

in the
Pharoah's heart: O Lord of every land
shining forth for all:

Aten
multi-single like the sun
reflecting Him by Him

reflected.
Anubis howled. The royal prophet reeled
under the dazzling weight

of vision,
exalted—maddened^p—the spirit moving
in his heart: Aten Jahveh Allah God.

**Riding Back on a 30-Year-Old Tractor After
Pulling out the Car I Drove into a Ditch,
Watching Stars and Lightning from the
Northwest / Philip Bryant**

for Warren

Silent philosophy,
you and me
touching in the dark
like two shadows married to each other.
The noise of the tractor's engine
drowns out the dishonesty of our words,
the sky illuminates our faces into one vision;
the moment has arrived.
The tractor is moving down the road
at a speed we can both understand.
We join hands
through the night like
invisible brothers,
twins with the same mother,
the same god,
the same body;
and it's because we drive down this dirt
road together.

It is because the lightning flashes through
the black skin of the night,
lighting the way before us,
it is because the rocks that have grown
between us
have suddenly turned to stars, and have sunk into
our bodies
sending a heat welding our joy together
like two roots joining the earth.
There is nothing to keep us apart,
not tonight;
we will ride this tractor
home.

Homage to My Hips / Lucille Clifton

THESE HIPS ARE BIG HIPS.
THEY NEED SPACE
TO MOVE AROUND IN.
THEY DON'T FIT INTO LITTLE
PETTY PLACES. THESE HIPS
ARE FREE HIPS.
THEY DON'T LIKE TO BE HELD BACK.
THESE HIPS HAVE NEVER BEEN A SLAVE,
THEY GO WHERE THEY WANT TO GO
THEY DO WHAT THEY WANT TO DO.
THESE HIPS ARE MIGHTY HIPS.
THESE HIPS ARE MAGIC HIPS.
I HAVE KNOWN THEM
TO PUT A SPELL ON A MAN
AND SPIN HIM LIKE A TOP.

Another Note for a Future Memory / Alvin Aubert

summer in new orleans
dodging the heat
but needing the warmth & light