

Muhammad Ali, presente!

Muhammed Ali died tonight at 74 years.
They say he died of respiratory complications,
But we know the blind.

Ali died from Parkinsonism
The disease American injustice forced on him
When they took away his crown
For his courage to challenge the Wars
And the requirements of black success.

Banned from boxing,
What else could the greatest heavy weight boxer do
When he was reinstated, but fight again
And again and again
to defend his righteous social identity.

They couldn't destroy Muhammed Ali
So they killed him like they do,
To so many courageous resisters
Inciting them to fight back against all odds.
Sending them to dungeons and oblivion,
Trying to blot out our collective memory
Of their sincere purity.
Demanding, of them, martyrdom.

Bob Dylan turned 75 on May 24
He also changed his name to defy the odds
And became the greatest musical poet of
Our generation.
I too will turn 75 in days, but
Lacking sufficient aspiration
I have no need for another name.

Muhammad Ali was the exhilarating
Rap poet of decades.
Dylan became the literal poet of our generation
But unlike me or Dylan
Muhammad Ali will not see 75.

The adulation from the sports world
Tonight engulfs the nation
Surprisingly, the focus is
Ali's social conscience and courage,

His wit, energy, joyfulness and his humor.

Of course his fighting prowess, a given,
Is not forgotten.

But it's the man, Ali, who is presente.

Ali is now so present in our minds

That it behooves to imagine
this man who craved publicity,
as an antidote to deceptions--

Whether from

Donald Trump in particular
Or the powerful in general.

Muhammad Ali esta presente!

El es por siempre!