

Song of the No Poet: March 2, 2004

I'm no poet  
But having lost my voice  
That speaks in prose  
What choice be left  
But blank verse?

Gunther Gras' son  
From the Tin Drum  
Would understand  
About the air  
Sucked from the room of life  
The clostrophobic boom  
Of vacuity's noise;  
The human discourse  
In death and conquest.

Aristede's taken.  
Captured and deposed.  
Only a man,  
Not yet murdered;  
Not yet martyred.  
Though crucified all the same.  
You see prose could not explain it,  
Alive, yet crucified all the same.

Stolen in the night  
By u.s. marines  
Run by homophobic Bibleophiles  
Though he, Priest, was twice elected.

Bully vultures feast upon  
The African blood  
Of Haiti's democracy  
To promote this message:

“slave revolts will be crushed  
in the Son of Sam hell,  
even beyond 200 years of torture.”

Were I able to speak in prose  
The vulture might grab my throat.  
Hearing not prose nor poetry,  
And content in his vanity,

He sleeps.  
So we'll set the trap on a different note.