

## **Assemblage**

Into Darfur, my soul wandered  
looking for some place to light  
There, blood-reddened breasts  
failed to assuage the hunger  
of children who already knew not to cry  
There was such enormity there  
that all my language failed  
words slipped out of my mind  
away from my tongue  
into the screamless air  
Into Darfur, my soul wandered  
in the hot breeze  
Boubous blew in the desert wind  
claiming kinship on the killing sands  
where ancestors walked alone,  
ghosts of rituals long undone