

Excerpt from *Chant for the Waters and Dirt and Blade*

By Desiree C Bailey

I begin again I begin  
in black smoke washing  
the island barreling across fields  
into sea  
    what of country of nation  
of child's palm in my palm then  
leaping through small streams  
    what do I know  
but my body now my body making  
itself free onward onward  
'toward a beginning in one hand  
my machete in the other the sea horn  
the conch blaring the notes of my song