

TO HAROLD RUSSELL

I used to lie beside you
in my bed high in the air
your gun on the pillow
one arm across my back
one finger curled next to
the trigger
of your nine millimeter
and we would laugh
and dream of after
the revolution
we spent hours together
teaching each other
you taught me to break down your piece
and i taught you dialectics
you laughed at me
and told me i could
only handle a 22
and i called you a chauvanist
we talked of children
i said i didn't have the time
and then i left
to go to the congo
and from the heart of africa
i read the news of your
murder by the pigs
and the last sight
of the body i once
held in my arms
was a picture in the
new amsterdam news
of a young man
twenty
shot point blank
by a pig
you always used to say
that they would never
put you inside a prison again
you were right
for now no prison can ever touch you
for you are inside me
and all of our comrades
and we will live
to follow your example
you moved to rid the world
of the dope-dealing scum
that infest our community
and you took a pig with you
when you fell
and all our children
that are not yet born
will one day inherit
the world you left behind
fighting and dying
to create