

Folk Stone

In the bushes beside a river running down the valley
In my next life let me be dear black bear

Strong enough to pull my childish true enemy
From the dark village down the street

Where Monk's imitators play the same nonlinear blues
I spend the lonely evenings playing

Force him to comb the underworld for the book
I left beside a girl on a subway

Covered in footnotes & illegible handwriting
Dream versus Sincerity Thinking versus Feeling

Machine versus Engine Shade versus Shadow
The people who come after you versus the people behind you

Anything versus Everything Poem versus Piano
If I live to be a four-year old black girl again

My sky-black dress will never be black as my afro
If I live to be a ten-year old shotgun again

Black as an anvil full of buckshot raise me with my mother
In the most southern & southernmost of the Carolinas

Force our enemies to gather all the stones in a beautiful meadow
While singing strange godly gospels to pass the time