

From Root to Tree

The low hanging fruit
As insipid as vermouth
As buck shot as striation
As seared as melted skin

As bris-quit as dilation
Through no more child 'sea section' see

As porous as monumental
As bounding as buffalo
Down a dodo birds' cliff
The chin of dribbling shit of the padded walls,
old folks home

Treacherously dredging the family left
Till, and what it means to have a face their still...
Breeching Aunt Maryland of Faith beyond Faith
In my grandmother's fecundation not birth in Missouri inception
That a Biography may come out of truth's conception:
New Orleans...
Phrases like
"Her grandpa Jason said 'If I can't do it without a condom I'll find somewhere else t' do it"
And 'Oh':he did...silently and never spoken –
Seas section themselves from root; a gangly mass of iron and liquid
great granmother's plumage never rest on staved seeds

The 'How' Nellie got pregnant with grandma Nonnie to Aunt Maryland 'just mystery'
Oh how Jason disappeared four years
Nellie's roped doilies that were effectually made and kept
Looking down at the 'cept
tank

Waiting for Leila
Old Let'r
TO: Dad

The mountain of founding
Jefferson Washington and Roosevelt
Baren Money men
All of them
The roots of their faces carved in dead stone sects
The trees pummeled away of effervescent grounding

'Til turned into shavings
For factories' mortar-land plume
du Perfect Union crooned of God on ships, in the wake of English tea
Dried dental floss offices in their sinew stretched mold-hull ruin
That unearthed the unconscious sacrifice of 'others'

The palm lines draw their mangy vacillating's
to the dick of the US
Florida
Out Hot steamy Cuba
Into the aqueducts of my ancestor's British, Nay Roman
Nay, Greek, Nay Jew, Nay Unknown Cities...

Yet Jason's bed death to Nellie repeated
over and over he had ran away to Missouri
threats of sex-death-beds sixty seven
"I love you"
And of the boys' in '45 radio war
"Be me"
Nellie was always ...politely "Thank you very much" she would repeat
Mentioning nothing of her baby, my grandmother Nonnie
A bed death
nothing
like forgiveness
And he would feebly say "I love you", her cordial, restrained smiling
"Well, Thank you very much"

Somewhere able Lincoln chariots cry
(Of the Ford motor company in Detroit)
Those soiled massive, gas guzzling boats
car shipping and the wadable horizon line

Dreams of the day Andrew Jackson dies
Gets shot in the head when his brother's abed – away, at a bar
In the doorway before fifty acres and a mule, signed
And finds the native and negro land their own
Instead of having to partition off twelve states, the new south west
And four other countries out of this continent
(but it's just a dream)
(land for freed slaves that was buried dead)
What a moveable feast of Mobile casualty
Shotinthehead

No one will ever know my story he says

No one will ever know – a happy story of being founded...
If it's been hidden?
What's been bled like an arbor metal fed from ceramic basin?
Distilled to sea
From Portsmouth to tincture
To powder puff dead skin cells blends' cosmetic:

An Afghan throw round the neck of my Aunt (southern sew).
That Hot Jambalaya of andouille, pork, chicken, crawfish and shrimp
Bubbling up into eyes made of hot sauce.
Bleated the last hand over fist that might people be-little
For the cause of misgiving – telling every body "forget a little"
Sewer drain hole,
Or the connecting drag of Wally Billy of Walla Walla Jazz
Cartilage in-fractured maintenances in hot red sauce
Hidden in the caress of fingers
Enjambed
In
Old
Palms

Aunt goes off like the fear of some dying trumpet:
Mothers' Great Uncle Al and Father's Great Uncle Aaron
Al freed a camp of passed Jews lined up like corkwood
Aaron past-foot-soldier stayed at my father's parents' Memey and Pop pop
Fourth July firecrackers
the six foot four two forty man shivering under kitchen table

Nonnie married George
was by himself Oklahoma for a year!
He didn't pass on a relative?
And Nellie her mother said "Be a piano player or be the only janitor for your unborn children"
when he came back.

Nonnie played Chopin when happy, Beethoven when sad.
Just as my Aunt Maryland from Virginia, from her
married wine husband's estate mansion to retiring
Never worked a day in her life
To tracking hound-dog sports of life's 'I don't understand'
Just as I sought to understand if Nonnie was half Creole or Cajun or a combination
Maryland clotting her conscience of Nonnie's mixed race as "No understand"
Mixed family spread like succotash throughout this country
All the lima, kidney and corn fed stew

But Maryland, always cleaning her fingernails...
Of the swine fish-earth blood filled soup kitchen sea-sink:
The lie down the drain, "she is not cajun" does not come with lineages-price-tag;
Our Roots' Come
Sovereign:
From
Root
To
Tree

By Ross Miller Murray 12/1/19