

**A Sketch about Genocide**  
**By Tongo Eisen-Martin**

A San Francisco police chief says, "Yes, you poets make points. But they are all silly,"

Police chief sowing a mouth onto a mouth  
Police chief looking straight through the poet

Flesh market both sides of the levy  
Change of plans both sides of the nonviolence

On no earth  
Just an earth character

His subordinate says, "Awkward basketball moves look good on you, sir... Yes, we are everywhere, sir... yes, unfortunately for now, white people only have Black History ... we will slide the wallpaper right into their cereal bowls, sir ... Surveil the shuffle."

I am a beggar and all of this day is too easy  
I want to see all of the phases of a wall  
Every age it goes through  
    Its humanity  
    Its environmental racism

We call this the ordeal blues  
Now crawl to the piano seat and make a blanket for your cell  
Paint scenes of a child dancing up to the court appearance  
And leaving a man,  
    but not for home

Atlantic ocean charts mixed in with parole papers  
Mainstream funding (the ruling class's only pacifism)

Ruling class printing judges (fiat kangaroos)  
Making judges hand over fist  
Rapture cop packs and opposition whites all above a thorny stem  
Caste plans picked out like vans for the murder show  
anglo-saints addicting you to a power structure

you want me to raise a little slave, don't you?  
bash his little brain in  
and send him to your civil rights

No pain

Just a white pain

Delicate bullets in a box next to a stack of monolith scriptures  
(makes these bullets look relevant, don't it?)

I remember you  
Everywhere you lay your hat is the capital of the south  
The posture you introduced to that fence  
The fence you introduced to political theory

If you shred my dreams, son  
I will tack you to gun smoke

The suburbs are finally offended

this will be a meditation too