

BIRTH FORM: TERCETINA

underneath a still life snapshot of grass & rocks, probing light
reveals layer after layer of buried history, there, under beds
of earth's terraced graves, skulls & bones out of sight

in darkness, where a symphony of silence echoes the dead
after sonorous beauty of their voices took flight
after the DNA of their flesh melted away, after all speech was said

& done, the drumscrip light fingers played on skinheads pulled tight—
as music improvised anywhere—faded away old rhythms inside our heads
as drums insinuated on the other side of this circular moment, right

here, underneath this place, where a choir of trees stands now & leads
is a soft vein of gray & blue beneath & inside the earth's hot night
where history can be an echo of itself after fleeing time bled

throughout the concave dome breath lost to the great sheer height
of night, where now a new form is being born, this tercetina that sheds
light & birthskin in the process of being torn from this slight

moment time gives us, the uncertainty of creation here, form wedded
inside the blood of ancestral language, this terror of shape, this fight
to keep alive a memory, before sweet tenderness bled

itself to death, staining this concrete modern place of blight
& ice, here where music filling skies is thunder & gunshots played
all around our children, their eyes wide open in fear, but bright