

SCENE 5

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(White light. White cloth. Wind. The ocean.)

**MADAME TELSAIN**

Everything begins and ends with a name  
spirits, saints, phantom limbs and phantom  
pains the machete is not to blame but the hand  
that wields him again and again

Split caña rums the earth a sugarcane  
grave splintered skin soaks the soil red  
river bubbling with what we could not save

My hands sweat and bless harvest flames  
rooted beneath the soil souls scratch  
and toil itch and listen for someone  
to shake or willow whisper their names