

POETS

Poets are supposed to make

People cry...

Or sigh...

Or die...

FAR FLUNG GALAXIES

On the steps

The Black boy dreams of tomorrows

Crystal thought ships arise from his head

Drenched in rainbows they shimmer

Like the gossamer of a dragonfly's wings

Illuminated like the light of fireflies

They float upwards into the clouds

Pulse beats of drums barely audible

Far flung galaxies call them home

BULLETS AND FIRE

How many times did Louis Armstrong cross the Atlantic

All those spirits beneath the wings of his plane holding him up?

So he could keep making his sweet truth scat and skate and simmer

Bloom forever in a global garden making sure that other po' Black boys

Born with music in their blood could arise from the mud

Roll up Park Avenue in shiny limos to celebrate solid gold and platinum

Records inspired by this sonic shaman from Catfish row

Who loved his people don't 'cha know

His music was sugarcane and white folks made him rich

But there is bullets in his music and fire too!

THE PARENTS OF GLORY

We are ruled by madness

That of the oppressor and that that consumes us internally

Ancient gods rattle the cages of our souls

Infuriated at our state

We have not been sane for centuries

Thus we know the labyrinths of darkness

Moving through the intestines of a white hot god

Who burns us to ashes in our sleep

We have weeped ourselves dry

Walking as desert men across savannahs of salt

Flame is our water and dust is our bread

We call back the sacred dead to fill the ranks of warriors

We mold armies from the seas of our planet

Shape the light of the sun as our grenades

Mix bones and rain with vengeance

Engine such creatures with blizzards of sorrow

Suit them in whirlwinds to erase the cartoons of history

We own all mysteries and are the parents of Glory

We will turn time inside out

Map memory as truth

SO BEAUTIFUL THE WORLD HAS TO LIE

We live a blue history

Turned into invisible mystery

Makin' due with nothin' minus nothin'

Carry dreams like switchblades

So beautiful the world has to lie

And tell us different

Our faces be illuminated scripture

Of ages past and ages yet to be

Whoever made us baked us in fires

That forever branded us with the desire for freedom

We wounded dreamers deposed of empires

Royal paupers learning magic all over again

We read the stars and cast our bones

To understand the Ancestors will

All the blues of our lives is changing with the yellow gold

Of our thoughts

A green future is all our tomorrows

SPACE WAVE LOGIC

Sun Ra

Cosmos genius of space wave logic

Starseed of Nubian renown

Neoned boned luminosity Black Pharaoh of Catfish Row

Bebop mad riding the chariot of a Steinway

“Space is the place” his mantra

“Do you want a one way or a round trip?” his question

Galactic outsider of the politics of freedom

‘Bama man Upsouth and jet setter

Waving his robes and gowns like banners

In the face of unbelievers and believers

Polyrhythmic Moses scrambling all your beliefs

Like pig brains and eggs

Some kinda Dark Jesus of Germantown, Philadelphia

With Arkestra disciples

Pounding drums and blowing horns to wake you from sleep

Born in the crucible of “swing” he swung

Into the outer limits of the real made a deal

With what he found to return and preach the truth

To convert and subvert the square world

Wake walk his way to the New Day

Every performance was a launching from Earth

Out pass the Moon

“Out” was Bible and Commandments

To the unblessed it seemed like babble
To the ordained it was gospel on acid
A pudding of psychedelic mushrooms
A jubilee and juneteenth of deep space Gnostic wisdom
Will all the starseeds stand and be counted?
A cosmic Ark is enroute
Under the command of Captain Henry Dumas
Let all the brothers say, "Amen!"
Let all the sisters say, "Amen!"
Hold your head a little higher!
Put more pep in your step!
Dust off your dreams!
Forget about your schemes!
A civilization of magic awaits your arrival!