

My Black Boy Dead

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Arrives, all body and trigger-thin.
His face, generic as a Hallmark card.
The kind where Black figures
are outline and arms. No eyes,
only cut-outs in colorful robes.
Looking in the paper for Lotto scores,
I hit his number. No photo.
Unidentified. His fortune
fits in the palm of my hand. Now,
I am dreaming of manicures.

Nails as wings. Nails as tiny tines
of blades. Tips that could stretch
to Timbuktu, that could curl
around him and make him
home. He comes to me. I clench
to hide my stubby fingers,
peeled and chewed.
I could be your angel! I cry.
He asks me my name, kisses
my fist, promises a gold chain,
a new phone, a Coach bag, above all
somebody to soak, to polish, to file,
somebody to hold my hands.

