Dwellings

There are dwellings in this world

Places lost women reside

Lamentations can be heard

Where restless spirits hide.

Ensnared in wicked mangrove roots --

   twisted, tangled, gnarled, mangled,

Like bone fragments in unmarked graves

The untethered energy of lives cut short— strangled,

Carries on wind and waves.

My grandmother's song is heard on the shore

Unanswered cries for justice echoing

Joining those of countless more

A mournful din crescendoing.

She was turbulent, volatile in life

Her vibrant hues, to this day, are shown.

Inciting both comfort and strife,

She makes her presence known.

Her body lies somewhere in the Glades

Her eulogy howls with the Seminole wind.

As fingertips trail through sawgrass blades,

I feel her there, a soft breath on my hand.

And decades pass, descendants born,

Until someday, I’ll stand alone

As the one lucky enough, alive early enough,

For her earthly love to be shown.

But she persists in those born with her blood,

Progeny she’d never know.

They carry her name, they see through her eyes,

Their skin shines with her Cherokee glow.

There are dwellings on this earth

Scorned spirits forever lingering

The crippling loss of all their lives were worth

Causes an endless, grief-fueled rippling.