

Sestina

Produced as a free poem by the Great Mohasky Press, Detroit, November 4, 1974

Bill Rehahn

This here's Detroit,
home of hungering
dreams, home of my empty pockets
and tired worn fingers.
The shadows cast are Babylon's,
that made scorpion death of my mother.
So many have sacrificed a mother
to become orphans of Detroit
grown cold in the shades of Babylon
that leave us hungering
with no place for our fingers
but our empty pockets.
Nothing in my pockets
is all that's left of my mother
except tired worn fingers
grown empty by Detroit.
I have nothing but a hungering
dream, to escape these shades of Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
empty as my pockets,
black as my hungering
remembering my mother
dead, sacrificed for Detroit,
my home, where tired worn fingers
bled, red, bled blood raw fingers
cold, congealed in the shadow's Babylon
shadow of Detroit.
I want to leave, to fill my pockets,
remember my mother
and satisfy this hungering
empty hungering
I cannot grasp with my fingers.
I want the memory of my mother
in the light the other side of Babylon,

on the other side of empty pockets,
outside the shadows of Detroit
where my mother's shadow is Babylon's
shade, my worn fingers empty pockets
hungering in this my home, Detroit.

fifth Estate

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