



Adam Strauss

Class

I must not forget
To check

The status of
Rasika

And Esther—
To hand out

The classes'
Chance to judge

Me—calling
For Heather's voice;

Now—insisting
"Nigger-eye[s]" aren't

Like blackberries
Nor phones—

Yes cellular—
Too many black men

Yelling un-listened—
"Practically

Speaking"
Out of my ken.

Truth

Can there
Be true

Or only
Truly?

The truth
Isn't all

Good—enough's
The best love.

Catholic

Out of proportion
Like censers swinging

His faith
Was rock-solid

His goodness
Winging

A test that can be
Prepared for;

In this
Case failing

Is a flower-grown guard-rail
Not breakage

Greening acreage

Heartbeat

Silence says
Easter

Flowers—
Rosemary

Savor sprung
Out mineral

Tang—yellow
Noses a

Polyp—
Speechless

Bleeds into
Cries.

Unbroken

Speak “yes
And no un
Split”—life’s
Not a bitch.

We’re in Fez
Tomorrow—
Till then
Goodbyes!

There’s been
A big break:
Don’t restore.
Birds call.

I hear tin
Lightning
Strikes.

Emily Dickinson Rocks

Throwing
Up I

“Hemispheres
Reversed”

Fall leaves
Me colder

I do not
Make fall up

ThroatBloom

Glottal
Sings maple
Leaves me
Without my
Self—serves soul:
Humus
Flowers.

Authority

Says who You-
I aren't the
Expert dew

Shines arrival
Do you feel

Tug that's
Soul an egg
Hatches legs
Hard as hooves

Club anyone.