

my spirit be-
comes a sack full of ashes.
I open the window
see the bird blind

alone in such fine
sorrow so long

Words / Raymond R. Patterson

Each night with words
to wall out prison walls

brick by word brick by word
from darkness lifting

into wordless space
words from syllables of rage

to rise through caged tiers
towards the clear speech of stars

Can you see now in the dark
in the top of the makeshift scaffolding

the prisoner lifting
the final words into place

some jailer below
shaking his keys and shouting?

To All Brothers: From All Sisters / Sonia Sanchez

each nite without you.

and I give birth to myself.

who am i to be touched at random?