

Urban Haiku & Other New Poems excerpts

speeding taxicab
with all its pothole tumbling
cannot slow down time

Holy Ghost dancers
seek storefront salvation and
sweat their hair back home

electrocution:
sidewalk combo's notes were red-
hot, two-way mirrors

lady on the curb
bags wrung wrinkled without hope
soles begging mercy

another smoke-filled room

divided with Saturday night sweat
boxes a spill-proof rim-
shot from the drummer's cue-
sticks, slick with licks like wallpaper secrets
will ever silence the bar-
flies are open for wet, warm death-
beds—once Deuce-and-a-Quarter, now 4-by-
four-eight time-tapping tic-toc-toe-
shoes place pointed pirouettes in Tutu's
Nobel Prize aura, All aglow
we come together like Christmas magic:
welcome, warm, lean, lewd, long, long
agogo bells—you zig my zag—Your
straight lines, striped with my Nappy spaces, be-
come lullabies and mantras
framed for our future
in *another smoke-filled room*