**pantoum: landing, 1976**

By [EVIE SHOCKLEY](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poets/detail/evie-shockley)

dreaming the lives of the ancestors,

you awake, justly terrified of this world:

*you could dance underwater and not get wet,*

you hear, but the pressure is drowning you:

you’re awake, but just terrified of this world,

where all solids are ice: *underwater boogie,*

you hear, but the press sure is drowning you:

the igbo were walking, not dancing:

where all solids are ice, *underwater boogie*

is good advice, because they’re quick to melt:

the igbo were straight up walking, not dancing:

and you’ve still got to get through this life:

take my advice, quickly: they’re melting:

*you could dance underwater and not get wet:*

and you’ve got to, to get through this life still

dreaming the lives of the ancestors

**Pantomb**

By Kiya Nicoll

This lonely howl down the storm wind whip

Outside the stony silent gates of mist

Calls up the company of caul-born souls

To open up the harvest heart.

Outside the stony silent gates of mist

A memory awakened by a tale

To open up the harvest heart

To recover what was lost

A memory awakened by a tale

Of things that never happened and were true

To recover what was lost

Or kindle what was never had

Things that never happened and were true,

This lonely howl down the storm wind whip

Kindling what was never had

Among the company of uncalled souls