People Are What

For John Lewis (1940 – 2020), who warned America

people are what they think they are, dream they are, whatever is rooted there inside their heads they are, what is there nobody knows, not even the person most times carrying their pumpkin head on sloping,

or square shoulders,

their heads perhaps filled with air, swollen balloons, oval shaped football noggins

sprouting from long, or short,

tree stump necks, their block heads emitting menace, power of pro football line backers, sadists trying to hurt or kill someone every time

they dig their cleats into grass,

then launch their trained hard bodies
that become steel battering ram instruments
imitating snorting gorillas with fearsome intentions,
their fierce gazes fixed as in the evil purple eye
in the center of a category 5 hurricane
blowing down everything they touch, converting
mangled stop signs into decapitating discuses

& who would trust giving power to any dumb fuck flashing thumbs down signs to anyone who voted against Trump, who are sword carrying, numb skull exclamation marks planting KKK crosses, dangling nooses around broken neck bodies drooping, sagging from strong oak trees in hidden places

marking various landscapes around good ole boy networks in rural America, secret spaces announcing damaged states of mind live around here, carry derangements-various, or singular--that display dystopian imaginations as to what can solve a 400-year-old-problem that is tangled as a discorded twisted hangman's rope lying there in the grass in a swarm of hissing rattlesnakes

who knows what state of mind these roots grow from, the Shadow certainly doesn't know, nor does Batman, Robin, or Superman, comic White Americans heroes all, who can't fix this stinking doodoo mess we're in even if it were scripted into fake movies, and no spraying tons of perfume into the air can knock out this putrid smell either, quiet as it's kept

now, today those of us with half a brain have to get down to brass tacks, step up with something beyond all this mumbling, incoherent bullshit we have been feeding ourselves ever since Europeans created concepts of a white God, Jesus, the Bible, as some truth serums they thought would fix everything

well, it hasn't, and won't, and this frustrating poem probing, searching for answers won't fix things either, because all these stumbling, rehearsed lines con men come up with are questions leading to other questions, and so on, ad infinitum

where the mind thinks it knows on the other side of question marks, maybe, perhaps, are images-- stupid or otherwise--we absorb each and every day-some beautiful, provocative, spellbinding, frangible-metaphors sometimes embrace a true America-this fragile place we find ourselves living in, until
we all go down to feed those insatiable, wiggling worms,

my choice though is to corkscrew myself – like opening a great bottle of wine--into a smoke tail full of cinders--my incinerated flesh--that will twist itself up into space, into breath of a gray, black or blue sky, then poof disappearing like one last breath climbing towards the sun, like the last breath of John Lewis, or Pablo Neruda, commingling currents into breath of a flowing wind