

My baby is gone

Have you seen my baby?

—Asa

i

That day we
drank milk
no return

to

ii

This is a story
of sweats
sperms and
unripe blood...

...piling
my palm
bed

in
my

iii

She was still in her trousers
when the night broke
in waistcloths

guns held

iv

I cannot see
in the mirror
face

again my

have you seen
my window
closed?

*Or, is there
another sky
a dead bird?*

for

My baby is gone

Can I say I'm sorry...?

—Asa

i

Yesterday is with us

in our pockets

our sheets

and

tongues

but the baby has gone

ii

When you peel the clouds

will you see a skin

like

mine?

will there be

a song to

welcome?

II

Not an empty

nest, please; give

us a

lily bed

IV

If drums do not call us

what will?

