

Stones

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Three women sit at a table
comparing diamonds
smiling
only with their eyes,
sticking their pinkies out when they sip

devouring,
 slowly,
strange fruit from
dead trees
black bodies on hands and knees—
treasures on the bloody backs
of men, women and children
 who could not own them
 who could not own shoes
who cast their country's treasures to
the wind

diamonds are a girl's best friend

A thousand
fingers have
touched
these stones

have lived, have died
have stared
across

the world into

the same
sky
listening to the
laughter
of birds

looking for food...

Three women sit at a table—
Earth, Wind and Fire
dancing to orchestrations of a brilliant sun
the color of blood when it sets.