

Mute

I tend to worry myself
With the notion I should do something
Not so much 'should'
Rather that I can,
And therefore must,
Do something ...

I see pictures on the telly
Every house, building
In Gaza
In ruins
And wonder how many people
Were in them when an angry,
Avenging Satan
chose to shatter
each one with an American made bomb.

And I have the luxury
Of a TV news view
Of unspeakable horror,
And remain ...

Mute.

Still Wishing

I re-read you email,
I hadn't noticed the poems
Which followed -
Down below.

The voice,
In them.
I don't understand.
And, no –
I don't need to understand.

I love them.
Not 'them' so much,
Rather, the voice
which brings them to life

And I sign up for
Workshops
Thinking they,
One of them,
At least,
Will breathe some
Freshness into my own
Stale breath.

But I know they won't.
They'll be what they've always been ...
Me, hearing how someone else,
Finds meaning,
Expresses a pain,
They find
In whatever the hell is on their mind

And I'll go back to being me,
Just as soon as they're done.

Still wishing ...

What did YOU do when you were my age?

Well, I saw a kid – 18, 19 - cops beat the shite out of him.
Broke his nose – bloodied his face. They took him to the hospital,
Then brought him back and booked him.

Another, a hooker, a sergeant went into her cell,
scissors in hand ...
Chopped out the wig she'd woven into her hair
He bragged – 'could a done more - a good-looking cunt'

Frank and me, driving up Goodfellow
1 A-M, a motorcycle down, the rider –
a gaping hole in his head. Dead.
First dead man I'd ever seen. Me, still a teen.

That alley ... in a strange part of town
A huge pool of blood –
way too much for a dude to survive
But not a body in sight - so off we went.

The dude, dressed as a clown
Dancing, jiving, singing, swinging his arms around
High as a kite, the cops said, but enjoying himself,
so let him be.

There was a secret squad ...their job?
Start gang wars, among other things ...
Then step aside and count the bodies
as the bad guys blamed each other
and offed one another ...

And so it goes ...
Cheers for Dr. King's death
The 'element lady', in her boarded up shack
A grenade launcher and machine gun in the station house vault
in case of riot -

The mom who turned her young teen girls out,
Selling them on the streets -
Doing what they had to do to earn their keep.

Me. A full-time, day, college student,
By night, a full-time district clerk, St. Louis City cops.

Yea, that's what I did when I was me ...