

A Song To All The Fishes My Net Couldn't Hold

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j.w
i bless you
for training my heart
for war
for making me believe
it's not every girl who prefers her lover black

and smart and whatever

e.w
i celebrate you

like the way a country celebrates its independence
like the way our house celebrated the conception
of a barren aunty

remember
in junior high you crawled into my chest
and grew into a burning desire
and for the first time in many years

i stopped cursing adam
for stupidly falling into a hole dug by an eve

k.s
like the man nailed to a cross
you are a god wearing human skin

once in an english class we are asked to describe
beauty and angel in one word

and i wrote your name.

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