The Land of Innocence [1]

September 21, 2020 <u>Featured Poetry</u> [2] <u>TW at Ten</u> [3] <u>Diversity</u> [4]

Poetry by Alan King



The Land of Innocence

For Jade Rose King and George Floyd

A YouTube clip shows a protest ignited after police killed George Floyd—

torched SUVs, overturned cop cars, armored officers retreating—

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.goof]@ge 1 of 6 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview'); all of that sinks my wife into a deeper postpartum, having made it through our personal crisis.

We watch the python of despair coil itself around America, blowing out glass storefronts and colliding angry bodies as the tension constricts and crushes.

We're miles from the mayhem, but a different kind of danger finds us in the maternity ward—

a decreasing heartbeat, frenzied nurses rushing my wife to the OR, surgeons scrambling to save our daughter.

Watching the news, I'm reminded of slogans on chaos as necessity: "Real discoveries come from chaos," "Chaos is beautiful and full of fertility."

But when it's a violent pattern of reactions, what's the real discovery, where's the beauty in things shattered and tagged if the same pattern of injustice ripples our lives?

Maybe "chaos" isn't the right word. Let's try, instead, "challenge."

And since it means refuting the truth or its validity, isn't a protest a public dispute of someone else's truth

like the one about the fear of dark bodies, how it justifies them being mangled or discredited in news cycles?

Wouldn't the beauty then be new laws that get us closer to becoming the people the Constitution claims it protects?

Let me begin again.

When my wife told me several months ago she was pregnant, we knew the challenge of this birth could take her life

just as the challenge in the hospital threatened our daughter's.

⁽function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.googlege 2 of 6 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');

And isn't it an act of faith to go blindfolded into the future and be delighted by the light there?

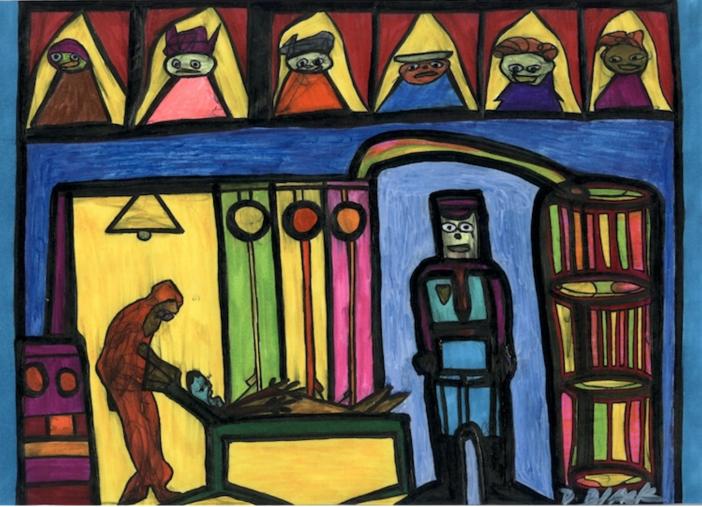
Now, we're lit by a dancing star named Jade, short for Jadesola (Jah-de-sho-lah), which in Yoruba means "come into wealth."

She's Jade like the green stone said to emit wisdom and clarity.

I'm feeding her while watching the YouTube video.

Someone onscreen yells, "We're better than this," and she squeals—mouth dripping with her mother's milk, smiling while dreaming her baby dreams that land of innocence, where it all starts before we lose our way back rationalizing our destruction.

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Into the Light

You're a floor below me, healing in your room. Both of us sore from the divine puppetry of science— God pulling the surgeon's strings, sliding the kidney from inside me, routing it to its new body in Connecticut.

And wasn't He present in the hands' deft dance and how hope lit the operating room like a stage? Your new kidney ready for its debut inside you, having traveled in a freight of prayers, 17 hours from Minneapolis to DC.

Didn't our road here seem even longer not being a direct match, the hiccup in lab results, us hurling our names into an exchange pool deep with uncertainty?

And here we are-in our beds,

an elevator ride from each other, this moment

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]]|function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q|[[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.gooff@ge 4 of 6 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview'); like the 90-degree day beyond our windows, the cloudless sky, shadows receding in the sunlight.

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Art Information

• "Truth Versus Propaganda [6]" and "The Spectacle [7]" © Darrell Black; used by permission.



Alan King is a husband, father, videographer, and communications professional living

in Bowie, Maryland. He's the author of *Drift* (Aquarius Press/Willow Books, 2012) and *Point Blank: Poems* (Silver Birch Press, 2016). Of the latter, US Poet Laureate Joy Harjo said, these "poems are not pop and flash, rather more like a slow dance with someone you're going to love forever." King is a Cave Canem graduate fellow and a graduate of the University of Southern Maine's Stonecoast MFA.

For more information, see his blogs and vlogs on <u>Alan W. King's website</u> [8] or follow him on Twitter at <u>@aking020881</u> [9].

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