

Herbert Martin's Exorcism

As I ascend cold steps, two at a time, my mind
shifts towards the storm I have seen.
The storm of a man, in torrential drifts, exposing
a soul; naked to our eyes.
Through his parted lips, exhalation of spirits that
blow like wind to open ears.
To the eyes of an intensity, brushing grit, expelling
residues of forgotten memory.
And the voice rings with eloquence, education.
The words pronounced with gentle dominance.
And I have to turn my eyes away; brush my
mind away; to retain this emotional weight.
Crushed by the mind of a true intellectual, forcing
thoughts into hollow hills of the brain.
The ghost of his mother hung like silk above our
heads. Left behind, her cancered shell,
and with soft songs of Rwanda's spread
tumor. Longed for abortions of hatred's child.
And tears shall stain our ilk again.
And I...could not speak to this man. I could
not question the poems of perfect symmetry, the
life etched, intricately in ink.
And before us, the death of a race and the
oppression wrought through starving years.
All of this, a silent stream, an agonized scream
and the whispered notes of a song.
Oh, self-introspection sweeping cowardice
away like dispersal of dirt.
A lyricist of exorcism, bleeding everything
out in a pool for a sea of eyes to absorb.