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Thoughts on a Word: A Song of No Joy in Six Parts

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I.

Another somebody's martyr sits strapped to a
wooden framed, steel hinged, iron bolted chair
eyes blank, sedated
head rough shaven

preparing to breathe
last slow fatal breaths
or sizzle and sparkle
until eyes shine hollow

II.

The vernacular slang—justice
defined:
filthier than a judge's whore sheets
a new dollar bill
and true green bloods—war, factories and ever profitable famine

III.

On the other side
ax chops
muffled screams
gun shots
crack deals, broken windows, jacked cars, stolen change purses
red raw broken limbs
and passionate hate

IV.

Someone gently screams "Don't mourn me boys, organize."

V.

most state murders—black
black men, black flags, black faces, black blood
coal miner black, protester black, Indian black, August Spies black,
Mumia black, Socrates black,
peace black and sometimes anger black
land black, money black all black
most state murders—black

VI.

End note image:

Jesus, original peace prophet
strapped, fixated, crushed and
crucified

naked, thirsty, starving, bleeding

Drowning in his own fluids

—Colin Bossen '98