

JEAN SHECKLER BEEBE

Don't Look Back, 2006
acrylic on panel, 24 x 24 in.

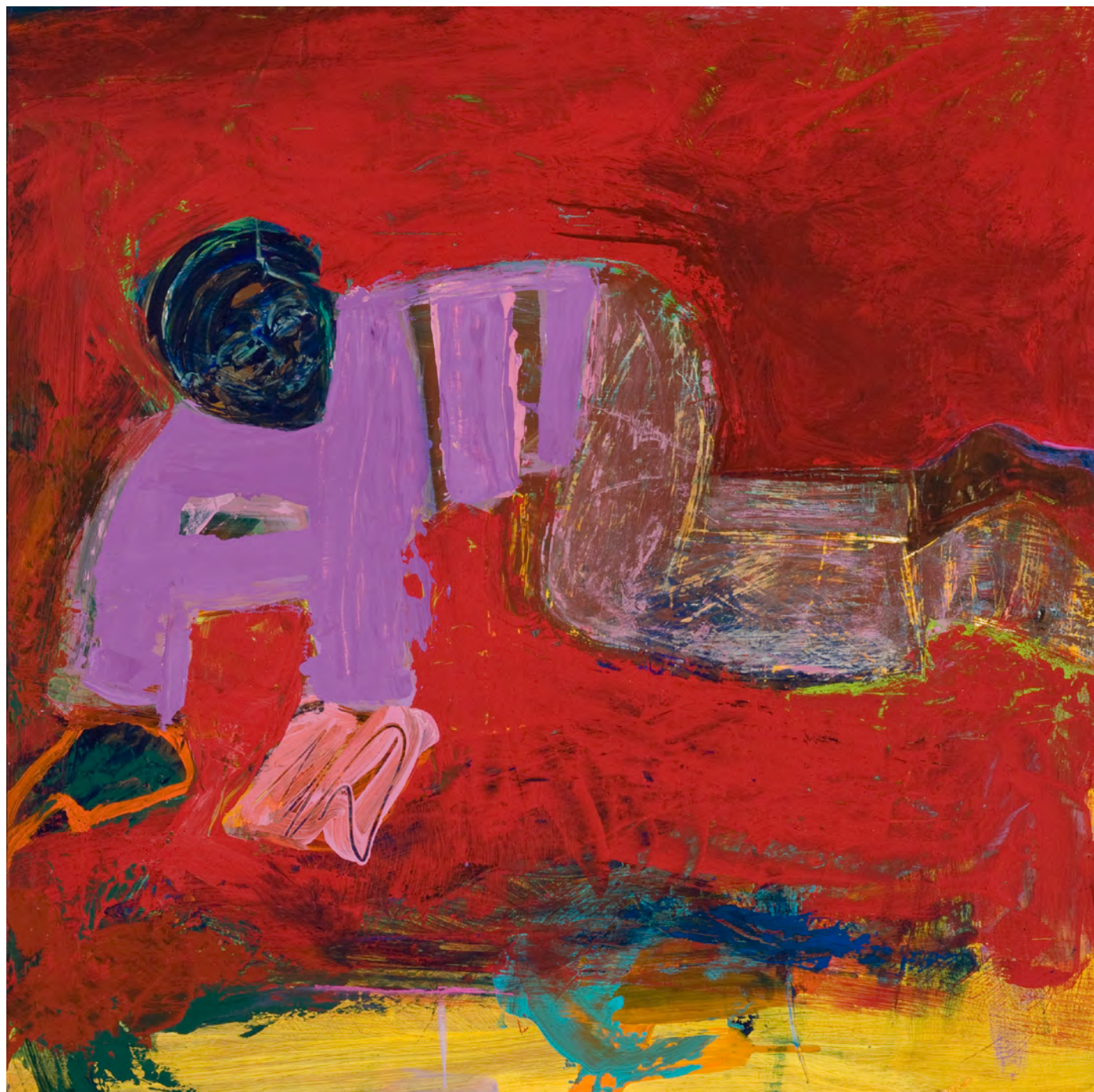


photo: r.r. jones

TYEHIMBA JESS

Make Room for Me

in the safehouse of the war.
Give me space to spread
myself on the secure floor
of that cell, crouched
on the concrete, surrounded
by the flesh of the mighty fist
that swallows us in its pink,
throbbing darkness. Make room
for me, with my laptop
images of Abu Ghraib and Baghdad,
my Internet Explorer and WiFi
connection. I want to watch out
from my space inside the biggest fist
on the planet, I want to see
what it looks like after
the knuckle meets the mosque.
I want to see what's left
after the pounding of the flesh
on the skull of the world—
I want to sometimes peek
between the fingers
and witness our velocity.
So, please reserve a space for me
deep in the center of the cage
in the fist that beats,
and beats, and beats
until it is its own heart.

Tyehimba Jess's book of poems *leadbelly* was chosen for the National Poetry Series. He lives in Brooklyn and is interested in peace and music.