

## **Where Commuters Run Over Black Children, 1971**

Restlessness haunts this map:  
we are here exactly but not  
exactly here, spooks of Mack Avenue  
specters of Alter Road.

No flesh names us, no mark,  
no stone. Not one bone left.

Our mother keeps a dark vigil,  
awake with menthols, mice.  
Daddy carries Nam in a needle.

The city buried us  
in file boxes — all of us  
accidents — the deepest graves  
in a landscape of graves.

If there were light behind our eyes,  
you might find us by the way we shine.  
If this were a map of the heavens,  
we would all be stars.