

## **A Brown Girl**

A brown girl in an urban whirl of fast-food, in braids and at war behind the counter,  
battles fatigue on her feet, living on the edge of a dime.

When

she looks up with native echoes in dark eyes that I shy away from like a kid or a broken man wanting

to stand, desperately digging his way out of a hole.

She

sees more than me with those eyes; like a crow's they grow dark on her open brow before flying into the furrows of her braided origin

where

we first met in a child's history that tells where she came from but never where she's been or can ever get to, they'd never let you.

Come and be

urban with me, is my plea across her counter's wasteland and

me

putting change

in her open

hands.

***Joe Jackson***

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