

David Anthony Sam

The Exile at the Airport

The man of ghosts  
tries to account  
for all his faces while  
in a crowd of inspection

His wounded luggage  
is unpacked of his past  
and emptied of blood  
from sand duned with war

Flayed naked nameless  
he cannot explain  
the broken promise  
of his country

His twilight dims  
as every sun sears  
silence in his tongue  
where no words remain

Exile means stranger  
in any tongue—  
he is scourged of his past  
and can never arrive