting  
for the beginning  
of the beginning  
of a new day

waiting the home  
where I reinvent myself  
mutant battered  
on the wastelands of your lives

## Step Stone Dream

A STEP

COLD

A STEP

DREAD

A STEP

DOG

A STEP

HUNGER

A STEP

THIRST

STEP

AFTER

STEP

Life clinging to the thread of a dream  
ballasted with a stone white like the house  
hanging over the sea there in the country of  
bygone days

He sleeps holding in his hand the stone which  
seems more real to him than his own existence in  
his eyes a great sorrow that pours into the sky the  
color of ashes cast on his memories

**Barca Nostra**, 19 December 2019

Their report cards pinned to their chests will  
not have saved them pathetic passports barely  
good enough for paper balls

loaded dice error message this world is not their  
home the white border closed to the children of  
the rusty trawler the words are absent

only want to pray & bow down before the fallen  
children in the field of honor of the struggle for  
a good life their report cards

pinned to their chests posthumous  
decorations night after night in the  
Mediterranean Sea in the middle of a tablecloth of

paper funeral flowers a boat wanders off course  
and sinks this world is not their home forever  
closed the white border

# I Say Your Name

*26 May 2020*

The virus with the coronated name  
didn't get the better of you another  
that came with the slavers  
took you away

I see you you were spinning  
your daughter in the evening warmth  
you were singing to find some  
courage

because courage is what it takes to  
grow up & grow old when  
the husk of skin offered  
up at birth is a mark of subjection

/

He died George Floyd the giant  
with the tender heart died on the corner  
of an asphalt road gravel encrusted  
into his face the knee of a murderer  
wearing a police uniform pressing  
on his neck for endless minutes

the infinity of death ready to pluck  
George Floyd's last breath  
dying in broad daylight under  
a policeman's knee on the corner of  
a Minneapolis street

/

So died George Floyd  
crushed like vermin by  
a cop itching with the urge  
to kill

his life the dreams of happiness  
journeying beneath his eyelids  
those of his wife his children  
all up in smoke

/

So died the giant with the gentle  
heart murdered like vermin  
on the corner of a Minneapolis street

*I say your name    George Floyd*