



THREE

ghosts of lumumba

i walk into a walmart
its packaged drinks with POLAR scrawled on them
startle a forgotten thought: an image of its first
salesman in the congo

patrice lumumba

i grew up on lumumba street
in the city called haven of peace
you, lumumba, were a beacon in my father's heart
the spirit of anticolonialism
seeker of african sovereignty
the man they tried to kill, but would not die
the man who was disappeared, but not your
ideals

so, when i came to the land of the free
and found that no one knew your name