

Pretty Is (2.0)

Another Quatrain for Ma Dukes

in the vanguard of my owned
blackness ○ I am the air
off the many so year-ago trees
that be the prettiest is of all

having been so here before
the dear darkness¹
dear darkness: needed weight
to wind and the goosebump too

I lay beneath your time
where exhaled breath
does not bereave its body
when it moves

for it knows to continue
into wind and all
without needing to ask
light for permissions

1 “...dear darkness” is not in direct reference to Kevin Young. Tho @ Kevin Young...
what up! we should build – na’ mean ?

Haiku for Richard Wright

a negro's clothesline
of mostly clean undershirts
twists in evening winds

An Answer for Jimmy Symington

you asked me once what ○ means

so
tired as the tossed stone
plucked and flung off the rip
of the young shore's hand
— I sink

into puddled imprints
of wild paws

free ripples wash
over the seabed of my disco
ball black skin all fractal
once rivered
glisten

(pause)

Motherwell
under seagull yaw

it is here
where I have learned
to write on both sides
of silence— the glitter
pained gauze

only holding my breath
to better hear the earth
when she sings to me

sweet boy ○ breathe

In Dirt's Words

Ars Poetica

I let the black sun rise
before the reptile's first step
into fur-blooded hunger
could growl

before blue grew lips—
learned to crawl
into cradled arms of dawn

I let the black sun rise pre-wonder
Aimé
as I whispered into mud years
baby I love you

before juice of new eyes
Césaire
could build up and spill

over naive cheeks
cushioned on both sides
of a hammocked smile

I let the black sun rise
before the weight of leaf rings
could rivet loose ends of centuries together

five billion wide open mouths
unhinge from hook bones

saying sweet things in the splinter
like baby I love you too

I let the black sun
Romare
rise

so the riff of the drum rock
Bearden
could rattle over
and over

before echos needed impulse
mirrors needed ego

I let the black sun rise

so the wild
could reach

over the other
side of horizons

unzip tamed eyes
from light needy feelings

fragrant and curly bodies
rusting in peace
under ironed-red buzzing
futures screaming

the black sun rose
so we could grow
beyond the poem

beyond the H-word end zones
lingering above and below
our resting realm

worm blood

my forever maggot brain
oh George

I let the black sun rise
because I do not mind ageing
eclipsed by creases
bigger than skin

I have given up on trying to hide the bags under my eyes

for they have become the A1 Dimeo's—
the needed valleys in which cool grows
the speckled bed of shade where lightyears come to sleep

I let the black sun rise
because I am the beginning of fury

I have turned my ribs Eva
into the branched pace of Hesse trees
in order to bring my heart closer to sky

before you got here the air was brown
throat rough with frays of eruption
sternum forged from early stampedes / wind hooves
blood spit vestigials
rot prayers

I have let my toes become turbines to desert air
left my nails to be buried in mistakes of perfection

I let the black sun rise
Yusef

because I am that black Komunyakaa
sun rose

older than when was
was was

I am not afraid to be great
without you

because after you
waaaaaay after you

I'm still gonna be here


growing palms out the soul
of your Timbs

and all you gonna hear from the potion is

...next

Branch Kids

as children
we learned

resilience 
from older trees

Yew Aspen Pine
Butch Morris R. Mutt

who taught us all

to lock hands
into necessity

turning palms
into bone bowl'd

sipping lessons
pulling the trigger

on pigment
to burst open slur's gate

the wilted cry

leaving only stares
after the black fire

for us to climb
to “higher goals”

Shooting Cee-Lo With Stephen Mallarmé

C'mon nigga
Don't miss your chance

You throw a 6 6 6
I'll buy the devil a twix

You throw a 4 5 6
I'll buy ya daddy 6 mo'

We can talk about symbolism on our way to the bank