

As always, there is
the beat of siren and base
breaking the coarse dawn

As always, there is
some quadruped barking or me
owing light's hems

As always, t/here is
daily asphalt news (y)our
flesh and heat attend

As always, there is
a closed face watching from lit
& open windows

As always, t/here is
passage—door, street, gauntlet, be
fore, between, and then

As always, t/here is
love tossed among vials, spent shells,
t/his quiet leaving

As always, t/here is
t/his framed time—when we becomes
“I” among many.

How will more grief
enter his body? Malt liquor
into water goes.

How will more grief
be tucked away? “10% off”
and long check-out lines.

“Chivalry ain’t dead,”
he says, holds open t/his steel door,
“just some of the men.”

“Chivalry ain’t dead,”
his Pops had explained, “and
it softens a woman.”

On the stoop, Kim oils
his scalp, parts his hair into
tender paragraphs.

“On the stoop, Kim oils
and parts,” a writer writes,
“her legs slash vulva.”

Black is black taint
that marks the linoleum tile
she'll Mop & Glo clean.

“Black is black”—t’aint
that the color line—
“just cause” as refracted light?