Garvey, Radiant

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Tonight, they’re carrying the black boxes into the basement of the Institute and into the Center. They’re bringing them to the Union and into the midst of the Society. They’re carried, innocent and anonymous as a lunch in brown paper where a fat apple rests in a socket of bread. Tonight, they enter the House and the Association. There in a closet that stinks of detergent, the men take them in their hands and kneel with them on the floor.

These are the lethal radios, black as Garvey, the glorious brother, bombast, sweet Duke of the Nile. And like the shirt front of the Supreme Potentate, these radios are studded and shine, shine! The men are cleaning the buildings, tonight, in his name. And while the invisible waves rush through the marble and plate to tighten the coils in their hair, the air cracks in the empty corridors with jazz and a stroke is being made in the boiler room. These men are waiting for their number to come in and fall like a black star through the chest of the building. The silver antennae point with their thin barrels to heaven, to the Black Virgin Mother, to that oily rainbow over the city.