

the name before the name before mine

By Jay Besemer

the unknown has hold of me and its grip is strong as honey on the underside of a spoon

the unknown i mean is not the usual one the future the tomorrow of survival

but the past and what happened in the name of the name after mine and in the name of
the name before mine

i do not know enough to speak i do not know enough to remain silent

there is a fear that holds me and it sounds like wind it sounds like katydids in catalpa

ah the tall grass of the days before i knew there was a before me

where do i live if there's no home remaining

where do i live if the home i helped build can never be mine and the one i was born into
never was

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