

1975

Another Note for a Future Memory

Alvin Aubert

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It is because the lightning flashes through
the black skin of the night,
lighting the way before us,
it is because the rocks that have grown
between us
have suddenly turned to stars, and have sunk into
our bodies
sending a heat welding our joy together
like two roots joining the earth.
There is nothing to keep us apart,
not tonight;
we will ride this tractor
home.

Homage to My Hips / Lucille Clifton

THESE HIPS ARE BIG HIPS.
THEY NEED SPACE
TO MOVE AROUND IN.
THEY DON'T FIT INTO LITTLE
PETTY PLACES. THESE HIPS
ARE FREE HIPS.
THEY DON'T LIKE TO BE HELD BACK.
THESE HIPS HAVE NEVER BEEN A SLAVE,
THEY GO WHERE THEY WANT TO GO
THEY DO WHAT THEY WANT TO DO.
THESE HIPS ARE MIGHTY HIPS.
THESE HIPS ARE MAGIC HIPS.
I HAVE KNOWN THEM
TO PUT A SPELL ON A MAN
AND SPIN HIM LIKE A TOP.

Another Note for a Future Memory / Alvin Aubert

summer in new orleans
dodging the heat
but needing the warmth & light

we slip thru pirates alley
past the old cathedral
to see kid thomas mute his horn
with a brown paper bag.

Providence, Rhode Island / Al Young

It's spring again
the early part when
the wettest wind
gives you a licking
you'll never forget

You stand quivering
down by the Biltmore
whistling for taxis
as maxi-skirted women
flee the scene
you've just stepped into

The grayness of this
white water city feels
good to blood that wants
to explode on century's notice
shattering calendar meat
& appointments well kept

Colonial afternoons
had to be colder than
the hearts of witches
laid to rest beneath
these charming citypaved hills

Rushing for cover
you now understand the
cooled out literalness
of these old wooden homes

A skinny black man
(a brother you guess)