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