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Ashley Jones

BIRMINGHAM FIRE AND RESCUE HAIKU, 1963

What about us said we were on fire? What said extinguish quickly,

fill up the hose and set the dogs loose? Could they smell our confusion? Or

was it our singing?
Were our voices like sirens,
a chorus of blood?

We were wet black seeds in that raw Birmingham flesh we germinated.

Did the photos show our fingers stretching like roots? Did they show our eyes,

how they reached sunward, to the hot, bright, silent star that could turn water

to steam, seeds to fruit?
Did they see themselves become our fertilizer?

P.M.S