

someone's dead already

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Bootstrap Press
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Repeating

From a two floor skyline
An abandoned house talked to me
It said young man
 You are heroic
 And ten years old

Among twenty generations of friends. Friends will free fall away.
Free fall up.
Free fall to walls with fifth grade speed to industrial paint behind
second-hand fences

Young man, use quick knife tones. Be bone and brass. Be last laugh
music.

You are always leaving. Always one change of clothes from the door.
A life in escape.

Two floor skyline said you are the guide that dies in the middle

 The friend more blues than skin

 The face that cheap hotel schizophrenics can place
 With 90 miles per hour right eyes

Among dry heat killers
Once children
Three feet high
And roaming
And repeating
And aiming
At cotton mirrors that hang on breathing walls

The sound of drums punching themselves out. The sound of piano parts learned in between assassination attempts.

Be bone and brass. Be bone enough for two souls. Be invincible again

Suffer

Red-eyed accents. Professional fingertips. Our gifted victims. Six in the morning beer. The first month of probation.

—The shout at the wall

See these words that shouldn't be home

Look behind you again

Be invincible again

Be Windward

Be a sad machete

Be her son

Be a thief

Steal them back

Laugh too long

Never look away

The afterlife will empty

And walk you home

Won't be working class by tomorrow

1.

Capitalists dropped ten tons of barbed wire on my Tuesday shift
We shot back at the chimpanzee pilots for the sport

The contractor has already smoked three cigars, only an hour into
my court appearance shift
my supervisor says he likes the smell. reminds him of when he ran
the streets
and all I remember is we shot back

2.

I am breaking fingers for my sister's bill collectors

Garage

casket

open

All third world parallels kill openly

Breaking my lungs for my sister's rent

Slave quarters glass craftsman

Sculptor of construction dust

I miss Hennessey by midmorning

I miss cigarettes by sun down

I miss murder by inches

Five dollar bills cherish

My days outside

Always behind

3.

Reoccurring cliff

Two blocks up

Along with slavers' paraphernalia

Along with an ordinary pan handler

Along with ethnic parade history

Along with ethnic parade

Along with 13th graders

But let's talk about the fact

That four dead children later

I still don't have a problem with beating you up in front of everybody

Let's talk about the fact that money is death

Down to my last five bucks

—a shoe

10 O'clock political education

—a dream

I got the job

—a blues

two days later

—a cliff

4.

title intersection / a city's beginning and end / everything
talks / except people / masses, baby, masses / industry and heaven
above us / on our faces / like backs / backs like oblivion / look down
here / we will listen to the war stories you cough / we dig war
stories / and December health / we dig masses / hell aint so
bad / where nobody commits treason / or hides face from
neighbors / there's not one cousin down here / so dig the class
loyalty / street fires and world war steam sound cozy / beer label
blankets / and some drugs done somewhere around here / bottle for
bottle / goes left foot and right foot / story for story they
go / December for December / Not one mention of cousins / Just
industry and heaven / Dig the masses / Dig the toothy
oblivion / Where shoulders begin / Where cities end / Where backs
are faces / The title of our dream