

Some Poems By People I Like

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AMERICA

(Note: italics sung)

america america
the atm of capitalism
america america
pumping cash via metal hands
banks in new york city are open on a *sunday*

moving money quickly
unceremoniously
moving money quickly
unceremoniously
moving money quickly

**who manufactures cluster bombs?
who manufactures direct-energy warfare?
who manufactures phosphorus shells?**

*there goes another dead body quickly
unceremoniously
moving money quickly
unceremoniously
moving money quickly*

who gets intel from sudan's government?

who gets rid of habeas corpus?

who profits from anti-u.s. sentiment?

there goes another dead

another dead

*another dead dead dead dead dead dead dead dead dead dead
dead dead dead dead dead dead dead dead dead dead dead dead
dead dead dead dead dead money quickly.*

YOU GO GIRL

you go girl
go find yourself a new man
or woman
or both
or no one if that's where you're at
you go girl

go to st. tropez
tokyo
moro de sao paulo
jo'burg
kingston, j.a.
upgrade yourself girl

go buy stocks
bonds
mutual funds
real estate
plan for your retirement
invest your money wisely girl

go out with your girls on a saturday night
gyrate your ass
buff floor wax if you want to girl

36

27

59

years old

still called girl

still calling ourselves girl

rarely woman

you go girl
to the graaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaavve
girl.

NINE WOMYN

**don't go down in the narrow nasty gutters with them
filthy razors be they claws, swaggering
seven womyn of colour cocks, circling**

**don't go down in the bowels of degradation with them
scheming squealing spinning soul from flesh
now you bloodied bruised discombobulated
and calling them sisters?
fool**

**of colour don't make them blood
and gender don't mean they care about you**

they be marrow-sucking
solidarity-spewing
trifling
bamboozlers
seven of colour womyn
flavoured tangy acrid sour
underbelly masks moulded core in search of fire

cure:

one blossoming gardenia to reignite olfactory
five tablespoons of cod liver oil to cleanse
a heap of sassafras for nurture
repeat in sleep: "no safety there"
and

don't calculate vengeance.
ain't nothing worthwhile nor worthy in it.
just hold on to proper folks:
ones who forgive you wordless
rock you gentle
scoop you up off ceramic
brush foundation on your jaw line
whisper your name when you forget your own damn self
look through you and love sense into you.

hold on to them.

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