

Limestone languish

Our lyric has a Sargasso timbre that tempts tongues into making like quarry blocks in the sky. Dropping letters quickly and haphazardly; elsewhere and far from the vernacular of the man who greeted me in the tone of *Wayasayin*, *bill* by his cliffs on North Shore. With what attention his left eye could pay—the other had been hit by recent inflation, always looking up—he'd for thirty years watched the rocks fall into the shape of porous souvenirs. He clutched the remnants only for posterity to pry his fingers open again and immortalize his memory through those who stopped and, like me, had time. And enough gratitude to repay him the attention his mic-ing eye couldn't. His flame endured for his cliffs and the way they'd rubble, wrinkling the water below with the immensity of all they had lived to see. *If this limestone could talk*, he sucked his teeth saying, muting his next thought: *I wouldn't have to be consoled by their falling apart*. For thirty years, he stood by his cliffs, poet enough to summon story out of the calcium carbonate crumbs that never worshiped him back, confessing:

I'm much the same
as these rocks, dun

I erode as they do:
hardly gently &
never all at once

I'm an aquifer as they are
with water percolating from
below my surface

Yet I'm cement strong
as Rocky Bay stone, bic.

It's *my* flame
underneath *my* kiln

I give you my last
story with the ferocity and languish
of a Casurania during The Tempest

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