BUT
i am a man
i am a poet
i am the energy running through your veins
all too aware of the storm troopers of justice
who would turn off the beauty
and discard it
like a rusted faucet

these men in blue who sniff
the blood of my wounds
like a hound dog crossing
a river of blood

their sirens beating mad
tunes outside my window
like a poet reading underwater

WHERE
the poet twice dead and
once resurrected turns over in
his grave but
the middle finger he raises is
jammed back down his throat until
the shit he shits is theirs and
the blood they bleed is his and
the cries united fill
the air like lonely birds
lost in flight.

Kathryn Greenwood

CITY LOVER

Hey, it's 3 A.M.
and I'm going to bed with
the City of Philadelphia
one leg spread eagle across
the Delaware to Whitman's home

Sexy city that you are with
your cobbled stone alleys
dishing up succulent mussels,
stemmed wines, pungent teas,
and cold beer to the beat
of lip music and snare drum

I'm going to bed now
looking at your diamond studded
fullness flashing
honky-tonk and culture
Feeling like old Gray Beard
Sensuous & Alive