

The Boss's Bosses

for Ishmael Reed

“Bill Withers is the Black Bruce Springsteen”—
Rolling Stone Magazine

It's Ray Charles' & John Coltrane's Birthday,
but the whitening Jazz Station
won't play anything after *A Love Supreme*
and the white Berkeley college station
is playing Bruce Springsteen.

In the 70s I was baptized in
the rise of the white baby boomer
culture czar critical establishment
(calling itself cutting edge counter culture).
Its growth parallels urban renewal
as Bill Graham did Charles Sullivan dirty
& Temptations sang about hippies
heading to the hills of resegregating
redlining FM Arena white flight
destroying black culture zones
with trains & highways...

Turf wars
start at the top;
when money speaks
through the mouthpiece
of a corporate person's monoculture
in a metaphysical ghetto
changing
like the meaning of \$6 sandwiches
depending on the year,
no wonder only white men
are called articulate...

It's a funny definition of articulate:
“You speak better than me
& say things I don't, or won't, understand—
or know too well, and I need
to appeal to the authority of wealth
to amplify a white we'll name “the boss”—
Articulate as dog-whistles!

It wasn't only Nixon in the early 70s,
who “devised, without seeming so,
a system that acknowledges
that blacks are the problem...”

In the tri-lateral boardrooms of the boss's bosses,
"Oh, Mr. Wenner, you didn't have to be so obvious."
"It's okay, even if they throw him under the bus
with their cancel culture slap on the wrist,
we don't need him anymore
as long as the segregating algorithm feeds
my white ass too much Beatles & Taylor Swift."

Rock culture started in 1964.
Today's Beatles are Bots.
Today's Mick Jagger Donald Trump

But Ashon shared his rap in class yesterday.
It reminded Nore of Lupe Fiasco.
(the corporate music industry suits
who support the private prisons
won't sign him unless he
spreads lies like *Hamilton*
or adds some *bitches & hos...*)