

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