Pretty Is (2.0)

Another Quatrain for Ma Dukes

in the vanguard of my owned blackness O 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

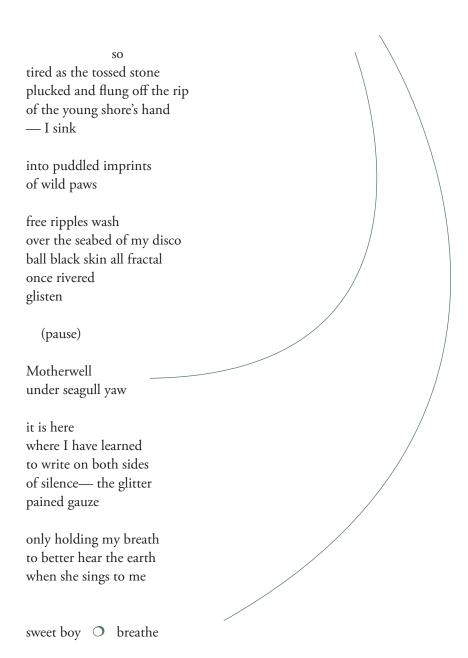
^{1 &}quot;...dear darkness" is not in direct reference to Kevin Young. Tho @ Kevin Young... what up! we should build – na' mean ?

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 O means



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 Dimo'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

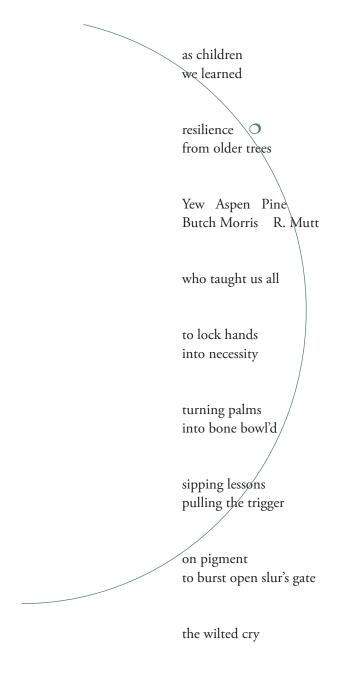
I'm still gonna be here

growing palms out the soul of your Timbs

and all you gonna hear from the potion is

...next

Branch Kids



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 456 I'll buy ya daddy 6 mo'

We can talk about symbolism on our way to the bank