

Excerpts from *The Absence of Smoke & Mirrors*

Absence of Smoke & Mirrors

My tongue
deceives audiences

makes them believe
frankincense and myrrh
surround me daily.

Little deity
they think I am

when
I tremble under light.

I am only
moon
reflecting
the stars
I could never be

Still.

My tongue
deceives

makes me appear
iridescent.

Scrub, scrub
my tongue.

Scrub, scrub
so they'll see me

Needing them.

Right Write

What the heck does this poem mean?

Some of it I get and some of it I don't.

It don't sound
write.

No –
It don't right
write.

And no matter how much
Black hands hold pens,
we can't right.

We just sit

Mesmerized

at how we're
pinned to white washed walls,

penned to white wash.

The End.

Fin.

Peace.

Paz.

Pick up a pen and RIGHT something.