

1975

# Dust

Everett Hoagland

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From the Book of Shine, XII /  
Calvin Forbes  
*for the McCabes*

Christ should learn to play  
The tenor sax,  
Breathe in 4/4 time; his tone becoming  
The Grail of the cool.

He arrives with a new band,  
A new style. He's hip  
Avant-garde and sassy as molasses.  
He's blowing like a hurricane

With a high-life beat  
Signifying something mellow and mean.  
Oh you know the reason why.  
Yea squeeze me baby until I die.

A family that plays jazz together  
Can't be all that bad.  
Christ should learn to play  
The tenor sax.

Dust / Everett Hoagland  
*(for Edward Brathwaite)*

We are dust.

Rock is the placenta of time.  
But rock can be shattered.

You cannot break dust,  
it defies the hammer.  
Chisels cannot carve up-

on it. Its stuff will not  
make good statues of your heroes.  
Heroes are made of it.

Blown up? Explosives never destroy it.  
It cannot be slung or thrown.  
Primitive

but it can kill you.

July 4, 1974 / June Jordan  
(Washington, D.C.)

At least it helps me to think about my son  
a Leo/born to us  
(Aries and Cancer) some  
sixteen years ago  
in St. Johns Hospital next to the Long Island  
Railroad tracks  
Atlantic Avenue/Brooklyn  
New York

at dawn

which facts  
do not really prepare you  
(do they)

for him

angry  
serious  
and running through the darkness with his own

becoming light

He Imagined the Gorgeous Pattern of the  
New Skin and Settled for America /  
Primus St. John

The quiet which is my wife endures:  
I have hurt nothing, unless we have touched.