

American History Elevator Pitch

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One day we will talk about ghosts.
Find a way to miracle.

Name a once-river a sober row.
A hybrid: sweet shiny lie with plastics,

long crawl down a halfway magic,
a trouble the shape of spades.

For now, we call it home. This land

of fertile knot of self and star-like wounds.
A small debt of death and heat

in our throats. Swallow of hot iron cruel.
And in fairness, a curtain of kindness.

Notice the manner of kindness:

at dinner parties, on front porches,
across the street, around cubicle walls.

When we unearth this soil, we loosen
the soothe. Stumble on the silence.

I wait.

Give my American history elevator pitch:
A few strangers, heavy hands on land,

on people. A concoction of pecking orders,
feuds and sparks. They called it freedom.

Some sorted details, time, peril left out.

This country spread its long thick spine
between the oceans.

Became a ribbon of glorious terrible deeds.
Born between the legs of heroes and thorns.

Bitter, sweet, rotten, wicked, free.