

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Jervey Tervalon: Three Poems

Jervey Tervalon · Wednesday, August 26th, 2020

These are poems that Jervey Tervalon wrote in 1978-9. We thought it would be a great way to see how a writer has grown over time, how he has changed, how he has stayed the same.



walking

Walk, one thing we do is walk
walk through this smoggy dirty city
we walk dodging cars
hiding from daylight people
me and you, my brother
we walk those late night hours
we walk 'til lightshine rises over
telephone wires
we walk 'til our doggis bark
we walk to those 24-hour places
we simple folk love to walk when
the city sleeps

*



sudden things

All right we gonna
go out
into the world
and we gonna
be
The time my brother said
is now
so get your gun
But brother

I said
 I ain't got no gun
 but I said
 i can run
 running is fine with me
 I ain't got to be a man
 I'd rather stab them in the back
 i said you live longer
 that way

*



What Noah Webster Did in His Spare Time

He would touch words
 and maybe
 when nobody was looking
 he would give their fat behinds
 a squeeze

Something about the letter K.
 would make him sweat
 and change his T-shirt

When he could get a chance
 he would make his girlie
 dress up as K.

He would dance around his study
 denouncing all the other letters
 K's fat behind is all he'd ever need

Noah Webster was a good liar
 he long had carnal desires for F.
 but K. sweet tender
 beefcakes K.

Of course he had a passion for words
 but words were dressed letters
 he wanted to get to the bare essentials

Nobody could understand
 why he on his dictionary alone

It was him and K. making bacon

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