

## SEED

Always ready  
to give,  
the men in my family know  
anger like an open palm.

Last week, brother threw  
a punch, & i decided  
not to break him. Last night,  
baba went in on  
me: my lack of  
a job.  
a wife.  
a god.

i love  
to tell him they are one  
and the same. When i meet my mother,  
i talk to her like a man  
talks to himself: full  
of inherited simmer,  
slow & wayward  
as we both wait for  
our blood to dry,  
our fathers to call us home