we slip thru pirates alley past the old cathedral to see kid thomas mute his horn with a brown paper bag.

Providence, Rhode Island / Al Young

It's spring again the early part when the wettest wind gives you a licking youll never forget

You stand quivering down by the Biltmore whistling for taxis as maxi-skirted women flee the scene youve just stepped into

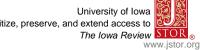
The grayness of this white water city feels good to blood that wants to explode on century's notice shattering calendar meat & appointments well kept

Colonial afternoons had to be colder than the hearts of witches laid to rest beneath these charming citypaved hills

Rushing for cover you now understand the cooled out literalness of these old wooden homes

A skinny black man (a brother you guess)

29



who commutes between this stop & Harlem U.S.A. tells you he's never been to Brown or the School of Design but he know for a fact that it's mafia keep this town relaxed

"They got the highest houses up in them hills but after them come all your professors & professionals/people with a highclass license to steal"

You want to come back in summer when the change takes place but this brilliant chill has tightened your head

New England is a poker game too

Mr. Booker T. / James W. Blake

Were you the Brer Rabbit of African conjuring? Did you take Stowe's vision and turn it into her husband's foe? Did that scheme divide our family or was Du Bois just the turn man and Garvey a substitute? Is it true you taught Chilembwe how to build an icon for freedom out of mud? Some said it was because of the white blood. Did you really wink approval with Mendel's laws