

Cartharsis

Broken glass is gauze, sterile,
Cleansing us of pressed necks and boys in blue
White sheets and crosses, gas splashing
On the timbers of tire shops
A desperate bull running for the red
Of a Target, not swayed in the gleam of the
party lights and steel bracelets
That takes the character from a black face
And makes it suspect, a race for all fears
An image brought forth from the granite busts of masters
Dark Atlases buried under history books
Now burning on the shelves of molten plastic aisles, consumed
Their flames cathartic, their ash fertilizing
Aftermath.