
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Dig Wayne: Three Poems

Dig Wayne · Monday, July 20th, 2020

Sunday Eclogue

when the grazing lambs are coerced into uprising
only to slaughter themselves
the rapacious wolf will feed the eviscerate to its spring

then nourished on fearful blood,
glutinous seeds take root
the droste effect bounds into itself
indifferent to right or wrong

then canting charges mount bully pulpits
standing straight and tall
mouthing dross and toss
go here we again
again go we here
we go here again

but hollow oblations
will
return to us hollow

*

Daily Bread

beatin' out my chops trying to taste a hook today

might even consider a rhyme

I put a ladder on the roof of a second story cribish in my neighborhood

climbed to the top rang

thought I'd close in on the high beams while I was up tharr

get a fresh perspective on the flows and woes of the majesties and tragedies of this organismic theory of existence

the owner called five o 'cause I wasn't invited to his shelter at home party

his kids thought I was soul Santa Baby come real early tryin' to squeeze down the bricks

don't ask me why (I don't wear red as a rule)

I had my mask and my flask but neither one was working in my favor

I left a \$65 six footer up there for the local handy man to disinfect on another day

beatin' out my chops for a hook

made my escape bee-fo five o did show

threw a line in my front door to stir up a plot

told my kids they weren't mine to see what they thought

"you're lyin' daddy – daddy don't play like that."

beatin' out my chops for a hook

jumped monk with mingus for the stories they tell

I keep comin' up short anyway

ready to take me life in me hands

my pencil is sharp but my haied is dull

maybe I'll file for divorce in a kangaroo court

see what's jumpin' with that

worth a few lines of dramatic tension

beatin' out my chops for a hook

she might call my bluff huff and puff

I'll tell the judge that that there ain't ma name

better yet I'll go spit in the ocean

then drown my fool self

let the beach clad ho-dads throw me a line

gotta be a hook in that
 I'll hijack the goodyear blimp
 crash it into empty dodger stadium
 write my memoirs from sang sang
 by hook or by crook
 got a title so far

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Black Is The New Black

chocolate brown skinned sister-in-law sue caramel dipped uncle
 eustes coal black barber bill high yellow yvonne upstairs passing
 for white alright red bone simone
 half-caste hattie and all shades in between grace the melanin
 palette of spiced dabs

see us now
 under a light
 call us up
 send a message
 ask how we're doin'
 only one you know?
 ok, thanks
 now what?
 make your sign
 go out in the street
 make us a ceo
 cast us in every role
 apologize for your lethargy
 "give us" our blues back
 "give us" a closer look
 never mind
 keep it
 tomorrow is another day
 out of the dirt flowers grow
 we gonna be a'ight

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