

Out?

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Fuera los Haitianos

Graffitied onto a wall in the middle of a town

As normal as a stop sign

Red like danger

Out Haitians, get out

A demand

A reminder

A threat.

Out? Out of what?

Quisqueya, Hispaniola... what are we calling it today?

The two names catch on the tongue

Stuck between teeth and speech

One makes its way through the wall of whiteness

The other stranded in the darkness of the mouth

Forever in limbo of being spoken into existence

Unexplainable, unusual, unnatural, unsafe, uninhabitable,
unimaginable.

Out Haitians, get out

Out? Out of this rock we have split in the middle of the sea?

Out? Off of your side, the line in the sand guarded by machine guns?

Out? Is it too crowded? Do you not like when our shoulders rub?

Do you confuse your skin for mine?

Does that scare you?

Haiti is boogeyman, after all.

The darkest water.

The longest shadow in the field.

The thing that was not supposed to be but is.

The memory that makes air bubbles, face pressed up against the
surface of your mind

Eyes bloodshot like Massacre River

Nose wide like your mother's

Forehead wrinkled like 1937

Lips moving against the current
Whispering of a trauma that we forever share
Out Haitians, get out
Out? And go where?
The motherland?
Whose?
The one you came from or the one who colonized you?
Bloody water.
Umbilical cords ripped since the Trade
Shorn once we arrived on shore
And still, we gave birth
Whether you liked it or not
Our cradle rocks, Black pride in the Americas crying for the teat of
revolution
You distance yourself from history
As if it won't catch up to you
As if it isn't always right behind you
As if it isn't within you
Your heartbeat, heart beat like drum, Black hands on tambora, Black
drumbeat from Africa,
Black you
Black you
Black you.
Out Haitians, get out
Out?
As if you would ever let me in.
Imagine that.
Remember that?
Out Haitians, get out
Out?
Are you coming, too?