

They Say That We Are The Ones
by
An Marie Davis

The ancient pain of my ancestors
came to me
in a dream.

He was disguised
as a three year old child
looking up at me
wanting to be held

But since I have been wary
and weary
of this particular pain
for so long
I would not let him rest
his child's head on my shoulder.

Because she has left me
tired and tender
after handing me
her jagged-edged anguish
so many times before.

So I let her pull on my leg
and look up at me
as I remained unmoved.

Once before
he came to me
disguised as a lover
when I was uninitiated
in his ways.

After he
wrapped himself
into every corner of my mind
he showed me
what he was made of:

Unsolved pain
gathered from slave ships
and sugar plantations

and from death marches
to reservations

He held in his belly
a heavy loneliness

A longing
that voyaged across oceans
to build bridges and railroads
across river and prairie.

She carried
the cold and hard replacement
for every warm drop of blood
ever spilled onto a battleground
since time immemorial.

She was
that bottomless famine
that every human heart
that had ever been brutalized
and left to die alone
created

as she was the remnant
that her heart left behind
after it tumbled
into the void

This pain came to me
tugging at my leg
while holding
her dark night of the soul

behind that baby's face.

You, she said,
are the one
I have been waiting for.

Wanting you
to finally see me.