

Autumn Hayes

## On Them

Dear god Unconceived  
Daughter dont let you Be

One of them

Won  
Dim

Ensignal bitches who Say they can See  
Both

Sides as if your father and I

Stand on a different shore Ground  
Dustless red the grass scorched dun as Time

The chasm between us Seething

Bloodied waters Splintered  
Chariots Sea

Split yet Forded

By your Miraculous

Presence. Dont make me Be  
One to provoke you—to Believe

There is only love liquid and violent All

Of us flailing

About to Be

Drowned or Adrift  
Or flaglike Planted

By our Own

Hands outside its shores the Lone

Worlds Ocean Chattering

Itself to sleep applauds

Its Own

Trickery—song bass and Contra

Bass harmony Squeezed

Colorless Hung

From Lung

To lung to Air

And ear. There is only Justice

And those who dance beneath it having Flung

It high and eager for some to Spray

Down a Drop

Let or Three

On Them.

Autumn Hayes is a freelance writer whose poetry, articles, and short fiction have appeared in *3:AM*, *The Washington Spectator*, *African American Review*, *The Seattle Review*, *Teachers & Writers Magazine*, and *Southern Women's Review*, among others. She holds an MFA in poetry from Texas State University, where she teaches.