

creep from crooked side-streets
to stoop and scavenge in the grass
for shreds of vegetables and squashed fruit
cast out from the closed-up stalls

Jericho / Ai

The question mark in my belly stretches, kicks me
and I push back the sheet, watching you undress.
You put on the black mask and lie on your side.
I open the small sack of peppermint sticks
you always bring and take one out.
I suck it as you rub my shoulders, breasts,
then with one hand, round the hollows beneath,
carved by seven months of pregnancy,
stopping when your palm covers my navel.
You groan, as I slide the peppermint across my lips.

So I'm just fifteen, but I've seen others like you,
afraid, apologizing because they need something
maybe nobody else does.
You candy man, handing out the money, the sweets,
ashamed to climb your ladder of trouble.
Don't be. Make it to the top.
You'll find a ram's horn there.
Blow it seven times, yell goddamn
and watch the miniature hells
walking below you all fall down.

Soul Soul Super Bowl / George Barlow *(A Poem Evidently for Duane Thomas)*

Evidently, Duane Thomas
is a badass brother.
Evidently, the brother
was the Super Bowl . . .
running thru/around/under/over
Dolphins all day long . . .
shootin hoodoo thru the middle,