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Can we, can we get along?

Rodney King, rehab star, dies his dunce's death
and my husband's voice is a dotted line, language
crunched up by grief. Meaning, tonight, recovery means
nothing, drinks sucked in like air, words lithe and loose,
some woman's mark on his neck. And briefly,
I send curses to the whole city of Los Angeles
and all of its bodies that broke the body
of that anonymous drunk, turning his name
into the symbol that would come to haunt
the dry lips of the only firefly left in the dark field
of my chest. And because I know once his voice climbs
to the top floor of his throat and the barkeep
rolls up her sleeves and his eyes are so heavy
with blood and regret they don't respond to light
that he will spend his night with wings
drowned by whiskey. Body lit, then not, then
blacked out somewhere along the summer landscape,
I know this will be the final time—locksmith en route.
I've come to know there is not always a way to keep
a blank space where words should be, a blank face
amid turmoil; that there is not, in fact,
any way to avoid what must come, to say
to the thing buzzing there: *No,*
not this time.