

No`u Revilla Poems for *Capitalism Nature Socialism*

CEREMONY

Ladies and gentlemen, are we are gathered here today to join together in unholy matrimony these freshwaters of Hawai'i to this state of Hawai'i?

Do you, state, take these waters from our lives, to have and to own from this day forward, for development and profits, in sickness and drought, to divert, privatize, and distribute 'til poetry, sustainable practices, and informed protest do you part?

And do you, freshwaters of Hawai'i, take this state, to be your deeply unfortunate husband? To permit his narrow mind and slippery fingers their illusions, as if he could actually contain you, as if his green-green pockets could hold your roaring body, as if he could "I do" you?

And he hasn't met your salt water cousins yet.

His people don't have a word for the place where fresh waters and salt waters meet, eat, and genealogize, so on your wedding night, as you're remembering the cold, dark mountains you come from, your cousins will be rising and rising to find you, and your deeply unfortunate husband will be taken out to sea.

Still

I read your birth certificate,
my black hair lies down
for each sweet, accurate mourning inside you:
birth mother / birth father / birth place.
A place to read
without bleeding.
My hair is still good, still black.
Still reading of songs fed to your forehead,
where your fingernails came from,
who arranged your teeth like a rock wall.
Like sacred land, this document is trespassed...
if not for my hair
grown black with your literature.
Each line, read.