

Southern Blues

In America's bottom crevice
where my children
were taken from my purity,
and moments after their first breath,
I slipped into deep depression

as they nursed empty bottles
of southern hospitality, pineapples,
undecipherable accents and welcomes.

Living in the belt where churches
frame vacant corners and spread
overnight like cancer, I yearn to hang
on foreign clotheslines where misery
lurks behind empty glasses of wine.

The east and west have learned how to
nurture souls where churches sleep
in hidden alleys and not like monuments
on neighborhood nightstands.

Let me die on the Pacific overlooking
freedom's ridges—the place to live
without constraints and restraints
from preaching paternal types and a cacophony of
organisms who have no idea of inherent purposes.

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Her two latest books are, "Writing for Bliss: A Seven- Step Plan for Telling Your Story and Transforming Your Life," and "Writing for Bliss: A Companion Journal" Visit: www.dianaraab.com.