Poor child.

Why they weep.

On a stranger's step.

We arrive, becalmed.

Wherever.

And a knit cap,

In hand-me-downs.

So now a mother needs me clothed.

I make my living by taking things.

I am peculiar.

My job is to get things done.

When called, I come.

Her babies sink into the lake.

At the moment.

That Susan simply wished me alive.

Though it is common belief.

HOW I GOT BORN

Kidnapped her children.

Susan Smith drowned.

I, the spectator, is your black man.
I said, 'It's all with brutal imagination."
We roll sleepless through the dark streets, but inside,
To know every secret without permission.
To move through walls,
As if suddenly given the power.
Seen, but not seen.
Children in plain sight.
The secret truth of hiding,
Has griffins in us,
Someone, perhaps circumstance,
Maybe it's the mixed blessing
With concern,
Or occasionally glance back.
It's how I die,
Though my skin and sex are different, maybe
Sometimes familiar.
They can't place me, yet there's
Breathe like small beasts.
Quiet and secure, blend into the night.
Two boys removed, three and one,
And here is the one good thing:
From the central backseat,
One of the boys asks
When are you married?"

WHO AM I?

Everything she says about me is true.
And her need part my blood.
When her feet is my blood
If pounds both our backs, and, mighty, nothing but business.
Like a dead lover, she has given me a possessed heart.
Flattened bread in the back,
And drive off with two red and
I mean jump in the ditch car.
She needs me to do.
Nobody else in town will do what
Susan Smith has invented me because

MY HEART
Perhaps I looked him in the eye.

And that face,
In my dizzy skin
Saw me more like an angel
Basic religious philosophy,
Believe in anyone of the
Who may or may not
And a certain weight
Of arcadia pleasure
South Carolina.

Mr. who lives in
I left money in his hand.

Something else.
You're in the middle of doing
On a kiss in a dream that remains while
Like a puncture you get the next day
At a convenience store
With the children
A man sweats he saw me pump gas
A few nights ago

SIGHTINGS
EVEN MORE ANXIETY
Ais I node and node and node, I feel

I am just an understand
I am not me, yer

NO CONVERGE, NOoubut.
At this point, I have no language.

"We know exactly who she was describing.
Lately a black woman will say,
A man hops down a street,
A scrap of cloth, the way

Nor even a nodon.
I am in the back of her mind,

To breathe.
I hear yer

Was very emotionally disturbed
When I left my home on Thursday, October 25.

BIRTHTHING

handwritten confession
is from Susan Smith's
The unheard language
Emergency break.
Flannel on the floor;
My hand isn't here hand.

The water
Goes down the lump into
And was in my ear, ready to
Wanted to end my life so bad.

Field mice,
Who's dragging;
Who will notice;
I've yet to be called.

And unseen,
I had never felt so scared
When I was at John D Long Lake.

Building's water foul;
Who shall be a witness;
And so sad.
I had never felt so lonely.

I am not yet opportunity;
To the boat dock:
So she drives to the lake;
One of Susan's kids cites;
As the bridge;
I am not me, yet.

My children continue with a noon;
I feel I couldn't be a good mom anymore. But I didn't want

And imagine heaven;
She gazes down;
She is heartbroken.

I am not the call of the current;
And children all;
She wants to pull over herself;
Below her feet, a dark chunker of river
And series over the rail;
Susan parks on a bridge.
In my life?
Why was everything so bad
Why was I feeling this way?

Swallow by swallow, like a snake,
But it takes the car slowly,
The lake has no appere,
Burned from pushing,
My muscles aren't their muscles,
Susan stays at the sink.

I then got out of the car
I went again and stopped.

The street,
The water is the greatest
I am not crying;
But I stopped.
And I did go part way.