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## Transplant

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*Transplant* // Dan Thigpen

In the River City

We don't have to climb into the attics

to find our confederates,

they line our streets, along with all the bums;

at least in my part of town:

"hey man can you spare some change?" —circa 2008

"hello sir, care to change your opinion on slavery?" —circa 1861

The heat brings on futility

—sweating out a tick—

tock!, and the humidity in lockstep.

The kind of argument our bodies,

chitin and bone,

hair and heart,

can't win.

Richmond summer brings the fish stink as always.

But the pockets of putrid air,

like scars and tattoos (so many here!) are important

because they remind us that the past was real.

As real as the ever-changing present,

and these days are ever changing.

So I moved to a city boiling in history,

where everything used to be better

—just ask the locals—

to start to rewrite my history.

And maybe one day I'll look back on these Capitol City days

and I too will think:

"everything used to be better."