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# (Evol)ution Is Love Spelled Backwards

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(EVOL)UTION IS LOVE SPELLED BACKWARDS

A Thesis Presented

by

ERICA MONTEIRO

Submitted to the Graduate School of the  
University of Massachusetts Amherst in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree of

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ERICA M. MONTEIRO

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ABSTRACT

*(EVOL)UTION IS LOVE SPELLED BACKWARDS*

FEBRUARY 2010

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My thesis is a collection of poems.

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## **bloc 1**

to the yoke.  
got me hooked  
on ur rhythms  
and outside  
seventies  
front stoop  
chillin.

sharecroppin  
on farmland  
in connecticut  
got u this, a  
legacy of bliss,  
where i can't  
come sit in su  
casa without  
takin something  
home to my  
crib.

at the park,  
we get a quiet  
destiny  
in tow to  
the banks  
of the river  
where i get  
treated to  
dead dog  
stories  
and fishing  
permits to  
eat.

jump off the  
rock to the spot  
in the middle of  
the river,  
but know how  
to swim a  
puerto rico  
uptime to not  
get taken  
downstream  
and drowned

by the tide.

abuela salsas  
on the street.  
mamba in her  
switch, got a  
tenement  
garden on the  
block  
where she  
plants the  
flowers of  
a jibara's  
heart.

calderon it  
to zion.  
smoke high on  
ur island-couch  
back porch  
is a westside  
story playground  
complete with  
laundry a breeze...

at 1 am  
a d.y.s.  
just got  
my own pad,  
muthafuckas kept me  
in esl class and  
that's why  
i speak spanglish

fluidly  
sleepy, slips  
in and out.

one nigga  
2 chics  
y a lil muneca.  
got me  
happy that  
my sadness  
turned into

car seats on the  
sidewalk, while  
papi cleaned the  
ride:  
chihahuas,  
coronas,  
cheeba,  
and  
children.



## **goodnight obama**

sleep does not overtake  
those who wish it away  
by staying up late and  
going to bed before the  
sun sets on a country  
in turmoil.

this is our last stand.  
after all, the majority  
voted for a black man,  
the go to guy when  
shit really hits the fan.

the banks won't even  
lend to the white boys,  
and we know that  
the average white  
nest egg is  
the house that  
one secured the  
mortgage for.  
the welcome sign  
on the door.  
the picket fence and  
monsanto  
to make the grass  
greener...

but no one complained  
when they redlined  
the brown folks out  
of property or  
burnt it to the ground  
out of jealousy.

to spite the new  
president there is a  
neo nazi tea party  
agenda, a clever  
disguise for what  
lies just under the  
surface of the nation,

waiting to bubble up  
and drip down to the

streets, where there  
will be war before  
there is peace, and  
everyone will arm  
themselves for the  
coming debacle.

there are some places  
where people can't  
accept new faces  
but rely on old facts. we  
obviously  
haven't made as much  
progress as all that, try to  
sweep the real  
sentiment under the  
beds where we rest  
our heads, looking forward  
to a new day of  
the same ol same ol.

just cuz our president  
is black, don't mean  
jack.

just a sign that things  
are worse than expected.

## **grease**

there is man locked up  
in the claws of justice,  
afraid to come on  
campus, a safe space  
before his race became  
a factor in this case;

for something he did  
not do, a crime he did  
not commit, two grown  
men, and them a\$\$hole  
pro\$ecutor\$ keep saying  
it's all legit, how these white  
boyz came on campus  
and started sh\*t, broke  
a window and then  
entered a dorm to  
confront a lone sole  
with a pocket knife  
for protection, a broken  
nose and concussion  
for his rejection of  
their words about  
his niggerdom,

probably  
thinking bout how  
far he's come just  
to endure this,

he got down  
in self defense,  
barely doing  
any damage...

now he sits, on  
a potential 30+ year  
bid, awaiting court fees  
instead of payment  
for his graduation  
cap and gown, student  
loans hover, and  
he's still on lockdown.  
no traveling to another

place to get away from

this space of misery.

waiting out the burden  
plays with what you  
remember about your  
history. the times  
blend together,  
the in and out  
of court, trying hard  
not to cop a plea when  
one dude actually got  
off scott free and the  
other got time out  
in a corner...

no vacation.

we want

justice for jason.

**his loss**

she made a  
break for it,  
when he least  
expected it.  
thought she  
would love him  
forever, but  
decided  
something  
different.

yes. friends  
on the terms  
that are  
declared in  
her contract.  
reappropriated  
to fit a new  
context

no more  
tears bout how  
life's so hard...  
the plantation  
wants more  
for less. ..  
what's life  
worth living  
for if there's all  
this stress...  
my brother's  
gone m.i.a.  
somewhere in  
a mess...

i don't want  
to hear it.

don't want  
to feel empathy  
for ur pain cuz  
i got my own  
pain to get  
through and

a lot of

growing to  
do  
without u.

u couldn't see  
the forest for  
the tree of life  
that stood in  
your midst. ur  
satisfied soul  
will crave what  
u miss.

but it will  
be okay for  
me

the one who  
was there when  
there was nobody  
to pick up the  
pieces of your  
shattered quilt  
and thread them  
together to  
create a new  
mosaic.

a well worn tapestry,  
dumped for  
brand new shoes.

## **goodbye moon**

he who knows her better  
has moved to strict  
platonic, no more  
intertwined  
positions of  
intimacy  
vulnerability.

she can blame herself  
for this she made;  
slipped her  
tongue in funk  
curled waves and  
invented fetal positions.

he says in his  
silent moments:  
away

is made  
whole from her  
presence.

he does not want.

nor does he need.

all business on a  
first name basis.

to bleed on a sword  
stuck womb  
filled with nothing  
but whispered  
memories tortured  
in late nights

is not  
a life.

so she sits lonely  
on the moon.

contemplating

the heat of his  
hands on the  
back of her knees  
and the crushing  
sensation of  
googly laughs  
that come with legs  
hard pressed between.

dishes cleaned  
and a meal on the  
table

before  
he winked across  
the room and  
baalinbaalis  
changed to  
butter...

back when  
they  
still smiled  
at the thought  
of actively  
loving  
each other.



## disparate stanzas

falling under  
the eyes  
of mystery  
is better than  
sitting in the  
heart of misery

making believe  
that another  
night in solitary  
will cure u  
of any want  
to be alone.

loneliness  
is like shit.  
everyone  
goes through  
it, so relish  
it and eat it  
without  
gagging.

oogling men  
in expensive  
clothes that  
don't look like  
quick clean  
get up's from the  
army navy store  
bores the situation  
a bigger hole.

what one likes  
and what one will  
take are two separate  
things when words  
become wings  
to find solace.

prematurely ripening  
in the dead of  
night. sleep will  
come without the

flight to atlantis

when the universe  
is in alignment.

it's an even  
softer refinement  
to be back in the  
eyes of mystery.

## **one last hurrah**

one more day to be sad,  
and remember i dodged  
a shattering bullet.

one more day to think  
about the way things  
went down, searching  
for something that  
wasn't lost...didn't  
need to be found...

my mind was gone...

not equipped to  
handle it. not ready  
to see through the  
deceit to get to  
the root of the  
abandonment.

in this race of  
heartbreak, see who  
can get to the finish  
line faster, who has  
had the time to  
really recoup from  
the disaster, and  
who buried it in  
the arms of another?

brother, i loved you.  
would have given  
you a thousand  
dreadlocks and a tubful  
of kush, would have  
massaged your soul  
to relaxation, and  
treated you to a  
kenyan vacation.

all the stops and  
starts couldn't have  
kept me from running  
to you.

but you chose,

and i rose to a new  
height of understanding  
that the boy in the man  
is bigger than the man  
in the man. that what  
happened, made me  
erase all those plans  
and find myself in  
me. a new song to  
sing about the  
heart and how it  
pumps, offbeat.

the rhythm is  
no longer a  
scattered racing,  
it's a slow pacing  
for the healing that's  
taking place. no more  
sweating imaginary  
bullets, or worrying  
about what's next,  
no more reading  
extra messages  
into a simple text.  
or staying up late  
till you come home  
from filming  
another family...

it happened so quickly,  
i got physically sick,  
and while i suffered  
you found another  
lover, and acted as  
though i didn't exist.

that's the shit of it.  
the part that plays  
with the conscience.  
like so much that  
has haunted you  
that can't be recouped.

a landless man  
in a nomad's country,  
no solid foundation  
for stability.

i felt the truth before  
i knew it, never brave  
enough to show me the  
real deal so i took a  
background seat and  
let things just happen  
to me.

my mind came back...

in the blink of an  
eye, the universe  
realigned, and now i  
see what you missed.

a poetic soul capable  
of pulling her own,  
making something  
out of nothing  
that you told in  
your lies.

just a single mother  
struggling. that's no  
surprise. just don't ply  
her with untruths, or fill  
her with false, or  
mess up the hearts  
of the children involved...

sisterhood is stronger,  
it's what's gotten me  
through, and at the  
heart of you.

the matter is naught.  
fraught with anxiety  
over nothing left, and  
wishing you happiness  
till my last breath.

a man's character  
determines his life,  
a man's actions  
determine his  
destiny.

there is rest for me  
in this new land of  
unchartered territory  
and time to build  
a family that won't  
self destruct.

today i woke up  
and saw me standing  
nakedly at 36.5 in a  
full length mirror,  
liking what i see,  
and knowing that  
what's reflected belongs  
to me.

in the blink of an  
eye, the universe  
realigned, and  
i became,

well,

free.

## **goodbye**

there is no  
answer on the  
line, a dead long  
pitched high  
silence of  
empty ringing.

a click.  
a slam.  
a disconnect.

under the  
emptiness there  
is a feeling of  
discontent,  
the way a bird  
slams into  
a clear windowpane  
thinking it's flying  
in air.

shattered,

it crashes  
to the ground

it makes no  
sound  
as it lays dying.

or the way the ride  
turns around to  
chase u down,  
but u see nothing  
as u walk in ur  
contentment.

when one back  
gets turned, another  
turns toward u.

when one love is  
lost, another  
becomes u.

## **remix**

take this empty  
space and remake  
it anew, in the  
image of purity  
that sees you  
through brighter  
days and  
better ways  
of coping  
with the tough  
times...

there is death  
all around, but  
there is life  
in the smallest  
of places,  
rebuilding  
what was  
lost in a haze  
of shattered glass  
that one tries  
not to step on...

and over time  
the shards  
are worn to  
slivers that smart,

and over  
time replaced  
with new  
memories  
that lend  
themselves to  
new starts...

and the slivers  
have duller  
edges.

when u have  
a slate that



gets erased,

u get to  
redesign  
ur  
fate.

**for Daniel**

between lil london and sava'lamar...  
and the way,  
at midday,  
the rain cascades  
a steam off the  
the dirt road  
downpours.

i wanna feel the  
hiding under  
banana leaves, and  
curled sugarcane  
husked machet.

the roughness of ur  
feet like jagged  
rocks.

wet is wet in  
rain.

do u remember?

missing teeth,  
soupy sweet,  
hot heat  
is a rhythm  
that cascades  
over democratic  
debates

won't take me  
up river  
again,

to 12 years old.

on some flagrant,  
downright complacent  
acquiescence, shivering  
in the sunlight.

u better not suggest  
take the rented scooter

to go get the \_\_\_\_\_

that ain't in season, and  
condoms ain't  
got nothin to do with  
reason,

today.

i remember.

the party.

and how i had to  
find a way to  
skate  
my father in  
that dark road  
rythmn, congested  
with people.

pimps know pimps,  
my playa, i told u,

when i found u

playin dominoes.

bathed in  
the river  
together.

me in  
my bathin suit,

cuz  
u suggested  
i was meant for  
something  
better than  
just the river,

just jamaica,

and jerked air.

just jamaica.

if i came

u sang

i'd be  
a migrant  
worker  
in america,

if i came.

in alla that.

## **the bat**

her words flow like water from the tip  
of her tongue to her hips, she does not stop  
talking even through the kiss. the way a verb dips  
into his soft lips makes for satisfaction, she massages  
his neck to get his reaction to her eyes in his irises,  
close enough to reach down  
and caress stray hairs on his chest with her fingers  
and she slowly trails to his knees, kisses  
each kneecap then giggles silliness  
before he whispers his own caress to get  
her up, kneeling position to eye  
level, feels her tremble at the palm of it.  
his hand on the small of her back when she  
stands, supports the weight of weak legs  
shaking softly in the midst of it. a caress  
that doesn't convalesce in it's longing to  
be more than a touch, soft enough to break  
through the shell she has created, hard  
enough to shatter kneecaps.

## **in the heartstrings**

there is just  
staring laughing,  
a lack of focus  
for the sake  
of modesty underneath  
me,  
a press up  
conscious  
knowledge of what  
may or may not  
be presumed in ur nature  
rising cleared  
of all abrasiveness.

your words are choice  
anger but your heart  
is riveted in  
platinum assuming,  
trying  
a new tactic of courting  
skirted angles, over  
jeans clothed under  
t., a bikini topless  
vision of  
precision.

what is simple goes the  
way of complexity bereaved  
for guilty stamina to stop  
hardwiring like  
bartering your cubic zirconia  
for a diamond.  
rough and flawed.

like a diamond,

back in the  
coal of it.

## alone

there is nothing  
like looking out  
at the ocean  
on a hot  
summer day,  
sweltering away  
as u  
play under  
water with  
miniature  
fish nibbling  
at ur legs.

the snail that  
you pry from  
its perch  
on a rock  
attaches itself  
to ur finger:  
a crab  
scurries  
to hide,  
a fish  
swims  
by,  
as a water  
bug  
skuttles  
the surface...

another  
tantric move  
for u in ur  
place among  
the rocks,  
an arm behind u,  
a stretch to  
twist,  
releasing the  
snail gently to  
the listlessness  
of each  
wave as  
it crests and then  
finally

breaks;  
an ancient  
rhythm  
like  
heaven as  
sleep overtakes  
from ur  
blanket  
position.

the heat  
has arisen  
anew after  
cold atlantic  
water.  
reverberating  
off the beach  
u can feel and  
see the  
shimmer...

this will be a  
day to  
remember...



## **slip and fall**

the puddle  
grows disproportionate  
to the house and  
tree rippled  
to perfection.

do u see the way  
rainbows build  
in the oil spill  
of those ripples?

children laughing  
are reflected in the  
solitude of the  
car splashed  
water.

they make  
obscene gestures,

curse the

clogged drain  
can cause a mess  
to form outside  
the bodega.

\*

why watch pictures  
in a filthy lake  
of water, that  
get ur boots  
wet, when  
there's  
always something  
more important,  
to be doing,

like hustle,  
pay bills, and  
pick up food for  
dinner.

there's no  
sense  
wasting time  
imagining

swans floating  
in freedom.

## july

the fourth  
has no fireworks  
cuz nobody wants  
to watch from  
the statie's back  
porch.

it's a rehab.

a magnificent  
pad. replete with  
flat screen t.v. and  
a kitchen made  
to cook in. good to know  
the gin. another  
connect on the way  
to success and relaxed in  
the crib top roof  
deck to  
the jump off  
of diamonds,  
despite neil's  
horrible singing  
that we all laugh  
at, his cracked voice  
stays merry in  
a hatched  
shell.

americana  
kitchy.

a bitches  
brew.

a snuck cigarette.

a day with no  
regrets.

**sean**

ring the alarm  
see the bell curve?  
how it gets hot  
when someone  
cock blocks  
ur process  
with their  
aggressive  
resistance to  
ur happiness?

a march means  
much ringing  
in the ears of  
wake me up.  
this is no time  
to sleep on a  
flag critique...

charge! it takes  
a lot. seen shots  
of friends lost  
in a small  
hole that didn't  
ooze so so so  
so so so so so  
so so so so so  
so so so so so  
so so so so so  
so so so so so  
so so so so so  
so so so so so  
so so so so so  
so so so many  
times.

desensitized  
for protection  
from the truth  
of this life led

to  
the one

time i called and

got pissy  
po po; a  
a no sirened  
ambulance  
10 minutes  
later...

for my  
zip-coded-youthdead?  
here's a  
salute. should  
be another  
llc to make  
money to fight  
the cattle battle...

snaked  
stall resistance  
for autistic  
sensory deprivation  
is a march  
on washington,  
d.c...

rodney king  
wasn't good  
on my campus.  
wasn't good on  
his atlanta  
house either.

filmin  
underground  
before  
cell phones,

had to hang up  
to do what we did...

riot police and  
a permanently  
bum knee from  
what we got.

it wasn't even

a wall. so  
we jumped.

## **biodiversity**

it has no borders.  
an out of order  
hyped dog looks

at all the drugs  
they gave to the  
cat,  
argues wit the  
vet about the  
dosages, knows  
milligrams  
and body weight  
and latin  
root word  
pharmeceuticals;  
prevents an  
overdosage,  
and in the process  
schools the doc.

paradise  
has no borders.  
it's ur sister  
and her homegirl  
and ur ace in  
the hole on  
a porch swing,  
intellectualizing  
warrants, gay  
adoption, and homophobia  
in the hood.

paradise  
has no borders.  
it's real-power-  
people-cops that stop  
what they're doing,  
to check out  
the lyrics and

screw the  
arrests of the  
young boys  
bikin it with  
trees, paper,  
and a one  
hitter.

paradise  
is a daddy,  
ridin the  
greyhound  
with both  
his daughters,  
cross country,  
in his slippers,  
while learning the  
value of  
trusting strangers.

paradise is  
stoppin outside  
the midway  
on lesbian night  
(wit ur chatty,  
angry, short  
fuse ass), and  
rockin it  
with white  
girls who  
look nervous  
at the tats  
the hat  
and the tee.  
at ease enough  
to get their  
opinions,  
pictures,  
(digits)  
and the  
invite.



paradise is  
a late night walk  
after the magnums,  
but before the early  
breakfast...a  
collaborative  
effort that ain't  
a commercial bout  
bein all that u can be.

nigga? u got  
another type  
of army that  
encompasses  
all the biodiversity,  
needed to sustain

paradise.

**n.a. fetish**

abandonment  
reigns supreme.  
motherless  
homes of  
heroin  
eviction and  
bridges burnt  
behind.

routine.  
like a lifestyle.  
people here know  
all the cues.  
2 months  
of non speaking  
doesn't get  
off extra time  
when legal  
crack breaks  
outside  
are common.

i want a cup  
of café bustelo, and  
the sista who  
won't get off  
step one to  
break the  
format.

i'm  
confused.

a semi-group  
and a home base?  
there's a real group  
and a meeting/sponsor  
any time of day, plus  
another group  
you give time to?

(how do u get paid  
in ur stumble on  
the way to step 2's  
as many times as

they pass around  
that basket...?

hierarchy lifestyle  
says u could substitute  
any word for that  
acronym. listless as  
it is in relapse...)

surrender?

for who?

\*

"i'm anne"

(they really do  
that).

"hi anne..."

wants to raise  
a hand and  
say STOP THIS  
SHIT! it's sugar  
and caffeine  
nicotine. and  
a passionate  
speech that  
was more than  
5 minutes.  
a dip into  
something  
deeply  
personal.  
staring  
for strength,  
and in the next  
end, i actually  
heard the  
sista speak

waiting  
for the

testimonial  
fabled story  
of love's lost  
latitudes.  
highly interested  
in the inflection  
of his tone,  
her affirmation  
of his education,  
written down,  
he preached  
her church  
story to

people who  
don't think  
loud movements  
are jarring  
the senses  
of his faith.

\*

tonight, she  
gives her own  
testimony:

"i come here  
cuz i enjoy  
artists, and  
addicts are  
some of the  
best storytellers  
alive. ummm,  
how does  
that sound...?"

and she runs  
when the group  
responds:

"just fine."

## **the spider**

takes the front seat  
when the cops  
roll up to talk about  
the loud crew--  
gang in the minds  
of the two who  
keep calling cuz  
of the politics.

while u small  
talk ur way  
through this  
one. she stares  
back, and watches  
how his hand  
creeps  
to his holster...

it's just a girl.

nervous, cuz  
she does not  
flinch,  
disdains  
small talk, bullshit.

makes the cops  
say who called,  
and they both do  
rat.

but she doesn't  
blink.

green  
eyed monsters  
r not hybrid,  
in the quiet of  
night we will  
make slashing  
tires at the  
precinct later,  
a lover's  
dream.

who wants

peace? when  
the only reason  
ur car ain't been  
stolen in hotville  
is because one  
hand washes the  
other; and  
while u live by  
the codes of  
peeking out the  
window, won't come  
over and state how  
u feel cuz u scared  
of the real in  
the angels.

who are the ones who  
make sure there's  
no jacking on  
this block? who's  
the one who keeps  
repo men from towing  
away ur overpriced  
car?

u hug ur purse closer  
to ur body when u  
pass them. and have no  
love until one speaks  
the king's english,  
and a lighthearted  
light goes  
on...

but it's too late  
to come back.

cuz we switch it.

in cops we trust  
consistency. in u,  
we trust nothing.

## **gentrification**

and i love her.

the accident  
that left her  
relearning to  
walk  
and tie her  
shoes,  
made claim that  
i knew nothin bout  
the blues  
confrontation of  
crackhead to  
crackhead.

and so we  
cracked heads.

on a 15 year time  
bid.

and she understood it.  
so i explained the history  
behind the claim i made:  
that 15 years  
is somethin,

but not enough.

the fact that displacement  
wasn't an option but  
crack was illegal

on our homestead.

\*

her usin drove me  
crazy, cuz i could see  
that, maybe, we could  
work together to  
change all this  
into something similar  
to bliss fucked with our

conversations  
in late night  
configurations of how  
we'd help to rework  
the code.

keep one step  
ahead at all times.

i asked her to read the  
paper. just for practice.  
and still not believe what  
she was told about the

flashing lights that claimed her  
birthday silence. transmitted  
to a skull sensed fury--  
and the fact that flashings'  
all that's left of  
excitement,  
in the hood.

be grateful. she said.  
for the clear. my shit's  
jumbled over how  
it relies on  
what the power i have  
cannot be.

don't u know?

i CAN'T read.

but i'll carry  
a burner  
on a bitch.

\*

i love weed  
and weed loves  
me. outta an intoxicated  
blunt soaked in  
formaldehyde,  
over and over.



shoutin "m.p.v."  
till the niggaz told her to  
shut up.

but she wouldn't.

she couldn't.

cuz this  
is territory claimed,  
that despite the rumors  
people ain't stealin',

she can  
conceptualize  
in her brain.

**t.v.**

hit the silence  
with a little bit of  
good old american  
violence to pop off  
the fact that the  
backdrop for this  
split is just another,  
war torn damage  
between republican  
and democrat,  
the inhumanity  
on both sides  
of the divide.

i see the hate  
they preach while  
dropping bombs  
on beseeched  
citizens. the rebel  
walk of a young  
boy carrying a  
kalashnikov is  
old next to  
night goggles and  
a rocket launcher.

begging  
us to fly out  
of his skies  
before picking  
up weapons  
while on nightly  
patrol, he prays  
that he will not  
have to fire on  
you:

"sail away from  
our waters.  
a beach like  
resort of dunes  
with no development  
does not belong  
in hands of the  
developed"

is a chant  
in every  
global south  
nation where  
guerillas reside,  
what we  
choose to ignore

is the slaughter  
point blank between  
the eyes, the  
blank stare we  
give back at the  
screen and  
the way the screen  
stares blankly  
back at us, a titillating  
dance of  
destruction  
for the  
watcher, not  
the watched.

\*

so tell us again  
that there will  
be another living  
scraped from the  
dust of a mother's  
hands on a day

like every other,

except on this  
day, her son is  
dead.

tell us what happens  
to the  
innocent jailed  
in paradise  
somewhere between  
a dog cage and  
an oasis?

shipped to kansas.

\*click\*

there will  
be new programming  
to reflect  
the bullet hole

in the head of  
the boy

who  
wanted you  
out of his  
heart.

## **bloc 2**

jackie sullivan. his moms was  
a cape verdian  
chic, who would walk  
by a \*\*\*\*\*  
and keep movin;  
his dad sold  
coke  
dog  
named  
satan.

dog wasn't hatin,  
just trained  
to bite a tight mark  
in ur bottom;

and cats became your  
best friends.

while...

tanya brown

wore the crown.  
her mom's was  
deep velvet. dark  
brownstone.  
felt on the  
landing

so deep

dad  
stayed  
in the

background,

an underground  
hound who kept  
every stable,  
lest it was  
stack time on  
his own time,

and then he flipped

tables with us

on the street,

made me plenty

of italian stallion

(i didn't get

al capone, no watching

that shit in my home)

and his thunderbird

camaro

masserati;

lots of chics

that liked to party...

bobby murphy

gave me my first

sip of beer, while

ne-ne, was a glitzy

puerto rican l;

blitzy on a love

melody that made

her schitzy and

sane.

blond brown bouncy

curls, and a smile

that said:

don't wet me with

that hydrant

nigga respect of

a 6 year old body

in a 20 year mind;

who popped it with

jelly shoe gangsta;

and made em all

look like wangstas  
while our slip on's  
rusted in water...

.  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .  
...

teena marie in the  
gutter, and  
us singing  
"squarebiz"

off time, hearin  
elton jon's  
get back honkey cat  
on a  
frank sinatra  
melody

over a poppin bass  
jaw droppin,

brownstone stoop  
heineken turned  
felony...

adults sang politics under  
neath the ghetto palms.

and the law of the  
arm who  
shut off the water.

that's what u forgot  
to treasure,

in ur pleasure.