

He Speaks His Language

(Found Poem: after Rose DiManno)

is a little
bantam fellow.

Slim chest
thrust forward,
head ducking
and darting

As he speaks his language —
an often incomprehensible
patois.

He communicates
in hand gestures,
abrupt movements,
arms flailing;

Knuckles rapping
against the edge of
the witness box —

Erupting now and then
in tiny spurts
of onomatopoeia —

Thereby better to describe
the screech
of a police car at his heels

Or the ruckus
he made the night
he was tossed into jail

For possession
of a substance
he knew damn well —

Wasn't crack cocaine.

CYRIL DABYDEEN