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Fish Boy // Anniston, AL

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JASON GUISAO

Fish Boy

They seize it from the wooden house at dusk.

Their grand pigment

shoving at darker skin. Body-bound and fettered in tarpaulin.

Pubescent sweat and urine pooling in the bed

of the corroded pick-up. Under a shadow-blanket, they

batter its coffee cheekbones with steely pistols;

tear the left sleek-sphere from its gaping socket;

wrap a barbed cable around its burning throat.

Shoot the nigger above its right ear and cast

it out into the brook.

The good men find it,

scab-legs emerging from the serpentine river at dawn;

loose-skin, cheeks overlapping onto puckered lips;

meaty veins protruding from the socket like stems.

A silver ring on its index finger.

A gift from

A gift from Mother.

JASON GUISAO

Anniston, AL

Grampy said: you were a boy until you were an uncle.

Grampy said: you were a nigger until you were dead.