


Spring 1997

## Power Poem

Sebastian Lockwood

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.lesley.edu/jppp>

 Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#), [Education Commons](#), and the [Social and Behavioral Sciences Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Lockwood, Sebastian (1997) "Power Poem," *Journal of Pedagogy, Pluralism, and Practice*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 10.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.lesley.edu/jppp/vol1/iss1/10>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Lesley. It has been accepted for inclusion in Journal of Pedagogy, Pluralism, and Practice by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Lesley. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@lesley.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@lesley.edu).

## NIGHT SUN

Sebastian Lockwood, 1996

There is writing in the milk of your skin in the blue channel of  
your eyes in the deep root of your tongue.

I cannot explain these  
images: only move  
about them in wonder,  
tell you that it has  
been so forever  
rung by rung as we  
climb this ladder that  
leads from world to  
world,  
axis mundi: the four  
braded pillars that restrain  
the crush of the sky.

There is an alphabet written in your flesh I saw it in the moment  
of your birth fresh from that dark fight into light  
first breath of this too heated air.

A pox on Columbus:

a pox on a monopoly on morality:

a pox on the long nightmare of history.

Were I yet a shaman I would

absolve you from the insult of

memory, your debt a future

written in blood and stupidity

long before you surveyed the

shambles of your inheritance

remember in second grade you

were already a Toxic Warrior...

What now sweet prince?

Squeeze the colors from the  
rainbow

for power is a pestilence that pursues you.