

Patterns.Building.Male

runner

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It took me 40 years to find the edge of the lands.
Had my head in books with the chickens
Scratched out living
At this late stage of the game,
We're all actors playing roles,
Appendages of a beast that
May feast on mothers and their
Memories. So my friends may refuse

To have children, for fear
Of repeating these geographies of aggression.

It took me 30 years to be a man
In my heart. To know
That men could have hearts
And forgive because I blamed
My self for every child that was struck
In my young presence
As I shuddered in my bed.

It took me 20 years to talk to a woman
To refuse to talk to girls.
We learned to put childish
Games behind us, as we sang
Programmed him:
I don't wanna be a player
No more, no more, no more

When I was 10 years old,
I dressed as an
Old man for Halloween, an
Old tradition of masking.

Hit the road,
Jack.
So instead of punching
Partners and walls,
Baby,
I flipped upside down

Frantically hitting the roads and
Beats, so the edge of the land
Might be different from the main
Land and its polluted streams

That threaten to drown
Detroit. I find myself
On its black edge
Lately, rates of the waves

rising
 rents
rising
 rage
rising
 current

Afrikan men
Will we be welcome
On this new stage
Even if we get to peace

Late
Like colorful
Peoples
Times?

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