My Veins Don’t End in Me: A Found Poem

By Suzi Q. Smith

During our poetry workshop with The Word, Black Cube and Gabriel Rico

exit signs on the wrong side
of a casket,
a night lit by oil lamps
when lightning falls, the sky burns
the sun gone down, electric
light gone out, veins don’t end;
rain beating its fury against the roof.

Its fury denied a mouth,
time broken apart
in the unanimous blood;
blood who barely speaks, but stares
at the ground
at its cracks and crevices,
the ash of charred wood
and snow-frost over feet.

When it is genuine,
born of the need to speak,
no one can stop the human voice
(sheets of water, pounded to shrapnel-clatter);
it speaks of those who struggle
for life, love, little things
it speaks with the hands or the eyes or the pores
(or anything at all)
it speaks of landscape and bread,
the poetry of everyone.