

## **Static**

\*Static Shock is an American animated television series based on the Milestone Media/DC Comics superhero Static. It premiered on September 23, 2000. The show revolves around Virgil Hawkins, an American boy of African descent, who uses the secret identity of Static after exposure to a mutagen gas during a gang fight gave him electromagnetic powers.

## **Static**

When I touch your sternum,

I can short circuit your SA node like pressing pause on Street Fighter

or cause each cardiac cell to beat wild and spontaneously.

Either way blood is stiller than a deer carcass devoured by buzzards

and coagulates thick and pungent like the Ganges River.

When our hands embrace,

your palms will burn whiter than Fourth of July charcoal

and the backs will burn blacker than lumps emerging from the mines,

blacker even than the lungs that dig them out.

I can make your hands lie motionless

as your heart screams through your ribs to run

and your legs become stone pillars weathered by storm.

## **Virgil**

10 year old bones are  
more sensitive than grandmas.

They need solar flares,

delicate kisses,

and gentle fingers dancing

down paper thin skin

to keep from tearing in two.

By the time lip balm

fades from damp cheeks they galvanize.

Become twisted iron

and steel DNA,

conducting static emotion,

blank stares, and masked rage.

Squeezing small skulls lying

on laminate desks, etched with words

from our silent teachers.

## **Dwayne McCall**

Some days the sky cries  
Starbursts and rainbow Skittles.  
Today it just cries.

I try to comfort  
it, I say “We can both cry  
together.” The sky

knows I’m all talk.  
I don’t have enough sugar  
for us both to be gummy,

not even chocolate  
syrup poured into cold milk.  
If we split the calories,

we’d be the pitcher  
of unsweetened Southern tea  
at the reunion

untouched, next to slices  
of watermelon and potato  
salad loosely wrapped,

buzzing flies as bacon bits.

If we’re together  
we’d both be sugar-free.  
Gum stuck underfoot.

## **Daisy**

Enraptured in a garden  
of reds and yellows,  
pinks, oranges, and greens.

Colors my taste buds  
yearn to cannonball  
into like eight year olds

rolling hairless arms  
and legs across hidden antennas  
and crisp foliage

resurrecting childhood  
memories I never lived.  
Birds never gossiped

more than they do now,  
whispering all the secrets  
of this gazebo

and folks who wandered  
in this spot, frost bitten  
Monday mornings

blanketed in fog.

## **Static 2**

When our hands clasp,  
your palms will burn whiter  
than baby Jesus's skin,

whiter than the legacy  
he left behind. Sometimes  
I wonder how I stole

such immense power,  
beaming back from cracks  
just wide enough to peak out,

throwing pennies at the windows  
of mansions. My middle  
finger is electric

current preceding  
howling thunder. Wonder  
before terror. My dreads

are DNA. Stretch a follicle,  
unravel human design.