

A Future Yesterday

we was dancing, like we could let all the breeze out our lungs,
sounded like a church, like the one down the road with no streetlights
behind the second lot, then abandoned.

the trees didn't scare us no more, weren't no more blocks to burn effigy.
just all of us taking turns smiling back and forth,
a concert, a gathering across a main drag.

you can smell the grass & gasoline & frying of peppers,
& grease. it didn't matter when you got there
just as long as you didn't miss the band, in all white.

a host of beat-box soul, there the saxophone sweetened
the bend in the back of our knees. we knew that dust
wasn't gonna rise without our shuffle atop it.

the earth finally swallowed all the graves into itself
& sprouted wings & jean shorts, & neon body suits,
riding around on technicolor bicycles.

you couldn't see nothing but the crackling
of the present. couldn't hear nothing
but the night finally time un-afraid of its shadow,

the moon stopped boiling blood,
remembered how we always been its creatures
& when the second sun rose we sang to her too.

told her *thank you for the land again,*
all our blood been the keepers.
this rapture was a home-going back

to ourselves. it didn't matter when you got there,
as long as you didn't miss, the generations of abandon lots,
sprouting streetlight revivals at the end of the world.

even the sea stayed quiet there,
made way for our bones to again quake & holler
— all this, a joy