

**Here & In Our Smaller Buildings**  
Frank Sherlock

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