

## The Father / Gayl Jones

This is my father—  
an Indian of two Americas  
and a black man from three continents  
his wife carried me  
strapped to her back  
till the pack cut her shoulders  
but their footprints were still kisses  
and their love broke into my skin  
and mine into theirs  
infinite and palpable  
and deeper than shadow—  
this man with the high-crowned hat  
and pants falling over his shoes  
is my father—  
an indian of two americas,  
a black man  
from three continents:  
why then, if he is my father,  
why then am I so afraid  
to look at him—  
and why then when he comes walking  
toward me, wanting me to see him  
do I turn my head away?—  
only when he bumps into me  
and his flesh cuts mine,  
do we become bloods again.

## The City / Raymond R. Patterson

where people who live alone  
are murdered by a thief  
  
where someone hears it done  
falling off to sleep  
  
to dream police who come  
and find the body gone  
  
where no one need know  
no one