

Limbo

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There is a space
between living and
dying, a space
between your belly and
the bar between
oneness and shards...

The
way
you
bend
defines
that
space.

Today
you danced into
your space caressed
by many hands
arching
writhing
flaming
backwards in
a spiraled heap
gently

oiled for the journey
you were as slippery as
a reflection
 dancing
on Africa's last rain

You said
you wanted to eat
but some other rhythm
displaced your
 hunger
carried you
atop drums draped with
 skin...
to a place
where your shaking heart
found its beat

Conga
beats you and
you beat it
remembering how you
 gyrated and danced into her
space
gaspig, glowing

They
thinking you smiled
 in the middle
of your dance
open-mouthed
 breathing their names

grasping your deepest fiber
where the First Mother's hair
still lingers
in your cells

Just
leave your DNA
at the door
on the way out

soon it will be apparent
what has been stolen
from you
by those who watch, who search for
a piece of your skin
 your hair

the fog
 you left
when you spoke against the
 window, whispered to it
even
cradled your words

just to say her name

Her somber sol,
pausing
in awe
waning
swooning

to a spindle
a needle
a thread
holding on

Your moon eyes
rolled into the
space
between
screaming and
meditation

you

not believing in death

only

in what comes after.