

Kith and Kiln

"Home is where somebody notices when you are no longer there." — Aleksandar Hemon.

Am I still here?
Do you see me
notch the oxide sunset
like an ancient etching?

I've always hunched here, under rain
or low-scud cloud--
heard distant Hanley goose-honks;
watched unhusked skinheads
in a drunken slump stumble to
their midnight dhansak shank

and I used to dream of gathering the crazed hem
of my brick-skirt (a drey of cindered mesh
that cloisters my *nesh* in winter)
to waltz at the moon in blousy damask
and tease the bone-ash stars:
to fang their quartzzy flux.

If I could speak
I would talk in round vowels
of *wom* and dome,
and I'd ask you to stay--
but my throat is damp with rain
without the rasp of caulk-smoke
from my clayfire belly.

If you must leave me, then do it quick
before you see me untruss myself
brick by brick
'til I am just a spill of *sheeded* powder
whispered on history's lips
like a cipher.

Do you see me?
Am I still here?