The Tunnel

Myopic giants chased a glint of gold
glimpsed through tunnel vision,
peripheral view ignored,
depth perception impaired.

They herded the Sioux,
Shoshone, Ojibwe, Cherokee
through the tunnel.
For them it led not to gold
but to commodity boxes,
houses of bare particleboard.

They brought the Mbundu, BaKongo,
Yoruba through the tunnel
in the bowels of ships
to mine the gold, polish their mansions.
Promises of mules and stolen land,
promises of freedom,
crushed and broken
under the weight of history.

The giants hoard the gold,
leaving mortals to scratch bits
of copper and nickel from the ground.

Cyclops politics bleed across borders,
forcing mortals away from their homes
in Jalisco, Aguascalientes, Michoacán
in shipping containers,
delivery trucks, or on foot,
dying by the dozen
in the desert.

The giants hoard the gold,
watching through the tunnel
as the mortals scrape nickel
from the earth.