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DONIKA ROSS

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*Archaeology*

More and more I find the image of my father  
In my own face an emptiness behind the eyes  
I am unable to move the ore in my blood  
Slurried and slow the sun bruising the sky  
In its slow drag I am dragging his face  
Out of my own I am the sun and the sky  
And the hot bruise I squint against  
My own light which is my father's light  
Which is me I am an archaeologist  
Sifting the grit of my muddled blood  
There is nothing behind my eyes  
But the stone you left me  
With him you left  
When he settled into my face  
A hot bruise I am dragging  
The sun in my empty blood  
More and more I find in the image of ore  
Your muddled eyes you are unable to move  
Archeologist you sift my face  
Which is his which is stone.