Unfinished Revolutions

By Jennifer Celestin

Toussaint was dead
When the order came
Go forward
Dust lapping at their boots
Their chest sweaty
Though the dry season near

Remember the women
Smelling only of sweet
Sweet coffee
The cracks in their skins
No longer smelling
Of some white man’s sins
See the women
Living indigo dreams of their own

Even if Toussaint is dead
The order will come
To go forward
Dust lapping at their feet
Canons blasting through the heat
The pitchy clashing of machetes