

For The Disenfranchised

Ernest Hebert

It was in Texas where the sun
Rises and falls like a dictator
Across the caucasian heaven
That we returned to visit our brother.

Cattle, unmoved, did not see us, cheered
Their peace; denied rain, denying lies.
But it was the sun we feared,
The razor across our eyes.

In Victoria, Texas, I paid a nickel
To a girl for a glass of water.
Her lips were saline, dry as a wrinkle.
Thereafter we drank no water.

Instead we entertained our ultra-white teeth
With Pepsi; we were Americans, one in belief.

Final Plea

Gary French

There is something of me
That has no words
And breaths no air.

That feels neither cold nor heat;
That sees neither light nor dark;
That hears not even silence.

If I could find it —
If I could hold it
If I could make it speak,

Its whisper would pull the rest of me
Inside forever.

Love me, and I'll never search for it
Again.