



53. LUCY GETS IT

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Shadows do matter. I learned about being dumb and white,
which is not like being smart and black.

We watch a squat white man walk away. Each of us, untied
but it's, him, who I want to mount.

I guess getting it, is hard, because I'm a woman, and white,
tall and thin, sometimes, weighed down only by what sucks

my shape. And that black, is all muscle and matter, his skull,
a precipice, precious matter, which I am inside, somewhere.

Inside of me is a heart that beats high when I run up hills,
flowing up in a state in which I'd like to be stilled.

There's a sentence I am born into: *I am a woman.*

I am long. I am a shadow. I break through ear-plugs, past

birds, beating air, yet I need to be quiet. I need to not be yelled at.
Ears spring open against this hope.

Where oh where has my heart gone? Where I have lost
myself, vanishing, in the numb of my ever known body—