

Untouchable

Many moons I have watched your
black smokes rise,
Seen the darkness stretch across the sky.
Casting shadows over the resilient Sun.
Still. I am untouched.
I have seen you come to my home, so
far away from yours,
Gathering my heirlooms, to make more
black.
Never respecting what was there long before.
What would remain long after.
Still. I feel I am untouched.
For I know these things.
My father told me as we caught fishes in the canoe.
But now
The tide is rough; strong salt burns my nostrils
The parrots flee
The sun is put out
Winds scream at me
Trees beat into the ground
I feel your touch now
I know the spinning gusts of wind beating against my bare chest
was born of black smoke.
I would have told you
If you would listen
If I were braver
To speak.
Next time you come to gather your beloved things
I would try to make you know what I know
To feel as I feel
For no one can remain untouched
Forever.

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