

Final Hajj

When the call to prayer goes out
from the mosque on Islamic Way
I am helping to load Tavon Fitzgerald into
the back of Medic 4.

He has only a small hole
from the girl's kitchen knife
over his heart, but his body will
erupt with a raspberry tide
when the residents
down at Maryland General
crack his
chest to practice the alchemy of
resurrection.

They will fail, unable to make the quick
out of the dead, and I will gather his clothes –
baggy layers of ghetto solider uniform
heavy with blood –
and document them on a Police Form 56.

I will wrap the chain of his zodiac medallion around his
butane lighter, and stuff them into the
smallest of the evidence envelopes.

I will shake the clots loose from his ragged
sweatshirt as I give it to the next plastic bag in the pile.

I will change my glove three times,
and wonder whether he was distracted at that
last moment by the loud speaker
reminding him that God is great.