

*Not until the sun ceases to shine on you will I disown you*  
Walt Whitman

*Is killing Blacks a growth industry ?*  
Ishmael Reed

as long as  
the sun and rain  
feed the roots  
of Tortuguita's trees,  
we will reach deep down  
into our communities  
to Stop Cop City

as long as  
each dawn  
the ancestors of the slave farm dead  
and the Muscogee Nation's  
sacred ghosts  
walk at our side,  
we will stand vigil  
against Cop City

as long as  
at the end of the illusion  
of their yellow brick road,  
at city hall  
the world has seen  
the thin blue curtain  
torn aside  
to reveal  
cowering and scared  
the hubris  
of shriveled blackfaced supremacists  
integrated  
with the white ones -  
a coven of mock wizards  
with AR 15's as wands,  
make believe magicians  
juggling real grenades  
where their kids don't go to school,  
deftly disappearing

the hard-earned coins  
of the people  
under their silk monogrammed  
bloodstained scarves,  
hiding their corporate sleights of hand  
behind expensively hired  
paramilitary muscle  
and canon smoke  
and barbed wire screens  
protecting  
their flimsy house of cards

no bread here -  
all cruel circuses  
where we are the exotic animals  
jumping through  
hanging rope hoops  
and our narrow  
insect infested cages  
are willed to be  
the antechamber  
of their lucrative slaughter industry

as long as  
the youth of Atlanta knows  
that until the sun ceases to shine on them  
we will not disown them

as long as  
the ocean we are  
is capable of waves  
a sick military phantasy  
will become  
a drowned  
never to be found  
Atlantis city

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