

Poems about Us

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There are poems about the colour of our skin,
about the sun that sets
on us a little longer
than everybody else.
They talk about the dirt that crept into our pores,
making us a little
darker but growing
oak trees and lemons.

I'm writing poems about our flesh and its different
shades of nature,
our ladybugs and
spiders and beetles
that crawl with us,
fearlessly through
the poems that
thought they defined us.

We've got a hold of the pen and the poem
no longer traps us
but holds our hands
on our way back
to ourselves.

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