

Injustice

and the continuing weight of conscience

I, for one, cannot deny having used,
if only long ago, and senselessly cued,
places of origin, shapes of eyes, colors of skin,
to set myself apart from other men

those whose greatest breaches with me
were fashioned through a history
of bullying and slavery and penury

that in some cruder, crueller times
were started by those self-same signs.