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Of Florence and Honea Path

Sydney Curtis
University of Chicago

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I think about the Gullah people
Unlearning a loaded canon
Daughters of the Dust
Ancestors from the depths
of the Lowlands
Resilient as the seashore with clothes of white foam

My pride has been mis-placed into things
That shine me up
Doves
To shake off the sand from a hundred and seventy-five mile
stretch of road
And indigo
To heal the scars of being

It is a reason to take lovers
From far away places
Finding freedom on the shores of glitz
It is the reason for the world’s infatuation
With forty-four
Whose redness is unridden
by revolt
And the stench of those ships

While the night sky
for hours
hides beyond the clouds
Holding up the moon
and every story she knows
Abandoned and wrapped in same-colored flags
She persists
To beckon with tidesong
The steadfast light of her truth burns through

I am already home.
I, too, am this land.
I am
descended of miracles.

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