

**america**

You (We) are more cracked tongues, heavy and fleshy like the way red sun heats the ruby peaches of June and its summertime a blue rusted spoon, in a violet kit of leaden words, the claw and birth of a stillborn's miscarried heart, the cult of black domesticity weighing in on loyalty and the counterbalance of betrayal upon a minefield daze of exhaust and withdrawal. Always dreaming of the blackwonderlands as the compilation of horse and her bit, the overweight work of fields of unshared crops filled with its ministry of enslaved sunrises, the deaf lumberjacks and tenured weavers of booker's workforces, the sacrament of the atlantic's sugar in the cane. Our red birthmark upon the menagerie of hoisting masters, the callused eyes turned toward the skyline away from the companionship of plantations. Fixed Black women tied to bedposts she a roughcast in orchard strictures that will grow more debauch. The debt creamy right before its tarnished birthplace.