

Burnt umber

Your beard. Experimental trial of cool.
Just another New Yorker moved to Colorado

traveling to California then Mexico on business class.
Except. The numbers.

Anything before 9-11-01 = possible. Anything
after 9-11-01 = suspect. Your tan. Your limpid eyes.

Your laugh. Too loud. Your suit. Too black. Against
a pastel shirt. You loved pink. Or yellow.

Stop being a sun. A son. From Harlem
when the Syrian part meant our grandmother. Ghettoed.

With the other Arabs. Don't talk. Let us look
at you. Let us smell you. Decide

your expiration date. Pull you from the shelves
of America.

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