

Slide Show (January 2009)

this is Oscar Grant
bending. being bent.

this is me waiting at the
window for her to come home,
heart elephant. weighing down
one side, teaching the other
what empty is.

this the biggest boss that we have
seen thus far, with the baddest bitch
in the game, dancing to an old song,
at last love, at last love, at last at last
thank god almighty we are president
at least.

this is Oscar Grant, bent
and headed to the ground.
hit and head to the ground.

this is me waiting at her
heart for the window to
open.

this is Palestine. these are the dead
weighing down one side, holding
up the lighter dead. this is the bad
math of mass murder, equation
un-justified.

here we go laughin, cause on a
MTV cribs re-run, only thing in
Missy Elliot's bedroom sides a
Ferrari bed is a life-size cut-out of
Janet Jackson half-naked.

this Annette García, this the Sheriff
who shot her in the back. These are
her children, and this is just how
they looked, shocked not surprised,
this just how they looked: tough and
into the distance.

these are my dead: bowler hat
and big belly, bowed legs and
bright smile, big hands &
mad to the marrow.

this my grandmama mean as
vinegar and pickled through,
preserved against men in the
bone-yard calling: dear wife, dear
mother, dear mother, dear
grandmother come join us in the
loam.

here we are underground,
swinging on bulb roots, waiting
for the lilies to tell us it's July.

this is Oscar Grant's heart,
opened and filling his empty.
this is his back, softer, in this
case, than his belly.

this is her back. she welts
easily when I scratch.

this is a speckled brown egg,
narrow end down, yolk
weighing into the point.
This is my back.

this is me, learning empty is
full of breath, shoutin: Please
don't shoot! Please don't
shoot!