

Why I am not a poet
On the piece *Conjur Woman* by Romare Bearden
Incorporating a coalition of poetry



This woman seems to know what I mean
when I say the world is too fucking loud.

She
has watched A Poor Old Woman
eat plums that taste
good to her
they taste good
to her
they taste good to
her.

She knows
what is to stand in the rain
in a long line and mistake
the nearest sight of hope
for her brother. Yes, she knows
What Work Is.

And she is quite aware
that in Facing It, one must
accept reality, and yet
acknowledge the past, must
wander the world a lost
spirit.

About Suffering-
she knew that Icarus, Daedalus, the ignorant people,
and the water, were all our muses.
She has seen that painting
and decided for herself that they
are all wrong. That she
was the one who was drowning.
And though the fall
she took was not from a tree,
she too thought “so this is dying.”

And like the Veteran In A New Field
attempting to mow his way
into the colors of summer,
no matter how hard she tries,
there is only one way of looking
at a blackbird.

As she hears the commotion of typewriter keys,
“hey”
 “it’s me”
 “over here”
and feels the ship embarking
on a journey, she relates more to the man
wishing a safe passage, then the young girl: inspired.

And though they have told her
no one picked in the fields on election day,
and that the children sang songs like it was Sunday,
and that their sounds keep coming
out of the flowers, that this
is the county of innumerable nowheres,
a place where the sun invades
your ears, and the mothers live in a part of life
that doesn't get its picture taken,
she cannot see to move.

And as she wishes she could conjure herself
a new life, or cure their eyes
before they see the blues,
so many things she traffics in without knowing,
and before Sweet Jesus himself could figure out
what else to do in the world but weep,
she felt her life with both her hands,
to see if it were there-

and decided that it was all too loud.