

AFTER JAMAICA, JUNE

That was the month the lights blew—first one
then two over sink and tub both front

and mid hall the silver lamp

by the succulent the cup above
the bed—but the globe out front flared gold

the day the ajar fridge door

stopped yellowing the milk—corner store
and dollar shop pharmacy bin searched

for watts and bulbs freezer slapped

the loose revealed step stool climbed rusted
fixtures unscrewed—the blackened ends shook

like maracas metal ping

on glass that tinny incandescent
rattle that bell protest bright bangle.

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