**The River Poem**

I’m traversing road upon the New Orleans Bayou

somewhere among the Lagniappe of Beadreaux’s Boondocks

… Anger…

carving its curvature into the latent recesses of my cranium

a searing signature that emblazons itself

in red

atop the murky crimson undertow

of haunted passions that flow

in a riverbed of boiling blood

beneath bronze flesh

 Anger

 the progeny of fear

I wonder what propels me more

…what leads me here?

as I peruse these alien highways

of the American South

where once upon a thyme

men and women of my hue

presumably tilled these now waylaid wetlands

to the tune of backlashes

from hovering overseers

these alien swamplands

…what of them?

*what of the menstrual flow of beautiful women*

*whose painfully necessary hygienic underpinnings*

*are neatly carted off into sterile safe boxes?*

*what of “security” and federated emergency management*

*logistically funneled through American highways*

*designated for tanks and military contraband?*

*what of the highways belied by byways*

*garnished in bristling wood and leaf*

*that protrudes knifingly thru the placid face of wind swept swamp waters?*

god’s little bushels of thought

they are truncated tree stumps

sketchy vestiges of horticultural imaginings

only half sprung

weather beaten to an autumnal brown

scattered menacingly atop the calm

face of the metallic silver swamp water

*like roaches in project hallways!*

an ancient reminder of life

sprung haplessly from water

a cosmic harbinger of the infinite pattern

—existential ejaculation

sprung forth

from a well of darkness

whose depths remain unknown

it is this well

this amorphous untouchable

this malleable ethereal vagabond

whose frequency finds form and flesh

in wandering wetlands

 subatomic amoeba

drifting Piscean thought

trumpet wails from Byrd

~ascending harp chords from Alice Coltrane in devotion to the goddess~

that we package in plastic veneer

concealing the violence of its innards

that we imprison in bar codes

and ship off to the highest bidder

cosmic consciousness encaged in the cacophony of commerce

her beauty minced in make up

in preparation for the murder circus that is market

her waters sealed in softness

a soil now sullied and soured by time

pinned down in cobblestone

…conquered by concrete…

baby I wanna taste you

engulf my face in you

swim in you

naked and raw

girl I’ll drink yo’ swamp water

till you wiggle those leafy toes in that cool

Mississippi River Breeze

YOWZA!!!

you give me chills

to the tune of primordial thrills

that ripple and spill across my flesh all legion like

goose bumping to a syncopated timeless rhythm that proves I’m ILL!

*for far too long*

*the purity of your “disease”*

*has been siphoned off into safe ways*

reviled and vilified

publicly victimized

lucidity lynched

your waters vanquished to vapor

amidst the violence of vaginal probe

you have been

…

bombed for peace

killed for prosperity

smothered in compliments

suffocated in false flattery

praised for manipulation

exalted only for control

and now here you lay

…

on the banks of the Mississippi

placid and virginal

waylaid and world weary

unexpectant but prepared

for the next disaster, search and seizure

we have smothered you in concrete

but your children sing from the rocks

ancestors whisper through wind chimes

adorned in dormancy to the naked eye

you dance a seductive hula to a violent verve of bossa nova

emanating from the cusp of sensory crevice

and here I sit

in the Bayou Boondocks

Saintly patience persistent as John

Henry-esque in my belligerent perch

atop the stolid form of

anger’s stubborn mountain

I hearken unto thee

till rocks give way

to soil I till

that leads me back

to you

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