

## **DNA**

Lasana M. Sekou  
(Author and publisher)

from motherland&old continents.  
the flesh dealers cross tongues  
licked raw the sweating skin  
like t'was holy mead to steal  
from the seething sear of greasy pain  
of their branded captives

who is we  
who waded blood seep in brine to know  
what would come of this?  
who would put it to you,  
that all who did eat this trade salt  
marked and harvested in the excruciating cream  
of your body's excreting pits  
mined and dined from pyramid heaps,  
raised on the banks of the great bay  
that they did so eat of your body and blood?

Once 5,000 captive saints trampled the crystals  
crushed their seething sear of greasy pain]  
lash and winged song rent the green hillside air  
and the rhythm was a dance  
that sent joy up in you, to wash yourself out  
seasoning down whatever centuries became of it]  
'n t'een yu 'lone,  
bin a sing so sweet a'bi song dem so sad!  
becausin wha'  
the enslavers also said&wrote it down "in a book"  
that the salt was sweet  
the best EVER! but because, they say,  
they ordered it so, reaped  
in season, for the kingdoms of their time.

but who will put it to you now  
old and new, if you missed the walk in  
'long the path of ancestral crossings of thorn feet?  
then from wherever&whenever you throd  
to be.born here.to be.born to be here.to be we  
to bear the saltpickers code  
you must wash yourself out  
in the cradle of the nation

to be seasoned  
to be all who claim&be/long&build&  
love  
the sweet s'maatin land.  
(Lasana M. Sekou © 2016/30/12)



Section of the Saltpickers statue, Great Bay, St. Martin. © HNP photo