Night has darkened
& stars have dulled
While shadows
have shifted the new
cover is not
w/o purpose Dotted
lines that carve an
awl through time
show ways
through pitch black &
orange Maps are
clearly directing
not to dilute
words for polite
consumption
Language
has a home inside
us It is useless
unless it is shared
Let us
not commemorate
genocide by wishing
that we said the word
sooner It’s time
to turn homes inside
out not for retreat
but for shelter
It is a time for
us to be Johnsons
to feed our basements
to nourish our attics
to keep this larger
human body alive
We are harbors
for Southern
escapees from
Sudan & Somalia
Guatemala &
Salvador Migrants
from Mexico find
sanctuary through our
family Be a Johnson
w/ a name so common
it works in stealth
as a covert tool of
freedom  Be
East Coast proud
Looking further
east to extended
kin  extended
in faith  peace &
resources  Syrian
sister  Iraqi nephew
Iranian cousin
Libyan niece  Iranian
aunt all need a home
that is us to be open
Now that we have
maps we can
follow them back to
chart our way into
tomorrow  Sure
there was John Jr.
Johnson & Jennet
Rowland Johnson
& Samuel Johnson
& Harriet Tubman
& William Still
(who were Johnsons
& then some)
but take a look
around beyond
the historic
landmark  See
Janice  William
Lamar & Ruth
Barbara  Crystal
George & Stacy
within walking distance
from the past
They share our
prospective name
We move in darkness
as domestic imaginaries
because shade is to no longer
be thrown  but to be
settled into & regrouped
Blind routine can
be broken w/ small hand-held devices throwing light
Touch the wall & scry into family portraits for reflection
There is another face yet to be found in a future family of Johnsons