

What Came With Us

And from the airport we came down the highway in the night
and the headlights were thousands, were close, were converging
making long exposure photographs
of us in whose bodies it was morning
in whom the faces of the ones we'd known
were still vivid and precise as flowers
then the car moved in a darkness
that was like the sea again, somewhere a barn glowed like a ship,
and in us were the restless, roving questions
we couldn't ask in our familiar languages
so we uttered makeshift versions in the one
our children would be fluent in
and there was the Kingston glowing like an industry
and the exit was a Sir who was important
and there was an apartment with a lock code
windows with no curtains and the faintest stars
were flickering in slanted constellations
we slept, we opened suitcases
and some of our luggage was lost
and some possessions were here in museums
and foods we knew to make were in the restaurants, but wrong
when we dressed, our clothes they had more colour than the city
that had its own air made of lake and silences
in their offices we knew that they could doom us
so we were as suitable as possible awaiting
permission to stay on the land they had taken
and the systems they were ugly and the people they were kind
to our rooms they gave their furniture
in narrow beds we dreamed of home
and what was it, each morning, that we found
had trailed us, like a fragrance, like a god
of our first earthly origins
it was made of smoke and shadows
maybe had a drum skin, maybe strings
it shook and sequins scattered on the ground
what came with us was awake
and it could sing