

WOMEN AND MIGRATION(S) II



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23. Requiem for a Drink of Water

Bryn Evans

*in memory of those who seek refuge from flood and fire in honor
of those who move oceans and speak rivers into dry land
in celebration of Mama Julie, whose waters bore me and my own, on her 100th birthday,
may I always know faith as deep, as wide, and as far as yours*

*living, alive, alive, living—you can
tell by the birds*

how they run like water /
 dribblets in the sky
we have many mamas / one
 a Black widow with a ruined name

her lover consumed /
the wave don't come no more

she is a quiet flood

sand man slipping / light tan and missing I am pulled at the waist by
 a tragedy I cannot give time to this city of daughters / arms
 hollow bottles / broken
 I am the marrow / inside
 with / holding
mourning, we reach out to open suns / who bleed into our longing

pile in glittered shards / look out into the salt and drink

this house is not a home / it is / a boat
drowning

/ it is / a luxury to have somewhere / else
to go