

# we are all reasonable men and women

Inside the sleeve  
of night  
a branch crackles  
press is watchdog of public interest  
wood rafter brown  
peakpolished  
keep reporters on the straight  
and narrow electric music  
cords  
loop leaning into the  
guitar.

Where is the music in our revolution?

Squat on the black painted floor  
bulb glass yellowwhite  
terse  
cleanbright  
in the chilly.

Loins flow into an African drum  
beat  
Purple fingers cling  
to the smoke feet  
swirl and  
escape.

We cannot write the poetry of our struggle.  
Does it contain none,  
but like naked right,  
shine without compassion?

I must touch you  
to know,  
groping in the crawly  
half-faced night.

But I cover my eyes  
and your woolen wrist  
rivets  
my  
neck.

There is no objectivity  
throw the bum myth  
out.  
I say

show them how to change  
and come beyond  
frustration.

But I still cannot touch  
you  
walk up  
grasp your shoulders  
shake your say  
hold me  
fight with me  
lets make each other strong.

Instead I advise:  
tell the other side  
dig it up  
leave white space in  
the scheme of things  
concrete.

In black floored room  
I choke  
on a knot in my brain.  
It bursts  
loose on the wind of sound  
below  
moving to  
dancing escape.

I cannot spew the guts of  
my struggle  
into your palm.

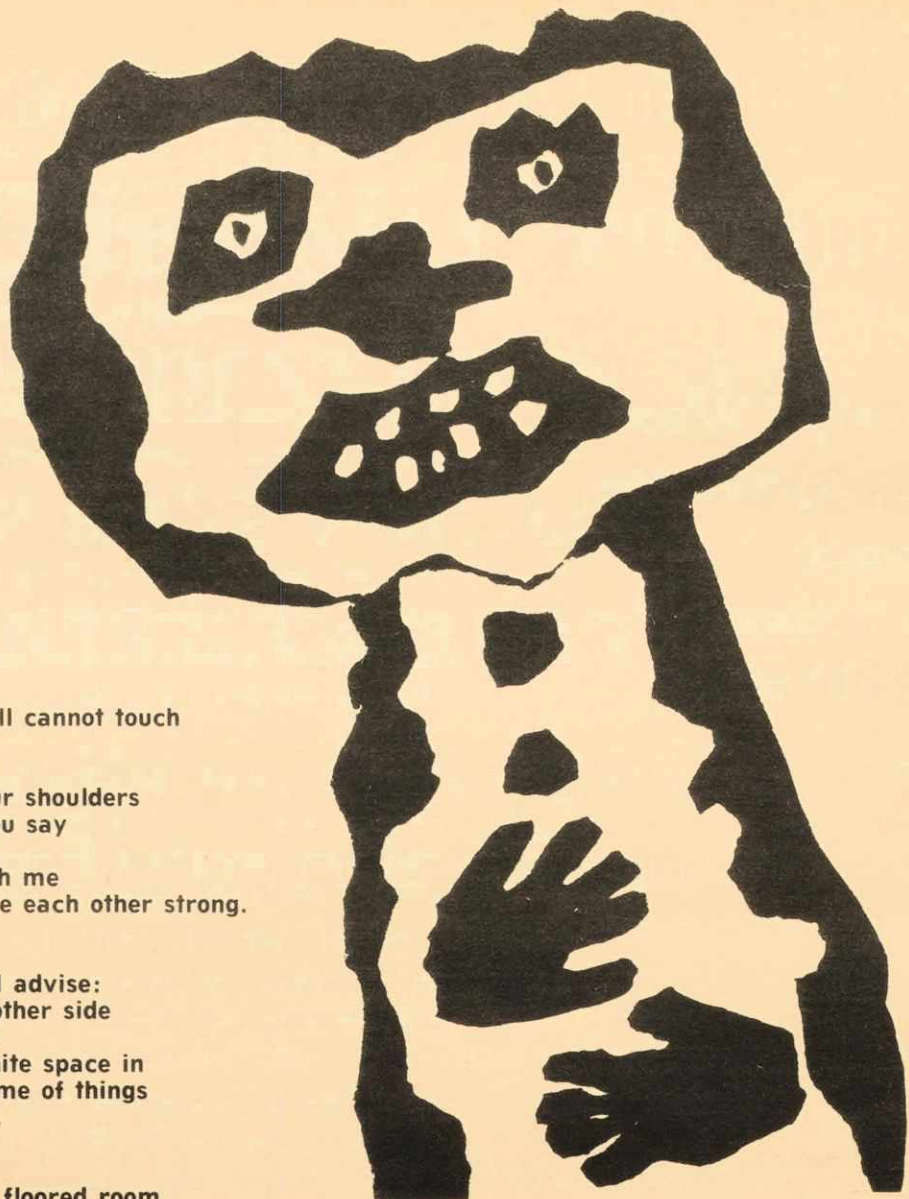
Alone  
my fingertip moves upon  
your flesh.

The nerve ends  
tingle  
but I cannot speak.

We are all reasonable men  
he said and can discuss it  
calmly  
can't we  
are very happy to hear your  
point of view.

I want to grab your arms,  
brothers and sisters  
and hold you  
singing of the joy we can have  
the joy we must fight for.

Find something happy to write  
about your paper is always so  
negative  
write happy rounded many sided  
prismatic stories  
she said.



We are the reasonable women  
and men  
who want a goodeedonevery  
day.

But for whom  
and why  
I cry.

Still I cannot tell how,  
merely say,  
write heads that fit  
and don't forget cutlines.

My poetry does not sing  
answers  
to the people.  
Dancing, I try but  
become the music  
and cannot explain.

Where is the music of our revolution?

Why will my gut words not answer  
though they be stronger  
though they are the words of  
my struggle.  
Why can't I touch you and  
scream?

I have become a turtle  
telling of passion with  
hands  
alone.

Where are the songs of our fight  
We sing of other angers  
and struggles  
but who will write  
strong rhythms  
to bring us throbbing  
laughing to our feet  
bodies clasped  
moving forward  
into a new life?

(We are not reasonable women  
and men.)