

To Be Loved

1.

while the territory back home wants
to become lightning to the Americas

we create heroes for Europe, not exactly truth
we fill reality with rituals to be loved

we are lucky & we are free but have no visions
playing a continent's daunting game of white & black

is loosin' we're loosin'
makin' revolution is not to be loved somewhere else
only a dream is holy, home somewhere

real Creoleness is a promise.

2.

one of us, he stabs the other
blood flows, he stabs again

the burning floor, his blood
he stabs once more

a voice invades his memory
he stabs again, once more

is it drugs, the father lost
the spirit of hatred, once again

he never speaks when in pain
a powerless prince is hungry.

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