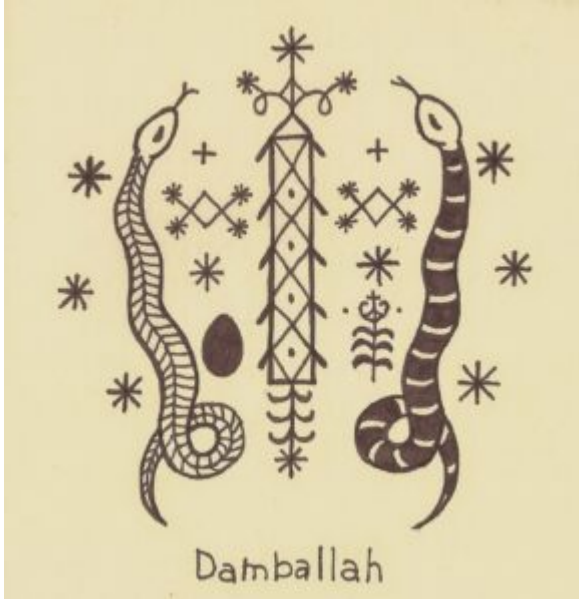


That he's a black man

written by Adolf Alzuphar | June 9, 2021



Of flagrant dissent, a branch, from which swings a pot of leaves,
Fragrant, even *pleasant* in this way of taking in ray, combining
Magnifying, extinguishing, and lighting, complying with color
As if the end of mind, at least mine, as if there is no need to free

Or is it me, made to stay at the sight of rustling leaves, is it a round
Of feet stomping defeat, stomping an end and making water of skin
Like Damballah, Damballah, snake of common sense, if we stand,
Our activity my own, I naive, I completely incomplete, contemplating

Bifurcating, demonstrating, walking in a straight line without having left
That x, that same point, that departure without sign though I stand,
And sense, since we speak of sense, the only sense is what exists
Right under my hands, the grass on which I'd like to sit and hold hands

There there is cello, the sounds of Bach that we hold to be beloved, to
Make bowl of for our cupboard, shadows of for our hallway, silhouette

Of for our bed, and memory, like these swinging pot of leaves, to which
I absolutely agree, memory a mind's mind, memory with which to make fire.