

Societies wander together like hopeful drops of a virus

Citizen-testaments bent on offing me

A nation of breadwinners to hold me back

like it's a Brink's, I wrinkle the concrete sometimes

like flesh, my Martin Luther King permanence

turning away from a podium into the reeds

like God is the dangerous twin

Black August to the mountain top

balcony on my bedroom floor

They steal you from the earth itself and suspend you and your

broken neck

from their fullest euphoria

from the loyalty oath of their gray superstitions

loyalty oath of their agrarian reform

I return to my mother

completely disrespected

For peeling the heat off of purgatory, they kill poets like me

Walk me away from my poems; never to be heard from again

in this final industrial complex or

bloodlines picked over / picked through

A sport in spiritual death or your devil at least half made

Police become a pretty word

I'm reading a lynch mob's shoestrings like they were tea leaves

Teaching you how to write about cities