

WAILING DOCTRINE.

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I am not dead, but I am separated.
- Antonin Artaud

we need no network to tell us
of our anger we've long since
articulated it we've long since
spoken our peace
only for our cries
pleas our please don't shoot
to go un-
heard
un-
witnessed
un-
mourned

ain't racial profiling
a coy word
for being stalked
with fingers already
on the trigger
with tomb
-stone justifications
already etched

saying how the other
lived

so,
sorry if I still seem un-
satisfied won civil war
was not enough
to soothe the lashes
of indignity the noosed
hearts or hateful curiosity

buried in books
(that small
calculus of dreams)
I almost forgot
my body carries
with it a suicide
note

so,
no I'm not
Ferguson no
I'm not Watts
no I'm stuck
counting bodies
picassoed in time
on relentless
streaming fields

Guernica! Guernica!
GUERNICA!
all's lost

my people fall
by bushful my heart falls
too hollow tip
on hallowed grounds

& this cry
still goes
un-
heard
un-
witnessed
un-
mourned

for such is
the pity
that the born
-free are buried
carried on no
revolution