

## JUTE-BOY AT THE NATURALIZATION DERBY

In the Chevy-sack, mottled and sharp: lean boy, to the ride.  
Did you draw out your Hoo-Doo literature, the bone-for-itself?  
Remember the riff bone, the one from the goddess-shank?  
And the giraffe frame, the self-portrait, longing & philosophical—  
was that you, in Low Tucson, hoisting another flame?  
Stole it? You did. In your reflex for passion, in your arsonist  
lazy fourth eye, the one next to the ear.

*Eye#1: for the Jute-Border tragedies, so buoyant:*

*this is how you measured your exile, nervous & joyous.*

*Eye#2: for the Ocelot cut-man you smuggled into your existence:*

*this is how you rose up and struck down your torturers.*

*Eye#3: for the drowsy leaf eater, so polite in his self-abuse:*

*this is how you returned, to your tiny womb voice—victorious.*

*Eye#4: this da Rice Warrior, can't see, but it there:*

*O, this—your language, in gestation; the last flight  
shoot up, from your raw Motherland.*

We note

your animal laboratory: one treasured police-dog leg, sprawled  
one parakeet vest, two coyote tracks—to cover up your migrant  
tardiness into bone-being. How you raced the tyrants, their feathers  
& spelled forgiveness, then genocide. But, the enemy stands  
before you. Can you identify? Let's leave the question  
open.