

TONGO EISEN-MARTIN

Mali

I am the son of a hospital room
In a world of bed pans
Water does not know its own

I strain to hear every narrator in the room
They are the cycling shifts in his face
A side-less supernatural
His faces
That strain and strain
Collapse and shoot
Freeze then fade
Wander in then wander away
Let's live this hour with no meaning

I am a son He is a finish
I think this has been more for you than for me, I say

And we smile
 like water would

What I know now. There was a dark red Sunday sitting under that
Wednesday afternoon. A dark red Sunday. A wolf wearing mild
skies. What I know now. Chicago streets. Collect and guard Souls.
Sons respect their last breath fathers. Fathers pass away between
two conversations. I know that our blood is one thousand bullets
here. We. Are. Skin. And. Edge. Fast hands. Hunched rivers.
Prison Canvas. Strange leaves. We agree.

Are organized

Now named

More prison.
More canvas.
More generals reach womb.
More sketches reach son
--I should talk to his ghost with a prison pencil

Grew up watching sketched women and men
turn then walk away from the foreground.
Cardboard can look that deep.
43rd Street Collected Souls.

Pops,
As you travel where light means
a little less and home perhaps more

Be any man that suits you
Shift low air
Kneel in hurricane
Splash a bending image over your face
Perhaps an image of us
Walk east, I guess

Eat hurricane
Let this lonely love you
Do not sing
Do not understand
Do nothing for now
Do not belong

Perhaps, see us again