

TONGO EISEN-MARTIN

*Wave at the People Walking Upside Down*

I am off to make a church bell out of a bank window

“kitchens meant  
more to the masses  
back in the day”

and before that?

“we had no enemy”

somewhere in america  
the prison bus is running on time

you are going to want  
to lose that job  
before the revolution hits

*Somewhere I won't be home for breakfast.  
Everyone out here now knows my name.  
And I won't be turned against for at least four months.*

-The cop in the picket line is a hard working rookie.

-The sign in my hand is getting more and more laughs  
(something about a numb tumble).

It says, the picket line got cops in it.

“I can take care of  
these windows for you,  
but someone else  
has to go in your gas tank”

was clear to the man that  
rich people had talked too much this year

*go ahead and throw down that marble park bench  
everyone is looking up at,  
you know,  
get the Romans out of your mind*

Maybe a good night's sleep  
would have changed  
The last twenty years of my life

-Playing an instrument  
Is like punching a wall-

*What would you have me do?  
Replace the population?  
Give brotherhood back to the winter?  
Stop smoking cigarettes with the barely dead?*

They listen in on the Sabbath

Police called the police on me  
-a white candlestick beneath my detention

"I've ruined the soup again,"  
thought the judge  
as he took off his pilgrim robe  
behind a white people's door (and more)

"I didn't get lucky. I got  
what was coming to me,"  
he toasts

"fight me back,"  
the man says, of course, to himself

*washing windows with a will to live  
tin can on his left shoulder  
enjoying the bright brand new blight  
with all party goers  
(both supernatural and supernaturally down to earth)*

*what, is this elevator traveling side to side?*

*Like one thousand bitter polaroid pictures you actually try to eat  
All the furniture on this street is nailed to the cement  
Cheap furniture, but we have commitment*

*This morning, an essay opens the conversation between enemies  
"why, because you control every gram of processed sugar  
between here and a poor man's border?"*

*“because in the tin can on my left shoulder  
I can hear the engines of deindustrialization?”*

-You should get into painting,  
You know,  
Tell lies deeply-

This month, I’m rooting for the traitor

Carting cement to my pillow... “here we will build”

“I’m high again. Not talking much.”

Climb the organ pipes up to our apartment floor

“I’m high again. Calling everything church.  
Singing along to the courtyard.”

Thanks to a horn player’s holy past time

Climb up to the rustiest nail

-Put a real jacket on it  
Talk about a real five years-

Keep memories like these  
In my pocket  
Next to the toll receipt

That man lost a wager  
with the god of good causes,  
you know,  
stood up for himself  
a little too late  
(maybe too early)

I can still see  
Twenty angles of his jaw  
Zig zagging through  
The cold world  
Of deindustrialization

“there’s an art to it,” I will tell my closest friends one day