

Selection from [CASH4GOLD] by Zoe Imani Sharpe

“This care, which is coerced and freely given, is the black heart of our social poesis.”
 – Saidiya Hartman, *The Belly of the World: A Note on Black Women’s Labors*

To Lula Mae Cason –

Here & here hands rotated

housekeeper ('65)
 explains nothing nothing nada

who sired me or
 fed my father
 your scrub scour
 steady fuck-you
 subsistence glint

sunglasses
 headscarf
 whole bit

in pictures of you driving that car to death

Annexed held or
 hushed throw
 bricks after
 work
 in uniform

you & friends
 in & out
 of uniform

Loadstone
labouring barge or

surge: a brace-
leted reliquary
weight supple

strewn paper-thin

bank debris of
sleep sense

I walk to pay the loans
service stung by stink shit & seed
a given taken tongue-muscle pink-

collar hours
raised other people's
babies cleaned
other people's rooms

Elsewhere your furs
at yard parties

your scalar
seeking pleasure hunt

salon star
testing

last government nerve

My domestic grand-
 daughter dirge gorge
 grief assigned

whole misunderstandings:

rooms for serving
rooms for the served

Pall & cull
 this cheque-day all
 harmattan hammer
 all low hurt breeze

ring beams &
 smoke chains &
 shake dance &

what static

& what *moves*

In the *Moneysworth*
 lobby
Best Shoe Repair
& Nails4U

6.8 ha as-of-yet
 “undeveloped”

insides or inside
 a home

the intellectual work
 endurance requires
 here & here

Lunge waft chemical

luxury lavender or
 peaty paneling of that house

on Ellis Street
 Chicago Illinois ('98)

You sat me down you
 unwrapped tissue I
 behold what's been
 passed down or through

“gleamingly” earned

(abstract thought through material tasks)

While desire's got me in its saddle – forbid
 the share of secret knowledge

(History's blouse)

& ironing out
& ironing out
& ironing out
& ironing out

a flight from dwelling —