

# Jean-Michel Basquiat Invaded My Dreams

*by* Kitty Boots

it wasn't the colors or the pluck  
I really didn't give a fuck about the message  
because anyone can write on a building, but does anyone read  
Graham Greene anymore?

how can you not be curious and a little afraid  
when the wood smoke of Port-au-Prince lingers in the air, reaching  
Petionville  
and you're trying to speak your best French and the waiters still  
laugh at you  
while the caramel-colored women toss their hair, swing beautiful  
hips  
and the men argue about cock fighting?

my father warned me about the *tonton macoutes* and I saw men with  
machetes and sunglasses in the Iron Market  
cane cutters

the rum tasted of hibiscus blossoms  
and women wore skirts and tied their hair up, not a lot of begging  
because everyone was so busy doing something  
and I shared my apples with the children

