

Dizz on TV / Alvin Aubert

in color.
the tints, though, his own.
homespun hue. soft & softening.
like the sound. the dented mute plugging
the hole of that crooked horn.
jumpsuit blue/green & joyful
like the breaks he moves about in
ringing change. sounding him self.
the left beat of that cosmic pulse
he said was him and Bird. *is* him &
Bird. sounding God, too. his knowledge
& praise. power & pain. a skyward horn bell
angled for love & rain.

The Return of Julian the Apostate to Rome / Ishmael Reed

Julian
Come back
It can't be long
For the emperor

He sees plots everywhere
Has executed three postmen
Rants in print against his
Former allies
Imagines himself a
Yoruba god
Has asked the Bishops to
Deify him

Not only is he short
He's nuts

Julian come back
The people are shitting
In the temples
Barbarian professors

Are teaching one god
They are ripping the limbs
Off our fetishes
They are carving the sea
Monsters from our totems
They made a pile of our
Wood sculpture and set fire
To it

Julian
Come back
Rude hags
Have crashed the senate
And are spitting on the
Elders

Meanwhile, Julian
The perennial art major
Ponders in the right wing
Of the monastery museum

The Egyptian collection

Alice / Michael S. Harper

"The word made stone, the stone word"
"A RITE is an action the very form of which is the
result of a Divine Revelation."

I
You stand waist-high in snakes
beating the weeds for the gravebed
a quarter mile from the nearest
relative, an open field in Florida: lost,
looking for Zora, and when she speaks
from her sunken chamber to call
you to her side, she calls
you her distant cousin, her sister
come to mark her burial place
with bright black stone.
She has known you would do this—