

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.

It is the indicative mood, after desire  
The Deerslayer

Now middle aged  
Has become lonesome and white again

Rising up out of the continent  
That is Chingachgook

Red skinned, red eyed morning light  
The myth that has happened to the democratic.

That black man over there:  
Slaughtered in the hills of my wife . .

Imagination,  
Black and breathing.

I am slaughtered in his wife,  
It has happened to meaning.

Fit to be Satan—now:  
Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville's

I wear my dark skinned hat—  
Irreconcilable

In the final phase. Satanic,  
It seems to fit me right.

To walk away alone  
Into the sunset of our bleeding children.

For Paul Laurence Dunbar 1872-1972 /  
Margaret Walker

(Centennial Celebration, October 19, 20, 21, 1972)

A man whose life was like a candle's flame:  
faint, flickering, and brightened with the poet's light.  
He came to earth a butterfly of time