

# pondering a black girl's\* suicide

*Saloni Dixon*

~~don't tell nobody~~ she's dancing on beer cans  
and shingles and bones ~~don't tell a soul~~  
~~have we gone crazy? are we even whole?~~  
she's been dead ~~so long~~ closed in silence  
sky laid on her like a million men go on in  
wind let her be born she hasn't seen stars  
~~only branded a whore.~~

\* today, my mouth is a tomb of the things  
white people forget. Beneath the sky a garden blue  
stalks my name I forget this kind of fire strikes  
black bodies into shit Oh friends wild  
until we are free set us afire again.