If I am not a letter

  ripped from a tree
  a headline, bold, clipped
  from pages

If I am not the phrase

  “another attempt
  at ethnic cleansing”

If I am not the refusal

  “to vanish from Death Valley”
  the carbon-dated finger prints, the 19,000-year-old
  black hair

If I am not the one

  with wildlife splitting
  rainbows weeping
  down my face, with shreds

  patching deserts & mountains & fields

If I am not the voices

  united and speaking
  torn from roots
  of this land,

  then who am I?

  and where?