

[POETRY] ~~shadrach, meshach, abednego &~~ eric

Kólá Túbòsún
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for ek.

today i will visit your grave after three years,
I am eager to know what has become of your black stained chest.

& at your burial, your dissected limbs that
were placed side by side makes me think
of the doll's limbs my little sister is spending
her childhood dissecting from its torso.

*sometimes I wish my uncle would've been the fourth Hebrew brother to come out
of fire alive.*

all bodies dead are to subside into dust, what has happened to
a body we believe burned out like a paper into ashes?

& the half body and ashes we lowered into the ground,
that's how we planted this grief that is spreading its veins in our bodies.

there's no sanctified grief in raising

a child from the womb then dip him into a hill of ashes.

Jeremy T. Karn writes from somewhere in Liberia. His work has appeared and is forthcoming in *20.35 Africa: An Anthology of Contemporary Poetry Volume III*, *The Whale Road*, *Ice Floe Press*, *ARTmosterrific*, *The Rising Phoenix*, *Up the Staircase Quarterly*, *Lolwe*, *Minute Magazine*, *FERAL Poetry*, *Liminal Transit Review*, *The Kissing Dynamite*, *Ghost Heart Literary Journal*, and elsewhere.

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