

SHADOWBOXER ON THE LOOKOUT

they wait for me to turn my back
leave something open they'll climb in
sooty fingerprints staining drums

push past my dead bolts window
bars chain raise heavy fists
make my home tremble

sunday a woman screams
loud enough to stun a cab someone
runs in the street his voice

a flare undershirt blood
his woman all over his hands
it could have been me both of them

smoke on the corner
shadows on the porch
niggers in the street

...broke into a million pieces luck already
bad as it can get now's no time to stare at
mirrors they're out there I better...

nigger eyes rifle through me like some wallet
war drums batter their radios ribcages
swollen with nicotine tough talk I cross

the street

—Douglas Kearney