

marking various landscapes around good ole boy networks
in rural America, secret spaces announcing damaged
states of mind live around here, carry derangements--
various, or singular--that display dystopian imaginations
as to what can solve a 400-year-old-problem that is
tangled as a discorded twisted hangman's rope
lying there in the grass in a swarm of hissing rattlesnakes

who knows what state of mind these roots grow from,
the Shadow certainly doesn't know, nor does Batman,
Robin, or Superman, comic White Americans heroes all,
who can't fix this stinking doodoo mess we're in
even if it were scripted into fake movies,
and no spraying tons of perfume into the air can
knock out this putrid smell either, quiet as it's kept

now, today those of us with half a brain
have to get down to brass tacks, step up with something
beyond all this mumbling, incoherent bullshit
we have been feeding ourselves ever since Europeans
created concepts of a white God, Jesus, the Bible,
as some truth serums they thought would fix everything

well, it hasn't, and won't, and this frustrating poem
probing, searching for answers won't fix things either,
because all these stumbling, rehearsed lines
con men come up with are questions leading to other
questions, and so on, ad infinitum

where the mind thinks it knows on the other side
of question marks, maybe, perhaps, are images--

stupid or otherwise--we absorb each and every day--
some beautiful, provocative, spellbinding, frangible--
metaphors sometimes embrace a true America--
this fragile place we find ourselves living in, until
we all go down to feed those insatiable, wiggling worms,

my choice though is to corkscrew myself – like opening
a great bottle of wine--into a smoke tail full of cinders--
my incinerated flesh--that will twist itself up into space,
into breath of a gray, black or blue sky, then poof
disappearing like one last breath climbing towards the sun,
like the last breath of John Lewis, or Pablo Neruda,
commingling currents into breath of a flowing wind