

does his presence persist
though cornered from his lecturers
despising the meaning of him?

on the shelf, awaiting
the burial of words, his eyes
pierce the mast as they

do the spirit. he is an
example, we see; a training unit
for the contempt of style

he is assigned his floorward place
in the mind, but in space
his regal power knows no time.

The Silent Songwriter of Our Apocalypse / Reginald Lockett

for James Washington Blake

He's got a high stepping Texas Hop
in his walk
an old-time bottleneck blues in the
way he talks & countless records of
events & unheard of songs in the
expression on his ageless face.
Collages of gutbucket truths &
revelations persist in his
endless gaze.
He's the silent songwriter
of our Apocalypse.
He keeps a Big John de Conqueror
root in his hip pocket & a
lodestone hidden
neatly away in his vest.

The golden radiance of his smile
dances pass trembling veils & travels
far beyond the comprehension of
reddish clouds in the hot pinkness of
warm evening skies.

Even in the dim blue light of
creation's flame
it shines.
He's the silent songwriter of our
Apocalypse.
He keeps a Big John de Conqueror root
in his hip pocket & a lodestone
hidden neatly away in his vest
right beneath an old gold watch
on a tarnished silver chain
this powerful composer of the
syncopated ebony tune.

On a New York Street Corner: Canvas #14 / Quincy Troupe

sounds of four-four time
being played by a blind black
man jingling coins jingling
silver blood coins
in a battered tin cup on a corner
in mid-town manhattan a blood
black blue black blind man
nailed too a wooden white cane
noddin off behind dark glasses
a black kansas city man
a new york street blind black man
with a battered tin cup
playing four-four time
playing kansas city bird
prez count four-four time
head nodding diggin the music
of nineteen hundred
& ice cold thirty-four
a blood black man
a blue black blind black
man on a new york street
corner bebopin in time
bebopin on down grinnin
a gold tooth crown