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(A Poem for Adrienne Piper)

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*A. R. Abdallah*

it is not easy to forget  
injustice or inequality  
when it robs you of proper medical care  
shatters your dreams  
the career you sweated blood for  
sacrificed your health and friendships for  
faith has withered like day-old daffodils  
you are too young, too old, too black  
too much a woman who knows  
her own mind will not survive  
the strain of sleepless nights haunting  
dreams parading grotesque histories—  
sisters splayed in a wilderness of hatred  
wrists and ankles tied to unyielding stakes  
parched red earth corpses swimming  
in their own blood broken bottles  
jammed into vaginas;  
like rivers of truths  
their stories are obscured in ancient  
language—indifférance  
it is not easy to forget  
you can not force your mind dead blank  
worry that she was yet conscious  
just barely alive alive enough to know  
it was the flesh of her swollen belly  
ripped open her feet and hands decapitated  
like the killing of swine  
she had fainted after that  
you can not force your mind dead blank  
summer nights do not find you smiling  
happy content  
how could they

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