

Burnt Sage Again

Keep on
falling down

mirrored

kin

susceptible
to old ways of
death
allowed to grow
up hating oneself

to hold out that the possibility

of making it to an age old death

depends on location and who

around holds onto ages old
racist ideology

belief in a false
state

one
of

only skin deep differences
different cultural standards

bulky and stationed in hate

forgotten charm of the street,
these forgotten soul less walking dead
show up to only take life as the rest
of “We the People” are busy
burying our dead in soiled clothes

the other offended stand ready to protect

the
way
and say
of the gun
held tight to eons
of
fewer
plow shares
mainly swords
to pray
at the temples of Solomon
without hand written folded up
words for gods ears alone slipped
through the cracks of mortal mortar

now blood red flowing down America's
path to the Red Sea contribution

opium is the the newest reborn old god
before was bullets scattered through the flesh of fallen angels

when do we wake up from this side of the American Dream?

MAN made violence? It's just TVs and blues? A shot poured out red on the ground? Everyday! This horror played out on in the patches of youth or old white men left unsupervised? Played out in the ear buds of waning empathy that needs to kill more than is needed to survive to eat to fuck!

i smoke sage again in an altar with tobacco and spilt blood

gunshots that wash my neighbors windows and skulls are heard through early morning sirens

i pray on my hill in solitude even I cannot keep my thoughts to myself as they are close to my heart, my pilgrimage is towards the holy land that is a heart reaching out with strength and valor

amidst our continual waging of wars have to

get right

with my

cause

i

feel

this

suspended

animation

injured wisdom

now healing

slowly reaching

ceiling of dreams

crows outside

circling in the

street called home

into wild city of birth

where impossible

loneliness asks

“Where is your camp?”

“Tell me how to get there.”

you strike me as a smart young man that should of made something of your life as you chose to live in the dirt in a past life

I’m dying to meet your tribe.

I can only respond with a dream

a kiss on a cheek.



Wolf Kevin Martin is an amateur photographer and poet from Lexington, North Carolina. He is now residing in Pittsburgh, PA, contributing poems and images to: *The Arrival Magazine*, *The Rye Whiskey Review*, *The Dope Fiend Daily*, *Cajun Mutt Press* and *Alien Buddha Press* namely.

The Pangolin Review; Issue 8. January 8. 2019



