

# Mahealani Perez–Wendt

## Bury Our Hearts at Wal-Mart, etc.

### I.

O, The sands of my birth  
The sands of my birth  
Are digging places  
Are trenching places  
For excavators,  
Earth movers,  
And shovelers;  
For caterpillars,  
Bulldozers,  
And grovelers;  
And what do they find,  
Pray, what do they find?  
Our bones, my friend  
Our grandfathers' bones  
Whose bones repose  
Their bones repose  
In a shipping container  
A shipping container  
In a place dark and damp  
By the loading dock ramp  
Of Wal-Mart—  
A skull in one box  
Leg bone in another  
Pieces of mother  
Fragment sister and brother  
And their bones repose  
Above ground in a heap  
In Ward Villages' keep  
They can no longer sleep  
And their bones repose  
In a cupboard not fair  
Where the U.S. Marines

Excavated them there  
And their bones repose  
On a landscape par three  
With a clubhouse close by  
For gay repartee  
For the sands of my birth  
For the sands of my birth  
Are digging places  
Are trenching places  
And the grandfathers moan  
And the grandfathers moan.

II.

I exhumed myself,  
Dug up my bones,  
Threw salt,  
Blessed the resurrection.  
I anointed myself  
With the detritus  
Or discarded souls,  
Wrapped the remains  
In old newspapers,  
Left flowers  
On the road.  
Along the dark shore  
I saw the old gods,  
Fallen castrati;  
I saw the  
Spectral priests,  
The crumbled monuments,  
Funereal canoes.  
In dark corners  
I saw  
The languor of broken men,  
Hollow-eyed sisters,  
Their children.  
And the grandfathers moan.  
And the grandfathers moan.