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## Haitian Bitch

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# HAITIAN BITCH

Sukey Lewis

Destruction of my substructure by stressed plates,  
Some voo-doo curse laid it on—deconstructing my  
Already worn-out, washed-up, ruined heap some called infrastructure.  
Why? Too much bad blood, buried bones.  
Lost babies, lost mamas, lost—  
Nothing new, but nasty all the same.  
Ridiculous in its predictability, “She managed to toss the child clear  
Just as she was buried by the blocks.”  
My basements with their broken casements,  
Have moved up-ground, up-town,  
Where looters are on the make, trying to get rich?  
Get real, I got nothing left to get rich on.  
Broken joys, jimmied locks, tired souls,  
And that Jackass Pat Robertson claims he’s misconstrued?

I’ve been misconstrued, misused for centuries.  
Ever since that other Jackass showed up—Columbus.  
And my people; Taíno, maroon, marabou, zambo,  
Gave way to mulâtres, Creole, mulatto, mestizo.  
The first wave of pestilence about did the job,  
But a few survived to be cursed, enslaved, and raped.  
Colony, country, coup to coup—I get an education,  
Glean new meanings for words like parsley\*, necklace\*.  
Then, since disease disappointed, and the French also failed,  
The States fell short, and even tyranny relented,  
They called in the real mother-fuckers—  
Jeanne\*, Fay\*, Gustav\*, Hanna\*, and Ike\*—  
Four thousand down, nine million to go.

Diaspora took a few, but still my people clung on:  
Eighty percent below the ledge, the edge, the water line.  
After this bitch, this bucking, heaving, sweaty, pissed-off bitch,  
Ain’t no one above the line.  
It would almost be funny if it weren’t true.  
This ludicrous reality, that says,  
“Disposing of bodies is—for all intents and purposes—  
Now the extent of the Haitian government’s capabilities.”  
Maybe that will keep the bastards busy—but no,  
More new vocabulary, like “extrajudicial execution,”  
Keeps coming on to fuck up my day.