

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.