

"cracked ghazal for racial healing" – Adam al Sirgany

lewis lemon was never not a free man. i've heard  
otherwise but free: a movement of truth inside one's self.

drive to the library, park the van up state to observe  
way wind rolls peaks as we stand sure on the bridge.

we ask if civilization is always an act of gratitude,  
a love letter to thatcher blake and germanicus kent.

what the slaver hates to say, still crossing the ford,  
rucksack and meal on the back of his manservant

is that liberation is different from freedom, lordship  
is not the love of a father for his child. man serving

as muscle, manserving as pulse for another's facile  
carotid arteries til by bicep lathes \$800 manumission.

a plot for truck garden of snap peas and columbine,  
something amongst cultivars must remain wild in it,

no? no? the sidewalk still hosts pigeons this summer  
chests shimmering, i too am a guttering dove in a land

of tallgrass along the river. bridge bends, as planned,  
by the engineers. day of zephyrs and manuscripts sent

in the calm talons and gullets of messenger birds.  
lewis lemon, born free and died no man's servant.