

Maroon in the Tide

One day Attica will brag,
“My husk owes me,
as I owe its symmetry”

I deny the united states exists

Just detective imperialism
featuring inner city mountain time
A sunset not to be missed in this yellow number five

Petit-bourgeois waxing over the people
Hail whitey or at least the
Madonna now white and male on the moon
the backslide of Sunday itself
hail you too, sibling
full as a syringe
your glass half altitude
your very own athleticism or sentient light called down
through palatial gutters
Attica bragging, the color of the cop-killer don't matter
a most spacious purpose

the momentum of skin
roosting in firing pins

Watch me meditate,
My daughter reading Marx to my ashes
I sense her tears now
Baby, I am beyond physics

At least language wise

I want to control the sun for a week
Leave the dissolving of family up to the coroner van
Inner city mountain time tiles
the yellow aura of furniture
I sense God now

A tempo of con
A current for bones