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My Phone Autocorrects “Nigga” to “Night”

My nights
play cousin to
their mothers’ favorite
kettles. My nights won’t consume
their reflections so they pour milk
in their coffee. My nights never rest
so they sing their shadows to sleep. Sometimes
they don’t remember any words. My nights have frogs
stuck in their throats, no light soul, every bit of pain, my nights
all Louis Armstrong minus a trumpet, and my nights play chicken
with the train. My nights both shoe and polish. Both Sambo and Bruce
Leroy. We all little pretty medallions on our grandmothers’ nightstands. My nights
are mistaken for other nights that bear no resemblance. I saw the sinew of the oldest night
in the neighborhood on the floor, his saint pendant missing. All the small, down-feathered nights
scatter from the groan of pig sirens. My nights don’t know their history. My nights are pecans without
the trees that grow them. My nights instruct all the people in their head to weep. My nights hate the firefly
cutting their darkness. My night, did you see them? They just walked right past us and didn’t even speak. My nights are ordinary,
wear ruffled socks, have the best belts. My nights don’t always go to church but my nights are lambs worthy
of the morning. My nights are revised constitutions, crypt keepers, my nights are a congregation
of alligators on a rumpus bayou. My nights hiss into themselves. No one hears. Their blood
rolls its eyes. My nights chew gum and sunflower seeds. My nights eat pork. My nights
get the itis and slur their speech. My nights protest protests. The government
watches. My nights live in Brazil Botswana the Congo Cuba the D.R. France
Grenada Greece Honduras Ireland Lithuania Nigeria Venezuela
Zimbabwe. My nights live in America to remind you of me. Some
people think my nights are better with their eyes closed but
my nights have beautiful corneas. My nights wash clothes
that don’t belong to them and won’t look their bosses
in the eye. My nights know necessity. My nights
oblige. When my nights die, I wash them on
my kitchen table. After my nights are
washed, I throw away the table.
My nights have names. My
nights smell of sage.
My nights smell
of the muddy
rivers they
will never
swim in
again.