Poems ary lundy

# at I with

gary lundy

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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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 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

we see

what

and it

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

1050

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

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Naomi Buck Palagi – Imagine Renaissance

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Sheri Reda – Stubborn

Aileen Cassinetto – B & O Blues

Mark Young – the veil drops

Christine Stoddard — Chica/Mujer

Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetto, and Wesley St. Jo – No

Names

Nicholas Michael Ravnikar – Liberal elite media rag. SAD!

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Howard Yosha – Stop Armageddon

Andrew and Donora Rihn – The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

Reshmi Dutt-Ballerstadt - Extreme Vetting

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Tom Hibbard - Poems of Innocence and Guilt

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For P-Grubbers

Aileen Casinnetto – Tweet

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – Defying Trumplandia

Carol Dorf - Some Years Ask

Marthe Reed - Data Primer

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Amy Bassin and Mark Blickley – Weathered Reports: Trump

Surrogate Quotes From the Underground

Nate Logan - Post-Reel

Jared Schickling – Donald Trump and the Pocket Oracle

Luisa A. Igloria – Check & Balance

Aliki Barnstone – So That They Shall Not Say, This Is Jezebel

Geneva Chao – post hope

Thérèse Bachand – Sanctuary

Chuck Richardson - Poesy for the Poetus. . . Our Donaldcito

John M. Bellinger – The Inaugural Poems

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Ronald Mars Lintz - Dumped Through

Agnes Marton – The Beast Turns Me Into a Tantrumbeast

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Jim Leftwich – Improvisations Against Propaganda

Bill Lavender – La Police

Gary Hardaway - November Odds

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Michael Vander Does - We Are Not Going Away

John Moore Williams – The Milo Choir Sings Wild Boys in

Trumplandia

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Stephen Russell – Occupy the Inaugural

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