

TWO POEMS BY SEBLE DAWIT

TREATISE

such refusal is not tacit

(it is a verbose voiceless tirade
for no and every audience

a not unwilling acceptance
of entrapment in the remnants of a weary
frantic
imagination
where nuances stagger to obliterate
a memory more suspect than dream
a vision that sees only tenacity and din

and often lends a sometime name
to a skyless navigator
carelessly unfurled
on a metallic undertow of force
and negation)

it is the insistence to suffer everything
elsewhere
to revel in the assault and shame
of a prickly comfort
insisting demanding
to be lost, to be found everywhere
else
refusing a return
that silences the weight and press
of possibility

TUESDAY

i went
into a barren place
where mountains shone
like fleshless bone
stark jagged and alive
where tired drivers oxen earth
pleaded and fought
where seeds were rare
yet children grew
no matter strewn haphazard
where feeble stocks of wheat
cajoled the rocks to move
that sun was plenty
and the poor brought
their wealth to sell
in casual homeless scattered towns
named for weekly market days