

DARNELL "DEESOUL"



Vallejo, East Oakland,
Antioch, Pittsburg,
Stanford • 1999

CARSON

Poem of Numerous Things Unspoken

A boy walks into a room and is called [REDACTED]

I am asked for my [REDACTED] and I hand over my spine

There are a million ways to say [REDACTED] and I have
never been good at any of them

[REDACTED] is a million tiny prayers praise-dancing on my tongue

for a [REDACTED] that will not hear them

I hear [REDACTED] and a blossom of [REDACTED]

bloom from the roof of my mouth

There are not enough homilies for the [REDACTED] stuck in my teeth

I spill repentance before every [REDACTED] that got me here

I wonder if heaven rewards a crown for every [REDACTED] part of myself I kill

Saint and Sinner are just two ways of saying [REDACTED]

There is no [REDACTED] in the afterlife, only the promise of a maybe

My hands have always been the most [REDACTED] thing I own