

We Who Weave

By LeConté Dill

On Tyrone Geter's "The Basket Maker #2"

Weave me closer
to you
with hands dyed indigo
that rake oyster beds
awake
Smell you long
before
I see you
Vanilla sweet
Sweetgrass weaving
wares that keep Yankees coming
on ferries, no bridge
Waters been troubled
Makes you wonder
who put the root on whom first
with doors dyed indigo
Pray the evil spirits away
at the praise house
Make John Hop to stave off John Deere
We migrants
fighting to stay put
Even nomads come home
for a Lowcountry boil
a feast for hungry
prodigal sons
and daughters
with hearts dyed indigo
Dying for you to
weave us closer

Notes:

The epigraph of this poem was originally omitted in the changeover to the new website. Because of this, reciting the epigraph is optional for the 2019-2020 Poetry Out Loud season.

Source: *Poetry* (January 2016)



LeConté Dill was born and raised in South Central Los Angeles and currently lives in Brooklyn. She earned degrees from Spelman College, UCLA, and the University of California, Berkeley. She coauthored, coedited, and copublished a poetry anthology with a group of teens from Oakland, California, entitled *Y U Gotta Call It Ghetto?* (2011). Currently, LeConté is an assistant professor at the SUNY Downstate School of Public Health, in Brooklyn.

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