

2016 and other poems

“2016”

They could have shot Basquiat;

(Paint cans in cargo pants are a weapon.)

Those notorious for choke-hold hugs; deploying guns

At unsuspecting innocents. “Jobs” being done by

Creating corpse stacks, and posthumously labelling them “Thugs.”

They sing songs of falsified remorse, thick and bold

During verdict-less trials,

Screeching words louder than those fatal shots.

2016

& the scent of iron is still in the air

From the lynching blood.

2016 and other poems

“Magic”

That smooth drift

Light breathing through pursed lips

Unties its shirt and

Dissolves between those cold fish.

That closed-door fist

Out to get anyone who

Questions the contents inside

That room; Tapered and paid for.

That Jaw-Kiss:

Flowing when oceans afar

immersed in their own glittering,

Forget where they come from.

That,

Is Magic.

2016 and other poems

“Lugosi vs. Karloff”

Karloff in top-billed,

Sinister-hip sways. With starry, illuminated face.

Yet

Here is absolute abyss in form;

Blood-sucker incarnate,

Chronic heart-stake aching:

The true Lugosi way.

2016 and other poems

“To Be Taken”

Honey dripping down dark brown freckles;

Tiger balm and blue vodka bottle with in-tact fingerprint

Swiftly, as long hairs get rinsed down the sink

All things leave; an unsuspected arrival- the

Tired paint particles on Van Gogh's palette plate

He ate from; Mixing yellow pigment with Hemingway's blood splatter.

There is no dusting for sin; No database indicating

DNA evidence of muffled sighs into the tightness of

secret-laced skin: Anything can dematerialize in front of eyes (included)

Perception is to be taken;

Enjoy while here.

2016 and other poems

“Self Esteem”

I do not have the wingspan of a Raven or the foresight of a Prophet;

Find me dangling between efficiency and almost good enough.

I touch the edge of the known universe of water;

Paint chips and dead splinters make up the sand my feet

Trot through like a well-trained 4-H horse on its way to the

Glue factory:

Doomed...

But still proud.