

Last Sunrise Over Mobile

Last sunrise over Mobile
a wildly dangerous pink
splitting open the swamp lands.

Driving along the causeway,
which had been called The White Way,
—named after George C. Wallace
an old Alabama Governor—
no longer means passing through Jim Crow

but through an ocean of stares
by older white people at the seafood restaurant
exchanging silent whispers
at your mixed up family.

“Are you from here, Sir?” she asks,
the waitress to my father.
She does not ask my mother.

In New Orleans, a young man
spits right at my mother’s feet.
I have never seen father so sad
and so angry. My mother keeps on
Walking. Elegant and black she is,

Not letting history’s fools
Ruin her shine. She had been down here before and seen
a world we can’t truly know.
Last sunset in Mobile, orange

skies eat the past, swamps open again.