Bus Fare For A Valkyrie

Q: where are the brazen poems
   lashing apocryphal authorities with fire
   in counter measures to police brutality?

the lit fuse in physical flight as metaphor
for swinging, breathing, driving, singing (ruses and muses)

a sun-dressed child, black and 10, handcuffed
to a carousel, quietly smiles, facedown, at a colony
of ants dismantling cookies into a cosmos of crumbs;
the armored cop above her takes a knee to her back,
taking selfies with rip roaring laughter while a volley
of spectators look on, youtube’s benign, guerilla loaf.

I’ve known poems to vibrate like the glass plate of a CVS
but never go virile enough to checkmate white supremacy
or simile an assembly of swat teams into final submission
there are no poems burning literal hell through a kevlar vest
like snipers for a black mass in self-sentience
never has a poem been written that kills its enemy for I
have tried and failed free verse like drone strikes in service
of the disenfranchised and even when writing of pink unicorns
in utopian gardens of mint my quivers are concussed
a schizophrenic sun foams over the earth and the stars pull out their
hair screaming until hoarse into the night an apoplectic moon
hoards its fullness and never surrenders its wane to the sea
our civil suppositions were written in the shadows of a lynching
this plague of democracy a puzzle where holocaust performs
due diligence monopolizing all conjectures on race.
so how do i justify to progeny my simple trove of poems?
"buzzah! - discordant verse as balm for the rope burns
around your neck; this inheritance of long, jarring prose,
overworked sonnets to a disemboweled lover; this recherché
for revenge; a pâté of pegasus — children-abandoned-by-civility:
please come forward and have your fill"

(muses and ruses) how does the code-switching poet decry
existential nihilism without jeopardizing a genius grant?

A: from the skull of an angler fish,
    (etiolant from edacious hunger) the head
    of the pink unicorn dangles like bait.
it begins with tectonics and anticlines and continental drift. a seismic shift when the contents are heated

the mantle hopes for diapirism, where passions bulge and decompress, gradual but volatile. with slates of skin,

our plates pass and rub us raw - we consider it a terrestrial antagonism reducing 4 (or so) centuries of push and pull to a single day: the (re)birth of the universe in a pant for air; the collapse of Gia’s own event horizon.

some would call such a spew “spiritual,” an infernal faith channeled through space and time... a systemic science that funnels magma carta like a broken trail (or a ruptured spine) into bright bewildering.

a temporal sweat; the core of us coming to a head until the opposition gives and all erupts. the flaring of the supernal. yes, we are taught to condemn the molten, to call it names and misappropriate its character but, O’
how there is such a crepuscular beauty within the body of the igneous; the bowels of Heaven divinely flaring

celestially creeping to our very doorsteps! yes, the Earth, it heaves, inhales and sighs and only wants to breathe.

the lungs open / a fusillade of blood and life; but after all, what poet doesn’t romanticize Vesuvius?

and what if Consecration has a black body? would you still sacrifice your blue-eyed virgins? their blonde

heads in the hands of Black Pluming Gods. would you salt the earth? would you still pray for a bountiful harvest?
there are 44 million of us to this forest,
a flood zone / a shifting waterfall / we are
a small migratory moon tilting the sea