Power Poem

Sebastian Lockwood
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.