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at

with
π

Poems
gary lundy

at | with

gary lundy

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Cover Design: Michael Dickel

Locofo Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books.
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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017

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every
day
has for

him
been
inaugural

in that space

prevents
holding to
time

as a weapon

weeping
among a

strand

of trees
bowed
in their kind

of prayer

the young
man
beaten

with
wooden
club

clings still

to a
sense of
civility

the
hospital
at least

warm

*

it's not
the other
about

the others

nor about
why
they've

gathered
in such
masses

to offer
hope

others
hope
a one

way

ticket out
of their

town

out of
their
country

will do
the
trick

and how
violence
erupts

against
difference

against

unwanted
children
against

those

families
fighting the

cold
to stay
warm

require
we salute
those

whose
claim
arises

from
denial
as a

made up
salvation

or some
other
conviction

gleaned
from a soft
reading

of a

difficult
ancient

text

worn down
through
many

thoughtless
revisions

translations

*

still their
voices

multiplied

may tip
a measure

spill it

entirely
in hearts
so

encumbered

by fear
by a hatred
transparent

in its
attempt
to retrieve

what has
never
been but

a story
self actualized

still
their voice
silence

those
whose

discord

detaches

ties around
the
unsuspecting

necks aflame

it must
once
have been

a good
life
even if

only repeated
lines of those
fabricators

bent
on violation

*

those others
always
too wrong

even when
grounded in
listening to

hear

rather than
to speak

so that we
all yell
about

the others
and their
naïveté

ignorant

unexamined

privilege

so that those
whose
power if not

in the air

in our lungs
keep
themselves

safe

watching all
the rest
fight among

themselves

laying blame
at easy

targets the

well meaning

so that the
water and
trees

the mothers
and daughters
sons

whose dance

remembers
the
other sons

whom
they all
destroy

along
with those
few

invested

in such

carnage

all finished
all done
all without the

necessary

breadth of
breath
to get things

done

to make
change
last

instead
throw your
voice

sharply

against
those others

voices

guaranteeing
failure
prior

to any
set
of activities

of actions

that might
accomplish
some form

as a kind
of
unifying

*

it is
impossible
for

those
privileged

to
understand
their

normal

is not

universal

nor more
even
than

personally
learned

especially
when

listening

grows so
terribly
difficult

as when
blame the
only

game

allowed

by those few
in charge

who bask
in
spin

platitudes

listen
carefully

come to
understand

if only
as a child

value
those others
whose lives

teach
another
legitimate

experience

so strangely
different

so that

those
privileged
might come

to

understand

and

join those
others
their efforts

to change
the
apparently

small

world we
all
share

own a
small piece
of

*

violence
takes
only

seconds
to
sway

lenses
and
recording

devices
broken
windows

burning
trash
fires

never
mind
outrage

never
mind
righteousness

only
eyes
believe

what
we
see

and it
is
always

real
as
real

as the
color
of

smoke
or
smooth

as ice
covered
water

whether
the
cause

celebratory

or
simple
measure

out of
frustration
out

of alarm
and
maybe

that
unsteady
emotion

a result
merely
of

chemistry
we
dub

love
all

that

can
be
seen

is the
evident
destruction

captured
angled

and
some are
surprised

when
those
more

practiced
at
subtle

and
egregious
violence

complain
that

opposition

equates
to
mere thugs

thus
reduced
to

lawlessness

which
they then
exterminate

*

keep them
busily
outraged

by
act
after

act
articulated
aim

to
obscure
what

underlies
what
grows

mass and
wings
to

beat down
each
boundary

getting
in their
way

profile
the only
cause

they
celebrate
and

like
minded
few

others
poised
quietly

to pounce
behind
their

orchestrated
voracious
appetite

by

design

Locofo Chaps

2017

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Gary Lundy – *at / with*

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