

## An Offering

I often think of how  
he slipped into me  
like light through water,  
wind into an open room.  
How my body held him  
inside me, my legs  
in his hands, people singing  
outside our window.  
I know I slipped from woman  
the same way he pulls from me  
slowly, like debris rising from waves  
glistening blue in broken light.

*Raven Jackson*

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## On Sugarcane Harvesting

Mama stands beside me,  
the top of her blouse  
rising like vines,  
her lips dark  
from blackberries,  
a small knife loose  
in her hands. Papa's somewhere  
in the field, his hat low on his eyes.  
If I close mine, I see fire  
breaking sky into black and red,  
Papa's machete high in air,  
splitting stalks falling  
like bodies into smoke.