

ODE TO *TELEFONE*

Darnell “DeeSoul” Carson

I can still picture your smile, unfurling,
peals of laughter in the California orange
glow of the yesterday-setting sun.

We sit silently in rainstorm, humming each other's
names in the place of hymnals, a sunny duet of
God's reinvention in the space between our teeth.

We diddy bop dumb in the darkness, we saints
of streetlights, juke jam in the jungle gym,
sanctify every slide, and swing, and seesaw.

It is a new day and we are still sealing the stitches
in our hand-me-down halos, the threads holding
our ancestors somewhere skyward all we need.

Reality checks in and oh how we scream it out
of the room; there is no place for the devil here,
for what pain seeks to interlude my freedom.

This world named us casket pretty, we shadow people,
and we still dancing, letting in the yellow,
the whole world inside our rearview and we bye-bye bluing.

Forever is a gospel that lives the heaven
of our held hands. Even in its absence
I will preach all its wonder to everyone I meet.