

The poetry of the future is written by mothers
who know your memoir by heart

A revolutionary's laughter that becomes side door of the universe...
explains our take on liberation---in part--the invention of a new
motherhood

and a new universe to host it

with giant steps she learned how to use knives in america
In a Red Summer state of spirits
Also, pigeon imperialism expressed through a rose period

I like this side of the city

the side that Queen mothers watch over

--Pick up the gun and learn something about your mind--

a phone rings in 1988
and an epoch begins after a mother hangs up

What else is there to do besides stop singing?

write letters then sit still

Post-proletariat mothers
Make coming outside
Worth being followed through the low end

Cue empire and a monolith of mothers carrying babies
from one side of the holding cell to the other

a mountain moved into the mass soul

See a mother, the first Sabbath after losing her job, walk and wheeze

Don't look for a nuanced manifestos

walking around the world with this fire





My mother doesn't care
About your white house refund...
your utopia meetings

It's the devil who has been
ducking her for decades

devil hiding
with puppet-presidents
turning wine into humans

and there she was... keeping pace with electricity

A crowded room singing the perfect blues

Fidel near a kind word

Nuclear ego on the chopping block

Friends in need of a martial art

A young woman sings a fugitive set list
She sings, "poetry is a mother's pain...as are most things avenged."

An atmosphere of close calls

or the whites of soldier eyes made more communal
pigs attempting to skip history
meeting their makers wearing
shades of an acceptable minor key
in industrial wine (a return)

Pull,
A mother goes straight to heaven and back
Pull.
Let's raise that boy on a rack

Roses on a bullet--Right hand stopped engraving after that

clenched jaw gains a reckoning



the point of creation
to keep talking about the people

*I don't think I'm being followed, mamma
maybe studied a little*

Because the military industrial complex
has the lower 9th on a string
we look for you there
on all paths revolutionary

We have spirits who talk to and through you

federal surveilled early-dinner and the foothills of ancestor-possession

sleeping outside your body

mulling over revolutions

my mother cried during holiday massacres
another has worked them all

Kicking a hatchet down the street/ then all around a city
a grandmother's Milwaukee
or the gods my grandmother robbed
fresh faces in the spirit house/ a spirit house put behind the sun

I ask, Grandmother, why don't you ever talk about your children

She say, Because, grandson, I haven't run out of knife handles.

So that you will never have to worry; your siblings will know you right away

My grandmother got married in secret at the Black Power conference
Wearing modest underground clothes

Good books floating around the room

Talking about no unclaimed, cremated mothers this year

Nor collateral white skin

No mothers folding clothes to a corporate park preamble

No children singing under the bright lights of a lumber yard
No jail barges on a mother's dinner table

Quantum reaganomics and the tap steps of turning on a friend

the music is helping, mamma

Only made of light now... like an memoir ends

ready to tutor an imperialist's blood
ready to improve our applause

I mean
Your living room/I have earned
And my great grandmother: Is here too
And she soldiers every night

By hero children
and other things rising

I collect what she has earned
And:

"Here, no one surrenders"

I can run to any rock

I have a mother
where there was
and will be fire

By Tongo Eisen-Martin

