

Four Poems

Shane Book

Drop Top Mulatto

A motivation
offered by the many
palm trees and open cliffs
here, in our dresses. In the
un-tied cerebellum's
hopeful legions presiding
over what's my number.
The streets at once
rehearsed and also mutually
embalmed by a battle,
it's not yet known
how we can be relieved
of those dope bone slicers.
Malice and belly ripping
shivs beget malice,
outside-fighting
a whole nation with its
ammunition poised
above a notched
tooth shaped road
for the long,
silver-unto-our-fathers —

Chips And Dips

The brother man
of another man
gravitated downwind
of a stereo
beeping, signatories
ululating at the
ceremonial signing
giving chips and dips,
daps and medal
blips to ex-flips —
all, totally signaling.

That's how they do.

They're giving us
a grey history.
That's why we can't
wear the same blue-ish
force protector
singlet every damned
day into mysterioso
neighbourhoods
of abuela-plated
good heat pouring
out of a magma
level smear.

That'd be cray.
And cray don't
cut it no more.

Rolex Shades They Don't Make These In The States

Git, git, git, git.

I ain't tryna

see nobody

I'm counting

cash

that was

how

I keep

the finger

on the

trigger

at all times.

Stay alert,

I got millions

on my mind.

Ice on my

twitch

doing

jumping jacks.

I fell

in love

with them

drugs.

To Do This Sort Of Thing You Must Adopt A Stance Of One

Bugle boy-flavored
bowl of bugles,
in wood paneled bowl
matching the wood
paneled walls
of somewhere 1970s.
On the living room floor
it starts with a wall.
And a back to sit it,
against it.
And a face
to the klieg lights along
a wall. The romantic
return of the morose
pupil with the single
roving-the-night-air
eye.

That's not
on my watch. Is
not very bold of you.
These are your
decisions — these are all
coming from you.

Well congratulations.
I think it's smart.

You've made up your mind.
Lower predetermined mooring
of a suburban
tract and a digestive port monteau.
Better chicken is OK.
Said the white man
to the other white men.
Better chicken? No,
Butter Chicken.
Yes, the first man said,
Until it becomes a law.