

New Poetry by Sherrie Fernandez-Williams

she be like, damn

she be all tired.
she be like a flattened house shoe
she be full of compunction
she be remembering what was said.
she be told what she deserves.
she be believing everybody.
she be weepin' in the bathtub
she be like her momma,
she be lying.
she be saying it's the arthritis
she be talking like it ain't her head
she be actin' like hurt don't bother her.
she be actin' like she foolin' somebody.
she be foolin' no damn body.
she be scattered.
she be slidin' across marbles.
she be grabbin' onto nothin
she be almost breakin' her wrists.
she be lying on the floor
she be holdin' her stomach
she be trying not to vomit soggy cake
she be wishin' she ate almonds instead.
she be losin'.
she be wantin' rest.
she be told she ain't gettin' shit she want
and she be still wantin' shit.



Annibale Caracci, circa 1580s.

juanita

juanita put on her tap shoes and danced in her kitchen, in her living room, she composed. and into her gilded bathroom mirror, she gave monologues before powering on her home recorder that, in those days, weighed a sailor's duffel bag.

debuted films at thanksgiving, after feeding a houseful. she, in a form-fitting black dress made of sturdy garbage bags.

"i am more than wife, mother of ten, church organist."

then, she started with captain and tennille, followed by neil diamond.

nieces, nephews elated. her children feigned embarrassment, but devotees, nonetheless.

a woman from disbanded and reshuffled peoples. owned by a garden variety, bearing traces of many countries, the dominant, the birthplace of black magic.

what might have been if they hadn't made us afraid of our gods? she could have been another brooklyn starlet, sing stormy weather like lena horne in the movies. what *if* we harnessed the power of our goddesses?

you favor her. nearsighted. prone to excessive pounds in mid-life, obsessed with communing with the dead. her grandfather, angel, the cuban cigar maker, joined in the chorus of *guantanamera*, and when she strummed like memphis minnie, nada, rocked back and forth

the way grandmothers do when they are stirred.

all principle and heart—that one. sung *time in a bottle* with sam, her second husband.

sam on guitar, juanita at piano. time was a real question for those graying lovers.

never enough time for a woman

whose first husband tried to reduce her like soup stock. being mad took more time than she could give. so she produced.

wrote about an urgency for peace,

though we were not the ones who begged for war but in 1984 she scribbled in "jesse." argued about the virtues of speaking one's mind to punks who called it a wasted vote.

you hold onto the ways that you might be like juanita, though you know you are dot's child.

in a family large enough populate three small towns. you
were never one to be known in these townships. not like
aunty,
who mailed everyone copies of her latest records,
performed at all family gatherings, taught whosoever will how
to play.

when there are so many, there are so many to lose.
juanita wept the longest over all bodies—ah, yes,
another way you are like her. your spirit, too, is made
of blown glass. at the last burial before her own,
she warned those within the sound of her voice that she was
tired.

you were young but old enough to know the weight of words.

juanita is a starlet. it is time for another moment under
glaring lights.

it is quiet on the set, a recreation of 1943. she is small-
wasted again,
and in high heels. she looks directly into the camera, then
up,
when studio rain hits her face.

hot tea

precious one, emancipate your feet. stretch
your soles from here to far from here,
across acres of african moons.
young dignitary, miles of highway
know the impression of your shoe
by heart. it is tender at your core.
the injured hum their names in
your ear like seraphim. faces soaked
up by the cortex for sight cannot
be unseen like the ground where
they last stood cannot not absorb

a life poured out. this agony, you
haul with all subtle movements
and speak at movements of
national proportions. in squares,
your voice expands beyond
itself and crescendos into a whispers.
hot chamomile with lemon and honey
will help. i have prepared this for you.
sit as we remember our future. rest
until you are well again. and you
will be well again to move us further.

tony

this father's son is loved not only by this father
but by the holy angels too, and by a few demons
who step to him on the street to give him what-up
jabs on the shoulder. i do not mean to compare
this father's son to the son of the father, but that is
what this father's son had been to sisters.

one came to him at night spooked by utterances
in her own head. one saved for him her best jokes.
another came when broken by a boy. the last placed her
report cards on the table just before he sat down to eat.
all waited for his perfect response, better than imagined.

to sisters, this father's son was close to the son of the
father
when this father/a daddy departed. not to be with the father,
but to be with a woman he met in night school.

to sisters, the one who gabs with the unseen, the formerly
broken,
now zealot, the first to die, a comedian and especially, the
last,
the critic of religious patriarchy, who loved showing off

her report card, this father's son, a shepherd. for that moment
in time, sisters, not yet knowing what else they could be,
were lamb.

inflammation

1.

something almost remembered
then, pushed away for a later date
only to find its way into the body, dawdle there
and hope to be recognized, assessed, sifted through
for what good it carries, then separated from its waste.

if left alone for too long it splinters
into the convolution gray matter
latching onto cells weakening them

sometimes it arrives as a simple question
while listening to gossip radio, while not
wanting to be bothered by anything too
onerous like separating sewage from my
cells while driving home from a hard-day's work

the words link together and i remove them
like a chain from the bottom of my belly,
straight out of my mouth—

“what do i do with the men?”

2.

i know what the question means.
you get rid of them. i said “rid” motherfucker, rid of you.
praise be to—
well, not all of them, of course.
i love daddy. he was forty when I was born.
when i turned forty i was the adult daughter.

tenacious. never falling apart for too long, anyway
since enacting my three day rule
three days to be dumbfounded, three
days to panic, three days to flounder
full recovery occurs on the fourth day.
too goddamn much to do to flounder four whole days.

so by the fourth day I am fortified,
and so daddy shares with
one part regret, one part pride
in his accomplishments of bedding women
sometimes a handful in one weekend. some
served with him on neighborhood watch. most
were the mothers of the pta, he was president, and
a poor man with classical tones resounding from his
long, thick cords; like blues from a cello
and, women moved to the sound of him.
bed became a verb that broke my mother.
but she's dead now, so what does it matter. daddy's nearly
ninety.
growing older provides perspective. distance
dilutes notions about what to do with the men.

3.

the question is absurd.

4.

there were four of us girls. i was the baby.
the others had me by eight, ten, and eleven
years so i benefitted from my sisters' skill in hair braiding
and designing clothes. my favorite was the red jumpsuit with
shoulder ruffles. i looked like a five year old disco queen
the day i wore it for my birthday. one sister picked my hair
out.

i do not blame any of them for their lack of warning

about life in a girl's body; the ownership some feel they have.

to take without permission. they never spoke of rape by the neighbor or by nana's boyfriend. "it's just the way it was," one sister told me. "it was our job to be okay."

I do not want to answer. I'm done being a traitor
It is difficult to defend this place where I enter the story.
I am middle aged, not a helpless girl.

real women grow up and care for the most devastated among us
and I already decided a long time ago that I would be the giver
not the taker of care. not the interminably wounded
and, I love a woman so what does any of this matter to an old
dyke like me?
feminine discomfort is an act of treason.

5.

I know the forces against my man-child-

6.

the one long gone was the easiest of all.
a stack of papers, a hearing or two, the crack of a gavel
and it was done. i did not wish a brother dead.
and every day, i am reminded, i forgive him and
every day i am reminded, i am the one who is sorry.

7.

i have chosen the path of the giver.

Shh...i will only say this once. do not repeat this to anyone.
the leading cause of death for
young black women between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five
is intimate partner
violence. *Four times greater for black than it is for white.*

The consequences for perpetrators of intimate violence is less when the victim is black than when she is white. shh... i will only say this twice. the leading cause of death for young black women between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five is intimate partner violence. one last time, i will say, the leading cause of death for young black women between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five is intimate—

Brie Golec trans woman of color stabbed by her father,
Yazmin Vash Payne trans woman of color stabbed by her boyfriend,
Ty Underwood trans woman of color shot by her boyfriend within days of each other—
debbie and i once made soup out of dirt and rain.
as teens, she had ramell. i had an on again,
off again, thing with jesus. between debbie and ramell,
were ramell's hands that behaved any which way they pleased especially when clenched into spherical solids.
my hands secured notes in white envelopes.
"god loves you," my hands told the pen to tell the paper to tell debbie. no wonder debbie cut her eyes at me
whispered loud enough for me to hear her talk about my whack old lady clothes to the other girls. ramell and i both lost
the battle against our powerless hands. i was outcasted.
ramell and debbie made a baby.
when debbie's little brother became a teen his hand held heavy steel to the face of his pretty boo across the street. when the steel
exploded with one motion of a rogue finger little brother's hand
brought the steel to his own face. however, that time the rogue finger
refused. it triggered the same dumb ass question.

long before any documents were filed, i recognized
the man i married had hands like ramell,

but the righteous knows what's up.

race matters. gender belongs to somebody else.

i know men who want to reclaim their innocence.

deemed guilty without due process. I will speak their cause,
but speaking mine would perhaps pose a conflict of interest
as

the earth collapses between us.

8.

the body becomes inflamed in the protection
of itself swelling occurs while the question is held in the
nerves.

i sit on the floor of my bedroom and in four square breathing
i release the question back out into the air to revisit at a
later date

man-child barely knocks. i struggle to my feet. open the
door.

taller than me, he lowers his head to my shoulder. "goodnight
mom,"

he says. n four counts, i release the question and hold him.

i hold him as the question finds its way back into my body.

demands to be answered demands to be answered demands to be
answered demands to be answered demands to be answered demands
to be—shhh.... do not repeat this to anyone.