

but soul can't be bought

I

tangled brain
yet still quite sane
now numb to pain
can't even feel the rain

drops drip from inside
onto the window pane
don't even dare
to touch my soul

from the plastic pause
of your crumbling domain
you do not see the cause
of my growing disdain

yet when you decide
to scrub the stain
none will be there
for you to console

II

don't cross me
as i crawl across
the manicured forecourt
to the gallery of your spoils

but find me
in a colony of microbes
united under the cover
of plundered memory

III

sleet on the streets
ice between the sheets
mounds of frozen soul
melt down the gutter whole

just-ice
nowhere to be seen
not nice
no matter how clean
your sheet
you'll meet
your cross
your star
or your crescent moon

who's boss
sickle or scythe
zakat or tithe
who gives a dime
more than the dollar
i hear you holler
me all the time

oh what a mess
you want to de-stress
sorry can't stop
i'm gonna miss you
don't want to miss my flight

but the skies are empty
i have plenty
of love
from up above
beyond the jet stream
smoother the cream
to lubricate your wet dream

IV

flakes falling from
my face
they're not snow you know
check out my space

been standing to greet
on the corner of your street
for far too long
not to know I don't belong

you gaze at the lights
but you don't see me

but when i start to move
you claim the groove

back home i danced
because i was born to the sun
now when my body shakes
it's on the spot that i run
to warm the marrow in my frozen stance
until this cold spell breaks

loose limbed in your erectile jungle
i stop the traffic
watch me turn
my full head on your dime

engorged with my blood you bungle
can't stop the panic
i watch you burn
your bottom as you down-climb

v

when your heart thaws
who will stem the flood

after your shelves have emptied
who will butcher our withheld flesh

will your gaping baskets
stop the sale of our souls

VI

like a bullet sought
in the stench drenched trenches
of bygone battles
my song comes at you
on a trail of the hard-to-forget fragrance
of congealed screams
promise-laden dreams

VII

the beat will go
on
and on
and on...

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