

and lined her own womb with cement  
to make a graveyard for our children.

I have not been able to touch the destruction within me  
but unless I learn to use  
the difference between poetry and rhetoric  
my power too will run corrupt as poisonous mold  
or lie limp and useless as an unconnected wire  
and one day I will take my teenaged plug  
and connect it to the nearest socket  
raping some 85 year old white woman  
and as I beat her senseless and set a torch to her bed  
a greek chorus will be singing in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time  
“Poor thing. She never hurt a soul. What beasts they are.”

## Ungod at the Font of the Blues / Anthony McNeill

*Poetry is a case of the loser winning. And the genuine poet chooses to lose, even if he has to go so far as to die, in order to win . . . . He is certain of the total defeat of the human enterprise and arranges to fail in his own life in order to bear witness, by his individual defeat, to human defeat in general.*

—Jean-Paul Sartre

ungod who endure in the desert lift  
the lush way  
to taste listen smell touch  
see the shape of this One  
bird through the garden,  
its acute, tinnient cry.  
The adamant know  
clear methods of tracking,  
then lay the grief down  
raggedly singing.  
One rises announces  
the sky  
has burst into flames;  
another—

my spirit be-  
comes a sack full of ashes.  
I open the window  
see the bird blind

alone in such fine  
sorrow so long

## Words / Raymond R. Patterson

Each night with words  
to wall out prison walls

brick by word brick by word  
from darkness lifting

into wordless space  
words from syllables of rage

to rise through caged tiers  
towards the clear speech of stars

Can you see now in the dark  
in the top of the makeshift scaffolding

the prisoner lifting  
the final words into place

some jailer below  
shaking his keys and shouting?

## To All Brothers: From All Sisters / Sonia Sanchez

each nite without you.

and I give birth to myself.

who am i to be touched at random?