



E. Ethelbert Miller

AFTER PHILLIS WHEATLEY SAILED  
TO ENGLAND

Master took me into town  
where the big boats dock.  
I stopped loading the wagon  
and stared at the water.  
The horizon had a familiar  
glow. I touched my skin  
and remembered chains.

An elder in the Square  
was weeping. He said we  
could only return home  
after the invention of the  
airplane. Is this true, Phillis?

Until then, must we stand  
in the middle of fields  
with our arms open?