

Untitled Poem (Grounded Angel)

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New Archeology

Digging for hemoglobin.

How did the ground become so deep?
And why are your hearts so shallow?

Rivulets of my brother's blood
Draining into the porous soil, whose hungry mouth opens generously to feed
the veins of the Earth.

How did the ground become so deep?

I can hear the cries of my brother in the blood-soaked earth. And I can smell his memory in the blossoms of the
sadistic daffodils who chime the song of Rebirth, in the lonely shadow of my brother's ghost.

And those carnivorous forget-me-nots. They mock me as they feast.

But how did the ground become so deep?

I can hear the cries of my brother's blood, now screaming for justice from a hallowed, forgotten ground.

The magnolias jeer at me through stained white petals as they grow fat off of his youthful essence.

I decide, then, that I will remember him.

I will never forget him.

Then, a new sound. A feeling. Pulse.

The surrounding earth is now as shallow as your heart.

Excavation blueprints. He will return.

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