

From the Book of Shine, XII /
Calvin Forbes
for the McCabes

Christ should learn to play
The tenor sax,
Breathe in 4/4 time; his tone becoming
The Grail of the cool.

He arrives with a new band,
A new style. He's hip
Avant-garde and sassy as molasses.
He's blowing like a hurricane

With a high-life beat
Signifying something mellow and mean.
Oh you know the reason why.
Yea squeeze me baby until I die.

A family that plays jazz together
Can't be all that bad.
Christ should learn to play
The tenor sax.

Dust / Everett Hoagland
(for Edward Brathwaite)

We are dust.

Rock is the placenta of time.
But rock can be shattered.

You cannot break dust,
it defies the hammer.
Chisels cannot carve up-

on it. Its stuff will not
make good statues of your heroes.
Heroes are made of it.

Blown up? Explosives never destroy it.
It cannot be slung or thrown.
Primitive

but it can kill you.

July 4, 1974 / June Jordan
(Washington, D.C.)

At least it helps me to think about my son
a Leo/born to us
(Aries and Cancer) some
sixteen years ago
in St. Johns Hospital next to the Long Island
Railroad tracks
Atlantic Avenue/Brooklyn
New York

at dawn

which facts
do not really prepare you
(do they)

for him

angry
serious
and running through the darkness with his own

becoming light

He Imagined the Gorgeous Pattern of the
New Skin and Settled for America /
Primus St. John

The quiet which is my wife endures:
I have hurt nothing, unless we have touched.