

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Dig Wayne: Three Poems

Dig Wayne · Monday, July 20th, 2020

### Sunday Eclogue

when the grazing lambs are coerced into uprising  
only to slaughter themselves  
the rapacious wolf will feed the eviscerate to its spring

then nourished on fearful blood,  
glutinous seeds take root  
the droste effect bounds into itself  
indifferent to right or wrong

then canting charges mount bully pulpits  
standing straight and tall  
mouthing dross and toss  
go here we again  
again go we here  
we go here again

but hollow oblations  
will  
return to us hollow

\*

### Daily Bread

beatin' out my chops trying to taste a hook today

might even consider a rhyme

I put a ladder on the roof of a second story cribish in my neighborhood

climbed to the top rang

thought I'd close in on the high beams while I was up tharr  
get a fresh perspective on the flows and woes of the majesties and tragedies of this organismic  
theory of existence  
the owner called five o 'cause I wasn't invited to his shelter at home party  
his kids thought I was soul Santa Baby come real early tryin' to squeeze down the bricks  
don't ask me why (I don't wear red as a rule)  
I had my mask and my flask but neither one was working in my favor  
I left a \$65 six footer up there for the local handy man to disinfect on another day  
beatin' out my chops for a hook  
made my escape bee-fo five o did show  
threw a line in my front door to stir up a plot  
told my kids they weren't mine to see what they thought  
"you're lyin' daddy – daddy don't play like that."  
beatin' out my chops for a hook  
jumped monk with mingus for the stories they tell  
I keep comin' up short anyway  
ready to take me life in me hands  
my pencil is sharp but my haied is dull  
maybe I'll file for divorce in a kangaroo court  
see what's jumpin' with that  
worth a few lines of dramatic tension  
beatin' out my chops for a hook  
she might call my bluff huff and puff  
I'll tell the judge that that there ain't ma name  
better yet I'll go spit in the ocean  
then drown my fool self  
let the beach clad ho-dads throw me a line

gotta be a hook in that  
 I'll hijack the goodyear blimp  
 crash it into empty dodger stadium  
 write my memoirs from sang sang  
 by hook or by crook  
 got a title so far

\*

## Black Is The New Black

chocolate brown skinned sister-in-law sue caramel dipped uncle  
 eustes coal black barber bill high yellow yvonne upstairs passing  
 for white alright red bone simone  
 half-caste hattie and all shades in between grace the melanin  
 palette of spiced dabs

see us now  
 under a light  
 call us up  
 send a message  
 ask how we're doin'  
 only one you know?  
 ok, thanks  
 now what?  
 make your sign  
 go out in the street  
 make us a ceo  
 cast us in every role  
 apologize for your lethargy  
 "give us" our blues back  
 "give us" a closer look  
 never mind  
 keep it  
 tomorrow is another day  
 out of the dirt flowers grow  
 we gonna be a'ight

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