

The Lynching

Saloni Dixon

I should have slept, would have
but had to fight the darkness, had
to build a fire and bathe a man in
flames. I will not shoot myself
in the head, hang myself
with a trash bag. Black since
birth, burnt by birth. Yes, I may be at risk,
but I promise you, I trust the maggots
who live beneath the floorboards of my house
to do what they must. Charred,
his flesh is bark. No sign of roots.
I can't leave him. This is limbo, life
after death coming in hungry.