I've never been to Alabama
I've never been to Alabama
but I imagine the night and the nightmare
intertwined at the heart of darkness
dreaming for the morning prayer and
waiting for the winter sunlight that
brightens the day after the snow
has freshly fallen and covered the dirt below.

I've never been to the Battlefield,
but I've seen the trembling crosshairs
aiming at ammunition depots and the missiles
departing from the wings of an aircraft
landing at daisies, farmers, and family homes
armed with a deadly stare
betraying the accuracy of warfare.

I've never been to the Reservation,
but I am busted every time on the table
I had a Queen and a King--
Once cherished in the open winds
now caged in triangles, circles, and ellipses
I've lost nickels and quarters of memories
in slots filled with deceptions and strawberries.

I've never been to the Paradise,
but I've seen the apples, grapes and pomegranates
gently hanging by the trees and the breeze
opening the eyes of the martyrs of Alabama
seeing for the first time the splendor of their eyes
lost in the Earth below
fighting the laws of Ham and Birmingham.
Cotton Deserts

On the first night
when the desert moonlight
smiles and chatters with
the dunes of sand

On the first night
when the barren heartbeat
staggers and quivers in
the conquered land
when the brave runaway
clamors and hollers at
the stretched hand

On the first night
when mothers and fathers
and infants are left behind
when captains and oceans
are brutish, cruel and unkind

On the first night
when the desert moonlight
cries and says goodbyes
to the dunes of sand
come, come
descend into my soul

For now you and I
are inseparable
like never before
in the cotton fields.

For now you and I
are one as one should be
in the fleeing arithmetic
of intimacy.

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