

1980

Akua'ba

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Akua' ba

I labored to feed the living;
the spirit of an uneasy dead.
When you tossed in your sleep
with silence upon your lips
even then my deeds seemed suspect.

Time has aged me
but in its absence
is change

I am crippled with nightmares
of loas who crave wombs, detached.
My eyes are empty
like women who work from dusk to dawn.
There is a hole which bears your shape
like the sun it sets only to rise again.

Tona Dickerson