

Another Life

KENNETH POBO

Shirley MacLaine claims she
made it with Charlemagne.
If so, I'll bet he stank,
drank too much, and didn't
see the poor as fully human,
the way plantation owners here

thought of slaves. In another life,
I doubt Charlemagne and I dallied.
Kings prefer stars and historians.

Maybe I fooled around
with some burly Swedish peasant –
boating in the Stockholm archipelago,
the midnight sun reading us
racy stories about the moon. Or

maybe this life is it,
my great love yet to come,
a tree root squeezing
my bones, holding me tight,

dandelions above us,
our ceiling in bloom.