

*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.