

for you geoff

Fall into
sleep
they tell you
shit

He is dead
skin paler
eyes bluer

And cool hardness
of marbled skin
you kiss his lips
blue black
he would laugh

And they tell you
and he screams to you
*it is your life—
do not let them
forget me
you must make them
remember me*

The history
he fought
to learn
Christopher Columbus'
bloodied hand

America

The country he loved
the cows he named
then ate

they tell you
this

sleep
 plastered
 horror
awake.

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