

Equanimity

I ain't no soldier.
I ain't made of armor.
I am just a baby Buddha
looking for lotuses
in the bedsheets.
But then I discover
the mud has turned
to lava
and our bed a volcano.

You pull me closer,
kiss the scars on my torso,
the scratches on my thighs.
If you say my tears
are the waves
crashing on your naked body
then you're my full moon.
Even as these waves burn like suns,
my planets are spinning
around the headlines:

Genitals are mutilated in tents and hospitals.
(The very instruments we play tonight.)
Mothers in the Bronx fall asleep to the sound of gunfire.
Others in Guatemala fall asleep without body parts.
A child in Gaza draws bombs and white phosphorous
with crayons.
Another in Vietnam steps on a landmine and loses a leg.
The Amazon is razed so we can eat happy meals.
A Filipino farmer screams for rice for his family
while we eat it in complacency.
Gold and diamonds are engraved with the blood of Congo tribes.
A union rep disappears in Colombia
courtesy Coca-Cola.

This mind knows all this,
but will never comprehend it.
No words can assuage
these voices,
yet one touch
from your tongue
deafens diatribes.

This touch.
This feeling.
This vibration.

I know
it ain't free.
It comes with a mission,
a responsibility
to the Gods who gave it to us
and the children and mothers
too oppressed to feel it
too lost to understand it.
I have my wounds,
my lacerations,
my shrapnel,
which is why
I can't turn away
from the faces on the internet
flashing across the ceiling now,
refusing to be overlooked.
Our climax
will tell their stories tonight.

And even if the stock market crashes,
even if the condom breaks,
even if the building collapses,
even if the air kills brain cells,
even if the thaw of our two bodies
can't surpass global warming,
our equanimity
will remain intact
behind the closed door.
Tomorrow the city,
the peeps,
the masses,
the men in Jamaica lynched for loving each other,
the men in Texas awaiting the electric chair,
the Gypsy women in Slovakia raped and sterilized,
the Muslims in Gujarat cowering in basements,
the Kurds in Syria forbidden to speak their language,
the Tibetans, the Tutsis, the Cherokees, the Aboriginies
the razor-happy teenagers.

Our love is for them, boo.
Man to man.
Touch to touch.
There's a revolution downstairs.
No more hiding.
Time to turn the lights on.

Tunnel Vision

Ain't no telling what we'll do
when our subway comes through
and our rhythm sparks the wires
with the pulse of our power.

Do you feel the velocity
of our vivacity?
Did you ever dream
we would witness the light
at the end
of our tunnel vision?

I wanna devour all your images.
I wanna leave my haiku on your tender areas.
I wanna sleep in the words you speak.
I wanna laugh at your shadow.
I wanna drop seeds and rhymes for you.
I wanna tattoo your eyes.
I wanna break and enter.

I wanna come out of hiding
and into your realm.
I wanna shake my religion
and scratch through the ceiling.
I wanna embrace these colors
and enhance this feeling.
I wanna love ambiguity
cuz it's more than drugs you're dealing.

I've felt the darkness
and the weight of this fallen wall.
I've felt my body bleed
beneath the cars on the street
and now I'm pushing back
against engines and glass.

Last night you looked like chickenshit
but I was hung over.
This ain't no AA meeting
and I don't need to stay sober.
Take me through the tunnels.
Don't let go
of these trembling hands
or these grimacing eyes
that mourn
and see the world

through tunnel vision.

I might fall through the tracks
and crush
under the rushing bodies.
Catch me when I crash
and don't overreact
when I stop making sense,
when I curse the ground I'm crawling on,
when I spit at rising demons,
when I break out in scriptures.

Sing your melodies
and build a sanctuary
outside the traffic
for my wounds to expose
and my voice to heal.
My tunnel vision
is about to derail.

Closure

I see you crying in the square,
smog and wires in your hair,
still a train ticket
falls out of your wallet
and a spark burns in your voice
and after the sky lets us rejoice
we'll remember who we are.
Times when the truth got hit by cars,
people told us we had nothing
and we felt the stigma's sting,
still I'll hold you through the hater's chatter,
I'll pull you through the urban shatter
to a place where sand meets incense
and our voices can become intense
and we find closure for our losses,
days of reprimands and bosses.

People who left promises on the subway,
souls who burned and vanished in dismay
in the ashes of the night
closure shines on our flight
and storytellers tell it like is,
insurgents are rewarded for their risks.

So don't give to the crowds

what can't be turned around.
Don't surrender your stories
to condescending armies.
Don't run away from mystery
or let the banks take your integrity.

Ride this train till it derails.
Trust the stage till you prevail.
I'll be right here on the bar rooftop,
watching you as your rhythm drops.
I'll be smiling from the ceiling
cuz stigma begins healing
when we honor who we are.
And closure anoints our stars.
Let the horizon breathe new life
into these creative eyes.

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We were born with blood of gods and shamans,
bringing messages to our generation.
Let the ocean wash over you
till closure cleanses your vicissitudes,
transcending bigoted economies
we find our tranquility.

The path to emancipation
is paved in your revelation.