1975

Ungod at the Font of the Blues

Anthony McNeill

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1834
and lined her own womb with cement
to make a graveyard for our children.

I have not been able to touch the destruction within me
but unless I learn to use
the difference between poetry and rhetoric
my power too will run corrupt as poisonous mold
or lie limp and useless as an unconnected wire
and one day I will take my teenaged plug
and connect it to the nearest socket
raping some 85 year old white woman
and as I beat her senseless and set a torch to her bed
a greek chorus will be singing in % time
"Poor thing. She never hurt a soul. What beasts they are."

Ungod at the Font of the Blues /
Anthony McNeill

Poetry is a case of the loser winning. And the genuine poet chooses to lose, even if he has to go so far as to die, in order to win . . . . He is certain of the total defeat of the human enterprise and arranges to fail in his own life in order to bear witness, by his individual defeat, to human defeat in general.

—Jean-Paul Sartre

ungod  who endure in the desert  lift
the lush way
to taste  listen  smell  touch
see  the shape of this One
bird through the garden,
its acute, tinmient cry.
The adamant know
clear methods of tracking,
then lay the grief down
raggedly singing.
One rises  announces
the sky
has burst into flames;
another—
my spirit becomes a sack full of ashes.
I open the window
see the bird blind
alone in such fine
sorrow so long

Words / Raymond R. Patterson

Each night with words
to wall out prison walls
brick by word brick by word
from darkness lifting
into wordless space
words from syllables of rage
to rise through caged tiers
towards the clear speech of stars
Can you see now in the dark
in the top of the makeshift scaffolding
the prisoner lifting
the final words into place
some jailer below
shaking his keys and shouting?

To All Brothers: From All Sisters / Sonia Sanchez

each nite without you.
and I give birth to myself.
who am i to be touched at random?