

DAN AMES

Emancipation in Black

the half moon in the chaise lounge whispered her song of the South
a vermilion whisper heard only by the alligators and me
the music was cottony soft Spanish moss tickled her flat brown stomach
an obscenely large bucket poured its contents onto the grass matted brown
by nineteen fleeing turtles
a trickle of sweat twinkled its lighthouse signal to me along the small of her back
oh Poseidon you wrinkly old bastard you will not deny me tonight
for I have seen the green and verdant bustle of Charleston at dawn
I will trade my load of spice for anything grown in your tropical triangle
you who half-raise an eyelid to see if I'm looking at you and sure as the gullah in the field
you will hear the call of my two hundred and sixty eight organ pipes
humming in perfect, hot harmony