Migration of Stars

In this country the stars were not fixed

they could easily fly off in a single go migrate to regions where happiness is less precarious

and that’s precisely what happened

in fact it was that way with everything life itself could fly off the water stop flowing the house and field vanish just like that in their place a Wall blocking the horizon

a concrete house sprang up followed soon by thousands of others all the same

living nearby was like camping on the edge of a volcano ready to blow at night the lava gushed out the wolves prowled with their teeth bared

the women threw stones tied knots in their handkerchiefs hung blue beads and small crosses around the children’s necks there were more of them every day

do you know the sound of an olive tree being uprooted?

or of a bullet striking a man right between the eyes?
Sign Language I

It’s not
that I
no longer
believe
in words

I’m looking for a form
that speaks
as immediately
as Klein’s
International Blue

he’d dreamed as a child
of signing
the back of the sky

I’m looking for something
that screams
Refusal
as loudly
as James B.
I am not your Negro
Offering
_Hunger strike, 40th day_

Your bodies flutter on the ceiling
of the room I can see your slow gestures
the small bones protruding
from the joints of your hands
your eyes where the night is rising

I must cross the pain again
listen to your heart that’s growing
weaker & weaker
witness this madness
the body devouring itself
your last offering to freedom

around you the barking
of the jailers and their dogs while
your life goes out just like that
sacrificed
to their senseless dream of conquest
On No Account

May 2019

On no account will I say
So be it!
and may a glorious sun
shine forever
on the House of York

I’d like to swing on the balcony
but continue rubbing
stone against stone of language
to keep the campfire burning

you wanted me banished
but see I live in these hills
my singing fills your nights
how could you all
sleep so calmly
in the bed of Unreason?

may So be it!
never be said
Not End

It's not *Endgame*
just the end of the act
that saw the pirates sitting
on the world's thrones playing
with our lives like pawns
on chessboards & derricks

it's not *Endgame*
just the end of the act
that saw men
from across the sea playing out
right here on this side
of the Mediterranean their saga
of conquistadors & gold
diggers Bible in hand but
of a more ancient God
Traveler with No Bags

There's nothing left but the road
and this country that doesn't want me
traveler with no bags

but I won
at games of Chance
the infinite time of waiting
for the beginning
of the beginning
of a new day

waiting the home
where I reinvent myself
mutant battered
on the wastelands of your lives
Step  Stone  Dream

A STEP                                       COLD
A STEP                                  DREAD
A STEP                                       DOG
A STEP                                      HUNGER
A STEP                                       THIRST
STEP                         AFTER                         STEP

Life clinging to the thread of a dream
ballasted with a stone white like the house
hanging over the sea there in the country of
bygone days

He sleeps holding in his hand the stone which
seems more real to him than his own existence in
his eyes a great sorrow that pours into the sky the
color of ashes cast on his memories
Their report cards pinned to their chests will not have saved them pathetic passports barely good enough for paper balls

loaded dice error message this world is not their home the white border closed to the children of the rusty trawler the words are absent

only want to pray & bow down before the fallen children in the field of honor of the struggle for a good life their report cards

pinned to their chests posthumous decorations night after night in the Mediterranean Sea in the middle of a tablecloth of paper funeral flowers a boat wanders off course and sinks this world is not their home forever closed the white border
I Say Your Name

26 May 2020

The virus with the coronated name
didn’t get the better of you another
that came with the slavers
took you away

I see you you were spinning
your daughter in the evening warmth
you were singing to find some
courage

because courage is what it takes to
grow up & grow old when
the husk of skin offered
up at birth is a mark of subjection

/

He died George Floyd the giant
with the tender heart died on the corner
of an asphalt road gravel encrusted
into his face the knee of a murderer
wearing a police uniform pressing
on his neck for endless minutes

the infinity of death ready to pluck
George Floyd’s last breath
dying in broad daylight under
a policeman’s knee on the corner of
a Minneapolis street
So died George Floyd
crushed like vermin by
a cop itching with the urge
to kill

his life the dreams of happiness
journeying beneath his eyelids
those of his wife his children
all up in smoke

So died the giant with the gentle
heart murdered like vermin
on the corner of a Minneapolis street

I say your name George Floyd