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

7



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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