

Breaking a Voodoo · *Eve Triem*

young black woman knocks at my door
management doesn't answer no blankets
Lana — 4 years — smiles can i see your cats

exchanging life-stories over coffee
borrowed saucepan & cups her need
is to tell: wild people follow me
never speaking always following
from Chicago to Seattle my father hates me

beauty hallucinated a dreadful stamping
on flowers or the drowning of fireflies
enough money to stay one night in hotel
with small Lana waiting for the sailor

she is too knowing to make a wax doll
riddled with pins or burn a candle to St. Jude
i tell her say NO NO NO to shadows
(she weeps into my hands)
the ship returns in tomorrow's light