

BE A MAN

Multitudes will have passed at the two doors for your being there,
most of Africa and all that South's blackredbrownyellowwhite,

(Now hail our twins' join of hand across a not gap!)

science end-up in worry would not otherwise say it so,
and the preparation, monumental, will have been mountainous.

But gone now Adam, Abel, the apple, the Garden.

Gone the abandon then charge of Ramses at Kheta;

hands that built lost walls of forever;

logic mis-read of so many as happened;

Great Past with your suffers in tatters!

Gone the Joans, Brunos, Hopkins' and who knows Vaticansus.

Gone Rousseau, Confessions' comfort in chivalry's lost matter!

Gone Hegel googling Napoleon at Jena, who, The Great Haitian-

'He who opens the way' tortured with treachery `till shatter.

Gone a Bass Reeves `till we need `em.

Gone Belgium smiling as desecrates Lumumba;

the unknowing heckle of Du Bois till eyes water,

Quine watching Carnap and his wife manufacture,

Kennedy plying, Malcom, Martin, and Bobby soon after.

And gone "Much too far out, not waving but drowning,"

someone's humanity and calm `cause they thought they had to.

Aver now and be not aback how who had self-reveals,

vulnerable warrant, as men made much of selves, took much the granted,

who-ought-have-ear, who've been in the matter, who feel and know gather,

ask, Please don't lose him kind Lady on scythe gambit!

`Cause the better do trust the one inside
who is he/she, has a history, and must get along.
And war is the least decisive moment!

Add astern, we say we did, at what men do, have done, anger
our orac into Good Practice, that echo, but only rowdy chaos answers there.
Now phase transition - make a Just Man! Love old and new –
hate, that took alota space, annihilate! Embarrass yourself,
be called names if must! Say the worlds' civic matters, it might save!
Have-to and do defend as all life does! But be a Human! Be A Man!
who cares for what was given, even as blasts the unsound disbelief
whither aboard some science's biology, chemistry's mix,
or Divine intervene. Don't bop him too much, you'll get through!
Be A Man save the land, say it's we and Earth!

p.s. or is it ts or ezra, wheatley, rabelais or villon,
maybe walcott, douglass, smith, ellison and fanon?

But friends, whatever It is, It loved you even as you went cold.

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This poem (since modified) once attached to a rather be-real, pissed-off, over-worked, dry-scalp,
onepuff©, MF-using screed videoed by the author 02-19-2022, since taken down, that was critic and
critique of white, had the self-rating (the video – Not shown!): “Late Night”, “Streaming,” so keep your
children and scab-sensitive away!” and is what is referenced as cowardice (the taking down) in another
place, which likens the write for the video.

Among the numbered propositions toward Poetry is the one to do no explication! possibly accurate, still,
in that now I admittedly feel sore and have slapped the boss in the face, but only gesturingly so! Also:
this poem, now Yeats 1919 influenced, may seem brim and overs at the edges, all high on self and
signaling to the bleachers, here I am look at me. But this is the last thing the artist wishes for his work.
Only that it entertain, share and please, even as aims the efflorescence. And we pray it's more Hi! I see
and appreciate you! that thing to the bleachers. Too, if anyone says there are boundaries in Poetry,
aside from good sense and reason, add responsibility to all that is, press-again on the brevity, you may
agree with me they are probably poetry addressing! JMD!