

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

