Catch the Wind

To tell you the truth, I wanted
something to make me walk
over rooftops, travel
the lights suspended over cities,
race the sun high like a hawk;
something to lift me
luminous into the cool air
of early morning, bright as
the stars that shine right on
after day break. It would set me
top of a coconut tree, poised
on the slender stem where I
had blossomed — a nut
with a tremulous secret
a hard core of jelly
and soft sweetest water.
It would flush me cerise
like the pommerac’s flower
strut me through dusky
avenues in threads fine like
the wisps of a silk cotton seed
break me finally —
a waterfall felled to
a pool.

And must I cede
these expectations, Lord?
I still think
if my hand open wide enough
it will catch the wind.
Protest Poem

An ache is in a man; towns do not ache,
nor ghettos fester; the ravening gnaws
at bellies one-one; hurt is personal.
On the corner again and again see me
me sit with my needle and spoon, see me
puffin my spliff, see me spittin my mind,
see me teenager dead from the blows of your
your words that baptise me according to
Lenin and Marx: ‘You are no one, no one.’

Blessed be the proletariat whom
we must mobilize
we must motivate
we must liberate
we must educate
to a new political awareness

Is di ole chattel ting again: di same
slavery bizniz, but dis time di boss
look more like we and him does be smarter.
Not a damn soul going to mobilize my ass
to rass; dem joking. Any fool can read
Das Kapital: what is dat to di poor?

We the people propose
the abolition of you
and us: we propose
an acknowledgement
of our persons and
an alliance of poverty
we propose to share the little
that breeds on these
antilles one mango
to one mouth:
we propose to speak
your language
but not abandon ours:
we insist that you
understand
that you do not
understand us.
You may begin