

God I've been to Savannah
Where the brick is raw and hinders.
And the heat, in its fury, has a sun
That holds no filter or faltering phrase.
It is ever flowing and it knows
Nothing, of holy tears.

The graves are old and the trees
Sink towards their caskets like fallen ships.
Fried poisons de la mer and okra, pampered in pepper,
Are the leftovers tingling south with the breeze...
A wind that shakes the sapphire steeple
Of John.

Common remembrance of hearty slaves sold,
Suffering without equal, yet forgiven here...
Long since faded away, its tribute a song.
Strips of flag and dripping bloody planks of passion...
Are left and gone home, to a calling of
Mercy.

Pardon each reprieve under outdoor chandeliers,
They ride the carriage of your ancestors and see
Some new and much old, revisiting the ivy of long
Lost legends, ladies clad in traditional fashion,
With the love of silk and prayer tucked into their
Folded, trim sleeves.

God I've been to Savannah
Where the workers are kind and the weather is not.
See the pecans under hammer and paint,
Well kept for the ages, ladies' gloves none the wiser.
And artists all the more fragrant, like plentiful dew
And steam.

“God I've Been To Savannah”